AFTER MIDNIGHT YOU CAN ONLY BE SORRY YOU DIDN'T BUY MORE BONDS

THE BOY WHO JOKES MOST ISN'T ALWAYS A WINNER

A Youth of Sixteen Is Worrying Because He Can't Make Puns and "Cut Up" Like His Friends, But He Needn't—"Making the Party Go" Isn't a World-Beating Talent

HOW to make friends! It's a question as age-worn as the hills, and still as new as the latest boy or girl who has reached sixteen.

Here is a little note that came on a postal card. It proves the latter part of that statement. The boy is sixteen! The letter follows:

I am sixteen and am not able to make friends. I am independent and not talkative in company, trying to be sociable, but remaining to myself. All the rest seem to joke and have fun, but I don't seem to be able to do it, although I sometimes join them in an effort to be like them. Sometimes I get into very serious talks with people. But please don't get the idea that I am pessimistic. In short, I don't think I am regarded as very sociable. Everybody seems to know what to do and say, but it doesn't seem the same way with me. Will you please tell me what to do? Will I be able to know people later in life with the nature I have now?

A BOY.

I AM going to begin at the end of your letter to answer, young friend, because that is the secret of the whole thing. You will know more people later on in life with the nature you have now than any other kind. They may not have originally had this nature, but there are so many things in life to do when one gets older than sixteen that a man just naturally forgets to make jokes and cut up all the time. Our standards in measuring men change so as we grow a little older.

Perhaps it will interest you to hear what a girl of twenty-two confided to me the other evening.

"It's funny," she said, "when I look back on all the boys I used to know. I remember when I was sixteen or seventeen and first started to go to parties I used to think the boys who made the most noise and kept the crowd going the only worthwhile boys around. And the boy who could keep up the best conversation was the one who always made a hit with me the first time I met him.

"I went to work when I was nineteen. From that time on I began to change my mind about the boys. In our office there were the usual office 'cut-ups.' It didn't take me long to trace a resemblance between them and the boys who kept the crowd going at the party. And I found serious-minded boys quietly going about the place doing their work and standing in very high with the heads of the company. The other boys—well, people laughed at their jokes, but no one seemed to promote them.

"Now, I don't mean I've come to look for men who go about taking themselves seriously or who are minus a sense of humor. But the man in the world I most of all like to meet and be friends with is the one who has absolutely no 'funny line' who doesn't talk a steady stream of conversation all evening and who is nice enough to be shy once in a while."

SO YOU see, young friend, this is what a real girl thinks of the boys who are able to joke and have fun. Now don't for a minute think I mean for you to start to take life seriously. But don't worry because you can't take the lead in fun. Set a goal for yourself. Take not life but the things in life you set out to do seriously and make people admire you because of them. If you make good the world doesn't care whether you know how to "keep the crowd going or not."

When you go to parties take this as your course of action. Do not try to cut up if you don't feel like it. Don't be independent or morose about it. Just smile at the old jokes. Make yourself useful. Help the girls with the cocoa or the lemonade. Get the name of being very courteous and very obliging.

You can learn to be more talkative by keeping abreast of the movies and other similar matters discussed a good bit by young people. When you are left alone with a girl, start talking about the movies, about where she goes to school, where she spends her vacations, etc. You will soon be at ease in conversation. Do not feel you must be talking every moment of the time. Do not keep away from the crowd. If you are smiling, courteous, sensible, honorable and not proud, they can't help but want you around.

Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

A Halloween Party

Dear Cynthia—I am a girl ten years old and would like to give a party on Halloween about a Halloween party. I am a constant reader of your column. I had a Halloween party once before, but I had my mother. What is a suitable costume for the hostess? Would you decorate the room with orange and black? How would you write out the invitations to the children? Would you draw black cats and orange pumpkin faces on invitations? Would you please give me directions for fixing an oven? I have never written to you before. I will look for an answer October 19. Are black, hideous cats, unusual, orange stars all right to pin on a Halloween costume for my little sister?

LITTLE GIRL.

I wouldn't disappoint a little girl ten years old for the world. You could be the spirit of Halloween in a costume made of orange crepe paper or cheesecloth decorated with borders of little black cats cut from black paper. The cap is the regular witch's hat. Or you could be a little farmerette with gingham apron and sunbonnet, or a little Belgian girl. You can get a picture of how she is dressed in a public library. I would decorate the room in orange and black and with cornstalks and autumn leaves. Bank the cornstalks around the walls and stairs and tie with orange ribbon. Put the leaves back of the pictures and in tall vases. Make orange shades to go over the chandeliers if they are electric.

On the invitations you might write this little verse, which I have taken from Harry Dawson's Game Book:

On all Halloween, the witching night,
Come up High street and turn to the right;
Turn in where the pumpkin grins at the gate,
As close as you can to half past eight.
But before that date a line please send
And accept or decline.

YOUR FRIEND.

The black cat and pumpkins will be fine on the invitation and so will the little cut-outs on the tots' costumes. Send me your name and I will mail you some games and suggestions for refreshments.

Says We Contradict

Dear Cynthia—I read in last evening's column the note signed "Southern Laddie" which puzzled me greatly. The marine stated that he was twenty-seven years of age and was deeply in love with a girl of sixteen. He then said that after confessing his love for her she refused to recognize this fact. Now, as he was about to leave for "over there," he would like to hear from her again. Then you told him to write to the father of the girl and tell him of his love for his daughter, and it seems that you are encouraging a man of twenty-seven to focus his love upon the girl of sixteen and it seems you are contradicting your facts, as in other letters you have always said sixteen is too young to love, or when a girl of sixteen loves a man at that age she could not do so when she was twenty.

Perhaps you favor the men in uniform and think them worthy of any girl. But it doesn't seem fair, although Uncle Sam's boys should have the best.

MARINE'S SWEETHEART.

No, as a general rule we do not encourage a girl of sixteen to love at that age, nor did we encourage this girl. But "Southern Laddie's" letter was so genuine that we considered he had the right to write to her father. There was no advice given to him to enforce his love. On the contrary, we simply told him to write to her and say why he had not written before.

That was no "boy" love, and had a right to a hearing from the father, and so we advised him to write to him. Some girls of sixteen have been known to fall in love at that age with boys of their own age and at times with older men and the affair has turned out very happily. We reserve the privilege of judging the letters we receive and try to give the advice best suited to each individual case when we can do so.

We do not favor men in the service any more than others. Sometimes, too, dear, we do not publish the full text of a letter, but we answer the full text, and the writer of the letter understands if the other readers do not. We aim to really help the writer who needs help in our column.

Puzzled Lover

Dear Cynthia—Last summer I met a young girl and she and I became deeply devoted to each other. I told her I loved her and she said she loved me dearly, though this girl friend is five years my junior and the folks object to me showing my undivided attention to her. Also, her father has been dead for some time. My father will not let me speak to her near relatives.

Her mother gives her permission to go out with me, but her uncle thinks she is too young to be going with a young fellow my age. They all know I love her dearly by the way I acted toward her. I am moving away and I would like to know if it would be right for me to call and see her.

My brother is jealous, as he is the age of my friend and is always trying to break our friendship, saying that I am too old to go with her. I cannot help but pay attention to her, as I love her dearly, and I cannot break our friendship. She has accepted gifts from me and photographs also, so I know she cares for me.

She has asked me to join a dancing class and I will do so. Would it be necessary to tell my father I am going to her dancing class?

S. E. J.

Five years are certainly not too great a difference between a girl and the man she is to marry. In fact, it is generally considered a good difference. You do not say how old this girl is, however. I would certainly call on her. How can you join a dancing class if you are moving away?

THE WOMAN'S EXCHANGE

Today's Inquiries

1. Does the United States employ women in its secret service?
2. Where can one apply for information about the position of welfare supervisor of women workers in munition plants?
3. Who was the first woman in the United States to be enrolled in the marine corps reserve.
4. What is club toast?
5. What delicious dessert can be made from bread and bananas?
6. How can oatmeal be made into oatmeal flour at home?

To Mrs. E. D. H.

Will you kindly send me your full name and address, as a letter sent to you has been returned unclaimed? There are two letters awaiting you here that promise to give aid to your little ones.

Nuts Wanted for Gas Masks

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Will you please tell me which of the nuts are used in the manufacture of gas masks and what is extracted from them that is used?

READER.

The hard shells, not the husks, of black walnuts, hickorynuts, butternuts, Persian (English) walnuts, Japanese walnuts and the pits, and, as you probably know, the pits of such fruits as peaches, plums, prunes, apricots and olives, are all exceedingly useful in the manufacture of gas masks. The shells of pecans and almonds cannot be used. The carbon in these pits and shells is used in the gas masks. It takes seven pounds of hard-shell nuts to produce enough carbon for one mask.

Wartime Fruit Cake

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Not very long ago there appeared on the Woman's Page a recipe for wartime fruit cake in which substitute flour and corn syrup instead of sugar was used. I was careless enough to lose the clipping. Could you please print it again? Thanking you in advance,

CONSERVATION.

I am glad to report the recipe. It comes from the food administration:

Fruit cake—One-quarter cupful shortening, one cupful corn syrup, sorghum or molasses syrup; two eggs, two-third cupful milk, two teaspoonfuls vanilla, one-sixth cupful rice flour, three-quarters cupful barley flour, two teaspoonfuls baking powder, one teaspoonful cinnamon, one teaspoonful clover, one teaspoonful ginger, one tablespoonful cinnamon, one cupful chopped raisins, one-quarter cupful chopped nuts, one-quarter cupful chopped citron.

Mix fat and syrup. Add egg yolks and milk. Put chopped fruit and nuts in batter and add dry materials sifted together. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Bake in loaf or muffin tin. The raisins and nuts may be omitted and the mixture baked as a plain spice cake.

Games for Halloween

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Will you please give me some games for a Halloween party?

How should I arrange my hair, as I am to be an old-fashioned girl?

Will you please answer by Saturday, as the party will be Monday evening?

Thanking you for your trouble. H.

The games were mailed to be surely in time for the party. The old-fashioned girl wears the back of her hair in a curl over her shoulder and the front of it in a soft pompadour or parted in the middle. In most cases the old-fashioned girl powders her hair.

Yesterday's Answers

1. The chief effect of the camouflaged boat costume for the Halloween party is gained through the hat. This is made in the shape of a boat that fits lengthwise on the head. The framework is made of cardboard and white rambric painted camouflage is pasted onto this. The rest of the costume is of white rambric painted in weird stripes of camouflage.
2. To bake crustless bread for sandwiches use one-pound baking powder for mass. One-quarter the amount of dough needed for a one-pound loaf is put into each can. This is greased and the dough is allowed to rise in it until nearly full. Several cans are necessary for enough of bread.
3. The pinto bean is a Mexican bean, use of which is now urged by the food administration. It is larger than the navy, buff colored and mottled.
4. Cheese dreams are made by making ordinary sandwiches of buttered bread and thin-sliced cheese, and then browning these quickly on both sides in a small amount of butter in a hot frying pan.
5. The under part of a double boiler can be used to boil eggs or small vegetables, while cereal cooks in the upper. This effects a saving in gas.
6. Furs can be mended with adhesive tape applied to the back.

HOW FRENCH WOMEN COOK TO SAVE FOOD

Recipes Here From Their Kitchens—Creole Fish and Other Good Ones

It is interesting to American housewives here to know how they eat to win in far-off France. The French housewives are noted for their culinary cooking. They can almost make something out of nothing. Here are recipes sent over from the kitchens of France, reprinted from the Delineator:

Creole Fish

One and one-half pounds fish.
One lemon.
One teaspoonful butter substitute.
One teaspoonful lard.
Onions.
One-half cupful tomato juice.
Flavor of rind of lemon.
One small pimento.
Six teaspoonfuls rice.

Clean the skin of a fish with firm flesh and rub well with a slice of lemon (keep the peel of the lemon for the sauce). Melt butter substitute and lard and add onions very finely chopped. Put the fish into this very gently. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Turn it several times, until the fish is a nice golden color. Add to the sauce the juice of a tomato or the strained juice of canned tomatoes, a pinch of the grated rind of the lemon and a small pimento finely cut. Put the pan on the side of the fire, to prevent the fish from cooling. If the sauce has thickened, add a little butter substitute. In another pan cook the rice for twenty minutes in a very little salt water, so that it is very thick.

Cheese Soufflé

One-third quart milk.
Butter substitute size of walnut.
One tablespoonful flour.
One and five-eighths ounces Swiss or American cheese.
Two yolks of eggs.
Five whites of eggs.

Melt the butter substitute and mix it with the flour and the milk (lukewarm), stirring constantly until it boils. Add the grated cheese, mixing all the time over a slow fire. When well blended, add salt and pepper, and remove from the fire. Add quickly the yolks of eggs, then the well-beaten whites. Pour in a heated mold. Cook in a warm oven ten minutes, and serve immediately.

MLLE. GERMAINE RANCES,
Paris, France.

Pumpkin Pudding

One quarter medium-sized pumpkin.
Two teaspoonfuls cornstarch.
Four teaspoonfuls sugar.
Milk.
One tablespoonful butter substitute.
Vanilla.

Cut the pumpkin in small pieces, and boil in salted water until tender; drain and mash. Add cornstarch, sugar and butter substitute. Blend with some milk and flavor with vanilla. Cook in a hot oven one-half hour.

M. BROSSARD,
Lyons, France.

Rice Crown With Apricots

Cook rice in milk and put in a buttered mold with a chimney. When cool turn into a fruit-dish. Cook dried apricots and place halves around the top of the crown. Strain the remainder of the fruit through a fine sieve and pour in the hollow of the crown. If this dish is desired hot, put the mold in the oven for a few minutes before trimming it with the apricots.

MLLE. HELENE COLLET,
Versailles, France.

Combination—Rice and Meat

One large onion.
One tablespoonful butter substitute.
Two tablespoonfuls olive oil.
Salt and pepper.
One and one-half cupfuls rice.
One-half can tomatoes.
Leftover meat.
One glass water.

Cook the onion over a slow fire, add butter substitute, olive oil, salt and pepper and rice which has been picked but not washed. Stir a little. When the rice is slightly brown add the tomatoes, after pressing through sieve, leftover pieces of pork, beef, mutton or chicken, and a glass of water. Let this simmer for half an hour on a very low fire and serve while hot.

JEANNE DE ST. GLIN,
Neuilly-sur-Seine, France.

THE SEMI-EVENING FROCK IS BROCADED

This is a Worth gown of gold and black brocade. The draped skirt is in velvet and lined with brocade

Counting on Women

America is counting on women to do their part in the loan. There is just today to fulfill the trust if you have fallen down on it. You can buy bonds until 12 o'clock tonight. After that you can only be sorry you didn't.

ENGLISH EDUCATIONAL MISSION

Dr. Arthur Everett Shipley

Miss Caroline Spurgeon

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Miss Rose Sidgwick

Seven of Great Britain's foremost scholars are inspecting Philadelphia's institutions of learning. In the party are two of England's greatest women scholars

PICKLE SOME RELISH FOR WINTER'S USE

Green Tomato and Piccalilli Recipes That Are Different

PICKLES have their own peculiar place in the menu, although they possess little food value. They stimulate the appetite and especially now, when Americans are endeavoring to use and like the various meat substitute dishes in place of the steaks and roasts of other days, playing an important part in making the meal an appetizing one.

The following recipes are offered for the benefit of those who have an abundance of green tomatoes from garden or market in the late fall when they must be saved from destruction by frost. In all cases an effort has been made to use corn syrups instead of sugar as far as possible in pickles. The darker and less expensive syrups may be liked equally well.

Green Tomato Pickle

One peck green tomatoes.
Six pounds onions.
One-quarter to one-half pint salt.
Three quarts vinegar.
One pound sugar or
One-half pound sugar and
One-half pound syrup.
Two tablespoonfuls curry powder.
Two tablespoonfuls of turmeric.
One tablespoonful ground cinnamon.
One tablespoonful ground allspice.
One tablespoonful mustard.

Chop or slice the tomatoes and onions and sprinkle with the salt and let them stand over night. In the morning drain off the liquid and put the tomatoes and onion in a preserving kettle with a quart of the vinegar and a quart of water. Let the mixture boil for five minutes and then drain. To the drained tomatoes and onion add the spices, sugar and two quarts of vinegar and then boil for fifteen minutes, counting from the time they begin to bubble. Put in jars which have been thoroughly scalded in hot water and seal.

The spices used must be of good quality; buy only the best, especially with mustard and curry, for an inferior grade of either may easily cause the recipe to be pronounced worthless. Cardamon may be used instead of curry, for it is one of the common ingredients of curry. Corn syrup is a fair substitute for sugar. Brown sugar is usually liked even better than white.

Piccalilli or Green Tomato Relish

Two quarts green tomatoes.
One-quarter good sized cabbage.
Four large or five small onions.
Two red peppers.
One green pepper.
Three large dill pickles or
Three large cucumbers.
One-quarter ounce white mustard seed.
One-quarter ounce black mustard seed.
One-quarter ounce celery seed.
One-quarter ounce whole cloves.
Three-quarters teaspoonful tumeric powder.
One-quarter cupful salt.
One-half cupful sugar or syrup vinegar to cover.

Chop the vegetables fine; add the cloves, tied in a small piece of cloth, and other spices; cover with one-quarter cupful salt and let stand over night in bowl or other earthenware dish. Drain off the salt in the morning, and add sugar and enough vinegar to cover. (Mix the vinegar with one-third or one-quarter its own measure of water, if the sharpness of a strong vinegar is objectionable.) Cook the mixture until tender, stirring occasionally to keep from burning. If brown sugar is not procurable, imitate its flavor by using granulated sugar or corn syrup, and one teaspoonful (or more) of caramel.

To make a caramel syrup which may be bottled and kept for future use: Brown one-quarter cupful granulated sugar in a smooth iron skillet, stirring constantly, until it begins to turn black. Add one-quarter cupful boiling water, stir until all the sugar is dissolved and a smooth, dark, thin syrup is obtained, with a somewhat bitter taste.

Chowchow

Two quarts chopped green tomatoes.
Three pints chopped cabbage.
One pint chopped (very fine) onions and green peppers.
One-half cupful dry mustard.
One-half cupful white mustard seed.
One cupful grated horseradish.
One cupful sugar and one cupful syrup.
One-half cupful celery seed.

Add one cupful of salt to each gallon of tomatoes and cabbage and let stand over night. In the morning squeeze dry, stir in all the other ingredients and cover with cold vinegar. One cupful of olive or other oil may be added to one quart of chowchow, if desired. Spices may be varied according to pleasure and convenience.

A Maid and Two Men

The Story of the Girl Who Was Left Behind

By HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR

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LIV

"HELEN BRANDER told me," Jack's words were not passionate, but very, very bitter, as though he had tasted life to the very bottom of the cup and had found it harsh to the taste.

"Oh, how could she, how could she?"

"She did it for your own good," Jack returned.

Ruth's mind went back in retrospect to the day she had told Helen about her feeling for Scott Raymond. Helen had disapproved vigorously. She had begged Ruth not to go on with things, but Ruth had been determined. Why had she told Helen? There had been no reason for it excepting for the fact that she needed to confide in some one. And now Helen had taken it upon herself to tell Jack. What would happen now?

"Oh, it happened logically enough," Jack went on. "I met Helen on the way over and we stopped to chat a few minutes. I spoke of the apartment and of the fact that I had bought you the piano, and Helen looked so strange that I asked her what was wrong. Then she asked me if I were sure, you loved me. Oh, Ruth, it was a question I dreaded to face. I wasn't sure, that was it. I couldn't be sure. After I had come home, your attitude had hedged me about with some measure of belief, but way down in my heart I knew that you didn't love me as I had thought in the beginning. Then this afternoon, when I touched you—why, your body just seemed to shiver away in my arms. I felt you shudder even while I held you. I was mad I guess, mad for a moment or I couldn't have kissed you that way against your will."

"I just stared at her for a minute when she asked me that," Jack went on, "and then I asked her why she had asked the question. She looked at me for a long time and her face grew so white and her eyes so determined. I wanted to stop her and yet I knew what she was going to say, and I knew that I had to listen. Then she told me."

"Oh, Jack, what did she tell you? It isn't true, you have no right to believe it. Helen had no right to tell you anything of the kind." Ruth was almost beside herself; her castles were all toppling down around her. It was easier to cling to life as it had been than to face a new future of doubt and fear.

Jack caught her arm roughly. "Don't lie to me now," he said fiercely. "I don't know what your motive was in acting the lie all this time, for nothing has been gained by it. I don't know whether it was because you could not bear to give up the material things that you would gain by a marriage with me, or not. Perhaps you are that kind."

Ruth's sobbing ceased and she looked up at Jack slowly.

"Do you really think that of me, Jack?"

Jack was beside himself. "I don't know what to think!" He returned.

"Then Helen didn't tell you anything but the fact that I didn't love you?" Ruth was gaining confidence. Jack's scathing remark had stung her to the quick with its injustice.

"I suppose you have a right to think that of me," she said, speaking slowly, "and I guess in a way I deserve it. Not so long ago I think the standards of almost every girl I knew were just those material ones you accused me of having. No wonder you men think such things of us women, no wonder you thought that of me. I think there must have been something of that in me just at first, something that could be bought with pretty clothes and luxuries and lovely gifts. But if there was, Jack, I didn't know it. I thought I loved you, and want you to believe me when I tell you so. You will, won't you?"

Ruth's whole heart was in her words, and after a moment Jack nodded slowly.

"Then I began to think," Ruth went on, choosing her words and speaking as though with difficulty. "I began to feel uncomfortable, as though I could find no security in the things that had once made me secure. I was unhappy. I felt urged, pushed into the war and I resented it. I hated the war, it was so big and so relentless, and I was so small, and it seemed that I wanted so little out of the whole world. And then I began to change, Jack. Instead of wanting to keep you safe at home, I wanted you to sacrifice, to feel that you had to get out with the others. Your attitude annoyed me at first, and then angered me. I couldn't help it, Jack. I fought against it, but it didn't matter, and the things you could give me began to seem small in comparison with the things that you could do in this big scheme of things or the little help that I could bring to the people who needed me. Oh, I thought a great deal about love in those days when I was waking up, Jack, and I d'scovered that something that Helen apparently did not tell you. I discovered that I had made a mistake in the beginning and that it had been Scott Raymond that I had loved all the time. That's why I was going on with things, Jack; not because I wanted what your money could give me, but because I felt that I had to make up to you for all the trouble I had caused!"

TURKISH TOWEL SET FOR CHRISTMAS GIFT

In Blue, Pink and Yellow Designs—Dainty White Undergarments

EVERY once in a while I am going to tell you about an article which would make a good Christmas gift, for I am sure that the prudent shopper and patriotic woman has already made out her Christmas list, and is beginning to cast about her for suggestions. This then will tell you of a turkish towel set consisting of large bath towel, a guest towel, and a wash cloth. These sets, which come in white, with yellow, pink or blue designs, are priced at $1.50. For the woman who has her own home or apartment, this set should prove a most welcome gift, for one can never have too many towels.

As far as I can see it, the only reason for the amazingly low prices of the exquisite combinations I saw today is because they are of a soft white material instead of pink silk. But there are many of us who prefer a dainty undergarment of white when we cannot afford the expensive combinations of best silk. These combinations are of unbelievably soft, sheer material, with a profusion of fine lace, and delicate hand-embroidered inserts. Some have ribbon shoulder straps, while others have the regulation corset cover tops. For personal wear, for a gift, for the hope chest, any one of these combinations should make their possessor proud.

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

THE DAILY NOVELETTE

The Girl Who Was Different

By Edith M. Lockett

ACROSS the little lunch table at the Belrize dining rooms, Mary Burnup smiled and joked with her brother-in-law, Jim Waltly. It was his treat to take his sister-in-law to her favorite dining place whenever she came to town on business. One could enjoy seclusion here, for each table was concealed on three sides by heavy velvet curtains.

Suddenly Mary stopped chattering a moment. "Listen! Why, Jim, I believe those men are talking about me."

"Well, we'll have none of that," replied Waltly rising and looking sixty between the curtains in the direction from which the round of the voices came. Mary rose, too. "Why, it's only Tom Monall," she said; "but that other, he isn't that great doctor, Neil Wyder, is he?"

"Reckon he is," Jim replied. Then they returned to their places and listened, for Mary wanted to hear.

"I tell you there's no one like her," Tom Monall was saying. "She has taken a man's place and filled it. Her brother is in France and she is the head of the Machinery Tool Company. The company is paying larger dividends, producing more goods, and paying more wages than ever before in its history. And she has her finger on every worthwhile object going on in town."

"That so?" replied Wyder indifferently. "But as a rule the women of our set that I've met are an hysterical, impracticable lot. For nerve, give me a man. Say, Tom, you're not in love, are you?"

"A lot of good it did me," answered Monall. "Mary Burnup told me just about what style of a man she'd marry when she got ready, and say, old man, I didn't fill the bill."

"Oh!" whispered Mary. "Jim, I guess I've heard all I care to. Don't let's wait for dessert. Let's go."

"Sure," he said smiling. "But remember Tom didn't say anything that wasn't true, and remember Neil is prejudiced. Well, I'll meet you at 4:30 this afternoon with the roadster and we'll ride out home together." So they parted and went their ways.

It was just quarter to five o'clock when Waltly met his sister-in-law. "Sorry I kept you waiting," he apologized, "but something was wrong with the steering gear and I had it looked at. Told me to bring the car in again tomorrow. Said he had fixed it for me temporarily and tomorrow he'll make a permanent job of it, but it would take several hours now. It's all right, Mary, hop in!"

A moment later they were on their way, and Jim was teasing about Tom Monall. Suddenly his face grew sober. "They were just descending what was known as Long Hill. "Oh, Mary, I believe the steering gear has gone back on me," he exclaimed.

"Put the brake on! Use the reverse!" she shouted. "Can't you stop the car, Jim?"

"Jump, Mary, jump!" he called, and Mary jumped and landed a crumpled little heap on the soft grass on the other side of the road.

When she opened her eyes and sat up, she saw that the car had run into the sand embankment on the other side of the road. She saw Jim running about the road with blood flowing down one cheek and crying that he was hurt. He was sure he had cut an artery. But for the life of her she felt as if she could not get up to do anything at all. Presently another car drew up, and who should step out but Tom Monall and Dr. Neil Wyder.

Mary drew her mouth into a firm little line, and though her feet ached and throbbed she vowed she would rather die than make one whimper before the man who had said: "When it comes to nerve, give me a man." The two saw her and ran up to her. "No, I'll be all right in a minute. Please won't you help Jim?" she said, and yet she felt she must scream with the pain in her feet.

They had Jimmie's face patched up in a short while. It was nothing very serious, the doctor said. "Now if you'll come in my car," he added, "we'll take you right home."

"If you'd just give me your hand," said Mary. "I'm afraid I've hurt my foot a little." Neil Wyder looked into her big brown eyes a moment. A strange little feeling took possession of him. Then without a word he placed his arm about her to help her rise, and as she did so the girl gave a short, breathless gasp and fainted.

"Why, she has two badly sprained ankles," he said, when he had examined them. "Nerve! why the girl's a wonder!" he exclaimed. "Who is she?"

"That's Mary Burnup," said Tom Monall.

They say that Neil Wyder did not lose much time in getting better acquainted with Mary, and even after she was quite well and needed his professional services no longer, he still had a great deal of business to do with her. It wasn't a great while, either, before he asked her the one big question. "You're so different," he said, "so wonderful!"

"Oh!" she said as she snuggled up close to him, "no, not that. I'm just like every one else, and if it hadn't been for what you said about me having nerve, I believe I'd have cried out, and maybe acted foolish like Jim."

He didn't ask her just what she meant, but murmured something about that it must have been before he knew her. She must have answered the one big question very satisfactorily, for he had his arm around her. Then he, the man who had once said that the women of his set were an hysterical, impracticable lot, and "give me a man for nerve," kissed the girl, who seemed so wonderfully lovely, who was to him, and always would be, "the girl who was different."

Monday's Complete Novelette—"A CHANGE OF MIND."

FORTHCOMING PLAY BILLS

New Plays and Musical Comedies. Season's Orchestra Concerts

ALTHOUGH the theatres and other public amusement places of the city have been closed since Thursday, October 3, as a means of preventing the spread of the epidemic of influenza, they will not reopen for at least another week. For the last three weeks managers have simply been "marking time," waiting for Health Director Krusen to cancel the edict which closed the doors on all public meetings of any kind. It is now thought that the reopening date will be October 28, but no definite announcements can be made until official notice is issued from the Board of Health. This is expected next week.

Of all the attractions which were current at the various theatres of the city when the closing order was published, only one will remain when the curtain again goes up. The entertainment which has exhibited sufficient vitality to survive three weeks of the influenza epidemic is "Leave It to Jane," which will resume its run at the Opera House, where its engagement has been extended despite earlier bookings for the musical comedy in New York.

OF SPECIAL importance among the announcements of new attractions for the reopening of Philadelphia theatres is the news that "Eyes of Youth" will be seen at the Adelphi. This dramatic novelty, dealing with the workings of a crystal ball, enjoyed a run of a full year at the Maxine Elliott Theatre in New York last season. Alma Tell, who played the leading role in New York, will be seen in the play at the Adelphi.

Ethel Barrymore will be the reopening attraction at the Broad in R. C. Carton's comedy, "The Off Chance," in which she appeared in New York last year. Miss Barrymore devoted the entire past season to three productions at the Lyceum Theatre in New York, of which "The Off Chance" was one of the most successful. Her other plays were A. A. Milne's comedy, "Belinda," and Edward Sheldon's version of "Camille," called "The Lady of the Camellias."

Last week it was announced in this column that "The Maid of the Mountain," the musical comedy recently produced at the Casino Theatre in New York, would be seen at the Shubert, when the "dark" period is over. That announcement has not been withdrawn, but there is now some uncertainty whether that attraction or Al Jolson, in "Sinbad," the spectacular musical revue, will be seen at the Shubert.

OTHER reopening attractions, previously announced, will be Mary Ryan, in "The Little Teacher," at the Garrick, a comedy of rural life in the hills of Vermont; the 1918 series of the Ziegfeld "Follies" at the Forrest; and "The Kiss Burglar," one of last season's successful New York musical comedy productions, at the Lyric.

In Off Chance of these dramatic and musical productions, "Hearts of the World" will be first offering at the Walnut when the ban on entertainments is removed. This D. W. Griffith film, which tells an appealing love story against a vivid background of the war, seems to be perennial in its appeal to Philadelphia audiences. Its forthcoming presentation at the Walnut will be at a "popular" scale of prices for the first time.

THE Board of Health has advised the Philadelphia Orchestra Association that its regular concert season, which was postponed from October 18-19, to October 25-26, cannot begin until November 1-2. Patrons who hold season tickets for the orchestral concerts should use their several tickets on the dates for which they are issued. The tickets for the first and second pairs will be good for other dates, which will be announced in due time. Announcement concerning the program and soloist for the concerts on November 1-2 will be made later.

The Philadelphia series of concerts by the Symphony Society of New York, Walter Damrosch, conductor, in the Academy of Music on Wednesday evenings, November 27, January 22 and February 26, will have as soloists Jascha Heifetz, the Russian violinist; Mischa Levitzki, pianist, and Mabel Garrison, soprano, with the Metropolitan forces.

THE Boston Symphony Orchestra concerts here this season will be given as usual in the Academy of Music, and the dates are November 4, December 2, January 6, February 5 and March 17. All these concerts come on Monday evenings except that in February, when the concert falls on a Wednesday evening. This slight change is due to unavoidable complications in booking.

There has been an extensive reorganization since last spring and about 25 per cent of the orchestra's personnel is new. The vacancies caused by war conditions and the draft have been filled for the most part by young, enthusiastic musicians. The prevailing influenza compelled the postponement of the Boston season for two weeks, but rehearsals were held daily.

Pierre Monteux, French conductor of the Metropolitan Opera Company, will conduct the November concert. Mr. Rabaud, the new French conductor of the orchestra, is expected the end of this month and he will conduct the other four concerts. The soloists will be Florence Fradkin, violinist; and Arthur Rubenstein, pianist.

THE heads of the movie industry have decided not to take any chances with the possible closing of their eastern studios this year, as was the case last season as a result of the fuel administration's restrictions, and they are sending their companies to California, where photographic conditions are ideal. The climate is such that cost becomes a minor consideration, and the sunlight of such a quality that less electricity need be used.

Pictures will be made in the eastern studios, however, where the stars are appearing on the spoken stage in New York at the same time. This is a convenience not to be overlooked. The plan of working in pictures and on the stage at the same time is being worked out by "Wid" Gunning, who will some day have a play on view in New York while the same cast is to be seen in a picture version of the work throughout the country.

The Philadelphia "movie" men are giving personal service in many instances to aid the influenza victims. Feeling that more substantial aid would also be acceptable, exhibitors raised $100 and exchangemen $50 at meetings held by these branches of the industry this week. The theatre men met under the auspices of the Pennsylvania Motion Picture League, of which Judge J. H. O'Donnell is president. The exchange men are organizing a club for social purposes and to insure the proper distribution of film when the theatres reopen, not only as regards dates but several other problems, including a possible price increase.

OUST PRO-GERMAN PASTOR

Police Order Preacher Out of Town to Prevent Riot

Lancaster, Pa., Oct. 19.—Rev. Paul Schmeider, pastor of Zion Lutheran Church, one of the biggest congregations in the city, was ordered to leave town by the police and the church council because it was believed that otherwise he would come to bodily harm due to his pro-German sentiments. Much resentment has been shown against the pastor, who is alleged to have refused to display the American flag, or to ring his church bell in celebration of American victories.

Loan workers entered the house and Schmeider agreed to take a $50 bond. He was forced to kiss the flag and then give three cheers for Uncle Sam. An angry crowd followed him to a bank, where he was made to subscribe for $550 instead of the $50 which he intended. When the police found it impossible to quell the disorder Schmeider was ordered to leave town and did so in a hurry.

Metropolitan Opera House
Tues. Evg., Nov. 5, at 8:15 P. M.
SENT BY FRENCH GOVERNMENT
Paris Conservatoire Orchestra
81 PLAYERS
ANDRE MESSAGER, Conductor
ALFRED CORTOT, Pianist
Auspices French War Relief Committee, Emergency Aid
Tickets dated Oct. 14 good for this performance
Tickets $1.08 Tickets, 50c to $2.50 No tax

ACADEMY OF MUSIC
PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA
LEOPOLD STOKOWSKI, Conductor
Opening of Season Postponed Until November 1 and 2
Please retain tickets Nos. 1 and 2, since they will be good for dates to be announced.
ACADEMY, Wed. Aft., Oct. 30, at 3 o'Clock
VIOLIN RECITAL BY
JASCHA HEIFETZ
Tickets—$1.00, $1.50, $2.00
Box Seats, $3.00
Tickets at Heppe's 1119 Chestnut St. Checks to Geo. T. Holt

METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE
WEDNESDAY EVG., NOVEMBER 6
Oct. 23 Tickets to Be Used Nov. 6
ELMAN
Prices, 50c to $1.50. Now on sale at Met. Box Office; Weyman's, 1108 Chestnut St.

Academy of Music : 1918-19
New York Symphony Society
WALTER DAMROSCH COND.
Wed. Evgs. 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, $2.50, $2. Boxes, $36, $30, $25, $20.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC
BURTON HOLMES
SPENT LAST SUMMER
"OVER THERE"
HIS TRAVELOGUES
WITH ORIGINAL MOTION PICTURES and COLORED VIEWS
Will Relate to Us Experiences
WITH THE "YANKS"
IN ENGLAND (November 8 and 9)
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)
THERE WILL BE GIVEN ON
5 FRIDAY EVENINGS
5 SATURDAY MATINEES
Beginning Nov. 8 & 9
Seat Sale At Heppe's 1119 Chestnut Mon. Oct. 28
Checks Payable to George T. Holt

ACADEMY OF MUSIC 1918-1919
FIVE EVENING CONCERTS
November 4 December 2 January 6
February 5 March 17
BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
HENRI RABAUD, Conductor
By courtesy of Mr. Gatti-Casazza, PIERRE MONTEUX will conduct the November concert.
SOLOISTS
FLORENCE FASTON
Prima Donna Soprano
Met. Op. Co., N. Y.
MADAME MELBA
FREDERIC FRADKIN
Distinguished American Violinist
ARTHUR RUBINSTEIN
Eminent Russian Pianist
SUBSCRIPTION SALE
General public sale of season tickets opens NEXT MONDAY, OCTOBER 21, at