WHY DON'T MORE WOMEN KEEP DIARIES?—A BRAND-NEW MILITARY BLOUSE—IN THE SHO

NOW THAT WAR IS ENDED WE WISH WE'D KEPT A DIARY

But It Isn't Too Late to Begin Now, for the Days of Reconstruction Will Be Big Ones for Women—The Value of Fresh Impressions Set Down

WITH the war drawn to a close we suddenly wake up to the fact the story of the greatest national experience the world has ever known has slipped our fingers without our ever tightening a finger to grasp it. I know a woman who, for instance, was making up her mind to keep a diary ever since April 6, 1917, which was the day war was declared. Last week there were three entries in the diary. One had to do with the declaring of war itself, another with a burning desire to go to France and the last—I don't know whether you would call it an entry or not—was a shopping list.

Of course, there has not been much time for diary keeping these days, but the woman who had courage enough to sit up a few minutes longer each night and jot down her wartime experiences would have a powerful document to hand down to her grandchildren. It is not too late in fact to start the diary now. For the period of reconstruction means only another phase of woman's work. There are problems such as America in our lifetime has never faced, and some she has never faced before. There will be the nursing and caring for our war wounded, the readjusting them to normal life again in a way that they can go on as self-supporting citizens. Then there will be the mighty readjustments in woman's life rising out of the war. Women will vote, for instance, soon—everywhere. That is coming as sure as the rising of the sun.

ALL of these events are those we may sit down at night and pen fresh with our own hands as they directly apply to our own lives. And those of us who write even the simplest of words each day are writing history.

Life is intensely interesting as it applies to ourselves. There will always be the chroniclers who will see to it that posterity does not lose the stories of great things that happen. But these historians must deal with the big, broad events. We have the Revolutionary War annals, for instance, and we know just when and where the battles were fought. But oh, how precious would be a little book, yellowed in its pages and telling in bits that were written in little hours of the night, what was closest to the heart of the girl of '76. How did she feel the day her young soldier went to war and when he came marching home!

It would be interesting to know how the housewives saved food at that time, to even have some of the conservation recipes that were used.

IN THE days of the Civil War women as a body were not officially recognized in their war activity. There was a service known as the woman's sanitary service. These women acted as volunteer nurses and wrapped bandages, but there was no official shoulder-to-shoulder service with men to help win the war. It would be interesting to have records of the inward protests that might have gone on at that time. There are a great many of the Civil War women alive today, and it is true they remember those days. But how intensely more interesting it would have been to take out a little worn book and read impressions set down fresh, culled from events as they happened.

Those who make jokes may find a good bit to laugh about in the diary. But those who have ever read one sincerely and faithfully kept know the diary is not the least of the books of human inspiration.

Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

Have Lots of Girls for Friends

Dear Cynthia—I have known a girl for the last six months and have taken her out almost every week. Our friendship has become very intimate and people think it is "steady company." I am a boy seventeen and haven't the thought of "steady company," but true friendship, as I am young and have plenty of time. When I am with her and there are other boys in the crowd she devotes her attention greatly to them, or she is always telling me of other boys that she is going out with when she does go out with a young man.

Will you kindly advise me if her idea is to arouse my jealousy, and do you think it is right for her to do and say this in my presence? When I do tell her about this her faults, as she calls them, she feels very bad about it. Please tell what to do about the matter and oblige S. K.

A girl is very foolish to continually boast about other boys who show her attention, even when boys and girls are as young as you are. It is mostly through silly vanity or, as you have suspected, to make a boy jealous. Since you very sensibly admit you only want to be good friends I would not let the thing worry me. Say to this young girl you are very glad she has so many friends. Then see to it that you have plenty of friends yourself. Do not make the mistake of centering down to one girl entirely at your age, there are so many nice ones in the world. Get acquainted with lots of them. That is my advice to you. Have lots of girls for friends, just as this little friend of yours says she has boys.

Forget About Him

Dear Cynthia—I am a young girl seventeen years of age. I am in love with a young man of twenty-five and he does not seem to care for me, although I am considered very good-looking by the opposite sex.

I have met him at several parties and I have danced with him a few times. He took me home once and gave me to understand that he cared for me. But that was more than a month ago and he has never called on me since, although he asked permission at that time. I met him once on the street and he nodded to me very coldly.

I am sure he is the very model for me. He is my opposite, tall, with dark eyes and curly black hair. He has enlisted in the marines and is wearing his uniform. He expects to be called abroad soon, so I must act quickly, so, Cynthia, can you please tell me how to make him love me, as he is the only man I can ever care for. LOVELORN.

The young man has given you no real reason to believe he cares for you. You must not believe every stray little sweet nothing a boy whispers in your ear. Forget about this boy. There will be plenty of others in the world for you and seeking him out now when he has not sought you out would only make him think less of you.

Ask for Explanation

Dear Cynthia—I have been wanting to ask you a few questions for some time, but hesitated on account of my being perhaps thinking me a poor silly girl. But, dear Cynthia, I am surely in need of your help. I have known a young man for almost four years. During this time we corresponded a little now and then until about a year ago, when he joined the navy. He then wrote to me almost every day. I doing the same, until at last I find that I love him very much. On account of his health he was discharged from the navy. He called on me a few times since he came home. Dear Cynthia, when with me he continually spoke of his love for me, asking me to be true to him. But it all ended so soon, this love dream. He was supposed to call me up on the phone and make arrangements to call that evening. This he did, but said he couldn't come that evening and would call the next day. Well, he never called me on the phone or never came again to see me. Now, I just can't imagine what could be wrong, as the last time we were together we parted happy. What shall I do? Do you think I should write and ask him what is wrong or shall I be independent and wait until he writes and explains? To be independent is terribly hard for me, as I love him dearly. Please give me your best advice. BROKEN-HEARTED.

I think you are justified in writing the boy a little note asking him if you have done anything to offend him and if that is why he failed to keep his engagement with you. Perhaps he is ashamed now for having broken a promise and does not know how to approach you to explain. In writing the note at least, dear, you will give him every loophole of escape from his strange conduct. Do you think perhaps he is feeling discouraged about his discharge from the navy? If you do not hear from him let me hear from you again.

Answer to Thelma

What you suggest, dear, would be out of the question. Would you like to come and see me and talk with me? Perhaps I could help you. I would be so glad to if I can. Telephone before you come in, that you may be sure to find me.

For the names of shops where articles mentioned in "Adventures With a Purse" can be purchased, address Editor of Woman's Page, EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER, or phone the Woman's Department, Walnut 2000.

THE DAILY NOVELETTE

A LUCKY MISHAP

By Nodya Bergoznu

"FOR pity's sake, Mabel, what have you done to yourself? And you have such a forlorn expression on your smudged face!" anxiously asked Erma.

"Well, my dear young lady, hear my story patiently and you'll soon know," answered Mabel.

The two girls, both stenographers in a neighboring city, were spending their summer vacation as farmerettes. "I was calmly guiding the wheelbarrow full of potatoes through all the slush in the field near the road when over goes barrow, potatoes, and all! After all my work piling them in, too! Naturally when they flopped over all the mud splashed and you see, I believe, all the mud seems to have splashed over me. You're laughing, and I feel like laughing now, but believe me I didn't feel much like laughing then. Well, along comes a gray roadster with a sailor in it. But he hopped, and seeing me in such a mess, he began piling in those dirty spuds without saying a word. My appearance rather embarrassed me, so I took to my heels and here I am!"

"Without thanking him?" queried Erma, breathlessly.

"Yes, my dear, without thanking him," retorted Mabel. "But I wonder if—if he's still there."

Both girls peered out the farm window, but no gray roadster or blue-clad sailor could be seen, only the wheelbarrow with the potatoes stood before the gate. They looked at each other and Mabel audibly whispered, "I'm so sorry I ran away. He was so nice."

That night as the girls dressed for the dance at the lake Mabel wore a puzzled look on her pretty face and Erma noticed that she took special pains to look nice. The honk of an automobile brought them running down the stairs, and as they got into the car (friends were taking them to the dance) Mabel couldn't help thinking of the gray roadster and the frank, good-natured face of the tall sailor.

Mabel, sitting down after a dance with her partner, was startled to hear some one ask her for the next dance. Looking up she blushed furiously. It was her sailor boy!

"Really, Miss D," he said, after having introduced himself as Jack H., "do you know why I came to the dance tonight? I came because I hoped to see you here, and luck has come my way for once."

For the second time Mabel blushed as she saw a vision of herself nicely bespattered with mud. But, oh, how glad she was that the wheelbarrow had turned over just then!

In the course of the evening Mabel softly said, "I have a confession to make. I, too, came to the dance in hopes of seeing you." At which Jack H., U. S. N., looked astonished, and then both of them burst out laughing.

Two weeks later Jack again was helping Mabel pile up potatoes, but she did not run away this time, and he was softly saying, "You know, dearest, doing this work helps me and all of Uncle Sam's boys, and after the war, sweetheart, you and I will—. The rest both understood. The eloquence of their thoughts could not be expressed in words. But this time when Mabel went into the house her eyes sparkled and as she held up her hand something on the fourth finger glittered and threw out rays of present and future happiness. She announced to expectant Erma, "Jack leaves tonight. His furlough is up." And softly to herself she murmured, "Bless those potatoes! I never thought such things could bring so much happiness."

Adventures With a Purse

FOR her who loves amethysts come some lovely pins of oxidized silver finish, each decorated with a clear purple stone. Winged pins, in length about two inches, feather pins and all modifications of the barpin, and each finished with a single purple gem, can be found in this display. And prices are fifty cents. If you feel particularly reckless or extravagant you will find close by the pins distinctive necklaces to match.

The name I have in mind as applied to dolls is an irrefutable seal of excellence in workmanship and skill in character study. These irresistible dolls, pudgy, comical babies with staring, blue eyes and appealing expression, are holding a reception just at this time. Some have cunning little dresses, others are simply clad in "chimmy shirts," but all are adorable, and each extends a personal invitation to purchase. But the heart of Mistress Betty would be gladdened by one of these dolls, and even should one of them so misbehave some time that the severest punishment is necessary it will preserve, I was going to say, an unbroken countenance, for, you see, these dolls are nonbreakable. Their prices range from 75 cents to $1.50, and any one of them is quite fair sized.

The Very Newest Blouses

A Daily Fashion Talk by Florence Rose

These are the new blouses that have their origin in armor worn by the soldiers of hundreds of years ago. They are described in today's fashion talk

QUITE the newest blouses are those that extend over the waistline and button either on the shoulder seam or down the center back. This type of waist was introduced by Cheruit and is called Cotte d'Armes. You can easily see that the idea originated from the armor worn hundreds of years ago by the soldiers. An added resemblance is given to some of the blouses by the use of metal brocaded satin.

One of the most interesting features regarding these blouses is that, should they become a rage, they will bring in a smaller waistline. Already the first of these models has an inclination to the pinched-in waist.

Satin is the preferred material for these waists. But they are also shown in velvet and in duvetyn.

At the left of the drawing today is a model of blue satin piped with velvet of the same shade. The embroidery across the front is done in chenille. The buttons and loops which mark the opening on the shoulder are of velvet. The loose sleeves are of blue chiffon. Worn with this blouse is a large black velvet hat.

The center sketch is also of satin and is trimmed with rows of silk braid. The braid extends from the shoulder line well down on the chest. The braid also runs through the velvet cuff, which finishes the lower part of the blouse, extending up to the bust line. The sleeves are bell shape, finished with a cuff of velvet and silk braid. A velvet collar finishes the back of the neck.

The hat is of velvet with a red quill piercing the brim at the front.

At the right is a white satin blouse with a piping of black satin. The neck line is rounded and the stitching and embroidery are done in black silk. The undersleeves are of white plaited chiffon. The small hat has a crown of white beaver and a tiny brim of velvet, with a small bow at the back of black velvet.

CHRISTMAS BUYING RUSH TO BE GREATER THAN EVER

Because of the Fact of Increased Population, High Wages and General Rejoicing Over Signing of Armistice the National Consumers' League Points Out Importance of Early Shopping

The fact that Philadelphia has an increased population due to war industries; that wages have been good and there is much money in circulation, and most of all because of the signing of the armistice and the subsequent rejoicing, merchants and students of economics declare this Christmas will be one of the greatest in the city's history.

And these are the reasons the Philadelphia chapter of the National Consumers League is more than ever urging people to shop early.

The Government says to you, why
Can't you exercise sense when you buy?
To shop when you oughtn't is just as important
A sin as to hoard, steal or lie.
Shop early; we need our girls' vim,
We can't replace her by a him;
Don't go and exhaust her and make Christmas cost her
The joy that the season should bring.

This limerick, printed on artfully decorated post cards, has been sent all over the State by the Philadelphia Consumers' League. Through the league's instigation ministers are preaching "shop early"; women's magazines, women's clubs and civic organizations as well as the merchants themselves are striving to educate the public to buy Christmas supplies now.

"It isn't too early now to think of Christmas," said Miss E. Estelle Lauder, executive secretary of the local Consumers' League. "You may find yourself unable to buy what you want if you wait a few weeks longer.

"Last year there was a terrific pressure in all shops just before Christmas. We found confectioners, even with their extra supplies, completely sold out by noon each day. In the department stores girls had no chance to rest from early morning till closing time. They had an hour off for lunch, but often they had to go without because it took too long to make their way through the crowds to elevators, cloak rooms and lunch rooms. The ventilation, as you know, isn't any too good in basements and other departments that open for display of Christmas things. Just from the human side of the thing, can't you see what it would mean to the thousands of shop girls if people laid in their supplies early, and if they shopped in the mornings instead of waiting with their neighbors and every one else to pack the stores in the afternoon hours?

"The congestion is daily increasing in the afternoon and now the Government departments is in a position to relieve the situation. Despite the signing of the armistice, there has been as yet no great release of Government workers to relieve the stress in civilian industries. Nearly every shop is short of employes, especially men."

The annual convention of the National Consumers' League, of which Secretary of War Baker is president, will be held in Wilmington, Del., Thursday and Friday of this week, and the Christmas situation will be discussed in detail. It is estimated 600 delegates from all over the country will attend. Secretary Baker will deliver an address Thursday night.

Mrs. Samuel Fels is president of the Philadelphia organization, which covers the eastern part of Pennsylvania. Miss Fannie Cochran and Mrs. Walter Cope are vice presidents; Mrs. Burns Weston, treasurer, and Mrs. John Gilpin, recording secretary.

And So They Were Married

Episode One—(Intolerance)

By HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR

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CHAPTER VII

IN THE days that followed Ruth learned gradually what it meant to live intimately with another person. Living at home had been entirely different. If she had cared to differ with her mother it was possible, but now if she differed from Scott in any way it vaguely disturbed her.

Scott did such surprising things, too. In their new little apartment, where they settled after the brief honeymoon, he would stand and contemplate the shining tiled bathroom for minutes at a time. Ruth discovered him standing in the doorway one day just looking at things, and when she asked him what he saw, he grinned sheepishly and said:

"Looks great, doesn't it, all that white tile stuff and the tub and everything? Look," turning on the hot water faucet, "hot water whenever you want it, lots of it. It means plenty of baths, a bath whenever I want to take one."

"O Scott, dearest, was it that bad over there?"

"Bad? It couldn't have been worse. I feel as if I can never get enough of these homey things." He followed her out to the scrupulous little kitchen, where the shining gas stove, the white-enameled icebox, the porcelain tubs and sink all fascinated him, and watched her prepare the simple meal. Ruth was very much of a novice so far, but she was learning, and wonder of wonders, she really liked it. She loved being responsible for this tiny new home, she loved being called Mrs. Raymond, she examined closely the fingers of other attractive women she saw in the subway, on the street, anywhere at all for that telltale gold band and always a sense of elation enveloped her. She felt as though she had been selected to belong to the chosen few. It was wonderful to be married!

To be sure the apartment was not the perfect nest that Jack Bond, to whom she had been engaged before she discovered that she loved Scott instead, had leased for her. It was not in such a fashionable neighborhood; in fact, the neighborhood was not fashionable at all, neither was it sordid, it was simply respectable. The apartment house looked very nice from the outside and one had to walk up three flights of stairs to reach the Raymond's apartment. But once attained, the apartment was really sweet, although it was small. There were three rooms, a living room, a dining room and a bedroom. The kitchen, although it was larger than the proverbial kitchenette, was not very large at that, but it had the most modern of conveniences, and the tiny white bathroom was a miracle of modern plumbing.

Scott had given up definitely his hope of getting back into active service, for the wound in his back had been too serious to permit of it. Ruth felt that he had somehow clung to that hope in spite of everything, but it had been shattered at last, and fearful of asking him how he felt about it she had kept her thoughts to herself. Today, as he watched her preparing dinner, on the strength of what he had said about the modern conveniences, she said suddenly:

"Then you don't resent so much not going back?"

Instantly his keen face was alight with dreams and Ruth felt suddenly locked out of his thoughts.

"I do when I think about it," he said shortly, and left the room.

"O, I shouldn't have said that," Ruth said to herself fiercely. "I've hurt him." And as she went on with what she was doing, hot tears gathered in her eyes and rolled down her cheeks. Suddenly, she felt her hands pinioned behind her and some one was turning her around and lifting her face to meet a very contrite one that bent over her.

"I'm so sorry," she said tremulously. "I just want you to love being married, and I didn't say that to hurt you, really I didn't."

"Of course you didn't, and I'm a cross brute," he said determinedly. "Only it's awful to be out of things, to feel that you don't count any longer."

"But you do count, you fought and got your wound. That's doing your bit, isn't it? That's all that your country requires of you."

"O, yes, I don't feel that I've shirked any, but the life—gee, it's great! It's so big, and limitless and far-reaching. I just miss it sometimes," he added, meeting her hurt eyes. "And the rest of the time I'm so glad to be back, having creature comforts, that I hardly want to stir out of the house where I can be as lazy as I want."

And Ruth, seeing him happily ensconced in a big chair with a paper and a cigarette, went back to the kitchen, almost contented. Of course she could understand that Scott would feel that way sometimes, it was quite natural, but he would get over it. As soon as he went back to the office things would settle back into their accustomed places again. Just now, when he was neither one thing nor another, he had time to think about himself and to brood about things. She would surround him with love until he had no time to think of anything but happiness; that was what he needed more than anything else.

CONTINUED TOMORROW

Things to Know

Flour sacks and salt bags, washed clean, make just as good dust-cloths as a yard of cheesecloth, and are much less expensive.

A little water sprinkled over ashes when they are removed from the furnace or the fireplace will keep them from blowing about.

Men's shirts which are worn out at collar band and wrists can be made into neat little play dresses for small children.

TWO BANQUET MENUS THAT CONSERVE FOOD

Suggestions for Woman Who Has Charge of Church or Community Dinner

No one has a more important part to play in bringing about banquet reform than women, since they are very often charged with the duty of providing the meal, especially in connection with meetings held in churches and similar community centers.

Here are two menus worked out as suggestions with the foregoing principles in view. They make liberal use of fruits and vegetables. Use any of the vegetables and fruits that are procurable in your locality. Patriotic Americans are being urged to use more fish, hence the fish in place of meat; or, for the inland community, the use of poultry. Old poultry can be sacrificed for such a purpose, as the meat is cooked and ground before using.

CONSERVATION MENUS

NO. 1

Ice Cold Cantaloupe.
Baked Fish with Rice Stuffing. Tartar Sauce.
Creamed Potatoes. Baked Tomato.
Sauteed Eggplant.
Hot Cornbread Sticks. Butter.
Waldorf Salad.
Barley Salad Wafers.
Maple Ice Cream.
Cocoanut Macaroons (sugarless).
Coffee.

No. 2

Chilled Fruit Cup.
Chicken Loaf. Gravy.
Glazed Sweet Potatoes.
Baked Green Peppers Stuffed with Rice and Cheese.
Graham Rolls.
Celery and Tomato Salad.
Gingerbread and Whipped Cream.
Coffee. Raisins, Nuts.

More novel, but perhaps not so appropriate for general use, is the meal centered around one food product, such as a harvest supper, using corn in as many ways as possible, or a cottage cheese or cocoanut dinner.

When Mr. Hoover Says "Conserve!"

When Mr. Hoover asked all us housewives to save food, I signed one of those pledges saying I'd adopt the Federal scale of voluntary rations. Jim didn't like it a bit at first. He said that what with buying Liberty Bonds and War-Savings Stamps for the Government and working hard all day, a man ought to be allowed to eat enough when he comes home at night. But now he says he's glad I'm economizing. It saves money, and besides, we have all kinds of new dishes that we never used to have when we had meat every night. You see, when I give him these extra little fancy things he doesn't notice how seldom we have meat.

The other night we began the meal with a delicious *hors d'oeuvre*, consisting of a piece of toasted war bread cut round with a slice of tomato on it and a strip of herring across the top. I served it on a lettuce leaf and sprinkled just a few drops of A1 Sauce over it. It was simply delicious. The next night I had celery stalks stuffed with cream cheese, into which I had beaten a teaspoonful of A1. That wonderful sauce ought to be advertised on every food poster in the country. There is nothing like it for economy. —Adv.

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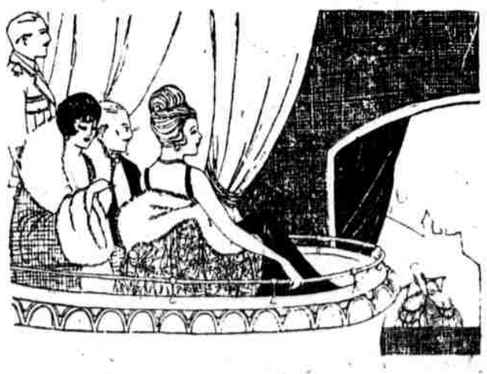

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THE WOMAN'S EXCHANGE

TODAY'S INQUIRIES

1. Who is believed to have been the first woman in the world to exercise the full vote?
2. How is it possible to prolong the usefulness of wooden mop handles?
3. How can the waxed linen to be had in automobile repair shops be put to good use?
4. What will remove bruises and white marks on a dining-room table?
5. In writing a personal letter, should the date be spelled out or merely written, using the numbers for the day of the month and the year?
6. How can an envelope basket of raffia or grass be made into an attractive knitting or shopping bag?

Who Will Help This Young Woman?

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—I am going to put a strange request before your readers. On this coming Friday I am to sail for France in the service of the American Women's Hospitals. I have tried very hard to get myself ready to go, making the money furnished to such candidates go as far as I possibly could. But today finds me short of certain articles of equipment and I do not know where to turn to get them, so I appeal to your readers. They have been so generous with others. I am almost afraid to mention all I need, but there is no other way. My list follows: Two warm nightgowns, two heavy woolen undershirts, size 36 or 38; two pairs of long woolen underdrawers, size 36 or 38; pair of khaki-colored cloth gaiters, warm bathrobe, ink pencil or fountain pen and inside felt slippers for rubber boots. I will be eternally grateful to any of your readers who will help me. ONE WHO HAS TRIED HARD.

The Editor of the Woman's Page has seen the credentials of this young woman and it is true she is to sail Friday to act as motortruck driver for the American Women's Hospitals in France. We print the letter because we have discovered the young woman is very much in need of what she asks and, as she says, does not know where to turn. We also know her to be in urgent need of the following additional articles: Hot-water bottle, thermos bottle, fur-lined gloves, bedroom slippers, extra shoes, which cost $10.50, and a suitcase. The clothing requested would have to be new, but the other articles will be gratefully accepted when they are not new. Under garments must be separate.

A phone message to the Editor of the Woman's Page will prevent two readers giving the same articles and will also convey where to send the articles. Quick action will be necessary. This young woman is to receive $20 a month for her services abroad and expenses paid.

Baby Clothes Are Offered

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—I sent you three dresses by parcel post for the lady who said she had a little girl eight years old and who could not dress her little girl like the others and offered to do washing. I do not want any washing done, though.

This morning I sent eight little dresses, [illegible] pairs of stockings, two caps, a [illegible] of leggings to Mrs. B. for [illegible] will have two small sons [illegible] with long sleeves, two [illegible] I crocheted myself, a pair of leggings, two white lawn caps, several pairs of silk and woolen stockings and also abdominal binders, all for a new-born baby or for any mother who expects one and would like to have these things. (Mrs.) M. M.

The little dresses have been forwarded, Mrs. M., and, really, I don't know how to thank you for being so kind to everybody. The world seems a pretty nice place when we know there are folks in it like you. The offer of the baby things will surely be appreciated by some needy mother. Letters for you in answer to the offer will be forwarded.

Twicetold Tales

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Several weeks ago I sent in a letter of inquiries, but not seeing my answers in the paper I concluded that you had not received my letter, therefore I am repeating my questions.

First, I asked if it would be perfectly proper to write to authors and artists commenting on their work? Also, would it be proper to ask them for an autograph photograph?

Second: May I have the addresses of Marguerite Clark and of Robert Gordon, both moving-picture stars? I THANK YOU.

The answers to these queries were printed before. Evidently you missed the paper on that day. It is quite proper to write to authors and artists commenting on their work, and it would also be quite proper to ask for an autographed photograph, although it is not exactly the custom to give out photographs in these professions.

Address Marguerite Clark, Paramount Picture Corporation, New York city, and Robert Gordon, Goldwyn Pictures, New York. Robert Gordon is in the army.

Shower for Bride

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—I am giving a linen shower for a bride-to-be and would you kindly tell me how the invitations should be worded, also how shall the linen be given to the bride-to-be? Kindly suggest a menu, something inexpensive, for a party of about twelve girls and table decorations. A READER.

You can send formal or informal invitations to the shower. If formal, word them in this way:

Miss Mary Smith
requests the pleasure of
Miss Sallie Smart's
company on Thursday afternoon, December Four at two o'clock
to meet Miss Annette Jones
R. S. V. P. Linen shower

If the invitations are informal, simply write a little letter in this form:

Dear Sallie—We are planning to have a linen shower for Annette Jones, Thursday afternoon, December 4, and would like ever so much to have you come. Annette is to be married, etc.

You could have good-luck decorations, as you are sending off the bride-to-be. Cut from green silk, green paper or green cardboard doilies to go under the glasses. Have a low bowl of pink roses in the center of the table and from this strands of pink baby ribbon extending to each place. Here and there on these strands have tied little cut-out four-leaf clovers. To the ends of the baby ribbon have small bouquets of flowers or little pink crepe baskets filled with candies. Use two candles in sticks at either end of the table with pink shades. Instead of using the roses and green four-leaf clovers for decorations this scheme can be carried out with white chrysanthemums, pink baby ribbon and tiny pink hearts.

An inexpensive menu would be fruit cup, made of cut-up grapefruit, oranges, grapes, etc.; chicken croquettes or creamed chicken on toast, cut-up potatoes creamed and baked in a dish with bread crumbs with cheese, beet and nut salad, ice cream, cake and coffee, or cake with whipped cream and coffee.

YESTERDAY'S ANSWERS

1. Louisa M. Alcott was a great exponent of the daily diary.
2. If raisins or other fruit to be put into a fruit cake are cooked in a little water and added to the batter last while still hot, they will not sink to the bottom.
3. Although oysters have a very high content of water, they may be added to the list of meat substitutes, as they supply the same kind of food to the body.
4. Sphagnum is a specially prepared moss, which is absorbent and is used in place of absorbent cotton in surgical dressings.
5. A new device for washing dishes is a fan-shaped nozzle, which sprays and cleans the dishes without the need of dish-cloths or soap.
6. Fur is used in wide straight bands on the bottom of the coats of many of the new suits.

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