MRS. WILSON GIVES PRIZES FOR BEST MENUS LAST WEEK

Two Dollars and a Half Awarded for Most Wholesome and Tasty Dinner for Four Persons Costing a Dollar and a Half

FIRST PRIZE, $2.50

Mrs. E. A. McFarlane
Jenkintown, Pa.

Menu

Baked Meat Loaf Tomato Sauce
Boiled New Potatoes With Parsley
Pickled Beets Buttered String Beans
Lettuce, Mayonnaise Dressing
Bread Butter Tea
New Apple Pie

SALES SLIP

One pound beef, bottom round, ground	$ .45
Two onions, sage, parsley	.02
One-half can tomato soup	.06
One quart new potatoes, second size	.10
One bunch beets	.06
One-quarter peck string beans	.10
One small head lettuce	.05
One egg, vinegar, mustard, oil, twelve cents for two dinners	.06
One-third loaf bread	.05
One-fifth pound of butter at 68c lb	.14
One-half pound sugar (including sugar for pie)	.13
One quart new apples	.15
Two cups flour, lard	.16
Tea, milk	.03
Total	$1.50

SECOND PRIZE, $1

Mrs. A. Plum
Holland, Bucks County, Pa.

Menu

Cold Bouillon
Calves' Tongues Brown Sauce
Butter Beans New Potatoes
Cucumber Salad
French Dressing
Blackberry Roly Poly

SALES SLIPS

Soup

Beef cubes	$ .08
Seasoning	.02

Meat

Tongues	.50
Seasoning	.05

Vegetables

Butter beans	.20
Potatoes	.20

Salad

Cucumber	.10
Dressing	.05

Dessert

Three-quarters quart berries	.16
Dough, etc.	.05
Bread, butter	.08
Total	$1.49

THIRD PRIZE, $1

Mrs. B. Leidich
Holmesburg, Pa.

Menu

Potato Soup
Stuffed Tomatoes Buttered Beets
New Potatoes Cucumber Salad
Bread Butter Cheese
Coffee or Tea
Home-made Cherry Pie

SALES SLIP

One and one-half pounds tomatoes	$ .30
Filling	.03
Potatoes	.18
Beets	.10
Cucumber	.08
Bread	.08
Butter	.10
Cheese	.08
Coffee or tea	.04
Sugar	.12
Milk	.04
One and one-half pounds cherries	.15
Pastry	.12
Total	$1.45

JUST THINK!

YOU may be one of the prize winners of the

PRIZE MENU CONTEST

this time next week.

The awards are given for the best menu for **a dollar-and-a-half dinner for four persons**, and they are as follows:

First, $2.50
Second, $1.00
Third, $1.00

Rules—The foods used must be staples and in season. Each menu must be accompanied by a sales slip showing the cost of the materials needed. The name and address of the sender and the date must be clearly written. Address all menus to

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

THE HONOR LIST

Honorable mention is given to:
Miss C. H. Patterson, 1802 Spring Garden street.
Mrs. A. Riley, 2852 North Garnet street.
Mrs. Agnes E. Kee, 20 West Price street.
Mrs. Martin M. Heydt, 7101 Guyer street.
Mrs. Bertha Marple, 752 South Fifty-second street.
Mrs. Katherine Stuytevant, 1524 Master street.
Miss Macie DeVaine, 2538 West Gordon street.
Miss Sarah Flacher, 701 South Sixteenth street.
Mrs. Joseph P. Walsh, 59 North Sixty-second street.
Miss Ida Ventarola, 1716 South Chadwick street.
Mrs. Hannah Ennis, Bristol, Pa.
Miss Elizabeth Van Fossen, 2017 East Stella avenue.
Miss Florence Gerson, 3108 Clifford street.
Miss Mamie Thierry, 337 Chestnut street.
Mrs. Toslin, 5447 Pine street.
Mrs. Robert S. Frick, Sellersville, Pa.
Mrs. M. McCausland, Media, Pa.
Miss Marjaret S. Tustin, 1619 North Redfield street.
Mrs. Earle H. Foster, 5110 Webster street.
Mrs. Lewis Green, 825 South Vogdes street.
Mrs. Austin Toy, Brooklawn, N. J.
Miss Helen L. Deeker, Riverton, N. J.
Mrs. Anne Georgeson, 4314 Market street.
Mrs. Emma Dowers, 5245 Germantown avenue.
Mrs. H. K. LeGuro, 5934 Nassau road.
Mrs. Marian Greylock, 229 West Mount Pleasant avenue, Germantown.
Mrs. William Snyder, Juliustown, N. J.
Mrs. Elizabeth Stabbs, Wilmington, Del.
Mrs. Alda Wahl, 2919 North Ninth street.
Mrs. Samuel B. Hoffman, 2251 North Van Pelt street.
Mrs. Edwin R. Myers, Trenton, N. J.
Mrs. J. Waters, Collingswood, N. J.
Miss Anna Constable, Norristown, Pa.
Mrs. Middleton, 1328 Kerbaugh street.

Mrs. Wilson Tells Brides How to Cook Like Real Chefs

By MRS. M. A. WILSON

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THE young housewife is most anxious to learn the whys and wherefores of the various methods employed in cooking. As one bride writes me: "If I knew just why for the various reasons for doing this or that, I know that each time I prepared the various dishes this reason for using a certain method would return to me, and I would feel confident each time that it would materially help me to make a successful dish."

"When making custards," writes the bride, "they become watery and have heavy curds in them. Some people tell me it is because I use too much sugar, yet I measure carefully; others say it is the milk, which has become sour. Can you help me so that I can make a custard that is velvety smooth?"

The real trouble is not the sugar, nor the freshness of the milk; custards are made watery in the baking because of the intense oven heat. When custards reach the boiling point the egg and curds of the milk coagulate into lumps; this separating will be remedied by a slow, even temperature. If you grease the cups with butter and then fill with custard mixture; dust the top lightly with nutmeg; set the custard cups in a large baking pan and fill the pan two-thirds of depth of custard cups, with cold water; now bake in a slow oven until set, you will find that these custards have a rich velvety texture and are firm.

To test insert a silver knife into the custard gently and if no custard adheres to the knife when removed, then the custards are finished.

A Good Omelet

"My omelets are a flat failure," writes another young housewife. "Yet I try so hard to have them nice looking and now that the price of meat is soaring, I feel that I can obtain better food value from one dozen eggs, if I could prepare an attractive omelet."

Failure to make a good omelet is due to the cooking of the eggs entirely too fast. The housewife who has had one failure on her hands realizes that it is an art indeed to turn out a perfect omelet.

The first thing of importance in making a delicious delicate omelet is of course the pan. An iron frying pan or the folding omelet pans are first choice.

Place in the pan two tablespoons of shortening, bacon or ham drippings, these fats give fine flavor; heat until hot and then draw the pan to the side of the stove and pour in the omelet mixture. Reduce the heat and shake gently, allowing the omelet plenty of time to dry out. If you have a moderate oven place in oven and then finish cooking. Then fold, roll, turn on a hot platter and serve at once.

The omelet is composed of liquid and air. The air is inclosed by the beating of the eggs and it is this air, when heated, that swells or puffs the omelet. Now if the omelet is cooked too quickly, the mixture hardens on the outer surface too fast, so that the inside part does not have sufficient time to coagulate. The moisture in the soft part, which has failed to set, causes the whole omelet to fall. So here again the slow, even temperature will give the results desired. All egg mixtures coagulate below the boiling point; about 185 degrees Fahrenheit is the right temperature.

The boiling temperature, or 221 degrees Fahrenheit, causes a tough leathery product.

A Good Steak

"Oh, my steaks are just like leather. Just what can I do to have them like the steaks that the hotels serve?"

Many failures of the home cook to serve a steak that is deliciously tender and cooked to a turn begin in the butcher shop. Steak is a most expensive meat and the one who purchases this meat must then throw caution to the wind. Have the butcher cut the steak one and one-half inches thick. Now if economy must sit at your board, remove the flank; place the steak in a soup plate and marinate for one-half hour in the following mixture:

One-half onion, minced fine,
Two tablespoons of salad oil,
One tablespoon of vinegar.

Now, when ready to broil, heat the broiler for ten minutes and then add one quart of water and one tablespoon of salt to the drip pan. This will prevent the fat and meat from catching fire. Now place the steak in the broiler, close the broiler door and cook for three minutes; turn and do not use a fork for turning the meat. Allow the meat to cook for three minutes longer and then turn again. Repeat, allowing the steak about twelve minutes to cook. Lift to a hot platter and spread with the following mixture:

Two tablespoons of butter,
One teaspoon of salt,
One-half teaspoon of pepper,
One-half teaspoon of onion extract.

Beat until creamy and then garnish with parsley. Baked or French fried potatoes are usually served with the steak. Using fork to turn meats causes the juices to escape.

Use the flank end for goulash.

Frying Bacon

"Why can't I fry bacon like the chef in the hotel? Try as I may it is usually a hard, dry product, floating on a greasy platter, when I send it to the table; yet my husband dearly loves it and claims any Devonshire lassie can cook it to a turn. I failed to tell you that we buy our bacon in the piece."

Now, my dear bride, friend husband failed to tell you that on the Downs of Devonshire the people keep their food in the spring house and cellar, which is colder than our iceboxes, and for this reason the bacon is thoroughly chilled, so that it becomes as firm as butter; the housewife then cuts it into paperlike strips with a sharp knife. Now if you will chill your bacon for a day or two before you start to use it, you will then find it very easy to slice. When ready to cut, first remove the rind from the piece you intend to slice, then cut about six gashes in the fat part from which you remove the rind, cutting about one-quarter depth of the sliced bacon. Now turn the fat part from which you removed the rind to the cutting board and with a sharp knife cut in paperlike slices. This will give you slices with six gashes in the fat part, which will prevent it from curling while cooking in the pan.

Now brown in a hot pan over a moderate heat, turning constantly; when a light delicate brown, lift on a slice of toast to drain, then dish on a hot platter and garnish with parsley and oblongs of toast.

One English chef dips the cooked slice of bacon in a small saucepan of boiling water and then lays it on a cloth to drain before serving, but if you will use the toast I feel that you will like this method best.

Knights of Columbus to Honor Foch

Boston, July 19.—Announcement that Marshal Foch would be made an honorary member of the American Knights of Columbus upon the occasion of his unveiling of the statue of Lafayette, the order's gift to France, at Metz on August 21, was made yesterday by Supreme Knight James A. Flaherty.

The Marriage Trifler

HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR

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Barbara Knight, a spoiled society girl, marries Keith Grant, handsome and very wealthy. All her life Barbara has had everything, and her marriage makes one more step in a brilliant social career. She sets out to be a society leader, while Keith is eager for friends and a real home. In spite of a very real love between them, the difference in their ideals finally makes a wreck and through his secretary, Katherine Newbery, a very unusual girl, Keith meets the people in whom he is really interested. When Barbara hears about this she immediately misunderstands, but underneath her surface veneer, the real Barbara begins to come to life.

WHEN Barbara reached home it was raining. She paid the taxi driver and hurried into the lobby of her apartment house under the umbrella of the magnificent doorman. Upstairs her own apartment glowed under the softness of many lights. Zella had laid out all her things on the bed. Barbara felt soothed in spite of herself, and she forgot to some extent Elise and the affairs of the afternoon.

She did not see Keith until they met in the drawing room. She forced a gaiety into her voice lest he suspect the true state of her feelings, and when she went out to him, she chattered excitedly of everything.

They were almost silent in the big limousine as it whirred silently through the rain-swept streets. Arriving at their destination, Eleanor was the first girl whom Barbara ran into, in the bedroom reserved for the guests. Eleanor was standing before the mirror carefully applying rouge. Her small girlish face looked almost haggard. There were lines in it that should be in no young girl's face. She showed plainly how she would fade as she grew older. It cut Barbara to the heart as she looked at her. Eleanor greeted her gaily.

"Hello, old dear!" And then as Barbara answered gravely, Eleanor flung over her shoulder, "still the moralist, Barbara, haven't you grown up yet?"

"Eleanor, what have you been doing to yourself?" Barbara asked irrelevantly.

Eleanor laughed and tossed her head. "Having a good time," she said, gaily. "By the way did you speak to Keith about Miss Newbery?"

Barbara was glad that Eleanor's sharp eyes were scrutinizing her own face in the mirror at that moment, for she had a chance to collect herself before answering, and she said calmly, "Don't be absurd, dear. I never gave it another thought."

At the table, Eleanor was placed next to Kendall Randell, and Barbara could not help observing her sister, who grew more hilariously lighthearted as the meal went on. Afterward they all went on together to a dance and Eleanor went alone with Kendall in his high-powered racer. They did not appear at an evening, and Barbara felt almost sick about it. Surely, surely Eleanor could not be as entirely callous as she seemed. Wasn't there anything that might possibly touch her heart, wake her to a realization of what she was doing? And what was the matter with her own attitude toward life? She seemed changed and unable to enjoy the things that had at first meant so much to her. She had looked around the gorgeous table that evening, banked in flowers and glittering with crystal and silver, and then she caught snatches of the conversation around her. It was daring, in many cases crude, many of the women there were striving desperately to hide their unhappiness, and what was it all for after all?

On the way home from affairs, she had been wont to nestle close in Keith's arms. Now she sat in her own corner of the car, commenting on certain bright spots of the evening and chatting furiously lest there be an awkward silences. Suddenly Keith reached out and drew her to him. Her heart leaped and she had a sudden impulse to draw away, but she knew that she must not do this. She must never give him a chance to say, "Why, Barbara, is anything wrong?" She must, she would play the game, and as soon as she saw her way clearly she would take definite steps, but in the meantime he must not suspect. And so she lay against his breast for a few minutes, until with a little nervous movement she sat upright as though to point out something to him as they passed, and then as they were nearly home, she did not return to his arms.

Two days later she called up Elise at her office and made arrangements to call for her in the car at 5 o'clock. Elise was standing in the lobby of the big white building as Barbara drove up and fifteen minutes later they were turning into a narrow side street off Washington Square and had stopped before a rather tumbledown house. Barbara followed Elise up three flights of stairs, waited on a narrow landing while she fumbled for her key, and then entered a low ceilinged, charming room with casement windows that ran across the front of the building. The furniture was made up of odds and ends and was painted gray. There was an inexpensive rug, some gray cretonne, and a Wedgewood tea-set on a wicker table. To Barbara a place like this was a revelation. She had no idea that it was possible to have a real home for so little money. Everything fascinated her, and later over the tea-cups she found herself talking very frankly to Elise about other matters.

(To Be Continued)

Adventures With a Purse

I WANT to tell you about some lovely handkerchiefs. They are of a very fine quality, and have hand embroidered initials in Old English lettering. They are beautifully done, and leave no doubt in your mind that they have been carefully worked by hand. They are white of course—both handkerchief and initial. Although valued at $1, they have been repriced at seventy-five cents. Are you farsighted enough to think that here is a good Christmas idea for some one? I always start thinking about Christmas right around this time.

To change the subject, one shop has a most interesting collection of household knives. They are black handled, with good sharp blades, and include, as I recall it, a bread knife, a flat pie knife, a couple of little paring knives and a sharp meat knife. The set numbers six in all, and is priced at $1.25, which I consider very reasonable. This would make a particularly nice gift for a kitchen shower.

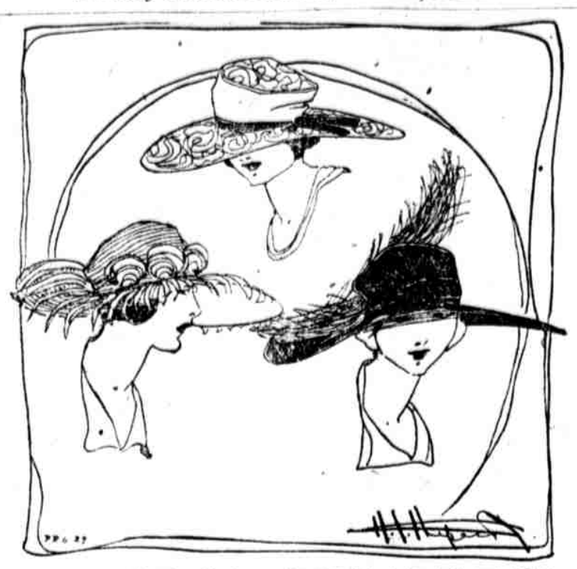
I know where there is a sale of handmade nightgowns for $4 each. They are kimono sleeved, and are trimmed with Irish lace edging. They are exceptional for the money. At $4.75, you can find one edged with filet which is as pretty as it can be. There are petticoats, too, every stitch handmade, trimmed quite elaborately with Irish lace, and reduced from $7.50 to $5.75. You need one for your sheer white best dress.

A Fast Blue

In making middies for children or grown-ups, I always had trouble in securing a fast navy blue cloth for the collars and cuffs until I hit upon the plan of using the serge from men's discarded coats and trousers, as the most expensive middies have wool collars and cuffs. I wash the serge and shrink it well by dipping it into hot water, then in cold many times. If it is the quality found in men's good suits it will never fade. Then I dry and press it, make my collars and cuffs, line with the white jean or middy cloth of which middy is made, stitch the white braid on and attach to middy in the usual way and it can be laundered in any ordinary way and you will have for a small cost a middy that in the shops sells for $5 or $6.—Modern Priscilla.

They're Big This Year

A Daily Fashion Talk by Florence Rose



Uncurled ostrich trims the large afternoon hat at the left, and taffeta faces the brim which turns up suddenly in the back. In the center is a linen hat embroidered with silk, suitable for sports wear. The large affair at the right is a more dressy creation of blue taffeta with black paradise as its only trimming

I SOMETIMES wonder whether a woman can achieve more self-expression in a hat she has made herself or a hat she has selected from the milliner's supply.

For you see it is in a hat that a woman has her biggest chance to find self-expression. Did you ever notice that hats do seem to absorb the character of the wearer? You see a hat that you have seen worn by a friend of yours and no matter where that hat may be resting it seems to have about it something of the character of the one you have seen wearing it. You cannot picture it as any one else's hat nor can you bring before your mental eye the image of any one else wearing that hat. And that is because we associate so closely the hat a woman wears with her own individuality.

If we could all produce just the sort of hat that we can visualize, then we might achieve greater self-expression in the hats we make. But since we are usually clumsy workmen, unless we are professional milliners, then perhaps it is the hat that we select out of all the hats we have to select from that is the best revelation of temperament.

Maybe one of the hats shown today is just the hat that you need for self-expression. At the left there is one of the large shapes designed especially for summer afternoon wear. There is an underbrim facing of taffeta and the brim turns up abruptly at the back. The trimming consists of uncurled ostrich, fancies of which form a wreath about the crown. In the center there is a hat of linen suitable for wear with the festive sort of sport clothes so dear to the heart of the summer girl. It is of linen, with the upper brim and the top of the crown embroidered in silk. A narrow ribbon that encircles the crown ties in a bow at the left side.

Of navy blue taffeta is the hat at the right, decorated at the back with black paradise attached to the soft crown.

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(Florence Rose will help you with your clothes problem. Send addressed envelope care this office.)

Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

It Is to Laugh

Dear Cynthia—Before I read your column tonight I had the "blues," but when I read a letter signed Creole de Guerre I had such a laugh I didn't need anything else, as it worked like a tonic.

That "young man of twenty years" has as bad a "case" on himself as any of the girls he speaks of.

Really, I don't see why, if the girls are so crazy about him, he isn't willing to give them the pleasure of his company as "A Thing of Beauty Is a Joy Forever." GERRY.

It was wonderful, wasn't it?

Laugh It Off

Worried—It's all rather silly it seems to me. Perhaps you were flirtatious—it's wiser not to be, but this sounds more like a curious glance than a case of rolling your eyes.

Your fiance's brother-in-law was only trying to tease him and you. Laugh it off. Do not give him the satisfaction of knowing that you minded. Give your fiance the same advice. The brother-in-law is probably having fun over it all in his mind. Don't make mountains out of mole hills.

They Stand Them Up

Dot and Dimples—You don't care how you spend your money, do you? Special delivery stamps! It's usual to return the ring if an engagement is broken. It would be impossible to say why they "stand you up," as Cynthia does not know you.

Not In Cynthia's Sphere

Dorothy M.—Cynthia's column does not cover automobile queries and it would not be possible for the paper to recommend one car more than another. Your queries in regard to frats and sororities do not come under Cynthia's column either. And to answer those questions and gain information regarding the matters would entail special time and expense, which the paper does not feel it would undertake. You might write to each of the 620 colleges yourself, but they might not be able to give all the information you wish. However, it's perhaps worth trying.

Explains "Dan B's" Trouble

Dear Cynthia—Will you kindly publish this letter in answer to "Dan B.'s" letter?

Dan B.—Perhaps I can answer your question by citing a certain instance that occurred to me not so long ago. I went out with a fellow (it was the first time he took me out), who was good-looking, but who at the same time had a very innocent expression on his face. In fact, he looked so innocent I immediately put myself on guard. Somehow or other he gave me a feeling that he was a living example of the well-known expression, "still water runs deep." His innocent expression seemed to be a sort of mask which he wore when he met a new girl.

Dan B., maybe you are of the same appearance as this fellow. If you are, then, for heaven's sake, look anything but angelic the first time you take a girl out and she won't be afraid of you. A. L. C.

Wonders Why Girls Fear Him

Dear Cynthia—It pleases me to hear that "Dan B." enjoys my poor efforts, but then it is rather easy to amuse children. Permit me to point out, "Dan B.," that the chap you mentioned "went down" with "riotous living." Is it necessary to point out the moral as well?

Yes, Cynthia cut out the basic reason for the existence of girls, not religious theories. Sorry it didn't pass the censor, for your mighty store of knowledge may have been increased thereby. That smallboy story doesn't fit by a few hundred kilometers. Been through the mill, Danny, ni'bhoy, and way under the camouflage. You know an optimist thinks he understands women; a pessimist does. Of course, you register among the former. Wonder why girls do fear you. You don't show them the stuff you write, do you? Can readily believe that about the angelic expression. Don't worry; it will wear off after you have been around a bit. You sure do make a fine conversation and space "plugger," but as a headliner, remember that sign you wore? My soul is not dead; merely roaming those Elysian fields where sorrow, discontent and women are unknown; where live the souls of poetry, of flowers and song; where trickles the Fountain of Eternal Youth; where the sun never sinks and the secrets of life are an open book.

DE JURE.

The Question Corner

Today's Inquiries

1. Describe a convenient device which combines two necessary house furnishings and hides one unsightly one.
2. In what attractive way is an insertion for an organdie dress made?
3. What convenient ironstand can be permanently fastened to the ironing board?
4. How are some of the newest sport hats made?
5. What material is cheap and practical for making a floor mop at home?
6. How can a handy, attractive twine holder for the kitchen be made?

Saturday's Answers

1. A convenient coathanger to pack in a suitcase is a folding one, which diminishes to two by four inches when it is all folded.
2. A watermelon or cantaloupe can be quickly cooled for immediate use by being wrapped in wet cloths and set directly in the wind of an electric fan.
3. Put witch hazel on the face and hands to prevent sunburn but allow tan when going out in the sun.
4. When the wooden handle of an electric iron wears out a substitute handle made of used spools can be slipped on the rod.
5. A silk bag for carrying handkerchief, cap and other small articles can be made out of the leftover material from a bathing suit.
6. A convenient form of glue that requires no brush and no softening before using comes in stick form in a book like a stampbook.

The Woman's Exchange

A Homeless Kitten

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—I have a little four-month-old male kitten. I would like to find a nice home for him, as I have to leave the city.

If you would help me to find a home for him I would appreciate your kindness very much. MRS. D.

I'll be delighted to find a home for the kitten, and I'm sure somebody will want him. Anybody who does can get the name and address by writing to the editor of Woman's Page or by telephoning Walnut 3000.

Making Waist and Skirt

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Please suggest a nice way to make a black crepe de chine separate skirt and waist for a rather stout lady. M. C.

The best way to make a skirt for a stout person is plain, fitted up to the waist or else in flat plaits. It should be made gracefully full rather than scant, for scantiness makes the stoutness more noticeable. Then have the waist made on long lines, with a deep girdle that is high in the back and lower in the front. Make a stole collar of the silk, and let it come down the front of the waist on each side of a square vest and fall below the girdle, with tassels or beading on the ends. Then wear a white collar over it, of course. This style has a tendency to make a stout person look more slender, and the girdle that is high at the back is very graceful.

Washing Silk Net

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Please inform me how to wash a canary-colored silk net dress.

I dyed a pair of white stockings blue. How could I get them back to their original color? R. T.

It would not be safe to wash the net in water. Use carbon tetrachloride or gasoline, but if you use the gasoline be sure to keep it away from any possible chance of catching fire, for it is very inflammable. Do it outdoors, in the shade if possible. Pin the net to the ironing board and wipe it off with a cloth wet with the cleaner. Then when one breadth is done pin the next breadth to the board and wipe that off, being careful to lap over the boundary lines of the breaths with the wiping, so that no line shows where the last breadth ended. Hang the dress out to air for a whole day afterward, and then press with a warm iron. If it is limp, wipe it over with a cloth just dampened in borax water, and then iron under a cloth, so that it will not make the iron sticky or roll up in a bunch. Unfortunately you cannot restore the stockings to their original color. Javelle water is the only thing that would take the color all the way out, and that would rot the silk. So, I'm afraid you will have to be content with your blue stockings. It would not be wise to dye them back, for they might not stand another dyeing.

She Has Two Questions

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—I have two questions to ask. What is a simple way to clean a man's straw hat? What use can be made of a large silk handkerchief? MISS S.

A simple way to clean a man's straw hat is to scrub it with pure white soap and warm water with a scrubbing brush or nail brush. Rinse off the water with a damp cloth, place the hat on a white cloth in the sunlight and squeeze lemon juice all over it to bleach the brownish color from it. If the hat is not too badly soiled, this will make it almost as good as new.

A large silk handkerchief can be equipped with a ring at each side of each of the four corners—that is, eight rings—pulled up with a double drawing string of pretty ribbon, and used as a small work bag, for tatting or crocheting. Or it could be made into a collar and cuff set, using one end for a short collar and the remaining two points for pointed cuffs. Or you could use part of it as a square vest in a silk dress, and then you might be able to get small pieces out of the remainder to use as cuffs, if your vest is narrow enough. You could gather it on a band, make ribbon strings and call it a work apron, when you want to protect your skirt from threads while sewing. You could make a handkerchief case or collar case, a case to carry your "best" lingerie when you are traveling. Simply double the end of the handkerchief over to a little more than the middle and let the remaining end fold over as a flap.

ETHEL'S SUMMER LASTED JUST TEN JOY-FILLED DAYS

Of Course There Were Some Weary, Hot Weeks Before That and a Few Afterward, but She Forgot All About Those

ETHEL was so tired of summertime and hot weather, and the city she lived in, and the neighbors, and everything, that she had almost forgotten how to smile naturally. Every few days she would get a letter from somebody in Maine. "It's perfectly glorious up here. We wear sweaters all the time and the nights are so cool that we have heavy blankets over us every night." Then there would be one from the seashore. "We went sailing yesterday and it was marvelous. Cool and just rough enough to be exciting. And the bathing is wonderful. I wish you could be here."

"Wish you could be here!" snorted Ethel, disgustedly. "Well, why don't they do something about it? Everybody wishes I could be there and thinks about me all the time. I'd like to be there, heaven knows."

The summer dragged along in its usual slow, heavy way. Why is it that summer is so dreadfully slow in passing by when you're where you've been since this time last year? It seems to be at least six months between the last cool day in June and the first livable day in September. At least it seems that way when you have no vacation in sight. Ethel, you see, couldn't afford to go away. She might have managed the carfare, she thought, but how in the world could she live while she was there? She would have to eat and sleep—and pay for both. No, there was nothing to it. She would have to keep her chin up and her lip stiff and stick it out. After all, she told herself, it hadn't been so awfully hot, and they were having very good movies, and she could get cool in the swimming pool every few days, and so, with a deep-drawn breath, she would shut her mind to all the quavery "buts" that threatened to flood her determination to be game.

AND then, one hot evening when the moon was redly threatening hotter weather, Ethel was sitting on the porch watching the summer evening go by and trying not to think how that moon would look shining down on a piece of cool, wide, shimmering water. A boy in blue arrived on a bicycle and handed Ethel a special delivery letter. An invitation, "Come down as early as you can on Saturday, July 31, and stay until the next Monday, a week later. There will be a lot of people you know here over Sunday, and we'll have a big time. Then after they go, you and I can play around together. I'm awfully anxious to see you, so do say that you'll come."

"Do say you'll come!" Ethel's head swam with the glory of it, and her eyes began to swim, too. She let her upper lip do what it wanted to, and for the first time in her life understood what it meant to "weep for joy." A whole week, almost ten days! A private house, no board, no expense except the carfare and those necessary little things that have to be bought just before you go away. A crowd of people—parties! That wonderful big house—comfort! That beautiful place with the lake so near—boats, swimming! Oh, it seemed like a fairy tale!

These fairy tales do come true sometimes. The summer seems long and hot and horrid when you have no prospect of going away anywhere. But if you "keep a-inchin' along like a poah inchworm," something will happen sometime. One of these miraculous invitations will come along and fill you with tearful joy. It will set you to work, frantic, happy, hurried work, getting ready for that short little ten days that's going to make you forget all about the weeks and weeks of heart-breaking heat and dullness. Instead of six months, your summer will be just ten cool, pleasure-filled days long.

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