CONSERVE THE GARDEN'S PRODUCTS—SEASHORE MILLINERY—PORCH TABOURETTE—RECIPES

CAN A MAN GET ANYWHERE WITH AN ARM 'ROUND A GIRL?

"Cut Out the Dream Stuff," Said the Man in the Story—Is Love a Rival to the Performance of Duty? An Answer Echoed From the Fields of France

"BUT if he's going to get anywhere, he can't do it with his arm around a girl. * * * Love's young dream. He's got to cut the dream stuff if he's going to get anywhere."

"Love! Let me tell you. Love is a luxury. It is a rival. It is a competitor. It is all right when the time comes. But he has no business fooling with it now."

What do these words mean to you? The minute I read them in a story in one of the June magazines I wanted to stop and think. The story is about a young man they are trying to teach to sing. But there is a girl. It is the singing teacher who goes to her and asks her to give him up until he makes good.

CAN a young man get anywhere with one arm around a girl? Think of all the young men you know who are trying to do it. I am thinking of one in particular. He was bright and full of ambition. If the management wanted some one to work nights on a particularly important job they knew where to come. If there was work for a keen brain they knew where to take it—until he met her. Even then no one knew what was the matter.

I, however, had it from his own lips. "Everything is a side issue now but her," he confided one night when he was low in spirits. "My job used to be the main part of life. The other things were just like fringe around the edge. Now it's just the opposite—my job is the fringe around the edge. It's awful."

And it was awful until he asked her to marry him. Then he became a rational being again.

Can a man get anywhere with his arm around a girl? Yes, if he's sure of her. If he's not, no; he's not even marking time. He's going backward!

THERE'S nothing like the uncertainty of love to unhinge a man from all the things he ever did well before falling in love. There's nothing like the certainty of love to spur him on to do better all the things he ever did before. Many successful business men attribute a great measure of this success to their wives in their youth. Some are apt to laugh at these statements. Personally, I respect them. I believe in young people—two of them together, man and woman. I can see them standing on the brow of a hill, the world at their feet. They are going to conquer it together. Sometimes they do. Sometimes the years roll by and they have only built a big, strong house and peopled it with little children. There are ways and ways of making the vision on the hill come true.

AND so I believe a man can get somewhere with his arm around the right woman. At this moment hundreds of thousands of our own men are fighting for humanity under the skies of France. I believe it is the thought of this right woman that has the power to turn the hell of war into a high and holy cause.

Cut out the dream stuff? Ah, Mr. Singing Teacher, I am afraid you never lay under the stars of France and sent a thought 3000 miles away. How could you then know what it was to rise on your elbow and resolve to go on and on and ON?

Love a rival? Love a competitor of duty? Ah, Mr. Singing Teacher, it is not your fault. Men have died on Flanders field. France is dotted with the wives of them. You do not know!

Hunting a Husband

By MARY DOUGLAS

(Copyright)

CHAPTER LXXXII

"The Story of Her Life"

"CAN'T I do something for you?" I knocked timidly at Mrs. Ashby's door.

"Come in," she called. She was stretched out on her couch. "I'm too tired to lift a finger, Sara Lane," she said.

Well I knew why. Now that last night's affair was over, the tension was let down. Jenkins had driven Judge Ashby back to his hotel—far the worse for what he had drunk. And Mrs. Ashby felt "all in," as she said.

I wanted to help her. To let her know I felt for her. But I could say nothing to her directly. So I offered my services.

"You can do something for me. You can write some letters for me. Would you?"

"Gladly," I said.

I picked up some sheets of paper from the desk. And a pencil. She dictated slowly at first. Then she said, "How can you do it so fast? Read it to me."

I did.

"That's perfect," she said. "How——"

I held up my paper. "Shorthand!" she cried. "Where did you learn it? How wonderful!"

In a few short sentences I told her I had been a secretary less than six months ago. I was taking a year off.

"How clever you are, Sara Lane. Think of earning your own living!"

I did not tell her I thought her far cleverer. She knew how to win men. Then I thought of the man she had won. * * * I copied her letters—carefully. I went to the door.

"Sara, Sara Lane, I want to talk to you. You saw it all, last night. You felt badly, I know that. You must like me, yes? Perhaps now you understand more. How can I be other than I am—with that man for a husband!

"Divorce? It is impossible. He is too clever for me. He is a big lawyer. He can outwit me every time. He wants things as they are. He is satisfied, and as for me——

"You wonder why I married him, perhaps? I was in love. I was eighteen. He was thirty-two. He was big and strong. I had a head full of dreams. I loved his masterful way—you saw it last night." She shivered. "That is what it became after our marriage. I had a baby, a boy. He died when he was four.

"Other women see me. They envy me—are jealous. I am the fascinating Mrs. Ashby. Married—irreproachable, as far as that goes. I have money—plenty—and time, and freedom. And I am young. So women are jealous of me. They hate me. And men, they are infatuated. You know, now, why I flirt hard—then laugh. It is a small thing. It takes my time. Amuses me.

"For what have I? There, Sara Lane, you have the 'story of my life!' You are the first woman I have ever talked to, so."

"I understand," I said softly. "I see, now."

Tomorrow—The Little Drama.

Alice Kent and the Day's Work

The Story of a Business Girl Who Would Not Fail

By MARTHA KEELER

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XXVII

I ROSE and looked at Mrs. Modry with eager interest. To find her so much younger than dear Mrs. Carruth was a distinct surprise and I was disappointed too, in her personality. A small, dark woman with a thin, fretful face, she frowned at me in the sunlight and her manner showed extreme nervousness. But the disappointment represented by all this was nothing in comparison with the shock of her first words: "There is no place for you here."

"Why," I burst out, so taken back that I felt there must be some mistake. "Mrs. Carruth told me * * *"

"It was three weeks ago that I talked with her. A great deal has happened since."

Recognizing that Mrs. Modry was annoyed by my impetuosity, this time I held my peace. Presently she proceeded to explain: "While we were away I had a nervous breakdown and my husband insisted after I left the hospital that the only thing to do was to engage a nurse for the children. So we got one here in Boston who knows more about babies than I do, and I've had four." Here she glanced at me as much as if to ask: "What have you to say to that?"

Still clinging to the Mrs. Modry whom I had pictured in my dream on the porch while I was waiting for the real woman to appear; and still under the spell of the baby's loveliness, I exclaimed, trying to dispel the barrier between us, "Oh, why didn't I know about you a month ago when you needed somebody?"

"A young girl like you wouldn't have suited me anyway," was the prompt reply. "You don't look strong."

"But I am," said I, forgetting for the moment that at the farm I fainted, though for the first time in my life. "Wiry, you know."

"Well," Mrs. Modry declared in a superior tone, straightening the doormat, which was not designed for me, as it bore the word 'Welcome,' "that doesn't make up for years and experience."

"Of course I didn't mean," I explained contritely, "to compare myself with a trained nurse. But I am strong and I love children. Please tell me, do you know anybody who," here I swallowed hard, remembering how much I owed my landlady, "who would hire me to help with the babies and housework?"

"No. You don't claim to be an experienced servant, I suppose?" Without waiting for me to answer, she called out to somebody in the background, "Bertha, what time is it?" and discovering it was later than she thought gasped and turned to me with an expression of long-suffering.

Trying to be brief and honest too about my qualifications for domestic work, the possibility of which became more alluring as I realized that the Modry children were out of my reach, I said apologetically, "I'm not a pastry cook."

"What's that?" Mrs. Modry pounced on the idea, like one who scents a joke. "Whatever do you mean?"

"Why, you asked about my training," I replied.

"Oh yes, what about it?"

"I'm not very good at pies and cake. But my great-aunt brought me up to do plain cooking and keep house. And she," I ventured as an afterthought, "she—was—pretty hard to please."

"Well, you're too small anyway." Thus my second hope was slain. "If you were larger and stronger I might take you in a pinch. Under the circumstances I couldn't think of it. The work here is too heavy. How old are you, anyway?"

"I'll be sixteen the last of January."

"That's a long ways off," said Mrs. Modry, turning with a gesture of finality to go into the house.

To the Subway

I used to ride you every night
At five or maybe six;
And every night I used to say
I'd rather ride the Styx.

I was shoved and pushed and stepped on,
I was elbowed, jostled and jammed;
It used to take a chunk off me
Each time that side door slammed.

But though I used to curse you,
I'd pay a million fare
To hear the guard yell out tonight,
"Forty-second street—Times Square!"

—Q. S. M., in the Stars and Stripes, official daily of the American Expeditionary Forces.

Tested Summertime Recipes

Ginger Ale Punch

The ingredients are two pints of ginger ale, one pint of grape juice, one cupful of boiling water, the juice of three lemons, cut pineapple, one-half cupful mint leaves, cherries, one and a quarter cupfuls of sugar and grated rind of a lemon.

The boiling water is poured over the mint leaves, sugar and grated rind of lemon. Let this stand until cool. Pour the ginger ale, grape juice and strained lemon juice into a punch bowl with ice. Add the mint mixture, cut pineapple and cherries and it is ready to serve.

Pineapple-Strawberry Freeze

The ingredients are one cupful each of pineapple, strawberry, cherry and orange juice, pineapples, oranges, cherries and strawberries and two tablespoonfuls of gelatin.

Mix the different juices, heat and sweeten to taste. Dissolve the gelatin in two tablespoonfuls of cold water and add to the juice. Line a mold with stoned cherries and whole strawberries. Then pour in a little of the gelatin. Next add a layer of pineapple and orange and then pour in more gelatin. Finally put in a layer of strawberries and cherries. Put on ice until well chilled. Turn out and serve with whipped cream or honey dressing.

IT TAKES TEAMWORK TO WIN A WAR!

The sight of mother and little daughter together justifies a vision of pantry shelves groaning under well-filled jars.

CAN SUMMER'S PLENTY FOR WINTER'S MEALS

Luscious Berries, Peaches and Cherries Afford Desirable Desserts for Cold Days When Eggs and Butter Are Soaring in Price

SOME may think that home canning is hot work. But how would they describe work in the trenches? It is thoughts like these that make a woman determine to put away summer's plenty at all costs. For it is the plenty of summer that is the best insurance against the scarcity of winter.

Take desserts, for instance. In winter eggs and butter are high.

Those luscious berries, peaches, cherries, figs and other fruits, so abundant this summer, can be made to supply many desirable desserts for winter, and with little trouble.

Virtually all fruits can be canned at home in ordinary canners or in a large vessel with tightly fitting cover. In fact, fruits are easier to can than most vegetables. They are prepared more quickly and need to be boiled in the jars only once and generally for a shorter time than is necessary to can other products.

Canned fruits preserve most of the delicate flavors and succulence of fresh fruits and are the nearest substitute for fruits fresh from bush or tree. They are very valuable in the winter diet. They supply acids and mineral substances very useful in keeping the body in condition.

Do not cook or handle fruits in galvanized vessels. The fruit acid attacks the zinc coating and makes the product dangerous to health and spoils its color and flavor.

Fruits Can Be Canned Without Sugar

Don't let cost or difficulty of obtaining sugar deter you from canning quantities of fruit this year. Fruit can be canned without sugar. Instead of using syrup, simply fill the cans with clean hot water and process in a water bath. The fruit must not spoil, but, of course, will not have the fine color and flavor which it would have if packed in syrup. The use of even a thin syrup in canning fruits will give a more attractive finished product than can possibly be obtained by canning in water. If sugar is not available, it will be well to consider drying the fruits instead of canning, since a good dried product is far better than a poor canned one. The importance of canning in less water should be stressed this year because of the high cost of containers. Fruits canned without sugar or with the addition of a very small amount of sugar may be used for pie fillings, desserts and in other ways.

Fruits for home use can be canned with corn syrup or refiners' syrup in place of part of the sugar ordinarily used. Syrups with a distinctive flavor add sweetness, but also, of course, change the flavor of the canned fruit. A little experimenting in handling fruits should enable a housewife to develop various combinations of fruits and syrups which are pleasing to her own family.

Caution: Fruits canned with plain water or with other than sugar syrup should not be sold until the jars have been labeled to comply with local and Federal requirements as to description of contents.

Boil empty jars and lids for at least fifteen minutes before you fill them with the fruit. Rubber rings just before being put on the jars should be cleaned by dipping for a minute into a quart of boiling water in which a teaspoonful of cooking soda has been dissolved. Take the jars out of the water bath, drain quickly and fill, while still hot, with the fruit prepared as described below. Fill the jar with hot syrup or hot water. Put on the lid, but do not seal absolutely tight, so as to allow for expansion inside the jar.

Put the partially sealed jars, while still hot, into a hot water canner provided with a false bottom of slats or wire mesh. Do not put cold jars into hot water—or boiling water into cold jars—they'll crack. Boil (process) the filled jars for the time specified in the recipes, counting from when the water in the canner begins to boil again. Remove jars; seal airtight; when cold test for leaks and store in a dark, cool, dry place.

Individual recipes for canning fruit will be sent free upon request by the Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.

This is the third of a series of three canning articles printed in the Evening Public Ledger. They have been prepared by an expert in the United States Department of Agriculture.

Velvet Crowns for Summer Bonnets

A Daily Fashion Talk by Florence Rose

A velvet and straw combination is already seen in the summer millinery. The hat in the right follows this style. The brim is of white pineapple straw and the crown is of black velvet with a tassel of black silk attached to the center. The upper hat is of white georgette; a tiny cording of blue georgette edges the crown and forms a small bow, which holds the quill of blue ostrich in place. The other hat has a crown of tan hemp and a brim of brown pineapple straw; brown ribbon velvet encircles the crown and ties in a smart bow

THERE was a time, and it was not so long ago, when if the hat box contained a hat for the morning, another more dressy for the afternoon, and mayhap another still more elaborate for special occasions it was considered to be well-stocked. But all this is of the past.

Well-dressed women now realize that the hat is not an after-thought, that it must be selected with more attention than the frock, and there must be a connecting link. No longer is the hat at cross purposes with the dress. It may not match the frock; even fashion does not demand this, for very often a contrast is more artistic. But one can trace a connection, in thought and selection, between the hat and the dress.

Strange as it may seem, just as the warm days are beginning to come, when the lightest of hats would give women real comfort, the milliners are introducing velvet combined with straw. Just think, these warm June days having to put on a hat with a velvet crown! Yet, this is what they are offering, as well as felt combined with straw.

The hat at the right is an illustration of what the velvet and straw combination is like. In this instance, the brim is of white pineapple straw and the crown is of black velvet. A tassel of black silk is attached to a cord at the center of the crown.

The upper sketch is of a hat made of white georgette, with a brim edging of blue georgette; a cording of the blue georgette outlines the crown and forms a small bow which holds the quill of the blue striped ostrich, which dangles over the right side of the hat.

The hat at the left has a crown of tan hemp and a brim of brown pineapple straw; a brown velvet ribbon encircles the crown and ties in a bow at the right side

(Copyright, 1918, by Florence Rose.)

Ask Florence Rose

If you want to know where the costume sketched in today's dress talk can be secured. Write to Miss Rose if you want her own personal advice on materials, colors and styles suitable for you. PATTERNS CANNOT BE SUPPLIED. Address Miss Rose, in care of the EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER's woman's page. Send self-addressed stamped envelope for reply, as all inquiries are answered by mail.

To Appreciative Reader

Will "Appreciative Reader" who inclosed a sample of white please send her name, address and a three-cent stamp? I will be glad to answer her inquiry personally; it has been decided that all inquiries be answered in that way.

ADVENTURES WITH A PURSE

LUNCHEON SETS COOL FOR SUMMER

One in Blue and White for Less Than $2—Candlesticks and a Porch Table

Time was when mantel pieces were mentioned one immediately thought of all sorts of knick-knacks and odds and ends. No mantel was complete without the china dog and the calico cat. But nowadays a jolly clock in the center, with candlesticks or perhaps a vase at either end form the only approved mantel ornament. If you have in mind purchasing mahogany candlesticks to match your clock, I should like to have you see the pair I found, which, to my way of thinking, are pleasingly different from the regular candlesticks. They are rather short and thick, and yet in spite of their stolid appearance, there is grace in every line. They can be had for fifty cents each. And they would make a very acceptable gift, too.

Are you the fortunate possessor of a summer cottage? If so, the luncheon set I saw today should interest you. I associated it immediately with the cool, bare dining room of a cottage at the shore or country. Somehow this set just looks summery. It is white with a blue design, is edged effectively with torchon lace and consists of the regulation thirteen pieces. The price is only $1.75.

My, isn't it convenient to have a little table or tabourette handy on the porch on which to lay magazines or books or sewing? I saw one today, a tabourette of lovely French willow, natural color and shaped for all the world like an hour glass. It is just large enough to hold the little odds and ends that will accumulate on a porch and is small enough not to take up too much room. The price is only $4.50.

"Put your hair back from your eyes, dear." How often have I heard a mother say that when Miss Betty has run up to her, flushed and dishevled from playing. I saw a barrette today which will hold back firmly those rebellious curls when she is playing, and will prevent her hair from becoming tangled. It is just a plain straight barrette, gold-plated, and can be had for ten cents.

For the names of shops where articles mentioned in "Adventures With a Purse" can be purchased, address Editor of Woman's Page, EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER, or phone the Woman's Department, Walnut 3000.

WOMEN'S PAY STILL LOW

Not Replacing Men as Rapidly as Was Expected

Washington, June 5.—Although 44,471 have been placed by the woman's division of the Federal employment service, women are not replacing men in industries as rapidly as expected, the Department of Labor has announced. Wages offered women are less than those paid men and are not sufficiently high to attract women except in favorable localities, a summary of reports shows.

More than 5,000,000 children are entered in the nation-wide weighing and measuring test, according to figures made public by the department. Directions for saving the lives of children have been sent to thousands of local workers, the recommendations being based on six years of study of the causes of infant deaths.

TEACHER LOSES SUIT

Court Upholds Her Dismissal by Board of Education

Trenton, June 5.—Dismissal by the local Board of Education of Miss Ala Media Everitt from her position as a teacher in the South Amboy School was affirmed by the Supreme Court. She was charged with neglect of duty and insubordination.

While on a vacation in 1915 Miss Everitt returned by time way of the Panama Canal and in doing so was delayed to such an extent that, it was contended, school suffered by reason of her absence. The teacher asserted she notified the local board that she would be unable to report on time.

Loneliness

The sea lies throbbing on the shore,
The sea gulls cry against the west.
Those who think least are happiest.

The sea weeds blindly twist and turn,
The long waves shudder on the reef.
Power for joy is power for grief.

A mist comes groping from afar,
It cannot press the sea to rest.
Those who think least are happiest.

—E. J. Coatsworth, in Contemporary Verse.

ALBRIGHT COMMENCEMENT

College Degrees Are Conferred on Thirty Graduates

Myerstown, Pa., June 5.—Prof. Leon Cushing Prince, of Dickinson College, delivered the commencement day oration at Albright College. Dr. L. C. Hunt, president, conferred degrees on the following:

Bachelor of arts—Charles Earl Baumelster, Elsie May Berger, Harry Mervyn Buck, Carl Halbert Burg, Harold Heilman Church, Edwin Franklin Crumbling, Minerva Pearl Hartzler, Sara Virginia Hartzler, Charles Victor Hassler, Judson Franklin Kast, Jennie Margaret Kline, Grant Cochran Knight, Guy Raymond Mergenthaler, Leah Ruth Miller, Newton Stanford Miller, Martha Ruth Morris, Jonas Harper Schreffler, Ralph Feger Stauffer, Blanche May Strickler, Ethel Mae Thompson and Ruth Margaret Wunderlinch.

Bachelor of science—Ivan Keller Kline, Christiana Amelia Kohl, Eugene Augustus Long and Glenn Kelchner Morris.

Graduates in pianoforte—Miriam Gensemer Bowman, Amy May Stroup and Anna May Himmelberger.

Graduates in voice culture and singing—Mannie Irene Albert and Leah Elena Hangen.

TALKS ON SCHOOLS

Columbia University Professor Speaks to Association at Oak Lane

Dr. Julius Sachs, member of the faculty of Columbia University, was the speaker last night at the school year's final meeting of the Parent-Teacher Association of the Oak Lane Country Day School. About seventy-five members heard the address on "the school in relation to its constituency," which was followed by informal discussion.

Doctor Sachs dwelt upon the necessity of co-operation between parents and school authorities as essential to the proper conduct of a modern school. Poets may be born, he said, but teachers are made, and unless they are trained experts they are not teachers.

Home study, as it used to be applied, was termed by Doctor Sachs as "cruelty superfine," and as a general rule he though there should be no lessons assigned for home study before the pupil is eleven years old, with great care and discretion exercised even after the pupil has reached that age. It was voted by the association that the trustees be requested to print Doctor Sach's address for distribution.

Army Calls Gloucester Physician

Dr. J. A. Beek, health inspector of Gloucester City and city physician, today received notice from the commissioner general of the Southeast Atlantic division of the United States Army to report for service at Charleston, S. C., within the next ten days. All the physicians of Gloucester recently tendered their services to the Government and Dr. Beek is the second to be called to service.

THE WOMAN'S EXCHANGE

TODAY'S INQUIRIES

1. What is the newest way to line the white fox neckpiece?
2. How can ugly clusters of electric lights on the porch or indoors be covered with a little silk shade that is very easy to make?
3. Is it necessary to shake hands when introduced to a person?
4. What is the food value of popcorn?
5. Why should every housewife keep a carbon sheet in the order book near her telephone?
6. Give a recipe for making a cottage cheese salad with cream and a little jelly.

Letters and questions submitted to this department must be written on one side of the paper only and signed with the name of the writer. Special queries like those given below are invited. It is understood that the editor does not necessarily indorse the sentiment expressed. All communications for this department should be addressed as follows: THE WOMAN'S EXCHANGE, Evening Public Ledger, Philadelphia, Pa.

From a Civil War Nurse

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Having read of so many being helped through your page, I write to see if there is some one who can help a shut-in. I am a Grand Army woman, also a Rebekah. I was a volunteer nurse during the war of 1861-65, but now for two years I have not been able to get out or to walk, and it is very lonesome and hard to have to sit indoors these hot days. What I want to know is there some kind-hearted person who has a rolling chair that they will sell or rent cheap? Then I would be able to get out and see the parks and what is doing outside in the world. I am seventy-six years old and it is very tiresome sitting here day in and day out.

Hoping that you know of some one or that some kind-hearted person will read this letter and help one of the past. May God bless you and your work and keep it up.

A STEADY READER OF YOUR PAGE.

There is a shut-in society that rents invalid chairs very cheap, but I feel almost sure some one of our many readers will want to step forward and give this Grand Army woman the chair that is probably standing around in some home doing nothing. In reading a letter such as this somehow one looks ahead and knows that age comes to us all. In 1861 our reader was doing her bit as we are trying to do ours now. Even more, she was nursing. Now is the time she should be out in the parks seeing the grass and being cool. Who is going to ask for the address of this soul who has served and who should now be served?

To Clean Taupe and White Fur

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Will you kindly publish a mild way to clean a taupe pointed fox scarf with little white fur around the neck which is very much soiled? K. S.

Hot cornmeal or cornstarch makes the best home cleaner for white fur and will have the same effect on taupe. First brush the fur well and comb against the grain and with it. Before applying the cornmeal you might go over the very dirty part with a cloth dipped in a little benzine. Of course, you must not rub hard, as friction as well as fire causes benzine, etc., to explode. Hang up in the air until thoroughly dried, then sift in the hot cornmeal. Rub it well through the fur and then, leaving it in, put the fur away for a few days. When you think it has dried well, hang out to air and beat with a fresh, presentable appearance.

Building and Loan Associations

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam — I am a steady reader of your column and after reading about how much you have helped others I want to take the privilege of asking the following questions:

What does the building and loan association mean?

This is what was related to me: If I was to buy a home worth $3000 and pay $1000 cash the remainder would be $2000. Now, by paying the building and loan $10 a month the property would be mine inside of ten years. Figuring this way I would be paying $2440 for a home worth $3000. Can this be possible? They say if I give the building and loan $5 a month for the period of ten years at the end it would give me $1000. Is this so? J. T.

Building and loan associations are private corporations designed with the idea of furnishing a safe means for saving money and of presenting the opportunity to get money at reasonable rates of interest to buy homes. These associations have served to promote saving and to enable persons of very moderate means to own their own homes.

You are a little mixed about the buying of the house. It is true the building and loan association will assume $2000 mortgage on the home you pay $1000 down on, provided you take out an amount of shares whose matured value is $2000. But you have not included interest on this money. The building and loan system of loaning is on the share basis. You pay $1 a month into the association for one share whose matured or paid-up value is $200. Thus you see $10 a month does just give you the necessary number of shares for a $2000 mortgage. But there is your interest. In addition to the $10 a month on your shares you must pay $10 a month interest to the association for the assuming of that $2000 mortgage. This is at the rate of 6 per cent. This makes $20 a month you are paying instead of $10.

The average time it takes for a building and loan share to mature is from ten and one-half to twelve or possibly thirteen years. Let us say your particular shares mature at eleven years. Then your little home all paid up would in the end cost you $3640, counting the $1000 you paid down. The matured value of the ten shares on which you will have paid only $1320 at that time will be $2000, and the difference in these two sums virtually goes in to the buying of your home.

If you give the building and loan association $5 a month that means you have five shares, the paid-up value of each of which is $200. As I have said, it takes these shares from ten and one-half to twelve years or possibly thirteen at the most to mature, according to the net earnings of the company. You will receive $1000 at the end of one of these periods, the compound interest on your shares makes this possible.

YESTERDAY'S ANSWERS

1. The bride's bouquet carried at a formal wedding is, as a rule, a shower one tied with ribbon. The bouquet for the informal wedding is a corsage bouquet.
2. Women between the ages of thirty and fifty are eligible for cafeteria management in the Y. W. C. A.
3. In introductions it is correct to present the man to the woman. One should say, "Miss Smith, let me present Mr. Brown."
4. The little tongs that come in candy boxes make excellent hullers for strawberries.
5. A crushed ice rolling pin for pastry and cookies can be had by simply filling a bottle with crushed ice and corking the bottle tightly.
6. An alarm clock can be of use in cold pack canning, since sterilizing the jars on exact time is very important. Set the alarm for the time the sterilizing should be completed.

Give Him Another Chance

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—I am seventeen years old and was engaged to a boy of twenty-two. He was drafted and has been in camp for several months. For two months I have not heard from him. What would you advise me to do? Shall I write to him? When he did not answer my last letter I stopped writing to wait for his letter and one never came. JEAN.

I think, my dear little girl, I would write again. It was foolish to stop writing because he missed answering one letter. There is so much mail traffic these days it is easy for a letter to be lost. And it is not well to let these misunderstandings come into your lives if they can be helped. Write a bright letter and say you suppose something must have happened to the letters so far, but you are going to try again. Then if you do not hear it might be well to find out if he is on the sick list or perhaps he may have sailed. A good many men are going "over there" now, and they cannot send word before they leave, you know.

Give him another chance, and if you do not hear get your brother or father or mother to make inquiries about him for you.

A Busy Knitter

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—I wish to thank you for your kindness in sending me the directions for knitting the men's socks.

I note what you say about the nonapproval of their use by the American Red Cross, and in this connection I desire to say that all the knitting I do I give direct to the boys. I have two brothers and two cousins in the regular army and navy, all of whom are in active service, so you can imagine that I am kept pretty busy supplying them. B. H.

You are welcome!

A Matter of Courtesy

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—I would like to know if it is proper for an American to stand up when the French national anthem is played? EIGHTEEN.

It is a matter of courtesy. There is no rule for so doing, of course, but so great is the good feeling between America and France it has become an almost involuntary act at public affairs of late. And it is common in these days to see whole audiences rise for the playing of the national airs of France and England, too.

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