

KEEPING CORN AND BEANS IN SALT: THE SMARTEST SLEEVES: CYNTHIA'S LETTERS

MRS. WILSON GIVES DIRECTIONS FOR SALTING DOWN VEGETABLES

Putting Away Beans and Cauliflower in This Way—A Good Recipe for Sauerkraut and Another One for Stuffed Pepper Mangoes—How to Dry Corn—A Lancaster County Recipe

By MRS. M. A. WILSON Copyright, 1919, by Mrs. M. A. Wilson. All Rights Reserved.

REMOVE the husk from the corn, leaving just a single layer against the corn; fold back this single layer of husk and remove all the silk, wiping with a dry cloth. Place two inches of salt in the bottom of a deep crock and stand the ears so that each one will be entirely alone and encased in salt. Stand the tip end down, pack closely with salt and place two-inch layer on top. Cover and place in a cool place. It is most important that the ears do not touch.

Salted Beans Remove the strings from the beans and then place a layer of salt in the crock. Add a layer of beans and then a layer of salt, and repeat until the crock is filled to within two inches of the top. Have the layer on top two inches deep and then add one quart of water to every one-half bushel basket of beans. Cover closely and then store in a cool place. Do not wash the beans.

Sauerkraut Remove the coarse bruised outside leaves of the cabbage and then shred the head fine, using a slaw cutter. Now line the bottom of a small barrel or wooden bucket with the outside leaves and then place in a layer of the shredded cabbage and cover with salt. Repeat until the utensil is nearly full, pounding down well with wooden mallet when packing. Sprinkle the salt over the top and cover with large cabbage leaves, and then with a cheesecloth wrung out of salt water. Tuck in the ends carefully and then place board on the kraut and weight it down with a heavy stone.

Now, it is necessary that the cabbage be covered with brine; remove the scum as it rises to the top. The kraut will be ready for use in six weeks and it must be kept in a very cool place or it must be canned.

To Can Sauerkraut Fill into sterilized all-glass jars and then fill the jar to overflowing with boiling water. Adjust the rubber and lid and partially tighten. Process in hot-water bath for one hour, then remove and seal securely. Store in a dry, cool place.

Salting Cauliflower Select the nice heads of cauliflower and remove the outer leaves, and then trim into shape. Now place a layer of salt one inch deep in the bottom of the crock or crock and then place the cauliflower head down and pack well with salt. Do not allow them to touch each other. Have the salt one inch above the cauliflower stalk. Finally cover with a clean cloth and set in a cool place.

Brining Cauliflower Prepare the cauliflower as directed above, using a large crock or crock. Pack the cauliflower head down until the crock is three-quarters full and then fill to overflowing with brine made as follows: Place in a boiler

Eight quarts of water, Eight cups of salt. Bring to a boil and skim, then cool. Cover the cauliflower with a piece of clean cheesecloth and then place on it a board which is weighted down on top, to keep the cauliflowers covered in the brine. This weight need not be as heavy as that used for the kraut.

Cauliflower prepared in this manner late in October and November can be used for the table by freshening it in water and cooking in a manner similar to that in which the salted beans are cooked or it may be canned in three months, when there will be a supply of fruit jars.

To can the brined cauliflower remove from the brine and wash in cold running water. Let stand for one hour and then fill into the sterilized jars; fill jars with boiling water, adjust the rubbers and lids and partially seal. Place in a hot-water bath and process for one hour. Remove, seal securely and then cool and store in a cool, dry place.

To Dry Corn—Lancaster County Recipe Select firm, full ears of corn and husk. Remove the silk with a cloth and then plunge the ears of corn into boiling water and cook for five minutes. Remove and dip in cold water and then cut from the cob with a sharp knife. Spread on shallow trays and dry in a commercial or home-made drier.

This corn may be dried in the oven at a temperature of about 110 degrees Fahrenheit. Leave the oven door open so that the moisture may quickly evaporate.

The Lancaster county farmers dry this corn in the sun and cover the trays with mosquito netting; they are brought in at night to protect them from the dampness and dew, which would start a mold on the corn while it is drying.

Stuffed Pepper Mangoes Place the peppers in a large tub and cover with the following brine: Eight quarts of water, Three cups of salt. It is necessary to cover the pep-

pers with a cloth and then place a board and a light weight on top to keep them in the brine for seventy-two hours. Now remove from the brine and place in fresh water for two hours and then remove from the water, and with a sharp knife cut a small circle from the top of the pepper. Set aside to replace as a cover. Now remove the seeds and the white pithy part. Soak in cold water for one hour and then drain and fill with the following mixture. Filling for twenty-five peppers:

Chop fine sufficient cabbage to measure three pints. Place in a large bowl and add: One pint of finely chopped onions, One cup of finely chopped green peppers, One cup of finely chopped red peppers, One cup of finely chopped celery, Two ounces of mustard seed, One ounce of celery seed, One-half cup of grated horseradish, One-half cup of salt, One-half cup of brown sugar, One quart of vinegar, One teaspoon of cayenne pepper, Two teaspoons of paprika, One teaspoon of mustard. Mix thoroughly and then fill into the peppers, taking care not to pack too closely. Sew the lid or the circle which has been cut out of the top with a darning needle and heavy string. Place closely in a crock. Now place in the preserving kettle

Three quarts of vinegar, Two quarts of water, One cup of salt, Two ounces of celery seed, Three ounces of mustard seed, One-half cup of whole cloves, One-quarter cup of whole allspice, Two sticks of cinnamon, Six blades of mace. Bring to a boil and pour over the mangoes and let cool. Now add three-quarters cup of salad oil and set in a cool place. Watch to see that the pickle does not evaporate. The mangoes may be packed in all-glass quart fruit jars and sealed, then processed for twenty minutes in a hot-water bath, after which they should be cooled and stored in a dry, cool place.

Use vanilla sauce in place of cream sauce. Vanilla Sauce Three-quarters cup sirup, One-half cup water, Two tablespoons cornstarch. Stir to dissolve starch, bring to boil, cook five minutes, add one tablespoon vanilla.

My dear Mrs. Wilson—Will you please advise me how to can cucumber and pickles without shrinking? The flavor is all right, but they lose the plump look. I lay them in brine twenty-four hours, then drain and put on the hot vinegar seasoned, adding one ounce of powdered alum to two quarts of vinegar and seal in jars. C. T. L.

See pickling recipes, woman's page, August 11. The use of alum is dangerous. Using chemicals or preserving powder is forbidden in all preserved fruit. Do not trifle with your health. Follow recipes and you will have success.

Mrs. Wilson Answers Queries

No. 1224. Dear Mrs. Wilson—Will you be so kind as to publish some good and not expensive mayonnaise recipes? I am a good cook, generally speaking. Can get an acceptable five-course dinner, all except the salad, but I cannot make mayonnaise dressing; though I have followed recipes for it most carefully, the oil will not hold. Perhaps if the chemical analysis were un-

derstood to some degree at least it might help to avoid the errors which cause the trouble. I submit a recipe which I have been told is good and not hard to make, but I cannot succeed with it. The directions are not so many, so perhaps I do not put the ingredients together in the proper order. Will you please tell me what you think of it? I will be very grateful if you will help me in this matter of salad dressing. I would be very glad indeed to try a recipe for dressing of yours, if you would please send it to me with directions. M. H. J.

See woman's page for June 3 for salad dressings. No. 1223. My dear Mrs. Wilson—I would like to know what can be used instead of cornstarch in your cheese-cake recipe. In making fudge I would like to know what I can use instead of three-quarters cup of white corn sirup. I. S.

Flour. Honey or maple sugar. No. 1222. Dear Mrs. Wilson—If it is not asking too much would like you to let me have a recipe for a good molasses cake, as well as a good cream sauce to serve with it. I have used a great many of your recipes with satisfaction. L. E. A.

Molasses Cake Three-quarters cup sour milk, Six tablespoons shortening, One-half cup brown sugar, One-half cup molasses, One level teaspoon soda, Two teaspoons cinnamon, One teaspoon ginger, One-half teaspoon allspice, One egg, Three cups sifted flour, Two teaspoons baking powder. Beat hard to mixture, pour into well-greased and floured baking pan, and bake in moderate oven forty minutes.

Use vanilla sauce in place of cream sauce. No. 1218. My dear Mrs. Wilson—Will you please advise me how to can cucumber and pickles without shrinking? The flavor is all right, but they lose the plump look. I lay them in brine twenty-four hours, then drain and put on the hot vinegar seasoned, adding one ounce of powdered alum to two quarts of vinegar and seal in jars. C. T. L.

See pickling recipes, woman's page, August 11. The use of alum is dangerous. Using chemicals or preserving powder is forbidden in all preserved fruit. Do not trifle with your health. Follow recipes and you will have success.

Betty had determined to ask no questions, to act, in fact, as though nothing at all had happened, to wait until Gene's of his own free will should say something to her about what was in his mind. It came after he had been home nearly a day.

In the cozy, unconventional way of artist folk they had had supper together in Gene's studio, and afterward as Gene sat smoking silently, he suddenly spoke. "Why are you so good to me, Betty?" Betty dropped her lashes over a look that suddenly flamed into her eyes.

"Why shouldn't I be good to you, aren't you friends?" "I know, but you can't help having a certain contempt for me." "Gene, how can you say that?" Betty's low tones held a passionate entreaty.

"Well, I couldn't blame you if you did; you know all the details, of course, and the way I made a fool of myself. You never thought I'd be that way, did you, Betty? But I tell you a man never knows."

He smoked in silence for a moment and Betty looked deep into her coffee cup and sipped the last few drops. "Tell me what you do think," he said suddenly. "I don't think at all." "He stared at her then. "But you must have some ideas on the subject."

She shook her head. "No, I haven't. I know Elsie's kind, and I know too, that a man really never knows. You, for instance, have always seemed sensible. I have never seen you even interested more than normally in any woman before. If any one had asked you about it you would have said 'impossible' and laughed, and yet here are the bare facts of the case, so no one can really judge either his own limitations or those of others."

"That's an awfully fair creed for a woman, Betty. I didn't know there were women like that." "Plenty of women think just as I do, Gene, women who have been forced by circumstances to find out truths for themselves. If you don't mind my speaking of Elsie, I might say that she has never had a chance. She's been brought up from childhood to believe that money was the only thing that were women like that."

Silence again, then Betty went on. "Ruth Raymond would have been that way if circumstances hadn't altered her. Don't you remember how she disapproved of me at first, and how she resented Scott's friendship with us?" Gene nodded.

"That's why I say don't blame Elsie any more than you have to." "Gene reached out in the twilight and put his hand suddenly over Betty's fingers. She trembled a little, but determined not to show any feeling what-

ever. It was too soon; besides, Gene just now felt only friendly interest in her, that and gratitude because she understood. So she gave his hand a little squeeze, jumped up and snatched on the light. Gene wondered why he felt a vague resentment because of her lack of response.

In the days that followed Betty withdrew little by little her gay presence from Gene's studio, where at first she had popped in at all times, had encouraged him to take up his work again, had in short not given him time to brood over anything, she now was conspicuous by her absence. When Gene sought her out she was not at home; he hung after a woman who is not his kind, he may think he prefers her, but after all he feels himself when he is with a woman who thinks as he does about life.

Betty had determined to ask no questions, to act, in fact, as though nothing at all had happened, to wait until Gene's of his own free will should say something to her about what was in his mind. It came after he had been home nearly a day.

In the cozy, unconventional way of artist folk they had had supper together in Gene's studio, and afterward as Gene sat smoking silently, he suddenly spoke. "Why are you so good to me, Betty?" Betty dropped her lashes over a look that suddenly flamed into her eyes.

"Why shouldn't I be good to you, aren't you friends?" "I know, but you can't help having a certain contempt for me." "Gene, how can you say that?" Betty's low tones held a passionate entreaty.

"Well, I couldn't blame you if you did; you know all the details, of course, and the way I made a fool of myself. You never thought I'd be that way, did you, Betty? But I tell you a man never knows."

He smoked in silence for a moment and Betty looked deep into her coffee cup and sipped the last few drops. "Tell me what you do think," he said suddenly. "I don't think at all." "He stared at her then. "But you must have some ideas on the subject."

She shook her head. "No, I haven't. I know Elsie's kind, and I know too, that a man really never knows. You, for instance, have always seemed sensible. I have never seen you even interested more than normally in any woman before. If any one had asked you about it you would have said 'impossible' and laughed, and yet here are the bare facts of the case, so no one can really judge either his own limitations or those of others."

"That's an awfully fair creed for a woman, Betty. I didn't know there were women like that." "Plenty of women think just as I do, Gene, women who have been forced by circumstances to find out truths for themselves. If you don't mind my speaking of Elsie, I might say that she has never had a chance. She's been brought up from childhood to believe that money was the only thing that were women like that."

Silence again, then Betty went on. "Ruth Raymond would have been that way if circumstances hadn't altered her. Don't you remember how she disapproved of me at first, and how she resented Scott's friendship with us?" Gene nodded.

"That's why I say don't blame Elsie any more than you have to." "Gene reached out in the twilight and put his hand suddenly over Betty's fingers. She trembled a little, but determined not to show any feeling what-

ever. It was too soon; besides, Gene just now felt only friendly interest in her, that and gratitude because she understood. So she gave his hand a little squeeze, jumped up and snatched on the light. Gene wondered why he felt a vague resentment because of her lack of response.

In the days that followed Betty withdrew little by little her gay presence from Gene's studio, where at first she had popped in at all times, had encouraged him to take up his work again, had in short not given him time to brood over anything, she now was conspicuous by her absence. When Gene sought her out she was not at home; he hung after a woman who is not his kind, he may think he prefers her, but after all he feels himself when he is with a woman who thinks as he does about life.

Betty had determined to ask no questions, to act, in fact, as though nothing at all had happened, to wait until Gene's of his own free will should say something to her about what was in his mind. It came after he had been home nearly a day.

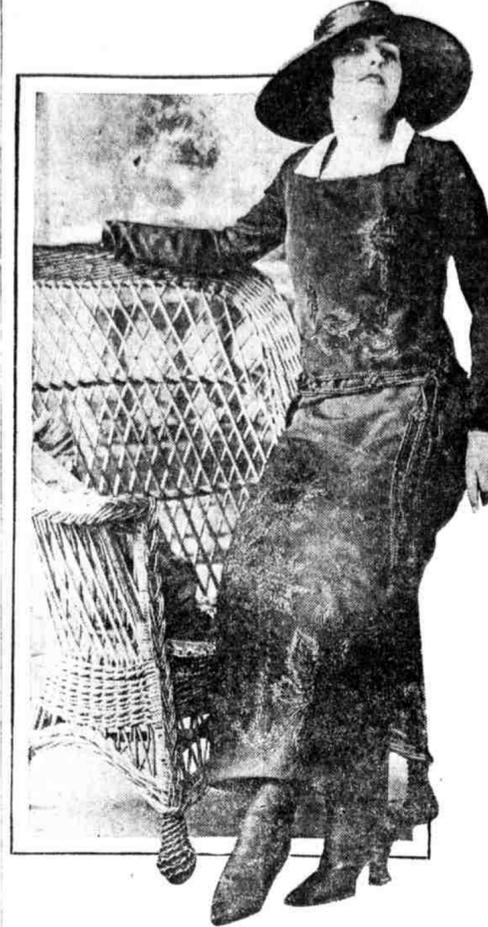
In the cozy, unconventional way of artist folk they had had supper together in Gene's studio, and afterward as Gene sat smoking silently, he suddenly spoke. "Why are you so good to me, Betty?" Betty dropped her lashes over a look that suddenly flamed into her eyes.

"Why shouldn't I be good to you, aren't you friends?" "I know, but you can't help having a certain contempt for me." "Gene, how can you say that?" Betty's low tones held a passionate entreaty.

"Well, I couldn't blame you if you did; you know all the details, of course, and the way I made a fool of myself. You never thought I'd be that way, did you, Betty? But I tell you a man never knows."

He smoked in silence for a moment and Betty looked deep into her coffee cup and sipped the last few drops. "Tell me what you do think," he said suddenly. "I don't think at all." "He stared at her then. "But you must have some ideas on the subject."

EMBROIDERED SERGE FOR FALL



Fashion calls for the straight up-and-down silhouette for the street dress, and here is one strictly in the mode. Over and above this, a feature of this blue serge frock is the rich embroidery so much in vogue now

And So They Were Married

By HAZEL DEVO BATCHELOR Copyright, 1919, by Public Ledger Co.

THREE days later Gene came home. It was too soon; besides, Gene just now felt only friendly interest in her, that and gratitude because she understood. So she gave his hand a little squeeze, jumped up and snatched on the light. Gene wondered why he felt a vague resentment because of her lack of response.

In the days that followed Betty withdrew little by little her gay presence from Gene's studio, where at first she had popped in at all times, had encouraged him to take up his work again, had in short not given him time to brood over anything, she now was conspicuous by her absence. When Gene sought her out she was not at home; he hung after a woman who is not his kind, he may think he prefers her, but after all he feels himself when he is with a woman who thinks as he does about life.

Betty had determined to ask no questions, to act, in fact, as though nothing at all had happened, to wait until Gene's of his own free will should say something to her about what was in his mind. It came after he had been home nearly a day.

In the cozy, unconventional way of artist folk they had had supper together in Gene's studio, and afterward as Gene sat smoking silently, he suddenly spoke. "Why are you so good to me, Betty?" Betty dropped her lashes over a look that suddenly flamed into her eyes.

"Why shouldn't I be good to you, aren't you friends?" "I know, but you can't help having a certain contempt for me." "Gene, how can you say that?" Betty's low tones held a passionate entreaty.

"Well, I couldn't blame you if you did; you know all the details, of course, and the way I made a fool of myself. You never thought I'd be that way, did you, Betty? But I tell you a man never knows."

He smoked in silence for a moment and Betty looked deep into her coffee cup and sipped the last few drops. "Tell me what you do think," he said suddenly. "I don't think at all." "He stared at her then. "But you must have some ideas on the subject."

She shook her head. "No, I haven't. I know Elsie's kind, and I know too, that a man really never knows. You, for instance, have always seemed sensible. I have never seen you even interested more than normally in any woman before. If any one had asked you about it you would have said 'impossible' and laughed, and yet here are the bare facts of the case, so no one can really judge either his own limitations or those of others."

"That's an awfully fair creed for a woman, Betty. I didn't know there were women like that." "Plenty of women think just as I do, Gene, women who have been forced by circumstances to find out truths for themselves. If you don't mind my speaking of Elsie, I might say that she has never had a chance. She's been brought up from childhood to believe that money was the only thing that were women like that."

Silence again, then Betty went on. "Ruth Raymond would have been that way if circumstances hadn't altered her. Don't you remember how she disapproved of me at first, and how she resented Scott's friendship with us?" Gene nodded.

"That's why I say don't blame Elsie any more than you have to." "Gene reached out in the twilight and put his hand suddenly over Betty's fingers. She trembled a little, but determined not to show any feeling what-

ever. It was too soon; besides, Gene just now felt only friendly interest in her, that and gratitude because she understood. So she gave his hand a little squeeze, jumped up and snatched on the light. Gene wondered why he felt a vague resentment because of her lack of response.

In the days that followed Betty withdrew little by little her gay presence from Gene's studio, where at first she had popped in at all times, had encouraged him to take up his work again, had in short not given him time to brood over anything, she now was conspicuous by her absence. When Gene sought her out she was not at home; he hung after a woman who is not his kind, he may think he prefers her, but after all he feels himself when he is with a woman who thinks as he does about life.

Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

To Angeline You might say to the young man you do know that his friend seems very nice and you would like to meet him some time. Make your request as impersonal as possible; that is, not seeming to have a "case" on the boy you would like to meet. Don't seem to be in too much of a hurry about it either. These matters have to be managed tactfully.

The Bible on Divorce Dear Cynthia—In reference to the question asked by "Margaret" as to whether a woman should marry a divorced man or not, I would like to refer her to the only reliable guidebook, the Bible. To one perplexed about this matter the following passages should prove to be all the advice necessary, although many others would help her immeasurably.

Matt. 5, 32: "Whoever shall put away his wife, save for the cause of fornication, causeth her to commit adultery; and whosoever shall marry her that is divorced committeth adultery."

Exodus 20, 14: "Thou shalt not commit adultery."

Matt. 11, 28-30: "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy and my burden is light."

MRS. S. H. W. To the Boy From Maryland Dear Cynthia—I am reading my favorite page of the EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER, I find a note from the "Boy from the Heart of Maryland." Now, although this is the first time I have written to you, I must ask the boy why he is so sarcastic. He claims that the goodly girls (whatever he means by that) write nonsense to you.

Why does he make himself one of the goodly flock, as he calls them? Another word, why did you leave the good little girl in Maryland to find another Boy from Maryland? If I were she, I would surely show you something. I may be the girl at that, but I hope I am not so unfortunate.

When you go back to her, as you expect to, it will serve you right if she doesn't notice or consider you at all—you are too selfish. You want an angel of a woman, and I'm willing to wager that you wouldn't be able to treat her right when you did get her. DIXIE FROM MARYLAND.

Good for You, "Billie" Dear Cynthia—I am again writing to "our" column. But this time I am in doubt, and justly I think.

Anxious, will you permit me to say that I do not believe you honestly mean what you say, at least not all? I make a guess that something unpleasant occurred between you and some girls and straightaway you decided that all girls only want a fuss made over them, and are silly, featherbrained, foolish things.

When you hear of a girl like "Billie" you are surprised and pleased. What do you mean by a fuss? Is it not another form of the many different kinds of flattery? Unless I am greatly mistaken you are pleased this moment by having a girl like "Billie" notice and answer your little letters for you. Do not think we swallow all that is told to us. Mostly we only tolerate it so that we and our friends may laugh at how foolish you are to think we believe you.

I hope you will not misunderstand me. I know that you are a girl like "Billie" and that there are as many more girls who are honest, frank and are real girls; let me describe myself and perhaps you will understand what I mean.

I like and appreciate an honest compliment (are you condemning me?). I am not vainly, rather I am proud of my dark skin and have dark brown eyes. My hair is my chief claim to beauty and curls prettily and naturally. I can crock, ride a bicycle, sew, dance and bring home a good report from school.

I am quite popular with my classmates and like boys, am an normal, healthy girl not yet sixteen, who has ideals and hopes. There are many girls like me. Don't you think we are as good as "Billie"?

Young Men, Read This Dear Cynthia—Have read your column with great interest for some time, and I send in this opinion.

Where I am employed there are two types of girls. The girl of refinement, good common sense and character. They can cook, manage money and keep any house in order. They are full of fun and do a great deal of reading, so they know what they are talking about. Their clothes are plain and neat for work, and good; they don't wear the best they have to work. But still the men (as they call themselves) do not want that kind of girl for work.

Here is their choice. I work with them and know: Their hair parted in the middle and drawn down to their eyebrows, two rolls at the ears and in the back, the hair all fixed which forms a fan. It makes them look like a pair of pigeons. You could not begin to wash the paint and powder off, and to top it all off, dressed up in the latest styles, they were dark and look at us as though we were dirt. Just picture them coming into a machine shop, for that is where we all work. They are far from good-looking, but most of the male help are impressed.

Girls, wake up. Use a little brains, men. I use a little rouge and powder and have fun without looking like a clown. Good luck to you always. JANE.

In Painting Woodwork When cleaning or repainting woodwork in a room, it is difficult to avoid marring the wall paper. Often ugly stains are made at the side of the molding, or above the base, and these can be easily removed. To protect the paper, there is nothing better than a flat dustpan which, by means of its handle, can be held in position and moved about as required. This protects the paper perfectly, and it is possible, by its use, to clean, paint or varnish the whole of the woodwork in a room without marring the paper in any way. McCall's.

Gift for Hostess Dear Madam—Please tell me what you think would be an appropriate gift or gifts to send a young woman when one has spent a week at her home.

If the young woman is married something for her home would be pretty. Any of the following would please her: A pair of book ends, a little sterling silver bud vase, a low glass

FIXING UP THE HOME IS A PATRIOTIC DUTY

And Buying Clothes Is, Too—Two Things to Do Now That Will Employ Returned Soldiers

IN ITS "pruce-up" campaign" the War Department has been urging private manufacturers, owners of estates, buildings, factories, homes, etc., to repair their buildings, their works, their roads and thus provide employment for the returned service men.

Just now this becomes a very practical suggestion to women. Not only can they spruce up their homes, but they can build up their depleted wardrobes. What a joy it is too. Can it only have been a year ago that we were rationed as to the number of pretty things hanging in the clothes closet? Certainly it shouldn't be a hard matter for women to be patriotic about getting new clothes.

And fixing up the home ought to afford real thrills to every woman. Without a qualm of conscience she can revel in new draperies, new wall paper, rugs, curtains and electric fixings, and make the house all over again. And maybe houses do not need this refurbishing! What with all available paper, cloth and paint being used by the government probably not one average home in the country came out of the war to standard.

AT FIRST thought we do not concern "sprucing-up" our wardrobes and our homes with finding employment for returned soldiers. But it works like this: The more work set in circulation by the demand for clothes, rugs, draperies or whatever it may happen to be, the more men factory owners are able to place. There are in the United States 22,000,000 families. If each family only did the merest bit of fixing think of the blessed hum of industry that would be set in motion! But, of course, some millions of the twenty are utterly incapable, financially speaking, of rising to the situation; therefore it is up to those householders who can afford at this time in some way to loosen the purse strings to do so.

There is as much patriotism about lending a hand to place the returned soldier as there ever was in letting a hand to sending the boy over there. Of what avail all the tears and prayers in wartime for the safekeeping of our boys if we prayed them back only to settle back in the old selfish grooves of life and ignore them?

Just visiting any one a week would not put you under obligations to send a gift, so if you prefer, why not just send a nice box of candy?

The Woman's Exchange

Evening Cooking Courses To the Editor of Woman's Page: Dear Madam—I am a young girl, and as I expect to be married at some future date I want to take a course at night in domestic science. Can you let me know where I can take such a course? I cannot afford a very expensive course.

Is the course referred to given at high schools at night? DOROTHY MAY.

There are evening courses in cooking at Temple University, Broad and Berks streets, and Drexel Institute, Thirtieth-second and Chestnut streets. They are not very expensive. The courses given at the Girls' High and the William Penn High are held in the evening as well as the day. They open September 22, 7:30 p. m. Enroll at the school.

Evening Commercial Courses To the Editor of Woman's Page: Dear Madam—Will you be so kind as to answer the following questions for me: (a) Where is the Kensington High School located? Is it for boys, girls, or both? (b) If I wish to take the commercial course in the evening at the school at Ninth and Carpenter streets when must I enroll as a student? Also, when does the school open for the term? DAILY READER.

(a) The Kensington High School is located at Coral and Cumberland streets. It is for girls only. (b) There are only elementary grades in the night classes at the school to which you refer. The nearest school to that where the commercial course is given is the South Philadelphia High, Broad and Jackson streets. Enroll at 7:30 o'clock on the evening of September 22. This is the opening of the term.

A Curious Dilemma To the Editor of Woman's Page: Dear Madam—John Smith, Sr., died, leaving a widow and son, John Smith, Jr., of course, drops the junior after this and later marries. How would the widow and the son's wife have their names engraved? GERMANTOWN.

In order to avoid confusion the junior could be resumed, for as far as etiquette is concerned there is nothing that requires the dropping of it. However, another way out of the difficulty would be to have the widow have her name engraved with the middle initial of her husband's name and have the son's wife simply drop the initial. In time the two would become known in this way.

Activities for "Bluebirds" To the Editor of Woman's Page: Dear Madam—I am a sort of guardian to a small group of Bluebirds. As you know, Bluebirds are related to the Camp Fire Girls. The children meet but once a week, and I would like to know what kind of work to give them to make it interesting. They have three "work" meetings per month and one social week. It will please me very much if I may hear from you on this subject. Also, have you any suggestions for games that they may play? They range from seven to twelve years of age. Have you any ideas so that they can make money? That is their object.

A CONSTANT READER. One way for the children to make money would be to collect papers and sell them. At one meeting part of the time might be consumed by exchanging ideas about ways and means of carrying on this little business. The older children might knit little doll sweaters at a work meeting and then sell them. The smaller ones could knit "blankets" for dolls' beds. Another activity for your Bluebirds, although it would not net them any money, would be to make scrap books for children in hospitals. One meeting each month could be devoted to this.

Why not have the children aim to have a little fair once or twice a year? This would keep them busy at their work meetings making things for it, and would, if managed right, be the means of their making money. If the affair was well advertised by mothers, etc., the little ones would have no trouble to make people come. By going to the public library and looking through the various handicraft books in the children's department you will discover things the children could make.

I will mail the games and the other information to you.

Gift for Hostess Dear Madam—Please tell me what you think would be an appropriate gift or gifts to send a young woman when one has spent a week at her home.

If the young woman is married something for her home would be pretty. Any of the following would please her: A pair of book ends, a little sterling silver bud vase, a low glass

BOYS Help Your Skin With Cuticura

IF YOU LOVE THE CENTURY FLOWER SHOP

Users of PEA COAL be advised and buy now. We have the size and quality. We handle only the very BEST COAL

Egg... \$11.25 Stove \$11.65 Nut... 11.75 Pea... 9.55 PROMPT DELIVERY We serve you right

Owen Letters' Sons Largest Coal Yard in Phila. Trenton Ave. & Westmoreland