was most pleasing. Her life seemed unusually full, and one expected her to be happy beyond measure. She had appy beyond casure. She had husband and aby, and an inc tual job. you think that about tellec tuni tals the modern n's joy in iving.



told me she was desperately unhappy, that her husband was almost fiendish in his crueity; fully. "Why don't you?" retorted the other, laughing.

I could not believe it; he had seemed to me a genial, decent chap, far above the average in intellect, and rather jolly. I had sized them up superficially as an ideal modern young married couple.

She was so high-strung that she believed as a suppossible of untest and impressionable fellow, who had the sweetest of tempers, but was very susceptible. "Such men are too contemptible to live—I detest him?" she went on which we had a suppossible to live—I detest him?" she went on which we had a suppossible to live—I detest him?" esperately unhappy, that her hus-

At first I was so wrought upon sympathetically that I worried over her.
No amount of advice was acceptable. if it was along the line of taking life casier, and trying to calm herself and see the humor of things. The only way to please or calm her was to berate her husband. No suggestion of compromise or of patching up misunder standings was tolerated. She apparently had conceived a bitter hatred of him and was headed toward the rocks of disaster and a broken home.

"I don't care to associate with such frivolous people." shorted Resalie. Why should any bostess invite him?" Perhaps he contributes as much to the gayety of nations as you do!" retorted Mrs. Smith, smiling good-national strength. "Aren't you a bit intoler-

sharp. The sweet, and almost detest her. She gives me an actual headache. A psychopathic samonster; possibly she had been, as elaimed, a doctle, affectionate girl, whose nature had been warped by continuous argumentation and quarreling, but he woman, and I'll keep away so she to fight back. Suffering she surely was. And then—I began to note how she

"A ONE-MAN WOMAN"

By HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR

Copuright, 1991, bu Public Ledger Go.

A FRAIL LITTLE GIRL

A FRAIL LITTLE GIRL

A FRAIL LITTLE GIRL

Sharp. The sweet, and almost detest her. She gives me an actual headache. A psychopathic slippers and almost detest her. She gives me an actual headache. A psychopathic slipped from her like a mantle. "Why is abnormal, She has an obsession that was all!"

"I think she is a quarrelsome, irritable of gloriously thred autumn leaves around the bottom of the crystal jar white held the roses.

"What—what made him leaves, What—what made him leaves, would certainly appreciate it. You could help me in this I continued to fish be out walking through the woods,"

"I spoke to him this afternoon. I happened to be out walking through the woods,"

"Indeed!" Her questioner regarded Mary furiously, "So you were taking a stroil with Julian Yandaveer!"

"Oh, no! I shouldn't put it in that was all!"

Eve bit her lip. This pretty, quiet girl—she was always ponching some-let it work into the leather.

A Birthday Gift

rageous, and claimed that the man abused the wife shamefully! This I denied, as I chanced to have received confidences pointing to one of the most harmonious combinations I ever had known. Instead of being pleased that she had been misinformed, and that there was some ideal happiness in the world she released segments. world, she violently argued, seemingly bent on making the man out a human

A charming friend of ours mentioned that she was tired one evening, and wondered if she were not working too hard. "Why don't you stay home evenings, instead of tearing around every night?" cried my young friend spite-fully. "Why don't you?" retorted the

She was so high-strung that she created an atmosphere of unrest and misery. In the course of an evening, her recital of her sufferings at the hands of her monster-of-n-husband quite made of her monster of n-husband quite made a nervous wreck of me.

The was so wrought upon symitted a woman. "The fact that he is fickle is just one of his little weaknesses. He handstyle loves all women so much that honestly loves all women so much that he quite loses his head over each of us our whole sex

Now, separation is a blessing in many cases. There are temperaments so incompatible that living under one promise is possible. But this girl had no compromise is possible to do some work of them. Heaven knows at his country estate to do some work of him there.

EVE HUMILIATED

BACK to town? Julian Vandance.

The hands were defined and always carries. Dick is not cit. Mary the cit. Mar ble. We cynically insisted that she her eyes finshed as if she really were in would find other men quite disappoint mortal combat with some enemy, who

would find other men quite disappointing, for if they lacked the essential faults of her present spouse, they were sure to have some others quite as objectionable, and therefore any second husband would irritate her quite as much! The only other alternative, that of a long, lonely single existence, would be wholly intolerable, besides unfair to the baby. All in vain; she was determined to kick over the traces, and trid herself of the "cantankerous, fault-finding, inhuman man" fate had tied mortal combat with some enemy, who was out for blood.

"Do you know that that girl is a Mary, giving a human porcupine?" cried a woman, who observed her keenly. "She throws out quills all the time, and is in a constant state of bristle. It really is terrible. She surcharges the atmosphere with fire and brimstone, if I may vary the metaphor. It is a shame, for she is so pretty and cute-looking and at first you like her; but soon you feel limp as a rag. Eve's tones were sharp. The sweet,

out of the bitter disillusion she felt

when she discovered her lover's un-

faithfulness. She was Bruce Hen-

derson's niece, and it was on her

"The Love Cowards"

seeing each other, fearing and dis-

liking each other, trying to get

Hazel Deyo Batchelor

reaching the climax of this strong.

new story of hers, brings them to-

gether in an unexpected dramatic manner. The first chapter of the

MONDAY, JUNE 20.

away from each other, until

serial will appear on

She was a wise mother.

Tomorrow-A gift from an outcast

Appropriation, to Oversee Work

intion to the Delaware County

P. C. A., of which Mrs. Alexander erron, of Lansdowne, is the presi-

forcing the State quarantine on dogs

WHAT'S WHAT

By HELEN DECIE

The "general store" in a cross-roads

lived in the same house, seldo

juilty person for herself. Her post-tion is dangerous, for the police con-ment her disappearance with the theft, and the situation is further complicated by the fact that her employ-er's son, Charley Harmon, falls in love with her, and Harriet thus inlove with her, and Harriet thus in-ours the enmity of Lucy Pratt, an office stenographer. But she does not give up even in the face of dis-covery, for a jealous pirl, Sadie How-ord, recognizes her and makes trouble. Just when things look darkest Harriet stumbles on the truth, for Lucy Pratt overhears an impassioned plea of Charley's after office hours one day, and bursting into the room, denounces him as the real thief.

Another Man's Wife

DONAHUE had made the most of his scoop for the Star and, needless to say, the truth came as a terrific blow to Mr. Harmon. He had not even own love was not enough; that her own for a moment suspected his son. To be loving care and tender watching and understanding heart were not sufficient with much business ability, but the knowledge that he had stolen the bonds from the safe and allowed an innocent man to go to prison was almost more than he could bear.

At first his anger was so great that he determined to prosecute to the full brought him into the world.

At first his anger was so great that the determined to prosecute to the full extent of the law, but Mrs. Harmon, prostrated with grief, persuaded him to be lenient. He finally compromised by sending (harley out West to his uncle's ranch, where he was to work hard for small wages until he had made.

Charley was too weak in his makeup to protest. He knew that his ability would never bring him in any of the good things of life; he was too easy-going to work his way out of his difficulty himself, and he comforted himself with the knowledge that in a few years the excitement would have blown over and he could come back to New York

Delaware Co. Women, With \$6000

Alone with his mother in the big house on Madison avenue, his head buried in her lap, her fingers stroking his crisp, fair hair, he told more of his inner feelings in a few words than he had ever revealed before in his life. She loved him, she would stand by him, for dent, of \$6000. in spite of what he had done he was a spointed to direct the work of en-There were tears in his blue eyes

when he finally raised his head to look in Delaware County.

"They all think I'm bad clean through, and I descrive it. Dad will never forgive me and I've disgraced you all, but I'm sorry, mother, I want you to know that."

Mrs. Harmon was crying softly and Charley went on speaking as though he had to tell her what was in his heart.
"I got into a tight hole gambling,
and I was desperate. For the time I
didn't think, and then I was sure they'd let Neil off because of his good standing. But ded was hard; he intended to prosecute. Then she came into the office and, mether, I loved her. She was different from any one I had ever known. At first I liked her because she was beautiful, but afterward I loved her for what she was. I had never met any one like her before. She made me fight for everything and one night in a taxi when I held her in my arms against her will she cried. I felt afterward her will she cried. I feit afterward that if the time ever came when she would come to me willingly I'd ask nothing more of life. I know I'm weak, I know I'm rotten, outside the pale. but if I could have had a woman like that things might have been different. Ever since that day when I learned who

rest has been nothing in comparison with that." with that."

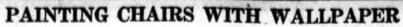
And Mrs. Harmon looked at her son and suffered and understood in spite of herself. She had come to the place where she was forced to realize that her speed.

The don't know if my playing's "I—I don't know if my playing's "I—I don't know if my playing's "in must tie, and the man must tie it himself, and not hook on a stiff sewed-up contraption imitation; at tie. So with the imitation linen collar, now of celluloid and once, ages ago made of shiny paper.

"I—I don't know if my playing's "Oh, bosh! It's better than a gram-ophone!" rejoined Eve. She wasn't going to compliment this little upstart. Mary, indeed, played well. It was a

was I've tortured myself with the

she was I've tortured myself with the fact that she belonged to Barry Neil all along; that she only endured me because of him. It's been hell, mother; all the





was impolite to be rude to Mary. Mary might be the mistress of this lovely

"I like to play. I'd rather play than

Tomorrow-"I Love You!"

The Woman's Exchange

THANKFUL CONSULTOR.

It would be very nice, and I know the young lady would appreciate it, if you would pick her a large bunch of wild flowers and grasses, arranging to

flowers and grasses, arranging them as prettily as you can. If you really want

writing paper and a quill pen for twenty-five cents. The pens are in

reds, the greenest of greens and an

had on a sport suit of white jersey and

a sport blouse of white silk. But it was

her necktie that did the trick and took

away the monotony of all white. It

"If a snowman had a

palate," John thinks, "Ancre

Cheese would set him afire

with enthusiasm. It would

even make a Scotchman

extravagant in his praises."

The new sanitary, coated

wrapper keeps it fresh on

Cheese

warmest days.

AT CUPID'S CALL By MAY CHRISTIE

private secretary, and is in love with by the one of his clients, Dick Calardin. Bel. it. At seard, Eve Rochester, has obhas known Dick in Alaska and is anzious to get a diamond which Dick owns

BACK to town? Julian Vandaveer would you really rather not?" she would you really rather not?" she will be speak in a pleasant tone of voice—and signally failed therein. Mary, however, solved the difficulty for

"He went back

girl—she was always poaching somehow on Eve's preserves. It really was too irritating! Julian had actually gone away without a word or message!

"When is he coming back? Tomorrow?" It was hundlifating to be forced to question her guardian's paid forced to question her guardian's paid about twenty-two? I can't sew at all. In what cute and stylish way can a bathing suit be made for a girl of fifteen? simply. "He—and his Cingalese servant"—here she gave a tiny shudder—"have both gone tonight." Eve glowed the

with indignation. "This is some of Carrington's work!

I'll make him pay for this."

Mary looked faintly surprised.
"Oh, I think not!" Mr. Vardaveer remarked—that is——" She broke off rather awkwardly.

"Yes. What did he say? Don't hesitate!" Eve could willingly have shaken the other girl—who knew so much.

"I oughtn't to repeat it." Mary seemed quite flustered. "But I don't want you to misjudge Mr. Bellairs."
"What did my friend say?" Eve demanded sharply.
"He—he gave me the impression that he was rather tired of—of being in the country—that it was too quiet for him."

I in think not!" Mr. Vardaveer country—that it was too quiet for him."

I oughtn't to repeat it." Mary seemed quite flustered. "But I don't want you to misjudge Mr. Bellairs."

I what did my friend say?" Eve demanded sharply.

"He—he gave me the impression that he was rather tired of—of being in the country—that it was too quiet for him."

"Did he, indeed?" Eve's tones were icy. "Isn't it rather odd that you and my guest should discuss my hospitality together?"

"You're quite mistaken," Mary said, still calm. "Mr. Vandaveer merely said one and am perfectly devoted to the still calm. "Mr. Vandaveer merely said he wished to spend a night in town. Some friends of his had invited him to join a theatre party—"

stationery store is selling a box of white

join a theatre party-"
"There! That will do!" cut in Eve She simply sat there listening with all her heart to what he had to tell her, majestically. majestically. She was seething now, twenty-five cents. The pens a She had come to humiliate Mary—and various colors, brilliant yellows, Mary had succeeded, all unconsciously, reds, the in humiliating her! The tables were old rose. turned with a vengeance.

To think that Vandaveer should clear I saw a girl on the street yesterday and she did look so well that I forgot my good manners and turned to look after her. She was dressed in all white and off at a moment's notice, without caring to inform her of the fact! And not

quate excuse! Oh, it was true what Carrington had d: She couldn't "hold" a man!
I rather think," said Mary, in her
el tones, "that Mr. Vandaveer is Media, Pa., June 17.-The County level tones, "that Mr. Vandavecoming back tomorrow morning.

even urgent business offered as an ade-

hinted at it."
"Did he, indeed?" Miss Eve sniffed.
"That was quite polite of him. How
did he word his hint?"
"He said——" Miss Mary hesitated

'He said that if there was 'nothing doing in town he'd look you up again!"
"Please don't insult me by the repetition of such impertinence," said Eve with dignity, sweeping from the room.
Furious with Vandaveer, she devoted all her time and energy to Dick that

night.
She had started this flirtatious game to please her guardian and Vandaveer. She would be made a cat's-paw not a moment longer! She would play in earnest now.

There were half a dozen other guests at dinner. Carrington was hospitable. He liked to entertain. "Eve, telephone some of the boys and girls at Winston Towers and let's have

girls at Winston Towers and let's have a little informal dancing after dinner!" When the meal was drawing to a close he thus commanded Eve. Winston Towers was five miles off—a country house invariably crowded with attrac-tive guests. Carrington liked these good-looking young people to come and dance in the White Lodge. They livened up an evening. Eve-nothing loath-departed at his

American village always carries a sup-ply of celluloid collars and ready-made neckties for oid-fashioned customers. Also there are shops in the side streets of cities which still sell these out-of-date accessories for foreign workingmen not yet familiar with American customs. Now while all other ready-made. bidding. Her voice might be heard out in the hall, uplifted at the telephone. "Twelve of them are coming," she announced laconically five minutes later. "We'd better lift the rugs from later. 'We'd better lift the rugs troi the library floor and get things ready. Now, while all other ready-made taking has attained a vogue not known searlier times the ready-made necktioner in scarf for day time or a how for evening wear, is absolutely taboo, it has been so for generations. A must tie, and the man must tie it good enough?"

"In I don't know if my playing's good enough?" Now, while all other ready-made of aling has attained a vogue not known earlier times, the ready-made neckti-hether a scarf for day time or a how

was a silk tie brilliantly colored, and I've been looking around for the same sort of tie until I finally came across a collection. There was one with lavender and black stripes about a half inch wide, another with red and black, blue Mary Dress is Carrington Bellairs' wearing job, the playing of dance music and black and still another was a com-rivate secretary, and is in love with by the hour. But some one had to do bination of several colors that made a per of his clients, Dick Calardin. Bell it. And it wouldn't be herself, Eye very striking tie. For the girl who and black and still another was a comvery striking tie. For the girl who wears sport clothes or the man who chester—us long as there were good-wears sport clothes or the man who sing, attractive partners to be goes to the shore for the week-end these ies would be a good addition

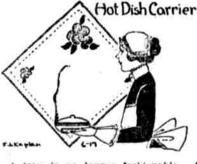
Mary required no partners. She was merely a paid dependent of this house.

"Misz Drew is not to play! I won't allow it!" Eve's guardian stood beside her, smiling affably at Mary.

This attitude of his recalled Eve quite definitely to the fact that it probably was impolite to be rude to Mary. Mary might be the tripiters of this learner as warm as kid. not so warm as kid.

Would you really rather not?" she Editor or Phone Walnut or Main 3000. Things You'll Love to Make

dance. It's quite all right." She reassured them both. "Don't stop me from doing what I thoroughly enjoy. Mr. Bellairs!" She smiled at the big man beside her. "I'm not much of a pianist—but I'll do my best!" Hot Dish Carrier



A tray is no longer fashionable. A HOT DISH CARRIER is quite the thing. A lovely one is made of white linen, hand hemstitched, with the edge cro-A lovely one is made of white lines, hand hemstitched, with the edge crocheted or button-holed in color. The corners are decorated with appliqued or embroidered flowers and leaves. Cut two ten-inch squares of the lines. Join them on three sides, Face the open ends and sew on some fasteners for closing the pocket. Cut a nine-and-one-half-inch square of heavy flannel. Bind the edges with ribbon. Slip it inside of the linen pocket and snap the fasteners. When solled, remove the felt and wash. A set of HOT DISH CARRIERS in three different sizes makes an adorable gift for a bride or housewife.

The Question Corner Today's Inquiries

What strange life work has been chosen by Miss Emma and Miss Margaret Peterson, two strong women in Alaska? In what attractive new heavy silk gauntlet glove dec-

Describe a quaint curtain for a What is the meaning of the French phrase "en passant"? How is a new white pump made

that is striking when worn with black stockings? In what piquant fashion are pockets simulated on a pretty ummer frock?

Yesterday's Answers

For the designer of costumes, a wide field is opening in the movie world, as it is imperative to get the atmosphere of the play into the clothes that are worn and in cially created.

An inexpensive and effective win dow-box is covered with birch-bark and filled with tall, bril-liant nasturtiums of the climbing

variety.

Lacquered wood fashions the newest of candy-holders, which has three compartments that fit together and can be lifted out.
A knowledge of the correct thing is the interpretation of the French expression "savoir faire."
Collar and cuffs of a bright linen will give last year's sweater a different appearance. Artificial beaded eyelashes are the latest fad in make-up. They are fastened to the eyelids with adhesive plaster.

HARDON AND HARDON PROPERTY OF THE PARTY OF T The finest butter in America!

Louella

DADE AWED THE BOTH Mother! Think! Demand Your Money's Value! Mon Explosive

ASK and DEMAND'SHULLS'FLAVORING EXTRACTS

Grocer 15c - 35c & \$1.60 Worth its cost!

Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

You Go to See Her Dear Cynthia-I am sure that you can rive me the best advice, so I'm coming you for it.

likes me, but she has a girl friend whose and most of the time utterly ignore. like very much. This young lady also parents are jealous of us, and are always trying to break our friendship.

I live on a corner property and when my friend stops to speak with me and is seen by the girl's parents she seldom who must endure them.

They seem rather silly to us when has to suffer from the remarks of boys we do think about them or hear of the say, and every time she passed one of them in the hall at school, he would whistle in time to her walking until the almost ran away from him.

No that one exteriors fails to get a call-down. My friend likes to speak with me, but she doesn't like the way those people speak about her. What should we do that can make the parents of the girl mind their own affairs? I said to my girl friend that I would like to speak to the girl's parents and find out what they've got against me. She says if I do I will lose her friendship and I wouldn't want that to happen for the whole world. Is she right in preventing me for trying to find out why those people have a grudge against me?

For instance, the girl who adores pink.

Her favorite fairy was pink, her dolls always wore pink dresses, she liked strawberry ice-cream and pink roses.

As she grew up she longed for pink chambray dresses, pink taffeta ribbons and pink and white checked ginghams.

All her friends last summer wore dinty pink georgette hats; pink linen fails to get a call-down. My friend likes For instance, the girl who adores

The girl is right: do not speak to the people about it. But Cynthia would advise you to go see the girl and not have her stop to talk with you at your home. People always criticize unconventional behavior.

Are All Blondes Fickle?

Dear Cynthia—Being a constant reader of your column, I take the privilege of writing you a few lines to ask you to be so kind as to answer a question which has been on my mind for some time. I knew a young lady and have known her since I was ten years old, and we loved each other dearly. I left for school, and upon my return home I went to see her and was politely told she did not care to see me and gave no reason for her action. Her girl friends told me she had heard I went with girls here at school. Now, Cynthia, I told me she had heard I went with girls here at school. Now, Cynthia, I never have given another girl a thought, but how can I approach her and tell her so? She is also a blonde; and are they all fickle? I read today where a namesake of mine was answered by "The Blonde" and I think blondes, above all else, want too much. Am I right? Trusting the blonde will see this and answer what I ask—Are all blondes fickle? BUD. Why not write and ask an explana-tion of this girl? No, all blondes are not fickle. Character and goodness—not color of hair or complexion—are what you should look for in those you love.

What Kind of Fellow Do They Want? Dear Cynthia—I am a newcomer in your column and have hesitated at

Dear Cynthia—I am a newcomer in your column and have hesitated at breaking in, but can resist no longer. after reading the many interesting letters in your column of the hardships and tribulations of others.

I am a young man of twenty-three years. I am clean, neat and respectable, always try to make a good appearance and try to lead a decent life. I do not want for acquaintances, as I have a great number, but when it comes to friends of the opposite sex; I think I am a lonesome raindrop, finding no place to fall.

Now what I want to know is this. Where are all these young ladies who crave for young men who are not lounge-lizards or jazz-hounds? I must state here that I hold no malice for those who enjoy dancing in a decent fashion, but I myself do not care for this amusement in any style. I have been out with several young ladies, have always treated them respectfully in every way possible. To theatres, to parks, to movies, to parties, but afterward that is the end. Understand me correctly please, Cynthia. I cannot kiss and hug every Mabel, Mary and Katie. It is necessary for me to like a girl, to do any of these. I never go with any girl for anything except the enjoyment I find of being in her company. But for this reason it seems that I am not wanted by the fair sex. The girls I know do not want any one like me. They prefer some one who loves them up after bringing them home. But They prefer some one who loves them up after bringing them home. But when they receive a handshake for a good-night it means good-by forever. Once more, Cynthia, I ask, What kind of a fellow do the girls of today want?

> Three Experienced Wilton Weavers

WANTED for Instructors

Will pay \$60 a week. Open shop—either union or non-union men; 48-hour week; ideal work-ing conditions. Apply by letter.

H. G. Fetterolf Co. Wayne Junction, Phila.

THE TRAGEDY OF WANTING WHAT SHE CANNOT HAVE

Is Very Deep in the Case of the Red-Haired Girl Who Adores Pink-The Fact That Her Wish Is Silly Only Makes It Worse

morning dresses seem to be the thing sharpest thrills at sight of the scarlet. Every time she passes a window of

them with a heavy heart. She cannot wear pink because her hair is that beautiful half-gold, halfcopper shade that we call red!

HER tragedy sounds trivial to girls whose olive skins and brown curls I whose olive skins and brown curls The cute little girl—oh if she could respond so prettily to the influence of just once in her life be called anything

The girl with very light hair and clear skin, who always wears blue to match her eyes, can't understand why anybody would waste her life worrying up their time?

anybody would waste her life worrying about a color.

The red-haired girl knows that her great desire is silly, that it is impossible, that she might just as well learn to love green and blue and stop wishing.

But, oh, how she does love pink—how often she promises herself that if she ever has a dark-haired child of her own, she will dress it in pink, even if it is a sturdy, stubby-nosed boy who ought to wear browns.

But to want something you can't have is have, to know you can't have is have in ought to wear browns
Why doesn't she go ahead and wear
pink, in spite of tradition?
Well, she did, one time.

Her family exclaimed.

THERE are tragedies all about us fairly shricked disapproval. Her friends like very much. This young lady also and most of the time utterly ignore.

The boys she was at the age that They seem rather silly to us when has to suffer from the remarks of boys.

No, that one experience taught her that there is no greater suffering than being deprived of the thing you love best.

THEN there's the demure little girl, _ just made for pretty things like pink, light blue and flowered dimities who loves red

Condemned for life to "sweet girlish" colors and styles, she gets her clad vampire on the stage, the flirts. tious wearer of the startling red hat pink things she stops and yearns for on the subway every morning Oh, if she could just once have some. thing flaming, striking, red, that

of place on her! And the girl whose locks are stringy and lank—how she would love to be curly and cute, just once!

but "little"

Because, no matter how impossible you know it is, no matter how silly you know you are, you still wish, oh! how you wish, that you had brown hair, so that you could wear pink—just once!

You Pay No More

But you get better corn flakes when you specify

POST TOASTIES

by name, and make sure that the grocer gives them to you.

Never were such flavor and crispness sealed up in corn flakes as you obtain from every package of Post Toasties



Sold by grocers everywhere!

Made by Postum Cereal Co. Inc., Battle Creek, Mich.

How to Make Perfect Strawberry Jam in 10 Minutes

New Certo Process Astonishes Housewives

Never Fails, Requires Only 1 Minute's Boiling, Retains All the Color and Flavor and Makes More Jam from Same Amount of Fruit

Home grown strawberries are now dentiful at a low price, sugar is cheap and Philadelphia housewives are putting up strawberry jam as never before. Best of all, the brand-new and revolutionary Certo process for makng jams and Jellies has eliminated very reason why any housewife should hesitate to make such a delifous conserve. Any one can now make perfect strawberry jam in 10 minutes, at a very low cost, with all the flavor and color of the fruit re-The new Certo process is very sim-

ple: Crush two boxes of strawberries (2 lbs.) so that some juice is released from each berry. Then measure four cups of crushed berries into large pre-serving kettle, add six heaping cups of sugar (3 lbs.) and mix well. Heat mix-

CERTO Process

1 minute's boiling

2 pounds of fruit

with

3 pounds of sugar

plus 4 ounces of CERTO

5 pounds of Jam

ture, stirring constantly and bring to a vigorous boll. Then boll hard for one minute. Remove from fire, and while stirring, add one-half bottle of Certo. Let stand one minute and skim. With occasional stirring, let stand five minutes longer to cool slightly and pour into glasses. Result is 10 halfpound glasses of strawberry jam for total cost of 39 cents (strawberries at 30c a box and sugar at 8c a lb.)

of making jam or jelly is now past. The Certo Process is indorsed by government authorities and cookby experts; it insures perfect results with every batch. It is also very economical, requiring only one minute's boiling and thereby makes two-thirds more jam or jelly than the old method. It also makes all kinds of

Old Method

makesonly

delphia housewives with no little pride delphia housewives with no little pare exhibiting the new flavors and belter quality of jams and jellies made with Certo.

Certo is absolutely pure—contains or preservative. It is The former guess work or worry

Certo is absolutely pure—contain no gelatine or preservative. It is Mother Nature's "jell-maker." However particularly have received twith open arms because it is so estain, so economical, so simple and suseful. They are recommending to all their friends. Get a bottle of Certo with recipe book from your stocer or druggist at once. Try it risk away with fresh fruit like strawberry or pineapple. Then you will do all you preserving the new and modern way, the easy, economical and better Certo process.

rasted before, like pincapple and thus

barb jelly, or combinations like straw-

berry and pineapple, etc. Many Phile

If your grocer does not have Certo, please tele-phone Miss Jacobs. Hell phone. Lombard 3820, or keystone phone, Main 1681, to learn where you can obtain Certo. 15 minute's boiling at least, on a hot Stove 2 pounds of Fruit 2 pounds of Sugar CERTO 3 pounds of Jam

