

ADVENTURES IN MARRIAGE OF RUTH AND SCOTT—A STORY FOR CHILDREN—THE NOVELETTE

RAG RUGS CHARMING FOR THE COZY HOME

And Any One Can Make Them—Just a Stout Needle, Strong Thread and Rags Needed

We have grown to think of rag mats as homely creations, suitable for kitchen or farmhouse use only. We do not realize that they have developed into artistic products of bright coloring and decorative design, charming for any room of the house.

Their durability, inexpensiveness and bright design and coloring have brought rag rugs rapidly into vogue. At the present time we find them used not only in charming suburban homes, but in the chambers of the city dwellers. Improvement in design and advancement in design have entirely transformed the homely rag mat, so that today it holds its own in carrying out interior decorative schemes in homes of all classes.

Any person may be his own rugmaker. For making braided rugs, a stout needle, strong thread and strips of cloth cut one inch wide are all that are needed. The cloth may be discarded garments, washed and colored with the rich dyes now on the market, or short lengths found at the bargain counter in department stores. The color may be changed through dyeing.

The strips should be cut the same size, each color sewed together and rolled into balls. They are then ready for braiding, which may be done at odd minutes. For the center use a solid color, the size varying with the maker's taste. Each row should be securely sewed on the under side, taking care it does not hoop in the making. Concentrating colors may be sewed around the center, using one's own taste in the choosing. Occasionally a carpet center is allowable, but this is not so desirable as a braided center. The shape depends upon the place the rug is to occupy and may be either square, round or oval.

If it does not lie flat, rounds of lead may be sewed underneath, between the finished rug and its lining, making the rug wear better.

The colors should blend with the note of the room furnishings. Go to nature for suitable tones—using the crimson of the sumac, the yellow of the golden-rod and the cinnamon brown of the fern—then study your room and its setting, that you may introduce the color notes into your rug-making. Should the hangings be flowered, let the same idea be shown on the floor covering, giving a distinctive note.—Woman's Magazine.

THE DAILY NOVELETTE HER PROOF

By Ellen L. Thompson

YOUNG Mrs. Jim C. sat alone in her cozy living-room, not in idleness, as one would have supposed, to look at her, but intent on solving a very serious problem, which confronted her. Yes, she was thinking and thinking hard, with lips thoughtfully pursed and brows drawn in a decided frown. So far she wished she had accepted one of those invitations for the afternoon for the one thing that she had a thing to help her trouble. It had all begun while she and Jim were on their summer vacation at a mountain hotel. There was, of course, the porch gossip there, and while Eleanor detested it she had to have some one to talk to when Jim wasn't there, and she had been about to join the group one afternoon when she heard her name mentioned, the sound coming clearly in through the open window. She stopped and turned, and there she saw the phrases "pretty and dressed," "nothing but society," "he treats her like a baby doll," came clearly to her ears. She turned and fled to her room, her cheeks burning. For, alas, she began to realize that much as she hated these words and what they implied they were more or less true. For Jim, her big, handsome adoring husband, only smiled when she tried to talk of serious things or asked questions about his work, and promptly changed the subject. She decided then and there that she would do something. She'd show Jim she was no baby doll, and wouldn't be treated like one either.

For the short remainder of her vacation she tried to forget it and have a good time, but she couldn't. And now, here she was back in town, settled in her lovely home, and she began on her problem. That far she had gone, and no further, when her eyes suddenly lighted on a pamphlet which she had thrown carelessly aside that very morning. It advertised a short secretarial course, of a few months only. She picked it up thoughtfully, and with a dim but growing resolve she read it through carefully, word for word. "I do it," she cried aloud at the brilliancy of the idea. "I'll show Jim that I can do something besides wear pretty clothes and go to parties and be treated like a 'baby doll.'"

So, in great secrecy and with many little lies and deceptions to Jim and her friends, who wondered at her absence from all daytime society gatherings, she took the course, and at the end of the prescribed time was given a fine position by the school. To her great astonishment she found her employer to be a very influential business friend of Jim's. She had never met him, as good luck would have it, and though Jim had suggested many times that they have him to dinner, they had somehow never set a date.

So, when she had proven to her own satisfaction that she could be a secretary and a good one, too, and that she stood high in Mr. B's estimation, she told herself that the time had come to show Jim a few things and open his eyes to the fact that she was of some importance in the world. Arrived at this conclusion, she sweetly suggested to Jim that they have him to dinner that night. As there didn't seem to be anything else in particular going on Jim beamed at his wife and went his way, all unsuspecting of the deep plot laid for him.

Mr. B—accepted, of course, and from the moment of his arrival it was noticed by those present, gazed intently at Mrs. Jim—as often as good manners would allow. Finally, with a puzzled yet determined air, he said: "Haven't I met you somewhere some time, before, Mrs. C?" There was a pause, in which everyone seemed to be waiting for her reply. She broke the pause with the startling announcement, "Every day for two months, Mr. B—, and then laughed joyously at the incredulity and astonishment written on every face. Even Mr. B—was amazed for his brilliant, beautifully person woman was certainly a different person from the quiet, plainly dressed, young lady who wrote his letters daily for him. Then, not daring to look at Jim, she told them briefly the story of her business career. To them it was "just for fun, and to see if I could do it." There were many exclamations as to her "pluck" and "courage" and "cleverness," and then the subject changed. It seemed to Eleanor that they would never go, but finally, one by one, they left, and as she came back slowly from the door where to his great regret she had given her resignation to Mr. B—, now that the secret was out, of course, she began to wonder what Jim thought and what he would do. He looked so stern as he stood there by the window. But before she had time to be afraid she ran straight to him with the words, "Oh, Jim!" In a second his arms were around her, and she was telling him her pitiful little story, and how she had tried to show him that she wasn't a "baby doll." And I'm not one now, am I, Jim, dear?" she inquired anxiously, raising her head from his shoulder, but his arms tightened about her, and he said:

And So They Were Married

Episode Two—(Each Other's Friends) By HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR

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CHAPTER I IT HAD been said and truly, too, that God gives us our relatives, but thank God we can choose our own friends. The question is do we choose our own friends, or are some of them born, some made, and some thrust upon us? During our younger days we rather accept friends than choose them; but friends become a real problem when two young people from different families, and with different ideas, find themselves upon each other, because that is the ultimate result of marriage life.

It is needless to say that no matter what reasons two young people have for marrying; friends, unless the two are careful and much more sensible than most young people generally are, are bound to come between a couple in many respects. In the case of Ruth and Scott Raymond, this was doubly true; for excepting in rare instances neither liked the same kind of people.

The first real argument that they had about friends took place one evening when Scott came home from business more than ordinarily worn out and cross. Ruth met him at the door with a hurried respect. In the case of Ruth and Scott Raymond, this was doubly true; for excepting in rare instances neither liked the same kind of people.

"What are we going to do?" "Dear, you don't mean to say that you really don't know?" He shook his head.

"Why are you going to have Isabel Carter and her husband here for the evening?" "Well, why do I have to hurry through my dinner and why all this unusual fuss about everything?"

"Why, because they're so important. They live on West End avenue, you know, in the most expensive apartment house anywhere there. Isabel has the loveliest things of any one I know; I consider it an honor that they should care to come here at all."

Scott opened his eyes wide, but Ruth did not see. She went on excitedly: "Everything is in order so you'll try to be careful dressing, won't you? Don't fling things around any more than you have to do. I have the nicest things ready to eat and I do want everything to go off well."

There was no withstanding Ruth when she spoke that way, and Scott obediently promised to be careful, so he ate a hurried dinner, and tired as he was, began to dress immediately afterward.

"If we could ever get in with them, it would be perfectly wonderful," vouchsafed Ruth as she came in from the kitchen and slipped into a negligee preparatory to fixing her hair.

"Get in with them, what do you mean?" "Just what I say. It would mean everything for you in business to be associated in a friendly way with Bill Carter."

Scott flushed sensitively. He hated things of that kind, he loathed playing politics with one's friends, and Ruth was continually doing things she thought she ought to do and too frequently doing the things she really wanted to do. It made him furious with her. After their experience with general intolerance, both of them had made a real effort to try to proceed on a fifty-fifty basis. Ruth had tried genuinely hard to see Scott's viewpoint and to understand that there might be things he would want to do with his life that she might not think at all interesting. The thing that troubled it was for her to either sacrifice herself to the extent of doing as he wished, or not to find fault if he went ahead and did it alone. Ruth had also tried to curb her quick tongue and to understand Scott's general untidiness and laxness about the house, and Scott had tried genuinely hard to do what she wanted in little things. The subject of friends, however had never been brought up between them to any extent. Friends and relatives and their adjustment are never given their proper importance in a domestic regime.

"Don't you think so?" she queried again. "No, I don't," Scott said bluntly. "Oh, Scott, you ought to, you want to get along, don't you?" Scott loathed any reference to his getting along financially; it made him squirm. Like most men he considered his business affairs peculiarly his own.

"That sounds like your mother," he remarked. Instantly Ruth was on the defensive.

MUSICAL REVUE GIVEN BY BLAUNER WORKERS

Employees Present Entertainment With Ease of Professionals at Lu Lu Temple

Budding operatic stars and talent in the making were brought into the spotlight with the presentation of the musical comedy, "Keep in Step," by the co-workers of the Blauner store, 433-35 Market street, at Lu Lu Temple last night. The occasion was the second annual "get-together" entertainment and dances of the co-workers, and hundreds of the employees, with their friends and families, turned out for the affair.

Members of the firm, department heads and buyers were among those who enjoyed the breezy comedy, which was written for the event by Edward L. Cramer, one of the co-workers, and ably staged and managed by Albert M. Friedenberg, credit manager of the store, with the assistance of Mrs. Lydia Simon.

The play was a riot of fun and melody from start to finish, and the allegorical characters played their respective parts with the ease and assurance of professionals. Eddie Pendleton, as Comedy, was everything that the role demanded, his eccentric dancing and original sayings keeping the crowd in an uproar. He received able assistance in this respect from Jack Feldscher, who as Laugha, fell little short of his fellow employee in spontaneous humor.

Marion G. Quikley, contralto, and Sylvia Cohen, soprano, carried off the

DREAMLAND ADVENTURES

By DADDY

CHAPTER II Sambo Again Meets Bally Sam

"HEE-HAW!" Form in columns of "H" fours," brayed Bally Sam, placing himself at the head of the troupe of mules.

The mules lined up like a company of soldiers, and started on a brisk trot toward the east. But they were not going to get away as easily as they thought. Negro guards came running to head them off. These guards were under command of a fat corporal, whom Peggy quickly recognized as Sambo, the colored soldier who had been kicked by Bally Sam for grabbing the Frog acrobat when her Bird circus entertained the men at camp.

Sambo bravely ran out ahead of his men, waving his gun to scare the mules back. But the mules didn't scare. "He-haw! Charge!" brayed Bally Sam, making straight for Sambo.

"Ho, Ho!" laughed Sambo, using his gun as a club, and setting him to meet Bally Sam. "Now Ah got yo', you' of rascal. Ah been waiting ever since we do' let de States ter get a chance ter smash yo' head to de way yo' kicked me. Come on an' get yo' medicine. Ho! Ho!"

But Sambo laughed too soon. As he swung his gun to give Bally Sam a mighty whack on the head, Bally Sam dodged to one side. Sambo had swung so hard that when he missed he whirled around with his back to Bally Sam. That was just what Bally Sam wanted, for he spun around as quick as a wink and his powerful heels flashed out.

"Wham!" He caught Sambo just right, and the negro, fat as he was, went sailing through the air smack into the branches of a thorn tree.

"Wow! Wow!" yelled Sambo as the thorns pricked through his clothes. "He-haw! Hee-haw!" chorused the mules, sending the guards scattering in all directions.

"On to Berlin!" brayed Bally Sam triumphantly, and the mules galloped after him toward the German lines.

The noise of the affray had been heard by white officers and soldiers, who came running to the scene.

"Hey, get down out of that tree and round up those mules," shouted a captain to Sambo, who was busy picking up the mules, but when it comes to tackling dem army mules again, Ah'd niggah can say am. 'Fare yo' well!'"

By this time Bally Sam and his fellow-mules were out of sight over a hill. The officers ordered out a cavalry troop in pursuit, but the white soldiers were so busy laughing at the battered negroes, and the cavalry horses were so reluctant to tackle the mules, that they were a long time getting ready, and Bally Sam had a good start.

Billy and Peggy in their airplane, and Carrie and Homer Pigeon on their wings, sped after the runaway.

WOMEN TO AID G. O. P.

Form National Executive Committee at Suggestion of Hays

Washington, Dec. 10.—(By A. P.)—Organization of a Republican Women's National Executive Committee, to cooperate with the Republican State chairmen, was announced yesterday by Mrs. Medill McCormick, wife of the Senator-elect of Illinois. The headquarters of the committee, which Mrs. McCormick said was formed at the suggestion of Chairman Hays, of the Republican National Committee, will be established soon in Washington.

The committee will meet for conference early in January, when a program will be formally adopted. Mrs. McCormick said. In February a conference of Republican women will be held to discuss the proposed program.

Mr. Younger was gassed in France while serving with the Signal Corps, and for a time it was thought he would not survive. He was brought to America in July to the hospital at Camp Dix. As he improved he was transferred to Camp Dix, where he was discharged.

Mr. Younger became acquainted with Miss Rowland at Camp Dix, where she was working under the direction of Mrs. J. Gardner Cassatt. Miss Rowland has just completed a strenuous month of hard work at the Pennsylvania Hospital as a volunteer worker during the influenza epidemic.

Mr. and Mrs. Younger will live here. Mr. Younger is the son of John Lafayette Younger, an extensive farmer in Montana. The bride is a descendant of two of the oldest and most prominent families in Philadelphia and is a member of the Philadelphia Country Club and the Sedgely Club.

Mrs. Wilson tours State Explains Food Economy Methods to Women in Granges

Mrs. M. A. Wilson, the EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER special writer on food economy, is making a tour through Pennsylvania and New Jersey explaining her methods to women members of the various county granges. The trip was arranged at the request of food conservation committees in the granges.

In her talks, Mrs. Wilson dwells largely on the possibilities of trade development between the wives of farmers and city residents. Many city dwellers, she says, form an open market for the things raised and made on the farm which are not on sale at stores or markets.

Fruitcakes and mincemeat, she says, are articles on sale in the city, but if made on the farm by the farm women in the same manner they make these things for home consumption, they would find a ready market.

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Peace has brought us many joys, and one is old-time Kolb's Bond Bread

Kolb's Bond Bread is now free from wheat substitutes—the corn, the rye and the barley which helped to win the war.

Again we make Kolb's Bond Bread like the home-made bread—those loaves which the 2000 Philadelphia housewives submitted in the famous Kolb's Bond Bread Baking Contest of May 12, 1917.

Those public-spirited women, who judged the contest later, agreed that we did succeed in making Kolb's Bond Bread better than the best home-made. But when the war took our "home" ingredients away—we also had to sacrifice.

But now, we can use 100% wheat flour. We can again follow our ideal—to make Kolb's Bond Bread combine the home skill of those 2000 Philadelphia housewives.



This guarantee on every loaf—The Kolb Bakery Company hereby warrants that the loaf of bread contained within this germ-proof and dust-proof wrapper is made from the following pure food materials:— flour, compressed yeast, pure water, best fine salt, pure shortening, sugar and milk.

Purity of Ingredients & Process Guaranteed by the Bond of the Kolb Bakery Company

Advertisement for 'Bidding' fashion store. Text includes: 'Bidding THE PARIS SHOP OF AMERICA 1422 Walnut Street WEST OF BELLEVUE-STRAITFORD PRESENTS Important Sales in Fashionable Apparel FOR THE RESUMPTION OF Social Activities OF Tailored and Fur-trimmed Suits, Street, Afternoon and Evening Dresses—Coats—Wraps—Man-teaux—Blouses—Hats and Furs. All Millinery will be offered at ESPECIALLY ATTRACTIVE PRICES during the month of December'