

AMERICAN WOMEN'S REAL THANKSGIVING—SENDING SANTA OVERSEAS—ELECTRIC CANDLES

WE THANK GOD FOR THINGS LIVING ON IN OUR HEARTS

Our Babies, Our Boys and Our Unbroken Homes. Yes; but More Than for These That We Shared the Days of the World's Woe and With Other Men Learned to Pray

TANIE is a little girl one and a half years old, who stands up in her little white bed each morning and rattles the side of it, which means "Won't some one please come and start me on the delightful adventure ahered in by the Thanksgiving day." And she does. She thanks God for this Thanksgiving day. War did not touch all the children of the world so lightly. There is Francois Gideau, for instance—the little Belgian boy who was brought to America ten days ago to be raised in a sheltered home. He was anxious on his face that he had not been hit by a bomb thrown from a German airplane exploded next to him. The scars on his face are healing. A person wonders about the scar on his heart. At seven he saw his mother buried, and then for three years he was tossed about the docks of Brest, homeless.

Years looking at Francois one could find a Thanksgiving in itself. Because Francois stands for more than just a little ten-year-old boy immeasurably wronged. One sees in him the wrecked cities of France. Another now in America took at our own broken children in a vivid thickening new way; through him we look at our own unbroken cities—sunshine in the morning and a thousand columns of smoke coming from little red roofs that are whole; dust and the blessed sun again. The war is still strong and alive; it and the moonlight that silicones no jagged tragedies against the sky.

"This is the way America came out of the war."

TO SAY we are not thankful would be to deny that we are human.

There is no use even trying to voice our thanksgiving. It is something deep that translates itself into tears when we take it from our hearts and try to make words of it.

The deepest gratitude is for the safe-keeping of our babies, for our homes

and for the boys who will soon come sailing up the river to our arms, we cannot stop here and say this indeed is the theme of America's thanksgiving today. There are voices in the air. In splendid bravery they cry out one after another:

"Tomorrow," says Maurice Maeterlinck, Belgian patriot and poet, "we return to our firesides. We shall not weep if we find them in ruins. They will be reborn from their ashes."

With such knowledge heroic deeds of misery; but we have learned that misery does not sadden the soul which great love unfolds. * * *

We shall have lost all the material things which perish, but which are recreated as easily as they perish. In exchange we acquire that which shall never die in us.

"We did not know ourselves; we did not rightly love one another. We have learned to know ourselves in the wonder of glory, and to love each other in the poignant ardor of the

Give Thanks

For the race that the faithful feet have run;
For the bitter strife for the battle won;
For brave deeds planned and for brave deeds done.
For the truth that liveth forevermore.
For mercy's graciously open door.
For the light that shines from the other shore.
Give thanks give thanks! Let the Spirit save.
Let everything that hath voice or breath
Give thanks for life—for life and death.

CARLOTTA PERRY.

most immense sacrifice that a people have ever accomplished.

IN THE minds of those who think deepest, America's real thanksgiving is that, as France and Belgium go back to their wrecked firesides, we are not bystanders. Part of America's millions sleeping in France, the world is on its knees in a shambles. As other nations count the cost in the dead and little still bodies that gold cannot warm to life, this is the thing to thank God for—that part of America lies buried in France. We, too, have lived heroic days of misery in the world's greatest cause.

We, too, have lived, and instead have learned to live well, still live in our hearts. Today, Thanksgiving, America's day of prayer, we can send to heaven the real prayer of the heart rather than the lips. For this is the undying thing of the war. In their deepest and little still bodies that gold cannot warm to life, this is the thing to thank God for—that part of America lies buried in France. We, too, have lived heroic days of misery in the world's greatest cause.

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CHRISTMAS BOXES FOR BOYS IN FRANCE



At the Red Cross shipping office on Arch street below Seventeenth workers have spent strenuous hours inspecting, packing, wrapping and registering boxes for soldiers overseas.

ONLY 2 DAYS LEFT TO SEND SOLDIERS' CHRISTMAS GIFTS

Fifty-five Thousand Parcels Already Started, but More Must Go Unless Some Soldiers Are to Be Unhappy on Birthdays of King of Kings

HURRY up that Christmas box for your boy in France.

You have two days left to speed it on its way. The mails close Saturday. No parcels will be accepted by the Red Cross after that date.

Hurry up or there will be an empty box. You may be able to send some where in France when you are reappearing comfortably at home.

Shortly before the end of the war Cardinal Gibbons, distinguished Catholic prelate, voiced far-seeing thoughts that might well have been a Thanksgiving Day message.

"And in the infinite of combat in France, the men respond to the cry of their sons; they are lifting their voices in prayer and finding in that action the sweetest joy.

"When the war is over and when peace and tranquility reign once again, everything indicates a huge rush at the world's post offices. I am afraid that we shall be overwhelmed by the Red Cross because it would be impossible to get their gifts in the mails.

In the stores and at the Red Cross shipping office, on Arch street below Seventeenth, the Red Cross workers have spent strenuous hours inspecting, packing, addressing and preparing the boxes. At the Arch street depot all day long hundreds of women have stood in line, four deep at the long counters, busy with the formalities of starting the precious gift box on its way.

There are certain rules that must be observed. Formerly a box could be sent only on the formal request of the soldier for whom it was intended. This restriction has been removed. The present rule is that the nearest relative of a man in the service may send him a box, but only after making declaration that no other box has been sent and that the sender is next of kin to the recipient.

The Red Cross provides the box.

It must weigh not more than two pounds fifteen ounces when packed. Nothing liquid, perishable, inflammable or otherwise dangerous may be sent. A good many persons are confounding their gifts to relatives, chaste, hard candy, small articles of personal use. The box must be small, but this is necessary, otherwise it would not be possible to provide shipping space for the hundreds of thousands of parcels that are going overseas.

The leveling phenomena of this war is well illustrated every hour at the receiving booths of the Red Cross. The boxes must be inspected and packed, sealed and addressed by the Red Cross workers. So the mothers and wives and sisters of the men overseas bring their gifts to the Red Cross and with their young wives, mothers, and daughters, pack the boxes, seal them, weigh them, and stamp them, tie them to be sealed, and then hand them in a saucer. You

Men are welcome to society, and has bushels of money, and bushes of

"And a good-looking son, just over a fortnight from France." Helen signed disconsolately out of the window.

Betty looked up from her book.

"What's a pity, sis?"

"That Grandma B. has to make us a visit now, just when Mrs. P. is coming!" Grandma B. is the maid of honor, and she is coming now because dad is away on one of his trips and she will be disappointed not to see him.

The Red Cross has been besieged,

and she heard the soft purr of a high-speed limousine, and looked out of the window just in time to see the wealthy Mrs. P. step from the car, aided by a young officer, evidently her son. She looked the picture of fashion from the soft gray traveling suit to the hat, and bright sayings. Tom P. had undertaken to entertain young Tom P., and played and sang to him whenever opportunity offered.

But he preferred long strolls in the beautiful autumn woods, as did Helen.

They were French heels and short plaid jackets, and Betty was in a stout little walking shoes. His companion was his big brother, and they all lived in happy times.

And Betty, who has lost one son in the war, in mourning, who has lost one son in the country's service and are sending a gift to the only boy who remains to them, to wrap it in, add salt,

if he is fat, etc., add salt.

My dear friend, while your husband certainly is wrong to insist on your spending money which you hold in trust and which you do not have to pay out, are you perhaps a bit intolerant? Surely a man who works hard all week and who is sick and tired every evening, deserves a wife who complains, should not be judged for spending about \$5 out of his weekly earnings. Do you give your husband plenty of fresh air and let them take exercise?" Try it. Perhaps there won't be so many doctor's bills.

Also try not reproaching your husband for not being interested in his work.

Taken an interest in him, ask him to take you with him to a movie and try to be a companion to him. Even if he rebels at first, if you cannot win back the love that has perhaps been made dormant by care and nagging, I feel very much for you.

My dear, you should think him over again, and see that he too has a side in the story. Try this and let me hear from you again. I shall be only too glad to help if I can.

THE WOMAN'S EXCHANGE

TODAY'S INQUIRIES

Name four ways to use up left-over turkeys.

How can children's rubbers be made to last a long time?

To what very novel use for the children can a wash-towel be put?

What is the patchwork towel?

What will make thin plump hands?

What will reduce the wrists when they are ungainly and fat?

Ledger Was Once One Cent

To the Editor of Women's Page:

"Dear Madam—Will you be kind enough to answer the following question in the EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER: Was the morning paper ever one cent a copy in this city?"

A REGULAR READER.

The Public Ledger was a one-cent paper before 1913. The price was raised in that year.

New York Is Larger

To the Editor of Women's Page:

"Dear Madam—Please let me know which is the larger city in territory, Philadelphia or New York. Which were the Republican party founded?"

COSIMO DI SANTO.

New York is the larger city, having 3,700 square miles, while Philadelphia is 120 and a half.

The Republican party were

formed in New York.

John C. Fremont was the first Rep-

ublican nominee for President, and Lincoln was the first Republican Pres-

ident.

Wants Julian Eltinge's Address

To the Editor of Women's Page:

"Dear Madam—You have helped me so many times, and once more I am asking your advice. Would you please tell me the address of Julian Eltinge's residence? Are handwritten manuscripts acceptable?"

What does it entitle one to? Does it make any difference when the ticket is used?

Where is the W. C. T. U. SEEKER?

Thanksgiving Pie Party

To the Editor of Women's Page:

"Dear Madam—Will you please print the details of the pie party which we are expecting to have on Thanksgiving Day?"

A YOUNG FRIEND.

Directions for the pie party will be mailed if you will please forward a self-addressed stamped envelope.

One thing about neckwear—it simply has to be good. For it requires a

lot of wear.

CHRISTMAS BOXES FOR BOYS IN FRANCE

THE DAILY NOVELETTE

Grandma Comes to Town

By Adelaide R. Kemp

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THE WOMAN'S EXCHANGE

YESTERDAY'S ANSWERS

1. Priscilla, the Puritan maiden who said, "Speak for yourself, John,"

2. Attractive card table covers can be made of various materials, oil cloth, silk, etc.

3. Two attractive Christmas gifts that can be made with little time and expense at home are glove struts, emblazoned in gold or silver with little gold-painted flowers, and a wooden ring case for rings. The case is cut out of plain white wood, which receives can be pasted and with a brush, and then painted in white and blue.

4. When one has irregular features the best way to hide them is to paint them.

5. Vaseline applied each night to the lashes and brows will promote the growth of