...OM A GIRL WHO DOESN'T KNOW ANY BOYS IN UNIFORM

"Know Nothing of the Thrilling, Interesting and Romantic Lives of Our Boys in Camp 'Over There,'" She Writes, "and We Have Tried to Help in the Best Way"

WHAT a relief it is to read a letter ...y like the one printed below. There ...ounds in back of it a girl who is not ashamed to say she wishes she had a beau—a beau with a uniform!

Of course, you do, A. J., and I admire you for having the spunk to say it.

The letter follows:

I am a stay-at-home, and terribly lonesome. I am eighteen years old and spend most of my evenings at home. I must confess I am very envious of girls who speak of their friends who are soldiers and sailors, for I have no boy friends at all. I know nothing of the thrilling, interesting and romantic lives of our boys in camp and "over there." I have never even spoken to a soldier or a sailor boy. I have girl friends, but they are just as slow as I am. How can I get into this atmosphere of helping Uncle Sam's boys? Would it be proper to write to a soldier or sailor whom I have never met?

LONESOME A. J.

WHEN all the world is talking soldier and sailor, Lonesome A. J., of course you are longing to get into that atmosphere too. Any of us who have been in the crowd and yet not of it know just how you feel. But don't write to a soldier or a sailor you have never met, little friend; in the first place because the United States Government has forbidden this; in the second because so much unpleasantness and harm can come from this; in the third place because you can get into the "helping the soldiers and sailors atmosphere" without doing this.

DID you ever hear of the war camp community service? It is a great big, friendly organization that was founded to give the boys in the service home atmosphere when they are away from home.

Now one feature of the community service has been to build up a girls' section. This is what I would like to interest you in. The girls are banded together and kept busy with various kinds of war work. And in many cases they are used to help entertain the boys. The boys the girls meet are those known to the chaperones at various affairs given to the boys, so it is just as though your mother introduced you to some one. The war community service can be found all over the United States. Last winter in many of the towns there were community dances and community sings, and everybody had a very good time. The girls returned from the dances with their chaperones, but in a great many cases the boys became acquainted with their mothers and fathers. So in the end the boys and girls felt very rich in new found friendships.

THIS doesn't mean to say that the object of the girls' section of the war camp community service is to have the girls meet boys. The girls are given a purpose—that is to do war work that will help the boys. But they do meet the boys often and in the very finest and nicest sort of way. This may not bring the beau with the uniform, Lonesome, but one could not be unhappy or wistful very long working as hard as possible to help the boys win the war. And you will surely be living in a thrilling and interesting atmosphere. I have forwarded your letter together with an explanation to the war camp community service in this city.

Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

Three Dollars Will Buy Refreshments

Dear Cynthia—I would like to give a Halloween party, and as I do not care to spend very much money I would like to know if you couldn't tell me how much I would have to spend in buying things to eat for about sixteen persons. Could I do it with about $3? Could you also suggest some Halloween games we could play besides those played with water? How should I decorate the table and rooms?

ELEANOR.

Three dollars would buy very nice refreshments for sixteen persons. An old-fashioned Halloween supper would be cheaper than anything else. For the $3 you could have baked beans, brown bread, sweet pickles, cake, coffee and salted peanuts. If you do not care for this you could serve ice cream, cake, coffee and salted peanuts.

The most inexpensive decoration would be autumn leaves and then just one pumpkin face. One or two rolls of fancy Halloween crepe paper would dress up the table. Hang it as a sort of skirt all around the table. Put the pumpkin face in the middle. Cornstalks make beautiful Halloween decoration. If you could get some one to take you out in the country in an automobile your decorations would cost you very little. Tie the cornstalks or the autumn leaves with yellow ribbon or cheesecloth and bank in different places in the dining room and parlor.

Send me your name and address and I will mail you the games right away. They take up too much space to be printed here.

Your other questions will be answered later in the week.

Art Student's Costume

Dear Cynthia—Would you kindly print two costumes that a young girl of twenty years of age can wear at a mask party? What sort of an outfit does an artist student wear?

M. B.

By this time perhaps you have already profited by some of the suggestions already printed on this page. Here are some more suggestions:

A rose costume can be made with rose pink tarletan of cheesecloth. The skirt is cut in the form of petals and the lower part of the waist is green like the calyx of a rose. The cap is a rose turned upside down. Other flower costumes can be worked out in the same fashion. The daisy and the lily, for instance. It is very clever to copy in costume some figure in a well-known advertisement and have a sign on the back, "Guess me." Other ideas are the gypsy, Little Bo Peep, a Colonial lady and Carmen. You can find pictures in the public library to illustrate any of these.

An art student wears a rather short skirt, a white blouse with a wide white collar like a Buster Brown and a flowing black tie. A black velvet tam-o'-shanter is worn jauntily on the side of the head.

Cheer Up and Hope

Dear Cynthia—I have read your column with much interest in the EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER and have come to you for advice.

I have a friend who is a sailor. I met him last autumn. This March he left the Philadelphia Navy Yard for somewhere "over there" and I received quite a few letters from him up until June, but I haven't heard from him since, only receiving a number of pictures from him in September. I have not heard from him since and am very much worried about him, as I really liked him quite a bit.

When he left Philadelphia he promised to write real often and up until June he fulfilled his promise, and now that I don't hear from him I am anxious to know how he is.

I wrote to the Bureau of Navigation for his address in the early part of October and they sent me the same address I already had. I have been writing to him quite frequently, but have been unable to get a reply. I know he lives out West, but I do not know his family's address.

My dear Cynthia, can you tell me in your evening paper to whom I could write to find out about my sailor friend?

BROKEN-HEARTED.

I am afraid you will have to take the word of the Bureau of Navigation for the sailor's correct address. Each man has a standard address and no matter where he goes his mail is forwarded to him as soon as possible. There may be so many reasons why your friend does not write. So often now we read of our men in the navy cropping up in unexpected places in the war. Only the other day we read of them manning big railway batteries in France. Some times it is very difficult to forward letters and even far more difficult for the boys to write them. Just be patient, writing to him once in a while for some time until you hear from him. Perhaps some sailor among our readers will write and explain how impossible it is for the boys to write sometimes.

THE WOMAN'S EXCHANGE

TODAY'S INQUIRIES

1. Who is Florence C. Thorne?
2. Who is France's fighting woman doctor?
3. If several women guests arrive at a wedding together, and only one usher is disengaged at the time, in what order should he take them up the aisle?
4. What causes the mottled appearance that is sometimes noticed in butter?
5. How are pumpkin fritters made?
6. What is the most popular material for trimming on the new winter gowns?

Dressing in the Hospital

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Will you kindly publish in your interesting and helpful column just what is requisite in underwear, etc., for a woman to bring to the hospital when undergoing an operation? Thanking you, dear Madam.

GRATEFUL.

Nightgowns, a kimono, bedroom slippers and toilet articles, such as comb and brush, file, etc., are the only things a patient needs in going to a hospital for an operation. No underwear is needed until the patient is convalescing and can go about the hospital in a wheel chair. As a rule the family of the patient brings these things a little later, although if the patient expects to be in another city it is quite all right to bring several changes of underwear and nothing for convalescent period in the first place. Three or four nightgowns are sufficient. One very useful little garment in a hospital is a bed jacket so one can be warm in sitting up to eat meals.

Crepe Paper Costume for Little Girl

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Could you tell me, please, directions to make an orange crepe costume for a girl of nine years of age? She will have a Halloween party and wishes you would please send games.

J. E. D.

Make the skirt by gathering one or two rows of the crepe paper onto a band around the waist. Fill out the top of the skirt by pulling the crepe through the fingers. Make the petal shape. Gather in the crepe at the waist line and cut the waist in the shape of petals. Let the girl wear a white guimpe and tie tips of the petals to this. You can make a girdle of the crepe paper. Trim the dress with little black cats, etc., which you can buy by the dozen in the five and ten cent stores. Send them on. I have mailed the games.

Camouflage Halloween Directions

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Kindly let me have the suggestions of the camouflage Halloween party mentioned on the Woman's Page Dec. 12. It sounds like just the thing we want to have.

E. A. L.

The directions have been mailed, and I hope they help to make your party a success.

Food Bacteriology Courses

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Any information which you may have in regard to courses in bacteriology would be greatly appreciated. I have inquired pertaining to this work locally, but I am very anxious to consider it for the Government service, if possible.

Perhaps you may suggest some suitable course, as I am expecting to leave for France in a few weeks.

MRS. R. E. L.

Put up the late tomatoes whether they are ripe or green. Chows and pickles as well. Make up the ripe cucumbers into delicious pickles. Pumpkins and squashes are waiting your attention. They can be stored or dried.

Wild plums and grapes are calling you from the road waysides. Do not let the season pass you by without gathering some of them.

Then there are the nuts and for gathering these there is a double reason. Hickory nut, walnut and butternut shells are needed for gas masks. The meats are delicious for use in cooking. Nut cake, nut bread and salads as well as the coming Christmas candies (these, by the way, can well be made of other sweets than sugar), can make use of many of the meats. Other nuts such as chestnuts and hazelnuts are also for us autumn or a winter night.

SATURDAY'S ANSWERS

1. A khaki-colored leather tobacco pouch, marked with the soldier's insignia in silver, makes a useful and attractive Christmas present.
2. Invitations for the informal home wedding may be issued informally in an informal note.
3. Spiced vinegar from peaches may be used in mayonnaise dressing for fruit salad.
4. Charcoal put into the water in which cabbage and ham are boiling will destroy the odor.
5. A bicycle or automobile pump is useful in housecleaning to draw the dust from the tufts of upholstered furniture.
6. If gravy does not brown in an emergency a small amount of coffee may be added to color it.

GIRL SCOUTS HELP IN HOSPITAL

Girl Scouts have come to the rescue of the hospitals in the labor shortage. They have worked willingly and hard in relieving the lack of nurses

HALLOWEEN THINGS FOR A JOLLY PARTY

Sweet Cider, "Fun Walnuts" for Favors and Noise for Little Boys

HALLOWEEN, the night of mystery, of witches, the eve for mystic charms and queer superstitions, is almost here. Gray ghosts will stalk here and there, weird creatures of the night will prowl from house to house, while gray dancing girls from Spain and courtly cavaliers will mingle and dance together. But at the time of the feast of the eve, then off come provocative masks, and Senorita Carisima and Monsieur Le Cavalier become just plain Mary or Tom, and drink cider and eat pumpkin pie with the best of 'em. Sweet cider made from delicious russet apples can be had for 35c per gallon.

Here's another Halloween find, although as a matter of fact the box I have in mind should furnish fun at any time. It consists of a dozen "fun walnuts." Of course you are saying, "What in the world are fun walnuts?" Well, first of all, in appearance, they resemble walnuts, but they are hollow shells, and inside of each one is a real surprise—a little doll, a funny tin toy or a queerly shaped whistle. For party favors you will not find their equal, either in their jolly novelty or low price, for the box of one dozen costs but 35c, less than 3c each.

To this you will agree—that Halloween were not Halloween had we not noise—and plenty of it! And for good plain, bangy noise, all the sounding brass and tinkling cymbals you could carry would not create the soul satisfying din that can be beaten out of the frying pans one of the shops is displaying. Each has a wooden ball attached to either side on a piece of straight wire, and when you shake the pan, and those balls get in action,—well, words fail me! Use them as souvenirs at your Halloween party, or at least get one for the littlest boy who is counting the hours until he can get into that clown suit or those Charlie Chaplin clothes.

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.

Things to Know

Nuts that are dry and stale can be freshened by soaking them overnight in half water and half milk. Then dry them in oven and they are as good as new.

In making pillows inclose the feathers in a slip of close and strong mosquito netting. The pillow slip of ticking can be clasped instead of sewed. This facilitates cleaning.

When there is not sufficient time to do elaborate beading on a handbag, just use dark blue or black velvet and bead the initials in silver or jet on the dark blue.

UNSELFISH GIRL SCOUTS AIDED INFLUENZA BATTLE

More Than Fifty Served in Hospitals as Patriotic Duty—More Will Be Permitted to Do Share When Places Can Be Assigned

GIRL SCOUTS who have been working in Philadelphia hospitals to relieve the labor shortage have become so enthusiastic over the success of their efforts that they will continue the voluntary service until conditions again are normal. This was made known today by Mrs. Victor L. Lavell, director of the local organization.

At the headquarters of the scouts, 24 South Seventeenth street, requests are coming in daily for permission to join the hospital workers' corps. The girls first offered their services during the height of the influenza epidemic. No work was too difficult or menial for them to do. They scrubbed floors, acted as porters, washed dishes, made beds, served as messengers and nurses' aids and performed willingly any task assigned to them.

Hospital authorities throughout Philadelphia have been generous in their praise of the work of the scouts. "They labored with a cheerfulness that was all but inspired," said the matron of one of the larger hospitals in the northeast section of the city. It was in this part of town that most of the scouts were employed. They were stationed at the Northeast, Stetson, St. Mary's, Roosevelt and Frankford Hospitals. They also served at the Methodist Hospital, Broad and Wolf streets.

When the labor situation at various medical institutions throughout Philadelphia was some time ago explained to the scouts in a letter from headquarters, more than fifty girls applied for service. Many of these have brothers and fathers in the army or navy. They said because of this it was their desire to do all they could to take the places in city hospitals of those who had been called for active duty in the military or had gone to nurse America's wounded at base and field hospitals in France.

Hospital authorities in Philadelphia at that time were glad of assistance from any quarter. When the scouts reported for duty at several places it was at first thought that because of their youth the work might be too difficult. They nevertheless were assigned to certain tasks and the manner in which they "made good" excited nothing but admiration from physicians and head nurses.

The girls kept a time schedule of the number of hours they were employed and the nature of work done. These reports, now on file at scout headquarters, show that many of the youthful volunteers labored from fifteen to seventy hours. Frequently they reported to the hospital superintendents as early as 7 o'clock in the morning. Often they were on duty until late in the evening. At the present time more than fifty-five Girl Scouts still are serving. Additional applications now are on file at headquarters and as soon as arrangements can be made the volunteers will be assigned to various duties. This will in no wise conflict with their school work, as their hospital duty will be so laid out that it may be done after school hours.

The patriotic side of their hospital service has made a strong impression on all the scouts. Myrtle Moorhouse, 2718 C street, whose report shows sixty hours' work at one of the hospitals in the northeast said: "I only wish I had more time to devote to this service. None of us feel that we are doing half enough."

THE DAILY NOVELETTE

"A WHISTLING ROMANCE"

By Alice Kahoe

JANET had just finished rendering a sprightly little tune when her mother reminded her of the old adage. "A whistling girl and a crowing hen will always come to some poor end."

"Well, mummy, you still do cling to your old conviction of its being wrong for a girl to whistle, don't you?"

"I see your point, mother," agreed Janet, "but truly I do love to whistle, so I guess I'll postpone the reformation."

'Twas twilight, Janet's favorite hour. Settling herself in the old wicker chair, and drawing a wrap more closely about her, she prepared to dream away time in the solitude.

A whistling voice in the distance aroused her interest because of its musical correctness. Upon approaching her direction the whistler started forth gayly upon a new air, this time a refrain from one of the current musical comedies. He successfully reproduced the air to the last six bars where he faltered hopelessly. Then, try as he would, he couldn't get into the swing of the closing bars.

Janet listened to his struggling efforts, and then, being familiar with the popular ditty herself, impulsively whistled the ending for him.

"Much obliged," sang a clear voice out of the darkness.

Evening after evening during the fall Bob C—— made a practice of starting some little snatch of song, which Janet from her porch position would echo. He in the spirit of good-fellowship, she in the light of adventure.

Approaching winter drove the few remaining campers homeward.

Bob blessed his luck when he was made to realize, at the sight of the closed shutters, that the cottage which had held this very interesting bit of feminist was vacated. He had at first fancied that a mere boy had responded with the missing links in the songs, but time soon proved that the house didn't boast of a male inhabitant.

"Hang it, that's just why I've never been able to make connections for the introduction. Couldn't well present myself as informally as she had whistled," mused Bob. "Well, it's fruitless to dig up those thoughts of what might have been. The girl's gone. Opportunity knocked and I wasn't on the job to greet him."

Thanksgiving found Bob at his sister's annual week-end time. "Well, Sis, I'm here, but truly, although you do manage to hustle up some awfully good times, this Thanksgiving thing is wearing. Why the crowd is the frumpiest ever. No hard feelings, though. I'm in need of a few days' sleep. Pine Lodge will be as favorable a rest cure as any."

Laughingly, Ann kissed Bob and ran to join her guests.

The party had left Pine Lodge for an all-day hike. Upon turning to retrace their steps, they debated as to the shortest route home. Finally, to prove her point, Janet decided to do the Trail route, timing herself meanwhile.

"But you are certain that you know the way?" chorused the others.

"Don't worry about me," she sang out as she swung the path. "I know the place by heart. Watch out or I'll beat you to it," she warned.

In addition to a long, loose gait, Janet covered ground rapidly by adjusting her speed to a sprightly little whistle. This whistle, by the way, seemed to plunge her into reminiscences of the summer months. She was abruptly startled from her dreams by an answering whistle. "Is it possible," she thought, "that I have been thinking so hard about that whistle as to imagine that I hear it?"

But the sudden appearance of a young man in active whistling trim reassured her of the reality of the affair.

"Why," stammered Janet, "aren't you the man who spent the summer at Vineyard?"

"Same brainless youth," confessed Bobbie.

"Why such harsh censorship of self?" asked Janet.

"Utterly justified since I didn't manage to hold up some one—any one—and demand that they present me to you before you went out of my life entirely."

"How serious you do seem! Practicing a speech upon me, or are just trying to be funny?"

"How exciting," teased Janet.

"Oh, wildly so. You see, my only consolation was in whistling an evening welcome from the darkness."

"Yes, I, too, enjoyed the novel greeting. Didn't you think me very bold to do such a thing that first night?"

"Far from it. Why, each evening I sent forth that ardently pleading whistle in the hope that I might get an invitation to share your front porch. All to no avail, however."

"Why," suggested Janet, "I gave the answering response which meant 'You're very welcome!'"

Whereupon the both laughed happily.

Tomorrow's Complete Novelette—"A MODERN ROMEO."

Don't Limp—Corns Are Not NECESSARY

Go to your druggist. Tell him you want A. F. Pierce's Corn Plasters. He will tell you they have been sold for 16 years, under a positive money-back guarantee.

For 25c he will give you a green box containing enough plasters to treat and remove 6 corns. For 10c you can buy a vest-pocket package (green box) containing three treatments.

Use them as per directions, and you can once more walk, run or dance with comfort. They are small, close-fitting, and your stocking and shoe can easily be put on over them. By mail if you prefer at 25c. Winthrop Sales Co., 115 West 32nd St., New York City.—Adv.

A Maid and Two Men

The Story of the Girl Who Was Left Behind

By HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR

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LXI

INTO the comparative quietness of Ruth's life came Myra Briggs one day, a changed Myra, with an eagerness in her eyes that had not been there before, and a certain trim nattiness that came perhaps with the new uniform that looked as though Myra had been melted into it.

Ruth stared in astonishment. She even forgot that she ought really to feel embarrassed at this advent of Myra's presence into the Rowland home. The two girls had purposely avoided each other ever since that momentous day when so much had been revealed between them.

Myra was dressed in dark gray and the shoulder seams of her coat were at the right place. Ruth could not remember a time when it had mattered to Myra whether she wore a thirty-six model or a forty-two. Invariably it turned out to be a forty-two, and Ruth had always shuddered at the sleeves of her coats which needed tightening up all over. No one who does not possess somewhat of an imagination can imagine the difference it made in Myra's looks to have a trimly fitted tailored garment on her body. No one who cannot consider a woman's clothes a highly important item need read this part of this story, anyway.

Myra wore a beaver hat on her head, and for once she had put the hat on properly. No longer did it perch on the top of her head, leaving the ugly knob of thick hair unduly exposed in the back. Ruth had always wondered why Myra insisted on twisting up her hair in that ugly knob. No wonder her hats never looked right on her; they simply could not be pulled down properly.

But Myra had done something to her hair, for it lay against her well-shaped head coiled neatly. It enabled Myra to pull her hat down low on her forehead, and it gave to Myra's appearance a smart boyish look that was most attractive.

Myra would never be pretty, but she had an intelligent face. She abhorred fripperies and the feminine frills that Ruth loved dearly, but she had proved that she could look smart and fresh and well-groomed, and it had changed her from rather a dowdy typically office person into a young woman with some possibilities. Ruth looked at her in amazement.

"I didn't know whether you would want to see me or not." Myra offered, "but Martha let me in, and I thought I'd take a chance. I wanted to say good-by."

"Why, Myra, I never in my life saw you look so well," Ruth said generously. "I was overcome with astonishment and that was why I simply couldn't speak."

Myra glanced into the glass above the Colonial mantlepiece with some satisfaction, a feminine thing that Ruth had never believed Myra capable of.

"You should have done it long ago," Ruth approved.

"I do like my new clothes, and I'm so happy these days. Just think, Ruth, I've never been anywhere excepting to college and then I worked so hard that I hardly knew I was there. Now I'm to get eighteen hundred a year; more than I've ever made, and mother has been such a trump about everything."

"When do you go?"

"The day after tomorrow, and I couldn't go without seeing you and saying good-by properly. You and I used to be great pals, Ruth, do you remember? And I just couldn't help telling you how I felt when I saw you getting all tangled up with things that didn't matter like the other girls you went around with."

"And you were right, entirely right."

"About some of it, yes; but not all of it. I was all wrong about Jack. I think he's been perfectly splendid, don't you? And oh, Ruth, I knew you didn't love Jack, I knew it all along, and I'm glad, glad you're not going to marry him. You don't know how I've wanted to tell you all this, to tell you what courage I knew it took to back out at the last minute as you did."

"Oh, but listen, Myra, you must give Helen Brander the credit for that, she told Jack. I don't think I could have been brave enough."

"Maybe not but, I think so. And, Ruth, I want to ask you something else. I know I shouldn't have blurted out all those things I did that day when we were talking, that part about Scott for instance."

Ruth lifted heavy eyes to look at Myra. "Why not?" she questioned, simply.

"Because I didn't want any one to know it," Myra returned, passionately; "if Scott couldn't know it himself, and return it all," she finished softly. "It was all too precious to tell, but I somehow couldn't help it. You stood there so self-confident, and I love you so much, and knew you were on the wrong track. But if it did help you, Ruth, I'll try not to be sorry."

"Well, it did, Myra; things began to be different from that very day with me, you can see that for yourself."

"I'm glad, and of course Scott has been over there for so long now, that he has had time to forget, not you, dear, but the way he felt toward you before he left. You mustn't worry about it any longer."

Ruth stared at Myra dumbly. What was she trying to say? Was she trying to convince herself and Ruth that Scott may have forgotten? Was she perhaps dreaming of other possibilities where Scott was concerned?

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

ASK FOR and GET **Horlick's** The Original Malted Milk

For Infants and Invalids

OTHERS are IMITATIONS

Are YOU the Woman?

THERE is just one woman in Philadelphia that I am after. She is proud of her baking, but once in a while she has "bad luck." I want that woman to try

Miss **Princine** Pure Phosphate Baking Powder

It rises in the oven because it requires heat to develop its full leavening strength.

20c ½-lb., 35c lb., in handy handled cans at

Community Stores We Serve You Save

and other good stores

There is no need of enduring the discomfort that comes from a skin which itches and burns, or is marred by patches. Resinol Ointment usually relieves itching at once, and quickly makes the skin clear and healthy again.

Resinol Ointment is gentle and soothing and has been a standard skin treatment for over twenty years, so you need not hesitate to use it or recommend it to your friends.

Sold by all druggists.

Resinol Shaving Stick tends to prevent irritation.

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ASCO. AS **AMERICAN STORES CO.** CO. ASCO.

Some Necessities & Dainties for the Hallow e'en Table

Fancy Mixed Nuts	lb. 33c
Choice Brazil Nuts	lb. 30c
Large Filberts	lb. 29c
Fancy Walnuts	lb. 40c
New Mince Meat	lb. 18c
Fancy Seeded Raisins	pkg. 13c
Seedless Raisins	pkg. 15c
Pure Jelly	glass 12c
Choice Pumpkin	can 12c
Pure Apple Butter	lb. 15c
Fancy Lemon Peel	lb. 33c
Fancy Orange Peel	lb. 33c
Choice Candied Citron	lb. 35c
Best Peanut Butter	½ lb. 12c
Baker's Cocoanut	can 12c
Nabisco Wafers	pkg. 16c
Plain Olives	bot. 9c, 13c
Stuffed Olives	bot. 10c, 13c

Fancy Tomatoes Medium Can **14c**

New pack. Finest quality. Splendid value. Ideal for vegetable soup. Just the size for a small family.

Our Very Best Teas lb **45c**

Our Teas are known for their super-quality blends to suit all taste, your choice of black, mixed and our famous India Ceylon Tea.

Choice Peas can **15c**

Very fine quality, sweet and tender, packed with all the garden freshness of peas just out of the pod.

Our Very Best Coffee lb **22c**

Mrs. Housekeeper—With the approach of cool mornings why not try Our Very Best Coffee and be convinced that it makes the best cup you ever drank? It has a flavor that is peculiarly its own, owing to careful blending. The delicious aroma always suggests the second cup. Try it for breakfast, dinner or supper.

Things Needed Most Every Day Check Every Item

Easy Jell	pkg. 6c	Choice Pink Salmon,	½-lb. can 15c
Ritter's Catsup	bot. 12c	Choice Tiny Lima Beans,	can 14c
Asco Buckwheat Flour	pk. 14c	Fancy Shoe Peg Corn,	can 18c
Choice Lima Beans	lb. 17c	Choice String Beans,	can 16c
Fine Table Salt	pkg. 5c	Fancy Evap. Apricots,	lb. 27c
Laundry Soap	cake 4½c	Mixed Vegetables for Soup,	can 18c
New Dried Hakefish	brick 22c	Choice Asparagus	can 16c
Threaded Codfish	pkg. 8c	Macaroni	pkg. 10c-12c
Asco Threaded Codfish	pk. 12c		
Potted Meats	can 5c-10c		
Fancy Red Beets	can 17c		
Asco Pancake Flour	pkg. 14c		

In All Our Meat Shops

The Home of Food Products of Quality

Rump Round Sirloin **Steak 45c lb** | **Fresh** Beef Liver Beef Kidney Cooked Tripe **18c lb**

Lean Soup Beef 22c lb

Genuine Spring Lamb

Shoulders	lb. 32c	Rack Chops	lb. 38c
Stewing	lb. 28c	Rib Chops	lb. 45c
Legs	lb. 40c	Loin Chops	lb. 48c

As a meat food and for making broths, lamb is especially recommended. It is very nourishing and easily digested.

Good Things to Cook With Krout

Liver Pudding	lb. 25c	Half Smokes	½ lb. 16c
Blood Pudding	lb. 28c	Fresh Pork	lb. 40c

Finest Krout 12c qt

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

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