Yellow Tomato Marmalade, Pear Conserve, Canned Persimmons and Other Tempting Preserves Are Among the List

By MRS. M. A. WILSON

ATE barvest brings an end to the Canning and conserving season. If your shelves, then here are just a few toothsome delicacies you may yet pre-

Old Colonial Carrot Marmalade Wash one-half dozen large carrots and then scrape lightly and cut in pieces and then put through the food

Grated rinds of two lemons.
Grated rinds of two oranges.
Juice of both oranges and lemons.
Two quarts of thin apple sauce.
One package of scalless raisins. package of scedless raisins.

Cook very slowly until the carrots are very soft and then measure and add three cups of sugar for every quart of mixture and one cup of finely chopped preserved ginger. Stir to dissolve the sugar and then cook until the mixture is thick like marmalade. Fill into jars or glasses and cool, then cover with interest of the cover with interest of t

Wash and then place in a preserving kettle four quarts of yellow tomatoes and add three cups of water and cook until the mixture is soft in a pulp. Cool and then rub through a sieve and measure pulp. Return to the preserving kettle and add

Grated rind of one lemon. Juice of two lemons. Three cups of sugar.

to each quart of the pulp. Add one cup of thick apple sauce and then the following spices, tled in a piece of cheescoloth:

One tearpoon of cinnamon, One-half teaspoon of nutmeg. One-half teaspoon of allspice.

then pour into sterilized glasses. Cool and then cover with parawax. Seal se-

Pear Conserve

The large winter pear is splendid for as thin as paper; parboil the lemon until tender and then drain. Add

Two packages of seedless raisins. One pound of shelled and chopped

Stir to dissolve the sugar and then jar. Heat the water in the bath to the boiling point and keep at this tem-perature for five minutes. Let the jars stand in the bath twenty-five minutes and then remove and cool. Store in a cool, dry place.

Yellow Tomato Preserve

Mrs. Wilson will announce the

Prize Menu Contest

ON MONDAY Three prizes are offered each week for the best menu for a dollar and a half dinner for our people.

FIRST, \$2.50 SECOND, \$1. THIRD, \$1. Give your full name and correct

address on the menu. Also the date of sending it. The foods used must be staples and in season and a salesslip giving the cost of all materials must be included. Address all menus to

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

slices two lemons. Cook until tender in sufficient water to cover. Now strain and measure the water. There should be two cups of it. Return it to the preserving kettle and set the lemon aside until needed. Now add Three pounds of sugar. Four pounds of the prepared yellow

The prepared lemon

One cup of preserved ginger, cut in Cook slowly and stir frequently until nick. Fill into jars and seal. Process

as for yellow tomato marmalade. Spiced Canned Pears Wash and pare the fruit and ther cut in half. Place in a preserving ket-tle and cover with cold water. Cook until tender and then add to each

One-half peck of pears, One-half dozen cloves.

Parings of two lemons.

Now prepare as follows a sirup made Three pints of scater in which pears

Two pints of sugar, Juice of two lemons.

Stir to dissolve the sugar and then bring to a boil and cook for ten minutes. Now fill the pears into sterilized jars and pack closely. Fill to overflowing with strup. Adjust the rubber and lid and partly seal. Process for thirty minutes in a hot-water bath. Remove and seal securely and then store. move and seal securely and then store

Canned Persimmons

Early frosts soon ripen the luscious persimmons, and they may often be wife is forever flat-bunting. purchased in the markets. Wash the fruit and remove the dark spots. Place in a preserving kettle. in a preserving kettle

Two and one-half pounds of sugar, Juice of one lemon.

Stir to dissolve the sugar and then bring to a boil and cook for five minutes. Now add fifteen persimmons and simmer gently for three-quarters of an simmer gently for three-quarters of an hour. Lift to sterilized pint jars and She toils from agent to agent. then fill to overflowing with the sirup. Adjust the rubber and lid and seal. Remove, cool and then store in a cool,

THEY LOOK COMFORTABLE



For this kind of weather, but you always have to be prepared for sudden changes in this climate, anyhow. You were wise indeed if you provided yourself with a little velvet hat like this, edged in various places with curied, flat bands of ostrich and adorned with a funny little silver fancy on the side. And you are luckier still if you can turn to a stunning coat of chinchilla satin like the one pictured, with a cozy warm collar of wide fox fur and trimmed with just enough embroidery. It also forms the wide bands at the bottom of the coat

UNONONONONONONONONONO CVONONONONONONONONONO

INCHES FROM The Golden-Plated Rule

By Lillian Paschal Day

Miles of apartments he inspected.

Walked his feet into solid bruises.

So many barred children

Called landlords profiteers.

To crown all, her maid left.

He had to do the packing.

Nearly broke his back.

Then maybe he'd be eligible.

He'd find a flat that might do

An hour later it would be gone

He came home furious every night

Aches and pains left him sleepless.

Next day he brought home a deed. He'd bought a home in the suburbs. Paid double, but didn't care.

'You've two Golden Rule feet now.' "Full yard measure," he grinned.

Family danced round him joyfully.

Suddenly the Missus remembered.

She sat down. "Oh, my foot!"
"Mine, too!" he sympathized. 'Feet are great educators.

Teach you a lot, don't they?"

We don't realize how it feels

But we do when it's our feet

She nodded happily.

Isn't it odd?

CARELESS HEARTS

He is an ex-nomad now.

His eyes opened other ways, too.

He put himself in wife's place.

He took a hotel suite temporarily.

Agents' examinations made him mad

He told one he'd drown the twins.

Nomad No More

Brother Howard's a nomad by nature. He doesn't look it-would deny it. As a husband he's loving, settled Heart could wish no better father. His family adore him. But he's got the wanderlust.

She has wanted a home for years. Brother says, "Nothing doing. Property's a bother-ties you down Bad investment. Taxes eat it up.

The Compact

thane and Julian Long, after three curs of married life, decide that they

Almost gets sunstroke each season She usually takes a sub-lease. Piace in hot-water bath and have the Permanence is not for her water to the neck of the jar. Bring Rent is exorbitant—no matter. to a boil for five minutes and then let fars stand for twenty minutes in bath.

Remove cool and then store in a cool. Returns when they're all settled. This year she went on secret strike Wash and remove the stems and then used for hot cakes, waffles or a sweet in slices. Wash and cut in thin potato pone.

This year she went on secretary may be bottled and she had sprained her foot. It was really getting well.

But she neglected to mention that She stayed right on being laid up. Menu Contest Honor List He had to house-hunt-good night He perspired from agent to agent.

DREAMLAND ADVENTURES

THE HUNTED HUNTERS By DADDY

Peggy, Billy and Toddie Pupkins go with the bears to scare hunters away. They make the hunters think ghosts are in the hill behind the hunting camp. When the hunters rush for their guns they can't find them.

CHAPTER VI The Hunting Bears

BANG! Bang! Bang! went the gun BANG! Bang! Bang! went the gun of the straightest-shooting hunter as the fired at what he thought was a dancing ghost on the hillside. It wasn't a ghost—it was only Billy dangling from a pole a suit of rompers stuffed form a pole a suit of rompers stuffed been out of the army I had not some from a pole as the fired as the fired from a pole as t from a pole a suit of rompers stuffed with leaves and topped with a falseface. But the hunter didn't know that, and he banged away until every one of his bullets was gone, and he could bang

no longer. While he was banging the other hunters were looking for their guns, and they couldn't find them. They had placed them all together when they had come from hunting, but they were

where had they gone? They had been carried away by Billy, who had crept up to the camp while the hunters were busy trying to find something to eat. Billy and Peggy had carried them up the hill where the thirteen bears were

Then Billy knew that there was no more danger from the hunters' guns, so he thought it time for his biggest trick to scare the hunters out of Bear-

inst night. Today Alice had come to him with the news that Diana loved him, that she still cared, that she could still be his, if he went to her and claimed what was only his own.

He and Alice stood staring at each other. The same question had leaped into the minds of both. What was Julian to do: what could he do?

(To Be Continued)

The Woman's

Exchange

Removing Tea and Coffee Stains

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Can you tell me anything to take old stains of coffee and botting water. Then dry 'n the sun, as oftentimes this will help bleach the material. If there are still some traces of the stains try javelle water, but use it very carefully, for it is very strong. You can purchase this at any drug.

New Use for Filet

The Head Alice had come to he him the dark than had the hunters. But them outside of Bearland, never to go back again. And as they stampled out of Bearland into the dawning of the mew day they stumbled over operation be done and the ground. And what do you think that something was? It was their own guns, strangely piaced there by unseen things.

But it wasn't so strange. They had been carried there by Father Bear. Popsio Bear, Podgie Bear and Pudgie Bear, who, being used to the woods, had been able to travel faster through them in the dark than had the hunters. As for Peggy and Billy and Todd'e party which the bears held to celebrate the coming home of Podgie and Pudgie grew sleepy—so sleepy that she crept way for a minute's snooze. She must have slept longer than she intended.

It was a queer adventure, but not any more queer than the adventure that was to befall her in Birdiand, an adventure which will be told next week.

Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

Help If You Can

Dear Cynthia—I come to you for advice, for two of my young friends are causing me much worry. They were engaged for one year when the young lady returned the ring to the young man with the words. "I don't love you." Well, it nearly killed the young man, for he loved her dearly. Now the young lady is sorry and says she loves him very much. She communicated with him and told him so. He says he has never stopped loving her, but can never trust her again. Now, Cynthia, what chould she do to convince him that she is sincere? He says he could never live through anything like that again, AN ANXIOUS FRIEND.

Explain to the young man that many young girls go through a phase of doubt when they are engaged and that she was honest enough to try it out, that he may be surer of her love now that absence from him has proved it to her, than he would have been had she not tested it. It is true that it was hard for him, but she probably did doubt herself and thought she should tell him so. Help them if you can, but do not try too hard. If they are not happy later you might be blamed.

Try Writing to Friends

Dear Cynthia—What is the matter with men nowadays? I'm a girl past nineteen. I dress well, also I dance a good bit. Must a girl go to extremes? I've met quite a few men and I have come to the conclusion that they want girls to be loud, wear their dresses just below their knees and conduct themselves in anything but a ladylike manner.

ner.

Could you help me, Cynthia, to find a girl friend, one among all those who read your column? A girl that feels the same as I do. Are they all the same or is there one who agrees with

me?

I like to be jolly and have fun, but I will not degrade myself in any way. I know girls, but they change themselves entirely to please a man; this I would not do. If I am not agreeable to my friends I will seek others.

Please, Cynthia, find me one, for I am lonesome.

POLLY.

Perhaps some reader who feels as you do would like to write to you through the column. She will be welcome to do so and your answers to her will be printed, but Cynthia does not introduce

He Wouldn't Shut the Shutters

He Wouldn't Shut the Shutters

Dear Cynthia—I have been keeping
steady company with a girl for about a
month. Now this girl that I keep
steady company with has a girl
friend and she also goes with a
fellow. Now the other night the other
fellow and I had gone home together,
but before leaving our girls' house, my
girl asked me to close the shutter for
her, but for some reason I would not
close the shutters for her. Now her
girl friend's fellow went out and closed
the shutters for my girl, and after he girl friend's fellow went out and closed the shutters for my girl, and after he had closed the shutters his girl went and opened them up and asked me to close them. But, of course, dear Cynthia, I did not close the shutters for her, because if I would not close them for my own girl I would not close them for her girl friend.

Dear Cynthia, the other night I took

Dear Cynthia—I am a girl of seventeen and am fairly good-looking. I have been keeping steady company for ten months with a young man who is seven years my senior. Now this young man is of a different religion, and my mother objects to my going with him. I have a brother who is twenty-eight years old and he is the boss of our house. My father has nothing to say. My brother has been over in France and ever since he came back he is a woman-hater. He does nothing but work and then when he comes home at night he stays in. He never goes out anywhere, and he thinks I should be the same. Now Cynthia, he is the one who makes me disgusted. Often I feel like running a way.

When would you think of a brother He jerked the ghostly-looking suit of rompers back among the rocks, and had away from him and as Julian rose and way from him and as Julian rose and went over to her, she turned and looked up at him. Her eyes were filled with lears.

"My dear, my dear," Julian had murmured not without tenderness, and Constance had drawn him down to her so that he knelt at her side, his head against her breast, her arm about his shoulders.

Constance did not nek him if he loved her; she made no such mistake as that. She was content that things had gong so well, and for the present that was when Julian left that night the numbers looked again for their words.

When Julian left that night the loved when Julian left that night the mane the looked again for their words.

The hunters looked again for their looking suit of rompers back among the rocks, and had away form him it lis place. To the astonished hunters and to the fat objects to my going with him. I have objects to my going with him. I have the still looked in the dim light as though the white figure had turned right then and there into the bear.

"My dear, my dear," Julian had murmured not without tenderness, and Constance had drawn him down to her so that he knelt at her side, his head against her breast, her arm about his shoulders.

Constance dad not nek him if he loved her; she made no such mistake as that. She was content that things had gone the comes home at night he stays in. He never goes out anywhere, and he is the boss of our house. My father has nothing to say. My brother has been over in France and ever since he came back he is a woman-hater. He comes home at night he stays in. He never goes out anywhere, and he is the boss of our house. My father has nothing to be a brother who is twenty-eight years old and he is the boss of our house. My father has nothing to wou hat he woods, and my family own these woods, and he is the boss of our house. My father has nothing the wo

support of the second and looked was a second to see the second of the second and see the second of the second of

Notwithstanding suffrage regulations women are not given to proclaiming their birthdays. Members of the equal

THE WOMAN WHO ATTACKS AND THEN FORGETS IT ALL

Isn't Worth the Trouble of Thinking Up a Retort-Her Bark Is Formidable, but She Never Really Bites

She pushed the bell over and over again, peering through the glass in the door as if she would like to shout up

to the operator.
Finally it glided down noiselessly, and the operator opened the door.
"Well," exclaimed the woman as
she stepped on, "you certainly took
your time about coming down for me."

"I'm sorry," apologized the elevator girl. "The porter took some supplies up to the third floor and I had to wait while he unloaded them." The passenged sported angrily.
"I don't see why you have to un-load supplies just at this time when

THE elevator was very slow in coming down to the first floor, and the woman who was waiting for it was inspection.

She pondered over it for the next twenty minutes and when she sailed up woman who was waiting for it was inspection.

have been exactly right, if she had only thought of it sooner.

The same woman got in when the opened the door and she stiffened in

opened the door and she stiffened in readiness for battle.

"Have you the time?" asked the passenger, amiably. "My watch is be-ing fixed and I do miss it so."

"Lovely weather, isn't it?" she added, as she neared the first floor, of think we're going to have a mild win-ter."

ter."

She left the car, nodding pleasantly at the amazed elevator girl, and went serenely out of the building.

load supplies just at this time when people are wanting to use the elevator. Why can't you choose an off time, when there aren't many people around?"

"This is——" began the girl.

"I should think you'd be ashamed of such service," interrupted the fusser.

"Why I've been waiting about ten minutes, Unloading supplies — there ought to be a freight elevator for that.

"I must say it's outrageous, and I'll speak to the management about it," she finished as she stepped off at her floor.

THERE'S no use bothering about a clever retort to this kind of woman. By the time you have collected your senses after her angry, foolish outburnt senses after her angry, and it makes her after angry and it THERE'S no use bothering about

she finished as she stepped off at her floor.

THE operator stared after her in beword and taking that way.
Oh, why hadn't she thought of something really clever to say, something respectful but thoroughly squelching?

Two Minutes of Optimism By HERMAN J. STICH

Time to Put Up a New Sign

FOR more than four years mounting wages and underproduction have been chasing each other 'round the vicious circle of the high cost of living with almost every single one of us the scapegoat—practically all the result of insufficient man power. Ever since the war, the cessation of immigration has cut off our available

labor supply, with the direct effect of rising costs for everything, decreased manufactures, general and widespread dissatisfaction and suffering. Bafore the war the tunneries, packing houses, coal mines, clothing factories, otton goods manufactories, woolen and worsted industries, sugar refineries, farms,

railroads, steel, tar, tire and many other industries recruited 50 to 70 per cent of their unskilled labor from immigrants.

Since the war, dwindling immigration has made it impossible for these industries to fill the gaps in their unskilled labor forces, with resulting closed-down

plants, rotting crops and soaring prices. Since Europe began coming to America deposits in saving banks have increased one hundred times, wages have doubled, tripled and quadrupled, opportunities have multi-multiplied, the United States has taken her place in the van-

guard of the world's nations. Yet there are those of us who will not have the immigrant, who reserve our choicest epithets for him, who scorn him, who have the utmost contempt for him and who would and do hedge his entrance into America 'round with such restrictions as to cause him to seek other and welcomer havens, thus cutting our own

I remember once, a great many years ago, in a cathedral on the continent of Europe, a man entered at the twilight hour. The great building seemed empty, Apparently no one was there but the organist up at the organ loft. And the Dear Cynthia, I must say since I have been out of the army I had not gone to church, and since I have been going with this girl she has me going to church with her. Dear Cynthia, what I would like to know is how can I show my girl that I do care for her? I take her to the theatre and after the show I would take her to a restaurant and then buy her a nice box of candy. I take her to the doorstep and tell her what a fine evening we had together and I don't see her till the next night. Dear Cynthia, any information you will give me in the column will be very much appreciated.

A READER Certainly it would have been more politic to close that shutter, but you certainly make a very great mountain out of a small matter.

Have you told this girl that you love her say and the say in the stranger say to one was there but the organist up at the organ loft. And the stranger in the semi-darkness found his way up the stairs that led to the organ loft, and finally he walked up to the top and stood there. The organist seemed to feel the presence of some one, and he turned around with anger and the said. "No stranger is permitted to come here; you must leave." The wonderful instrument." And then he turned around with anger and the said. "No," answered the organist, "I will permit no one to touch my wonderful instrument." And then he turned around with anger and the said. "Yo," answered the organist, "I will permit no one to touch my wonderful instrument." And then he turned around with anger and the said. "Yo," answered the organist, "I will permit no one to touch my wonderful instrument." And then he turned around with anger and the said. "Yo," answered the organist, "I will permit no one to touch my wonderful instrument." And then he turned around with anger and the said. "Yo," answered the organist, "I will permit no one to touch my wonderful instrument." And then he turned around with anger and the said. "Yo," answered the organist up at the organist leave." "Yo," answered to ordanish the said. "Yo," answered to ordanish th stranger in the semi-darkness found his way up the stairs that led to the the hill where the thirteen bears were hiding.

"Where are our guns?" yelled the hunters. "Where are the rest of my bullets?" cried the straightest-shooting for her.

"Where are our guns?" yelled the her and want her to marry you? That's the best way of showing that you care your name! Your name!" Said the stranger: "My name is Mendelssohn." "What!" exclaimed the organist, "and I was forbidding Mendelssohn to touch

It is high time we took down the sign "No Strangers Allowed." and put up

Making More Money

WHEN I was no older than ten or In Spite of Blindness

"If I can't see," they will argue,
"what's the use of anything? I can't
learn. I can't work. I can't possibly
make a living. I might as well be dead."

books and his boxes and his bottles were all marked in the Braille system and, even before his graduation, it was ap-rar nt that he would become an exper-diagnostician—a promise which has been more than fulfilled in more recent years when the blind doctor has handled thousands of cases successfully and has proven that sight is not an essential to success in surgery.

Monday-The "Turkey Girl"

$\mathbf{D} \cdot \mathbf{M} \cdot \mathbf{C}$ THREADS

for every kind of art needlework

Cotton. meclat



It is very important to note that D. M. C. Crochet Cotton averages by times as many yards to a ball as he inferior grades.

George Allen, Inc. 1214 Chestnut St., Philadelphia Importera-Established 1829

D. M. C. Booklet Free on Request

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chopper, using the medium fine knife. Place in a preserving kettle and add

Cook very slowly until the carrots are

Yellow Tomato Marmalade

This amount of spices for the entire four quarts of tomatoes. Cook until the mixture is thick like marmalade and

this. Pare and cut the pears in slices and throw into cold water at once to prevent discoloring. Wash three pounds of blue grapes and place in a preserving kettle and add one quart of water. Cook until very soft and then rub through a sieve and return to the kettle. Now add twelve large pears. Cook large pears, cook large pears are tender and large pears. slowly until the pears are tender and then measure and add three-quarters cup of sugar for every quart of the mixture and one lemon cut in half, and

One-half pound of figs. cut in pieces, One cup of preserved ginger.

bring to a boil and cook slowly until very thick. Fill into sterilized pint jars and adjust the rubber and lid and seal securely. Place in hot water bath and nave the water just to the neck of the

Miss Eleanor M. Merian Bread 1649 Allengrove Street Menu (meatless dinner)
Egg Vermicelli
es au Gratin Tomato Salad

Bread Butter Tea or Coffee
Peach Custard Ple SALES SLIP Plour One-half dozen eggs ighth peck potatoes

Pastry ... Bread and butter Tea or coffee and coffee and sugar

Mrs. H. P. Hinchliffe 118 South Fortieth Street

Boiled Picnic Ham With Cabbage and Potatoes Marguerite Salad Butter

SALES SLIP

ne head cubbage

One-quarter peck pointoes Eggs for salad fayonnaise (home-made) Gread thome-made (home-made) Total

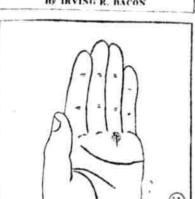
1919 West Lehigh Avenue Soup of Choice
Shrimp Salad Lima Beans
d Butter Coffee or Tea
Apple or Peach Ple SALES SLIP

Mrs. B. Bridgen

One can soup One-quarter peck tomatess Eight ears of corn One-quarter peck lima beans head lettuce loaf bread One-half pound flour One-half pound flour One-half pound sugar mail can milk

> Mrs. Mary E. Jones 5631 Hazel Avenue

Veal Stew With Damplings Rice Butter Coffee Butfered Beets Peach Custard Ple SALES SLIP



INFLEXIBLE APOLLONIAN Although lacking the brilliancy of his more flexible-handed brother, he is a mighty capable fellow. He is apt to be prudently conservative.

Constance was clever. She asked Julian to dinner in her apartment, and saw to it that there were fresh flowers on the table, shaded lights and good food. Afterward, when Julian was lying back in his chair with a cigar, and Constance was smoking a cigarette, she remarked idly, and apropos of nothing. "Julian, you do need some one to take care of you don't you?" any "forlors hope" which the fire and enthusiaam of the flexible Apollonian frequently carry to victory. But neither does his stiff hand argue, as with most other types, that he is sordid, narrow-minded, sting) and fied down to ancessminded, sting) and fied down to ancessmin the stiff hand means merely that he is more cautious, more prudent and least demonstrative than his flexible-handed brethren. His artistic conceptions are not as grand and sublime, nor is his execution in his undertakings as brilliant and extraordinary as theirs.

(To be continued)

A New Workbag

of white basket braid an inch wide, wound around and around, tacking it here and there, till an oblong shape is formed about tweive inches by eight inches. Sew a strip of the braid on one open ond to form the bottom. The bright inches of the preparations that come for coloring hats.

Lined with selk the bag is made more attractive, although the lining is not necessary. Work a buttonhole stitch about excessary. Work a buttonhole stitch about present in the stains are provided in a contrasting color and add two handles of the braid. The tough that really gives the braid and the rown. Ploot the braid. The tough that really gives the braid finds its a group of the sides. A lovely color-scheme would be a terra cotta colored bag lined with prown silk and trimmed with flowers in pale yellows and orange, surrounded by a green leaf here and there.

In there has sum to make a dear little water, but use its very carefully, for it is very strong.

When Dottle has grown too big for a blow see if she won't wear a napking about let neck if she has a pottle find the present of the provided and add two handles of the braid. The tough that really gives in the self-through the lining is not necessary. Work a buttonhole stitch about let neck if she has a pottle find the provided and the provided a

thing like the full interpretation of the "I suppose we all do," he had re-unfavorable traits associated with in-flexibility. He is indeed, less brilliant, less versatile, less adaptable than if his she spoke again. "Julian, do you like she spoke again. "Julian, do you had less versatile less adaptable than if his me?"

This startled him out of his dream mether, is he the magnetic center of admiration, nor the hold and often reck-less plunger in stocks; nor the dashing, very tender. "Because I like you so much." any "forlors hope" which the fire and Julian was embarrassed; a remark of

Your Soul's in Your Hand

By IRVING R. BACON



One sees so many good-looking bags owndays, for it seems that you always-eed one to slip your sewing into for dd moreents or to carry your knitting in when you're going 'over to Mary's' in the afternoon. A stunning one is made of white basket braid an inch wide, wound around and around, tacking it here and there, till an oblong shape is formed about twelve inches by eight inches Sew a strip of the braid on one open end to form the bettom. The braid may be painted with one of the preparations that come for coloring hats.

Diano and Julian Long, after three years of married kfe, decide that they have missed romance. Their marriage was based on a lifelong friendship, and there never was any mystery about their feeling for each other. And so they were divorced, and Diana accepted a position and made good at it. Then one day they met in the street, and realized their true feeling for each other. The shock was great to each, and Diana, fearful lest Julian suspect the truth, promises to marry another man. Alice Irwin, a mutual friend, discovers the truth and goes to Diana first. Diana does not believe that Julian cares and insists upon keeping her promise to Gleaves Mality. In despoir, Alice goes to Julian, only to discover that he, too, has made a promise.

To GO back to the day before in Julian's life, he had no intention as the beginning of the evening of asking Constance Loring to marry him. He was not at all intrigued by her, but she had been kind to him and he was grate-



Constance

By HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR Copyright, 1920. Ly the Public Lenger Company

was clever. She asked

in its place the old homely one, "Welcome."

haps that is why I still have a soft spot What would you think of a brother like that? I can't get any new clothes, in my heart for them, and can never even if they were given to me. My pass them by without a rejuctant by brother would make me give them back, glance. That would also explain my funds that, this young man wants me to marry having noticed the sapphire and diathia, this young man wants me to marry having noticed the sapphire and diathia, this young man wants me to marry having noticed the sapphire and diathia, this young man wants me to want to do. Shall me. Please tell me what to do. Shall window. But it is not the entire ex-

Today's Inquiries 1. Describe a comfortable lounging chair for the semi-invalid. 2. What type of clothes hamper is

should be used?

easy to keep clean and white?

3. When the furniture in a room is

upholstered in figured materia .

what kind of window curtains

What new trimming for cloth dresses is novel and interesting? Describe a striking color scheme for an autumn wedding. What new type of dining-room set 's convenient for the two-room apartment or combination din-ing and living room?

The wedding rhyme for October is, "If in October you do marry. Love will come but tiches tarry." rag doll that can be given a bath is made of waterproof material that does not get soaked through. pretty, inexpensive rupner for

a bedroom table can be made by appliqueing pink and blue flowers on to black cheesecloth.

Many of the new autumn frocks have a closely fitted waistlin.

Yesterday's Answers

Washing black suede gloves in cold soapsuds will prevent them from rubbing off.
pretty guest-room set consisting of a painted knocker and curtain cord knobs to match would make a nice shower-gift for the bride-to-be.

Tell the average person that they will never again have the use of their eyes, that they can't read or study, or even see things around them, and the result in the great majority of cases will be \$ mental depression approaching melancholia.

But that's not the way that Jacob W. Belotin looked at it. Possibly it was because he was born blind—had never known the advantages of sight and the myriad opportunities which it presents. Even as a child he clinched his testh



\$2.75