MEMORIAL DAY PICNIC PLANNED BY MRS. WILSON

Five Tasty Menus for Suppers, With Materials Necessary for Each One—A Different Kind of Supper

WATCH for the awards in the

PRIZE MENU CONTEST

which will appear on this page on Monday.

FIRST PRIZE—$2.50
SECOND PRIZE—$1
THIRD PRIZE—$1

These prizes are given for the best menus for **a $1.50 dinner for four persons.** The foods must be staples and in season. The sales slip must be given for the materials used. If you don't win a prize—

MRS. WILSON WILL TELL

why your menu was not well balanced and how you should correct it. Write your name and address and the date plainly and address all menus to

Mrs. Wilson's Menu Contest
Evening Public Ledger
Independence Square

PILE UP HOME-COOKED FOOD AND SOME CAREFUL PLANNING ON THE HIGH COST OF LIVING AND BREAK ITS BACK!

By MRS. M. A. WILSON

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WHILE this day is dedicated to the memory of our loved ones who have passed beyond, I know that were they able to tell you they would have you enjoy this day in honor of them. So let us make this a real day of sunshine and happiness.

A picnic or a home entertainment should be the feature of Decoration Day. If a picnic is planned, then let us prepare wholesome and palatable food that everybody will enjoy—for when all is said the success of every picnic depends upon the food.

Let us plan to get away from the old style sandwich and picnic foods and replace them with appetizing cuts of bread and butter and springtime salads and then some good pastry or cake. It usually takes a few hours to prepare the necessary materials for a picnic, so right at the start we will plan a menu:

Celery and Potato Salad
Whole-Wheat Bread and Butter
Chocolate Layer Cakes Coffee

Vegetable Salad
Rye Bread Butter
Ginger Cake, Marshmallow Filling
Coffee

Ham and Lettuce Sandwiches
Pickles Radishes
Apple Tarts Coffee

Celery Young Onions
Baked Beans
Whole-Wheat Bread Butter
Coleslaw
Cake Coffee

Pickled Onions
Cold Pork Pie
Potato Salad
Chocolate Cake Coffee

Materials that would be needed for a party of six. Menu No. 1:

One large head lettuce.
Four pounds of potatoes.
Six medium sized onions.
Two stalks of celery.
Parsley.
Two cups of salad dressing.
Two loaves of whole-wheat bread.
One-quarter pound of butter.
Two pounds cake.
One-quarter pound of coffee.
One-half pound of sugar.
One small can of evaporated milk.

Place the butter in a bowl and add:

One-quarter teaspoon of paprika.
One-half teaspoon of mustard.

Beat with a wooden spoon until creamy and then cut the crust from the loaf of bread and spread lightly with butter, using a spatula to spread the butter. Then cut in a thin slice and cut and fold each slice in sandwich fashion. Wrap in a napkin and then in wax paper.

Materials for menu No. 2:

One pint of cooked string beans.
One pint of peas.
Two pounds of cooked potatoes, sliced thin.
Two carrots, raw grated.
One cup of finely chopped onions.
One stalk of celery.
One head of lettuce.
Two cups of salad dressing.
Parsley.
Two loaves of rye bread.

Butter, coffee and cake the same as menu No. 1.

For Menu No. 3

Two heads of lettuce, chopped fine.
Two stalks of celery, chopped fine.
Six onions, chopped fine.
Three-quarters pound of finely minced boiled ham.
One and one-half cups of mayonnaise dressing.
Two bottles of pickles.
Four bunches of radishes.
Parsley.
One dozen apple tarts.

Bread, butter and coffee, same as menu No. 1.

For Menu No. 4

Two bottles of pickled onions.
Six pork pies.
Four pounds of potatoes.
One stalk of celery.
Ten onions.
One and one-half cups of salad dressing.
Parsley.

Bread and butter, cake and coffee, same as menu No. 1.

Materials for Pork Pies

One pound of flour.
Six ounces of shortening.
Two and one-half pounds of lean pork.

Put the pork on to boil and cook until tender. Cool. Now place in a mixing bowl:

Four cups of flour.
One teaspoon of salt.
One tablespoon of baking powder.

Sift to mix and then chop in two-thirds of a cup of shortening and use two-thirds of a cup of cold water to form into a paste. Roll the pastry one-quarter of an inch thick and line large-sized custard cups with pastry. Now mince very fine the cold, boiled pork and add:

Five onions, minced fine.
One-half cup of finely minced parsley.
One-half teaspoon of thyme.
One-quarter teaspoon of sweet marjoram.
One and one-half teaspoons of salt.
One-half teaspoon of pepper.

Take two cups of the liquid in which the pork was cooked and add two level tablespoons of gelatin. Stand aside to soften for fifteen minutes and then heat slowly to dissolve the gelatin. Then chill. Just before it begins to set stir into the meat prepared for the pies, then fill the pastry-lined custard cups with the mixture. Place the top crust in position, make several little gashes to permit escape of steam, brush with an egg wash and bake in a slow oven for fifty minutes.

The success of every picnic depends on the amount of food. It should be sufficient to appease the hunger which is developed by a day out of doors. Build a small campfire to heat the baked beans; place the bean pot in the embers and let it heat for one and one-half hours. An alcohol outfit for making tea or coffee is a real comfort. Pack the salads in paper cups; use paper napkins and plates, and when finished gather together and burn. Be sure that there are no smoking embers; many dangerous fires are caused in this thoughtless way. If there are young lads with you, let them roast potatoes and broil bacon before the open fire. They will enjoy this immensely.

MRS. WILSON'S MENU CONTEST

My dear Mrs. Wilson—I am submitting the following menu for the contest. MRS. J. S.

Tomato Soup
Steak and Kidney Pie
Mashed Potatoes Spinach Boiled Onions
Lemon Meringue
Tea Bread Butter

Your menu, while it is a very good one, lacks a salad or a green relish to make it a well-balanced menu.

My dear Mrs. Wilson—I am submitting a dinner for four people. MRS. R. C.

Roast Lamb Brown Gravy
New Potatoes New Peas
Orange Muffins Lemon Sauce
Bread Butter Coffee Whipped Cream

I have not found it possible to get a rack of lamb at the price you quote. Your menu lacks a salad or a green appetizer to make it well balanced.

My dear Mrs. Wilson—May I submit my menu for a dinner for four people for $1.50? MRS. W. E. K.

Grapefruit Cocktail
Broiled Steak
New Potatoes New String Beans
Sliced Tomatoes California Lettuce
Chocolate Floating Island
Bread and Butter Coffee

Again we have a quickly cooked meat. There is not sufficient potatoes or starchy foods in the menu. Many of the articles in your price list cannot be obtained here in the city. You forgot to give any allowance for seasoning.

My dear Mrs. Wilson—I am writing you a dinner menu which will provide sufficient food for four people at $1.50. I have tried it several times and have found it very successful.

Brown Pork Chops Brown Gravy
Calcutta Rice
Lettuce
Rolls Butter
Jell-o Coffee
MISS E. H.

This would hardly provide sufficient food for a good dinner. It lacks the proper balance, and then, too, fried meats at this season of the year are a poor buy.

My dear Mrs. Wilson—I am submitting a menu for four people for $1.50. MRS. WM. J. F.

Beefsteak Brown Gravy
Boiled Potatoes Corn
Tomatoes
Bread and Butter Gelatin
Tea or Coffee

This menu contains a fried meat, etc., and is rather unseasonable; it would be good for wintertime. There must be meat or its equivalent, one starchy food, one green cooked food, a salad or green relish, bread and butter, a dessert and tea or coffee.

A Menu Submitted by Mrs. C. De C. B.

Radishes
Green Peppers and Onions
Creamed Dried Beef on Toast
Spinach Corn Fritters
Bread and Butter
Stewed Apples Tea

Sales Slip

Radishes	.05
Two green peppers, one large new onion, sliced	.06
Vinegar, salt, pepper	.02
One half pound dried beef	.25
Four slices stale bread	.01
One teaspoonful butter, one teaspoonful of flour, one cup milk, seasoning (dressing)	.12
One-quarter peck spinach	.15
One hard boiled egg, seasoning	.06
Small can corn	.11
Flour	.02
One egg	.04 1-6
Salt	.01
One-quarter cup milk	.01
Bread	.09
Butter	.09
Four apples	.15
Sugar	.10
Tea	.02
Total	$1.36 1-6

This is a splendidly balanced menu, but, madame, why not spend the balance of the money for a more tasty meal?

Rubber Rings

Canning demonstrators of the United States Department of Agriculture have been studying the requirements of a good rubber ring in order to eliminate canning troubles.

Tests of thousands of rings disclosed the fact that color, despite popular opinion, has nothing to do with the quality or strength of the rubber. A ring should be able to support a weight of thirteen pounds without breaking.

To make a perfect seal, rubber rings should possess elasticity enough to take up the unevenness of the jar and the cover, and be strong enough to resist cutting when the seal is made. A ring that cannot be folded or pinched without breaking is useless for canning by methods in which the ring is heated (processed), with the jar and contents.

The Streets of Life

By HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR

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Anne Carter had begun life on the straight path that children generally follow, but very quickly the path began to twist and turn into a tortuous street. First, Anne's mother committed suicide, and then her father made life miserable by depriving her of everything she wanted. Fate always lurks around the corner on any street of life, and Fate sent Geraldine Carpenter to be Anne's friend just when the girl needed a friend most. Through Geraldine, Anne met Dane Grey, and uncertain as to whether he cared for her or not, Anne gave him her whole heart. Then came the time when Anne was forced to defy her father, and for the first time in her life she found herself free from his control. But she found also that she could not go back and be the same Anne, that a strange, new independence had come to her and that she wanted to find the right street of life alone and unaided.

"WHY ANNE," Geraldine persisted, "you don't know what you're talking about. What does it matter whether you do anything or not? I'm fond of you we can have great fun together, and you do enough for me to salve your conscience, surely."

"But, Geraldine, I can't be a plaything. Oh, please don't misunderstand me and think I'm ungrateful, but I can't do that. I only play at being your secretary, you know that. Why, for the last three weeks I haven't even written a letter. I wanted to clean up your desk and you wouldn't let me. We've just played, and it was wonderful and I think I must have been drugged, for I just let myself drift. I was so sure that it would all end soon enough that I was determined to make it last and to be happy as long as I could."

"And now you're determined to be miserable." Geraldine's tone was sharp, her soft mouth was pulled into a thin line. She was not used to having her wishes turned aside. She was spoiled, she had always had everything she wanted. Now she wanted Anne. Of all her friends Anne was the most satisfactory. Geraldine was not enough older than Anne to be her mother, but she liked to play benefactor to her, she liked to dress Anne's slim young figure in soft silken things, to watch the sparkle in the girl's eyes. Anne had been a great credit to her; in fact, she had become more than a pretty puppet to Geraldine; she had developed into a friend. Her broadening personality, her pleasing sense of humor, her girlish charm, all these had been noticed with delight by Geraldine, and she wanted Anne for her own amusement. She would have been quite content to have Anne live with her, to treat her like a daughter or a younger sister, and the fact that Anne's spirit was rebelling against anything of this kind, that she wanted to be free to do as she liked was something Geraldine could not understand. Naturally she thought the girl ungrateful.

If Geraldine had stopped to think that Anne had never been free, that from childhood she had been forced to do as other people said, she would have understood the girl's first reaction to her freedom. But Geraldine was too selfish to see Anne's point of view, she could see only her own.

Geraldine rose, drawing her silken draperies around her. Her eyes were cold and her voice was quite hard as she said, evenly:

"Then you have decided not to come back?"

"Please," Anne began, but Geraldine silenced her with a little imperative wave of her hand. "Of course, I can look at it in just one light," she said frigidly. "You don't want to come back. Perhaps you have other plans more satisfactory for yourself," and she swept the ugly room with a scornful little smile of utter distaste. "Well, I'm glad I know just how you feel, Anne. I think it's best to know the truth," and with a laugh that somehow did not ring true, Geraldine was gone.

Anne stood for a minute as though she were chained to the spot and could not move. She heard Pierre start the engine and she wanted to rush out and scream to Geraldine not to leave like that, but she did nothing of the kind. She just stood still and waited, hoping that at the last moment Geraldine would change her mind. Then, with a swish, the big car started off and Geraldine was gone.

Anne's first impulse was to burst into a frenzy of grief, to sob her heart out, to run upstairs and stifle her screams with the bedclothes. She was like a wild thing elemental, primitive as she stood there, and then suddenly civilization and self-control came back to her with the sudden ringing of the door bell. The reaction left Anne weak but sane, and she waited a minute for her emotions to subside before she went to the door. It often happens that the simplest things come at crucial moments when something is needed to keep us from going quite mad, and the complete normality of the incident, the habit of going on with the thing in hand even in the midst of great grief, is like a narcotic.

It was in this way that Anne answered the door bell. A strange girl stood on the porch a girl who looked vaguely familiar. She had been pretty once, but now she was too white and thin and frightened-looking. Her clothes hung on her as though she took no interest in anything she wore, and her smile was pathetic.

"You don't remember me, I guess," she said in a thin little voice.

Anne shook her head. "Won't you come in?"

The girl followed her inside and they stood a moment in the hall. "I won't keep you a minute," she burst out, before Anne could lead the way into the front room. "But I have something to tell you, something you ought to know. I'm Lucy Pratt."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Mending

When corset steels come through at the top of the corsets, remove a few of the stitches at the bottom of the steel and sew the steel down a bit further, making the sewing strong at the top.

White Paint

White enamel the inside of your built-in china closet and see how much prettier your china is than to have it the natural wood color.

The Question Corner

Today's Inquiries

1. What is the best way to clean plate-glass windows?
2. How can window shades that are old and "feeble" be freshened?
3. What powder puff is convenient for the business woman?
4. How can a shabby porch chair be made fresh and new-looking for the summer?
5. What use can be made of the velvet crown of an old winter hat?
6. How can a touch of color be added to a plain white shirtwaist?

Yesterday's Answers

1. Attaching a short rubber hose to the short spout of an oil can will prevent spilling in filling a lamp.
2. A drawing tape in a petticoat will not pull too far out one end and in the other if it is sewed to the casing in the middle of the front.
3. Frying pans that have deep fat in them should have the fat poured out and then wiped with a paper napkin before being washed in the usual way.
4. A dainty summer afternoon frock is of pink, with tiny white dots on it and three rows of white bows in the form of a yoke around the hips.
5. An easy way to separate eggs is to open them into a funnel. The white runs through the hole, leaving the yolk intact.
6. A convenient towel rack can be made out of two clothes hooks and a curtain rod.

FOR EVENING WEAR

Photo by Fashion Camera Studio.

A charming use of the popular Chantilly is shown in this evening hat. The crown of the hat is of black Milan straw, with a wreath of velvet oriental poppies encircling it. The Chantilly lace is wired out to form a flaring brim that is decidedly becoming and very dressy. Incidentally, it gives a fine suggestion for making over last year's hat. Just take off the brim, wire out some lace of this kind, and behold! a brand new, very stylish hat

Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

Another Letter From "Acetylene"

Dear Cynthia — This to "Friend of Black Eyes." No, you are mistaken. I do not want the modern girl because the modern girl is a wax doll, and a wax or "Baby Doll" is an ornament. I do not want an ornament. There are far too many running around loose, let alone having to marry one of them. As for dancing, there are still some that never danced or who have "been through the mill" and quit. Either one will do, I used to "burn the candle at both ends," too, and when I tired of it I quit. I used to go to a dance and think it was a crime if I didn't get every dance, but now I'm through. And I did not wait until my youth faded away either.

You just keep it up, and when your good looks begin to fade and the old friends discard you—what then? Sure you go out and scout for a regular guy for a husband instead of one of the lizards you danced with in the old days.

Girls that don't dance write a word to the column. As for your friend (the ideal girl) I won't do for the lack of education. ACETYLENE.

"T. B. P." to "Cynic"

Dear Cynthia— May I not continue in a general way the discussion penned by one who signs himself "Cynic."

I have never met a man who so aptly named himself, except, mayhaps, Maudlyn, but the latter adopted his name. "Cynic" apparently forgets the romantic dreams which he cherished when he was in his "teens." And there's not a person living today who hasn't experienced such dreams, and there are few living who won't smile sympathetically when they read "Seventeen."

Cynic has most certainly told Miss Petite some real, fundamental truths, and I most heartily agree with him. But to me when he accuses her of revealing the workings of her mind he also reveals the thoughts of his and his habits. No man could make such sweeping assertions about the girls of today unless he was familiar with the type of girl he pictures. But no matter how emphatic his assertions, the fact yet remains that there are as fine a set of girls today as there ever were, if one stops to hunt for them. They are not the type who advertise themselves, who demand attention; far from it; they are the girls who pass you quietly on the street, whose work is most efficiently done, whose personal neatness and good taste are a revelation, who expect courtesy without "freshness," and who are quick to distinguish betwen an intended insult and an unintentional hurt, such as "Cynic" might make if he stays long in their presence and his present state of mind.

My advice to "Cynic" is that he hunt for the girls of that type; they're to be found, and among them will be one who will be well worth the search, who will be the most loyal friend he has ever had and who will do more to cure him of his chronic grouch against mankind than all the letters which might be written. I have no desire to be sarcastic or mean in my remarks; if this epistle hurts "Cynic's" feelings at all, I apologize now, but I did and do want to impress him with the fact that the friendship of a real girl, not one who is a "good fellow," but who is a chum, will do more to change his views than all his giving vent to his remarks.

THE BUCK PRIVATE.

Excuse us, T. B. P. Somehow this got lost between two sheets of paper. Cynthia prints it now, even if late.

Try Department Stores

To Leona—It is against the rules of the column for me to print your request in this column. Have you tried the large department stores? I am sure you could find a large size if you ask specially for it. If you cannot, perhaps you could get the nearest size and then set the hooks back or, possibly piece the material when you get it home.

She's Right, E. H. B.

Dear Cynthia—Would you be so kind to print this little advice to E. H. B.?

I agree with you that this "war" has changed a great many of the American girls, but E. H. B. please do not judge them all by a few. Remember, there are a lot of girls that think of something besides clothes, rouge, lip stick and fancy things, for I am one of those real girls myself and have a number of girl friends of the same nature.

I am not a Philadelphian, but make my home here now. I do not want to be classed with the American girls you quote. Tell me, dear friend, why it is that you pick the streets such as Fifth avenue New York city and Chestnut street here in Philly to find that real, simple and common-sense girl? Remember, they are the fashionable streets of either city. No doubt you will find a number of real girls on those streets, but you had better seek other places for the girl of your dreams.

Please, E. H. B., do not judge all the American girls New York city, Philadelphia girls, or wherever it may be by just a few you have seen. I am just an ordinary home-body girl and I know there are others.

Do you really expect to find the girl of your "dreams" parading up and down Chestnut street, or Fifth avenue, New York city? "DIXIE."

You are right, "Dixie," there are plenty of real girls, but do not make the mistake that so many do, that of thinking that fashionable looking girls and so-called society girls are not real. Some of them are as fine as any you may ever meet.

A Word From "Byrne"

Dear Cynthia—On and on speeds the small dynamic car passing through pastures green, and nature's everlasting fields of beauty. A modern D'Artagnan is at the wheel, and like the D'Artagnan of old, he knows his steed thoroughly. So swift is his flight that he loses track of time. Forward always, leaving but the dark screens of heavy dust behind him. Our modern D'Artagnan forgets that some day he must return by the same road and that a homecoming is full of misgivings.

So it is with our friend "De Jure." Little does he realize that some day the mask of oblivion will fall away, and a new spirit come into his life. The end is inevitable. Machine riding does not alleviate the hunger for the company of a girl. Time will always tell, unless the male involved belongs to the stone age.

"De Jure" should open his eyes, adjust his thinking cap, and realize the good things in life, other than speeding through nature.

He must not think that girls, always want to see the best shows and visit the jazziest cabarets. Far from that. Become acquainted with the right kind of girls. Then you will see how they take your interests at heart, and try to be square.

But, "De Jure" and his kind must be honest, too, and tell the girls where they wish to go. If she is a good friend, she will be satisfied with your choice. However, do not ask her where to go. Her respect for you prompts her to name the best place. Under circumstances of that sort you are to blame.

Be square to others and to yourself. Do not be an idealist. BYRNE.

Go to the Party

Tweetie—Certainly go, dear, and take the little brother a present; a good book or fountain pen would be nice.

Sympathetic "Claire"

Dear Cynthia—To "Sure Outta Luck"—"Sure Outta Luck," I think you and I are in the same boat.

I am eighteen, have blue eyes and light brown hair and I am fairly good-looking. I think, but I don't seem to meet any nice fellows.

So, "Sure Outta Luck," if only you and I could meet, maybe our troubles would be over. Write to the column again. "CLAIRE."

The Woman's Exchange

Removing Paint

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Kindly inform me what will remove green paint stains from woolen jersey cloth. S. W.

Turpentine is the best thing to use for this. Sponge the stain with a cloth, wet with the turpentine and hang it out in the air to let the turpentine evaporate and to get rid of the stain. If the turpentine leaves a mark on the dress use benzol to remove it.

Bleaching Linen

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—I bought some heavy unbleached sheeting and Canton flannel from the navy store. Can you tell me how to bleach them quickly? A READER.

Wash these materials and hang them out in the hot sun for a full day. You could bleach the sheeting more quickly by using javelle water, which can be bought at the drug store, but this would not do for the flannel, as it is too strong.

Nonsectarian Homes

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Will you please publish a list of nonsectarian homes for elderly couples in Philadelphia and vicinity. J. E. K.

This list is too long to publish in the paper, but you can find the list of homes under "asylums and homes" in the business directory of the telephone book. The charge is not very great for any of them.

Stain on White Shoes

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam — Kindly inform me through your paper if there is any remedy to remove a floor oil spot on white buckskin shoes. It is not a fresh oil spot, and how do you clean a grayish brown kid-top shoe? Please answer this as soon as possible, as I must wear the white shoes in a play on Saturday, June 5. MISS B.

Try turpentine on this stain first, rubbing it with a cloth wet with the turpentine. If this does not remove it entirely, apply a thick coating of French chalk or magnesia and leave it on until it soaks up the oil. Then brush it off and apply regulation white shoe cleaner. It may require several applications to remove the stain entirely, but if you make the whiting extra thick over the spot you can cover it. There is a special cleaner sold for gray kid shoes in the shoe departments of the large department stores.

Mending a Record

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Kindly answer the following questions: How can records of a talking machine be mended so as they can play again? The records are broken in half.

I am a girl of fourteen years of age, and I am very anxious to do some sort of work after school. I would not care if I had to ride to work. Can you kindly inform me of a place where I can be employed after school hours? Is a self-addressed envelope necessary? CURLY HAIR.

I'm afraid you can't mend the records. You might be able to stick them together with strong glue, but there would always be the crack to spoil the record and make a loud, cracking noise when it is played.

There are various positions that a girl of fourteen can fill in after-school hours. In order to do any work at your age you have to apply at the Bureau of Compulsory Education, 1522 Cherry street, for a license. Then apply at the United States Employment Bureau, at the same place, for a position.

MEMORIAL DAY BRINGS BACK THE HIGH IDEALS OF WAR

We Get Very Sentimental, but Our Exaltation Goes Down With the Sunset and We Return to the Same Old Selfishness

WHAT "sacred and stimulating memories" shall we have this year on Memorial Day?

Shall we go back to those thrilling days of the war when we went bravely to the station and waved good-by in spite of the tears that blurred our view of the smiling, jaunty boy who waved back to us? Shall we remember how hard we worked for that boy and all his "buddies" while he was away? Can we get once more the sensation of joy and relief that we felt when the overseas mail brought our envelope to us and we knew that our soldier was safe, at least when he wrote it?

It is certain that some of us will never forget the strange grief of those days that kept on coming and going after that dreaded word from the government arrived—"killed in action," "died of wounds," "missing." It was a terrible kind of grief, for it all seemed so remote and so uncertain. It seemed wrong to grieve over a glorious death, and there were so many boys who felt as one wrote, "If anything happens don't wear black, wear gold for me." Yet, we had lost a boy, we could not help grieving.

We go back to all that on Memorial Day.

When we see the flag that meant so much to us during the war, we remember how we felt about it then. It wasn't just a piece of silk then with a special design on it in colors. It was "our flag," and it stood for all the high ideals with which we entered and carried on the war. The lump that has been growing in our throats gets almost too big to manage when we reach this thought about the flag. We see lines of khaki, we hear bands playing the ragtime that stirred us so during the war, we feel the rhythm of thousands of feet in step, our heads nod in time with the swing of those broad shoulders as they pass in review before our mind's eye. We work ourselves up to a patriotic fervor, and snatches of "Flanders Fields" come back to us. All this on Memorial Day.

WHAT about the day after that? Is all that thrilling remembrance of stirring times going to fade out with the sunset on Memorial Day? Are we going to drop those high ideals for which, we declared on Memorial Day, we fought this war, just as we dropped our Red Cross work when our boys dropped their guns?

Those soldiers who fought so bravely overseas don't swagger about on Memorial Day and tell how uplifted they felt when they went into battle singing. They don't sob with emotion when they raise their eyes toward the flag they fought for. They probably are saying, many of them, "This time two years ago, I was one scared boy. The only reason I didn't run was because my feet were stuck fast in the mud."

When they see the flag they probably grin with glee because they don't have to stand at salute facing it at sundown. They don't fuss about their ideals and their ambitions; they just work for them quietly and steadily.

Are we going to let them shame us as we go back to everyday life and take up the same old selfish, greedy ways that have changed the world so since the war? Aren't we going to step along with them, as we did with our vision on Memorial Day?

Let's pretend we're still at war. Let's go back to the high ideals we used to spout about, and the unselfish, helpful spirit that we used to live in. Let's remember Flanders Fields without any sentimental catch in the throat. With real steady, firm purpose, let's "keep faith" and remember that if we don't those whom we remember on Memorial Day "will not sleep, though poppies grow, in Flanders Field."

Adventures With a Purse

THERE is a certain shop of which I have written a number of times before that recently purchased a limited number of little beaded bags—the sort one needs to carry with a silk dress. We, the Person-in-Authority and myself, conferred seriously together and decided that, all things being equal, there should be enough of them left for you to have an opportunity to read about them here, and purchase one. Let me describe one for you. It is of dark blue and is crocheted. It measures some five inches long and pulls together at the top with a cord. And sprinkled over it, in richly colored design, are tiny beads. The first impression is that the bag is covered with beads, but on second glance you will notice that they form merely the pleasing design. I have it on good authority that these are imported bags, and that they are hand made. Their price is $1.75 each.

If you have been a faithful follower recently, you will have noticed that on several occasions I have posed somewhat as a fashion authority, stating quite emphatically that without this and so a woman's summer wardrobe would not be complete. I now add to that list another item—white shoes. Certainly one cannot get along all summer without at least one pair of white pumps or oxfords. It becomes, then, merely a question of where to buy the best shoes at the most reasonable price. Well, I could not go so far as to give you definite information on that subject, but I can suggest a shop I have found where a decidedly unusual sale of shoes is in progress. There you will find soft white pumps and oxfords of buckskin, with white ivory heel and sole. The oxfords bear the price of $12, while the pumps are marked at $11. You will agree when you see them that the value is exceptional.

Then there is another shop that is having a sale of imported pongee—shimmering cool stuff that tempts you beyond resistance, to picture a summer tailleur. The pongee is thirty-three inches wide and is specially priced at $1.45 a yard.

For names of shops address Woman's Page Editor or phone Walnut 3000.

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