The Girl Who Keeps Wondering Why She Always Has So Much Bad Luck

Is Making Her Lot Harder Than It Need Be, for Dwelling Upon the Hardships of Life Makes Them Seem Worse

"I CAN'T help wondering why I have such bad luck; I never did any harm to any one," writes a girl who is discouraged.

That's one of the most difficult requirements in life—learning to take bad luck for what it's worth without wondering why this thing should be.

There are lots of times when it isn't bad luck anyhow; it's just life, only it isn't the life that we've planned or wanted for ourselves.

It is seldom if ever the result of doing harm to some one, or failing to try to do good.

That's another funny thing about life—half the time it's those who do try to do good and be kind and live right who suffer, while those who don't pay any attention to such things, going about having a good time with no regard for the feelings or rights of others, have the smooth path.

Or so it looks on the surface, very often.

Whether it is always true or not, it is so often enough to serve as a proof of the fact that misfortune is not the direct consequence of failing to do right.

It may be not often is, the result of trying to do wrong, or just deliberately doing wrong.

But in that case the cause leads directly to the effect.

MORE often, however, bad luck comes just because it seems to want to come, and it is impossible to trace a lack to any cause or event.

The attitude this girl takes will make life even harder than necessary for her.

She stated her situation in the rest of her letter, and she has undoubtedly a hard lot; but she isn't helping it or herself a bit by sitting down and wondering why she should have such bad luck.

There are women in this world who have so much to bear that we wonder at them as we see them going about in their cheerful, brisk ways as if all were well with them and life were "one grand sweet song."

We don't see how they can keep up this wonderful spirit when misfortune and bad luck seem to be so thick about them.

The only reason they are able to do it is because they have acquired the right attitude about life and its vicissitudes.

If misfortune comes they don't sit down and wonder why; they don't think back over their lives to find out what one particular omission or commission brought it about, as the stiff neck sufferer delves back into the past to try to remember just where and when she got into that draft which caused it.

They think it's too bad that life should be so hard, but their spirit is indomitable, they will not be discouraged.

Anyhow it is easier, yes, it really is easier, to keep up their spirits if they are cheerful.

MANY persons "enjoy poor health," they seem to find a mournful delight in dwelling upon their troubles and sorrows.

But they don't get along very well; life, for them, is a doleful mistake, and they make no attempt to remedy it.

The keynote of their lives is "I don't see why I should have such bad luck; I never do anybody any harm," and they take the attitude that any trouble which comes to them is a personal offense, which must be explained and apologized for by life.

Of course they never get that explanation or apology and they don't get much fun either.

They would be much happier if they changed their attitude and got a different outlook.

Indeed, until they do, life will continue to be built of just plain bad luck and no reason for it.

The discouraged girl has a hard road ahead of her, without a doubt, but she can make it easier for herself by realizing that she doesn't have to find any blame for it and that she isn't set apart as a special object for all the misfortune in the world.

It takes strong character to be hopeful and bright under continually adverse conditions, but standing up under them instead of sitting down to mourn makes enduring them very much more possible.

Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

Letters to Cynthia's column must be written on one side of the paper only and must be signed with the writer's name and address. The name will not be published if the writer does not wish it. Unsigned letters and letters written on both sides of the paper will not be answered. Writers who wish personal answers that can be given in the column will please look there, as personal letters are only written when absolutely necessary.

To "Wm. B."

Sorry, but Cynthia cannot and will not give names, initials or part names of any writer to another writer. It's quite useless for you to ask.

A Real Question

Dear Cynthia—I am writing to you for some advice and sincerely hope you will help me as you have helped others. I have been keeping company with a nice young man, six years my senior, for five years, and have been engaged to him for two and a half years. I love him with my whole heart, and am sure my love is returned. He has bought a beautiful home now and we are ready to be married; we couldn't get married any sooner as we didn't have enough money. Now comes the serious question—he wants to have his mother live with us, but I don't want to as she does not like me and we don't get along. Please tell me what I can do.

ANXIOUSLY WAITING.

Can the mother live by herself or is her son her only child and would she be left entirely alone? One has to consider parents and one should but not go to extremes; if it can possibly be arranged otherwise do not start housekeeping with a third person. A bride and bridegroom should learn to know each other's faults and virtues by themselves with no one else to comment upon them. There are bound to be adjustments and readjustments and they should be kept to themselves.

He Failed Her

Dear Cynthia—Does it seem queer or silly to you that we should come to you for advice, a few words of consolation? What if we have no one to turn to—no one who would understand?

Did any one ever write to you telling you that the one person in the world that you loved and cherished failed her? Well, that is my story. Most people say and think that one is silly and foolish to have her heart set on one person, but that's the way I feel. After three months I cannot forget that person, no matter how hard I have tried. I put everything that that person has done wrong in front of me, but still I can't put him from my mind. I feel as though I can never put faith in another. Is it any wonder that we try to go on without faith? I have tried so hard for three long months. Is it self-pity more than anything? I'm afraid my ship of hope is almost sinking on the sea of life. Perhaps it is only a broken heart. I know one thing it is time for me I always thought time mended it. Perhaps you have never felt the way I feel and your hope and faith in the world never had your heart broken. Therefore I guess you will not be able to comfort me, but I am sure you will. I will not be able to thank you enough if you do.

[illegible]

Dear Cynthia—Have received wonderful advice from you several times, and am coming back for more.

I was introduced to a young fellow last spring. He had been going with a girl for several years but when he met me he gave her up and took me ring from her. I did not know of this until events. He said he loved me and asked me to be his wife. I consented. He came around to my house every night in the week and took me out Sundays. He is a different nationality and being on a [illegible] gone steadily with him for the last four months, but I did not let him know I loved him until after I was positive he loved me and now that he has gone to Europe on a letter of [illegible] he wasn't serious enough that he cared for me. He is also from very good family, not poor by any means, but my people do not have as much money as his family. He says it is best that he tell my now that he does not see his way it would be worse to let me go on loving him. He also says that our good mutuality is absolutely no [illegible] of his mother. Before I had gone with him I had been going with a girl my boy who was of my nationality and religion and he is the one who introduced me to the boy who has the car. [illegible] pay no attention because I left him to go with his friend. [illegible] laughing at me because I am just [illegible] and I am just about disgusted [illegible] Although this boy says he does not see me come to the house every night, and often sent me a wonderful bottle of perfume he inscribed [illegible] asked me when my birthday [illegible] that was this month but did not [illegible] date. I feel [illegible] to suffer, and I do not [illegible] cry from morning until night. What I would want to know [illegible] should I treat this boy in the future [illegible] says he values my friendship and [illegible] not want me to get angry [illegible] is agony to me to be [illegible] thinking that he does not [illegible] Dear Cynthia, give me [illegible] remedy, advice and [illegible] me out of my suffering.

BROKEN-HEARTED.

Never cultivate friendship [illegible] and while you are [illegible] this boy, do not allow him [illegible] every evening, and tell him [illegible] you will not keep company [illegible] that you want other friends [illegible] and will not consent to [illegible] your time to one man, especially [illegible] who has behaved as he.

Parents' Quarrel Spoils Her Life

Dear Cynthia—I don't know [illegible] put the question I am going to [illegible] so perhaps if I tell [illegible] I'll understand better.

I am twenty-two years of age [illegible] a good position as secretary [illegible] president of a large concern [illegible] a claim not good looks. [illegible] it also is that the people [illegible] so go think that we have [illegible] life, where in reality it [illegible] terrible. My mother has a very [illegible] imagination, and often imagines things which any one else would [illegible] about. My father has done something in his past life that my mother [illegible] forgive, and now will take no notice of him whatsoever. This has been going on for more than six years [illegible] imagine what [illegible] life I have. I do not have friends come to the house for the simple reason I do not know just what is going to happen when they are there. [illegible] friends I do love at [illegible] I have known both of [illegible] young men and young women, but I think I should like to be married. [illegible] not stand bring them home [illegible] of all this. They all ask me out to their homes but when I come again [illegible] they think I do not want them as the friendship dies. Now I am getting older every day, and think that some time I would like to get married and have a home of my own, but I cannot leave home as things are. I have two sisters and one brother. Two of the sisters are married and one is teaching in a Western city, so you see it leaves the responsibility of the home on my shoulders. I cannot go anywhere without taking my mother, and have to be home every night. No one seems to care and sometimes the house seems like a prison, slowly getting darker and darker. Things will change some time, but perhaps too late to do me any good. I have no one to talk things over with and no one to give me advice. Couldn't you tell me how to get a little bit of friendship somewhere?

LONESOME.

Cynthia wishes your mother might chance to read your letter. Perhaps she would realize what she is doing by her hard and unforgiving spirit. Cynthia would advise you to ignore the state of affairs and have your friends come. It might shame your parents into good behavior. At any rate, try it.

Behold the flapper in her new style evening dress! She must wear longer skirts and closer lines, but she clings to her peppy manner

and compromises by letting her long panel dip while the hem of the skirt is well above ground and swishes with quite the old abandon. Brocaded satin is the material she chooses to drape in the most approved fashion about her hips.

The Superior Sex

By HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR

John Steele marries Anne Temple knowing that she has a secret in her past which she refuses to divulge. He knows, too, that she does not love him, but he is determined to win her love, and on their honeymoon they are swept irresistibly together. But having won her love, Steele begins to wonder about her secret, and the more so because after their return to the city she at times disappears mysteriously and refuses to say where she has been. In spite of his terrible need of her, Steele is not happy, and a friendship develops between him and Katherine Cleveland, a girl he's met and has always wanted him to marry.

Love or Hate

A WEEK later Steele entered the lobby of his apartment house with a face as white as death. Out of it his dark eyes blazed like coals, and the veins on his forehead stood out like whipcords.

The elevator boy gave one look at him, and then turned quickly away, sending the elevator shooting upward with the ease of long practice. Something had happened to Mr. Steele, but the boy had no wish to know what it was. His mission was to get him up to his own floor as quickly as possible and to ask no question, and he breathed a sigh of relief when Steele stepped out and strode down the corridor toward his apartment.

He opened the door with his own key and closed it softly behind him. A moment later he stood in the door of the living room, his hat in his hand and absolutely unconscious of the fact that he was still wearing his overcoat.

The living room presented a picture of domestic happiness. It was sweet with the scent of roses and softly lighted lamps were burning here and there. Anne sat under one of them, the light from overhead turning her blond hair to flame. She had a book in her lap, and she wore a loose velvet frock of her favorite color, dull blue.

Steele stood silent for a long minute, taking in every graceful contour of the slender childish figure, but at that moment there was no love in his heart, only hate that threatened to be an unguarded moment to make a madman of him.

How her childish looks belied her! The innocence that had looked at him out of her clear hazel eyes had been a mask to hide her existence. That was why she had so often fancied that look of purity behind a veil of mystery, because perhaps even she had the grace to be ashamed because of the way she had deceived him.

And he had loved her! How he had loved her! Like a blind man. Oh, a fool! He had trusted her when he might have known that no happiness could come out of a union like theirs!

And as he looked, his brain seething with unexpressed thoughts, his hands clenched at his sides, his whole body rigid; as he looked at the woman he had loved and now hated, she raised her head, met his blazing eyes, and with her own wide and frightened spring to her feet, the book falling unnoticed to the floor.

"John, what has happened? Why do you look at me like that?"

He continued to look at her without speaking, as a man looks for the last time on a face he never expects to see again. His glance swept from her eyes with their feathery lashes and delicate brows to the soft quivering mouth that his lips had touched so often, and suddenly the sight was more than he could bear. For a moment he turned his head away and in that moment she had crossed the room and was before him, her hands on his arms trying to turn him toward her.

"What has happened? Tell me, tell me!" Her voice shook and suddenly he had an almost insane desire to laugh. It struck him as funny that she could stand there asking him what had happened when his whole world had crashed around him. That she, the woman who had caused it all, should be standing there solicitously inquiring what was wrong, was beyond all question a joke.

He drew a long breath and turned his blazing eyes upon her suddenly. But this time he hardly saw her face, so blinded was he with passion. He kept his hands clenched behind him for fear of what he might do with them, but as the blood slowly cleared away from his head it infuriated him the more because she did not quail before him as he had fully expected her to do.

[illegible]

This Is the Day of the Separate Coat

BY CORINNE LOWE

The coat suit is growing into a mob. As autumn advances we see more and more of these charming little jumper jackets which, made of all materials from knitted wool to velvet, were so particularly becoming to schoolgirl and debutante. The "dear separate coat" is a feature of evening wear and we have angels carried out in silk and satin, trimmed with fur, which are being worn regularly as the proper accompaniment to such daffy dance frocks. There is often an attempt made in these to match material and fur. For example, a green velvet is bound with mole and brown satinis trimmed with seal. However, black velvet with bands of white ermine presents a model coatee hard to resist.

Today we see again the blouses in coffee in the forecast. This gray carneal model achieves distinction by a simple closing followed by an animal scarf of gray fox.

Growing Up

is one of the fascinating new games that are played at the Halloween garden parts for boys and girls. There are other games, too, just as nice as this one. Send a self-addressed, stamped envelope to the editor of the woman's page of the EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER if you want suggestions.

Things You'll Love to Make

Spools and a Board Make a Handy Letter Rack.

Here is a very handy letter rack that you can make with little trouble or expense. Get a board about six inches square. Sandpaper it smooth. Collect eight ordinary small sized empty spools and some nails that are about a quarter of an inch longer than the spools, with heads that will not slip through the holes in the spools. Nail one spool at each corner, to the underside of the board. One and one-half inches in from each corner of the upper side of the board nail another spool. Enamel or paint the board any color you want. Paint or print a decoration on the board. [illegible] This makes a nice Ch[illegible]

SORA.

Can You Tell?

By R. J. and A. W. Rodmer

Who Invented the Electric Telegraph

The telegraph, working on the electro-magnetic principle as used today, was developed almost simultaneously on both sides of the Atlantic Ocean.

In England, Sir Charles Wheatstone and Sir William Fothergill Cooke worked out the practical method and the instruments which, with few changes, are in use today. Cooke was a doctor and had served with the British Army in India. Wheatstone was the son of a Gloucester musical instrument maker. While these two men were working in England, an American artist, S. F. B. Morse, was studying and experimenting in the United States along his own lines, but with the same end in view. There has been some question as to whether Morse or Wheatstone first invented a workable telegraph. To Morse, however, the United States Supreme Court gave its decision, saying that the Morse instrument "preceded the European inventions and that it would be impossible to examine the latter without perceiving at once the decided superiority of the one invented by Morse."

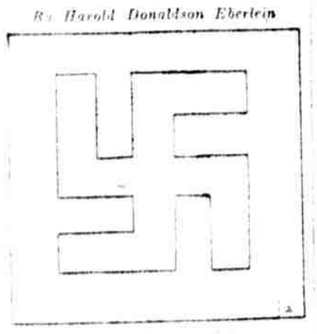
It is difficult to say just how the telegraph originated in the minds of men. Progress toward the perfection of the electric telegraph began with the first researches of scientists into the natural laws which govern electricity. People were studying and experimenting for the love of the work, discovered facts and learned how to control it. Stephen Gray, with his Leyden jar which stored upon charge of electricity, induced Sir William Watson to experiment. The latter sent a current from one jar to another two miles away.

Numerous men suggested the possibilities of sending messages by electric telegraph long before it was discovered how to do it, but it is one of the singular things that in the end two men could have discovered how to do so independently the same time.

Tomorrow—Why Are Shadows Darker at Night Than in the Day Time?

THE HOME IN GOOD TASTE

By Harold Donaldson Eberlein



Designs and Symbols

All of the queer-looking figures and forms found in every Oriental rug have some hidden meaning, oftimes unknown to any one except the person who wove them. These Far Easterners wove their hopes, their secret thoughts, their emotions into their rugs in the form of mysterious symbols, which, with the passing of time, have become difficult of interpretation.

The Mohammedan religion plays a very important part in the designs of these rugs. For that reason we rarely find animal forms in their designs. The small irregularities in form and sometimes in color to be found often in the most valuable rugs are not a result of carelessness on the part of the weaver, but a deliberate intent, due to the strong religious belief among the Mohammedans that nothing should suggest perfection but the great Allah.

In Persian rugs, however, we often find figures of the lion and deer, or leopard and deer in conjunction in the central field, for the Persians belonged to the Shiite sect of Mohammedans and accepted the animal and even the human figures of the Chinese.

It is interesting to remember that in strictly Oriental furnishing, carpetings have constituted well-nigh the whole equipment and adornment of a room. It is small wonder, then, that these fabrics are rich and varied.

Tomorrow—"Interpretation of Symbols."

A Fashion Talk

By CORINNE LOWE

NOBODY can look at the new autumn modes without being impressed by an 1880 theme that runs through many of the collections. I have seen frocks with tight-fitting little jackets buttoned down the back, mind you—and long sleeves and a high choker collar which needed only the wide and bustled skirt to convict them of thoroughgoing Victorianism. I have seen others where the message of the bustle is deftly communicated, this is mainly through the agency of a big bow tied at the back, but the arrangement of the drapery is often responsible for the effect.

As to the circular flounce, they reckon all who leave it out. Whatever may be your sentiments on the subject, the circular flounce is here, and it is here on frocks, coats, and capes. Sometimes only one of these menaces appears. At other times the hem of the skirt is invaded by an able-bodied pair of 'em. You see these flounces quite often in connection with the simple little frock with normal, defined waist line and short sleeves. At other times the detail serves as a climax for a long lined afternoon or evening frock that has a few spasms of drapery instead of a girdle.

As I have said, the tiered skirt is good. So is the one which has panels formed of flounces extending from girdle to skirt hem. This latter treatment is especially successful if your dress be of crepe, and in this case the ruffles are usually finely plaited. Thus on a black crepe Romaine afternoon frock which I saw the other day, a plaited skirt was finished by two side panels of these plaited ruffles. And then, just to show you that there was no weakening of the plait convention, the side sections and back of the corsage had more of the ruffles. Also, the deep pointed flounces of the sleeves. Plaits play around with almost everything this autumn. So does braid. One simply can't go wrong, in fact, if one goes out and buys a few miles of braid and then applies it to a coat or frock. On some of the blue serge models I have inspected I got only a few glimpses of the dress material under this heavy ambush of trimming. In this connection one must speak, too, of the popularity of gold and silver braid.

Braid has a powerful competitor in ribbon, and the charming caramel colored crepe afternoon frock benefits by motifs of brown and white ribbon applied in circles. Each sleeve is practically a crepe split down the top. Another ingenious touch is supplied by a fold of self material passed through a slit in the corsage. As to the single side panel this is a feature frequently encountered this fall. Often the orphan is of contrasting material and sometimes it is plaited.

Adventures With a Purse

IF PSYCHOLOGY rules most things, I for one should like to know the particular psychology that rules the fact that, the time we want something particularly, our finances are usually just as particularly low. Well, anyhow, I wanted, not needed, mind you, but wanted a pair of silver slippers for a very special occasion and my heart sank when one shop said $13 to me. But I was determined to have the slippers. So I started a-hunting and finally found a pair I felt I could come nearer to affording. Brocaded silver cloth, with a fancy strap over the instep. They were every bit as nice as the more expensive ones, and honestly, when I wore them I felt so "dressed up" that I forgot to feel extravagant for the $8.50 I paid for them.

For names of shops address Woman's Page Editor or phone Walnut 5000 or Main 1601 between the hours of 9 and 5.

LOVE NOTS

By KAY KEAN

Forgotten Fires

Neglect not the fires of affection!

Constant fanning be needed if you would keep alive the fickle sparks of love. Like unto the flame in the falling wind, so the fire of love dies out if it be not cared for.

The overzealous devotee of golf or bridge will some day return to the neglected nest only to find the welcome sign gone from the mat and cold ashes upon the hearthstone.

Foolish is the one who expects his or her spouse to do all of the flame-fanning. Remember, it takes two to constitute a satisfactory petting party. Love, like charity, should begin at home. And, 'tis safer for it to stay there.

A marriage of indifference is about as lasting as a marcel wave in a rainstorm.

Mrs. Wilson Gives Oyster Recipes

This Delicious Sea Food May Be Used in Numbers of Different Tasty Ways

By MRS. M. A. WILSON

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THREE grades of oysters are the culls, seconds and primes, and are known to the housewife under the names of stewing oysters, frying oysters and the extra-fancy oyster. The oyster is a popular appetizer, when served raw at the beginning of the meal, and the American oyster cocktail is famed wherever the English-speaking races are to be found. Each housewife has her own recipe for the oyster cocktail sauce, and I sometimes find a new one, or one so good that I quickly gather it in for the readers of this column. If you enjoy an oyster cocktail try this sauce and I know you will find it delicious.

Shrewsbury Oyster Cocktail

Look over very carefully to remove all bits of shell from some stewing oysters (culls).

Place in fruit jar

Three-quarters cup of catsup,
One-half cup of chili sauce,
Juice of one large lemon,
Juice of one-half orange,
One-half green and one-half red pepper, minced fine,
One medium-size white onion, minced fine,
Two teaspoons of fresh grated horseradish,
One tablespoon of Worcestershire sauce,
One-half teaspoon of mustard,
Tiny pinch of allspice and nutmeg,
One teaspoon of paprika,
One-quarter cup of strong cider vinegar.

Just before using shake well; add one cup of crushed ice and fill into the cocktail glasses, and add six of the prepared oysters, garnish with a small spoonful of whipped cream, and dust well with paprika. Serve toasted strips of bread with this cocktail.

Maurice Cove Panned Oysters

Select the seconds or frying oysters for this dish and allow nine oysters for each portion. Look over the oysters carefully and lay on cloth to dry, pat each oyster dry and roll in flour. Place in skillet four tablespoons of butter and when smoking hot add the oysters, and as the edges curl turn over, using the griddle cake turner, cook for five minutes, season with salt and pepper and juice of one lemon.

One tablespoon of Worcestershire sauce,
One teaspoon of grated onion,
One tablespoon of finely minced parsley,
Three-quarters cup of whipped cream.

Blend well and just long enough to heat the cream; serve on slice of toast, allowing nine oysters as a portion.

Barbecue of Oysters

Select the fancy prime oysters for this dish.

Cut strips of bacon in three-inch pieces and nick the edges to prevent curling.

Mince very fine

Two white onions,
One green and two red peppers,
Four branches of parsley.

Place in small saucepan and add

Juice of one large lemon,
One tablespoon of Worcestershire sauce,
One-half cup of catsup,
Four tablespoons of butter,
Six tablespoons of cold water, with two level teaspoons of cornstarch, dissolved in the cold water.

Blend well and bring quickly to boiling point. Add

Two teaspoons of prepared horseradish,

and set aside to serve over the barbecued oysters.

Use wire meat skewers. Thread on the skewers first a piece of the prepared bacon, then three oysters, then another strip of bacon and then three more oysters, using three strips of the bacon and six oysters for each portion. Use a small ball cut from a potato on the end of the skewer to prevent the oysters and the bacon from rolling off. Place on the wire rack in the broiler, and cook for four minutes, turn and cook for four minutes, lift on slice of toast and pour over some of the barbecue sauce. Garnish with slices of sour pickle.

The Sweater Shop
SPECIAL SALE
Children's Teddy Bear Suits
Buff, Brown, White and Blue
38 South 8th Street

TODAY'S BEAUTY HELP

We find you can bring out the beauty of your hair to its very best advantage by washing it with canthrox. It makes a very simple, inexpensive shampoo, which cleanses the hair and scalp thoroughly of all the dandruff, dirt and excess oil, leaving a wonderfully clean, wholesome feeling. After its use, you will find that the hair dries quickly and evenly, is never streaked in appearance and is always bright, soft and fluffy; so fluffy, in fact, that it looks more abundant than it is, and so soft that arranging it becomes a pleasure. Just use a teaspoonful of canthrox, which you can get from any good druggist, dissolve it in a cup of hot water; this makes a full cup of shampoo liquid, enough so it is easy to apply it to all the hair instead of just the top of the head.—Adv.

Vachette Leather
Ladies' Hand Bags

Four inside pockets
Fitted with mirror
$5.00
Regular $6.25 Value
Many other styles in fabric and leather priced up to $75.
Curry 1112 CHESTNUT ST.

Next to Keith's organ-
Mail eliminary
He ha.
brat

WHAT'S WHAT

By Helen Decie

The man to the right in the illustration is doing the correct thing by removing his hat when he offers a seat to a woman. But the girl's escort, who has kept his hat on his head throughout the incident, is manifesting extreme rudeness.

When a man accompanies a woman anywhere, and another man extends any courteous service, such as making room for her in a passage, tendering a seat to her in a street car or train, picking up a handkerchief or other article, etc., it is the duty of the escort to take off his hat in acknowledgment of the civility, as the other man does when he is proffering the courtesy. The girl acknowledges the attention paid to her by bowing to the second man, a bow which is merely an appreciation of his kindness, and which does not imply further recognition of him without the necessary formality of an introduction.

The Woman's Exchange

Learning to Make Hats

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—I shall be obliged and thankful if you will publish the address of a millinery night school. Kindly state the cost for enrollment.

JENNIE L.

The Y. W. C. A., at Eighteenth and Arch streets, has night classes in millinery. You can go Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday evenings from 7 until 9, and fifteen lessons will cost you $7. It also costs a dollar to have the privilege of the Y. W. C. A.

Getting What She Wants

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—I am contemplating a trip to Florida for the winter, and would be much indebted to you if you would advise me how I could get work there as waitress in a dining room or in the linen room of a hotel. I. S.

The Ledger Vacation Bureau will give you a list of the various hotels in Florida, and when you obtain this I would advise you to write to the employment manager of each, stating the kind of work you desire, and asking if he can use your services.

Endless Ideas

For costumes suggest themselves for a "Hall of Fame" Halloween party. Just think of all the famous people in history, in fiction, in nursery rhymes, in plays, in movies, in dime novels! You may have them all in your house if you care to give this entertainment, and all you have to do about the plans is to send a self-addressed, stamped envelope to the editor of the woman's page of the EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER. The suggestions are all ready for you.

SUN-LITE

"What's the matter, Old Man? You're looking glum."
"You'd be glum, too, if your wife tried to spring a coffee substitute on you after you'd been drinking real Sunlite coffee."
"My wife won't. She swears by Sunlite Coffee, and Sunlite Olives, and Sunlite Peaches and all the other Sunlite products, too."
At All Good Grocers
SUNLITE COFFEE
JOHN SCOTT & CO. INC.
AMERICAN & DIAMOND ST.
PHILADELPHIA - - PA.
WHOLESALE DISTRIBUTORS

POMPEIAN OLIVE OIL
Sold Everywhere

Dealer - and - Consumer
Both have Confidence in
"SALADA" TEA
Hence the tremendous Demand.
"The most delicious Tea you can buy"
JUST TRY IT.
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5 reasons why mothers buy HICKORY GARTERS for children

Reason No. 2
Highest quality elastic and webbing, thoroughly tested, insures long wear. Your dealer knows the other reasons.
25c and up
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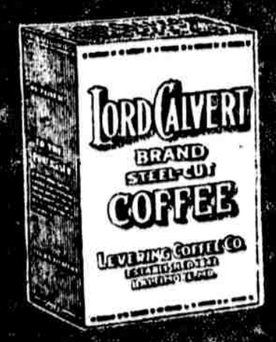
Complete satisfaction assured or your money back.
A. STEIN & COMPANY



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