A PAGE OF VARIED INTERESTS FOR WOMEN—GIRLS' PROBLEMS—A PEEK IN THE SHOPS

A PLAIN TALK FOR GIRLS WHO WANT TO BE WRITERS

A Great Many of Them Begin at the Wrong End and Rush in Where Experienced Journalists Fear to Tread—An Answer to a Veritable "Postage Stamp"

SOMEHOW my heart always gives a little extra leap when the letter which falls out of the envelope asks "how to be a writer." Most of us are not too far advanced in the world's fame to remember our own first undirected attempts with the pencil. And there will always be a bond between those who have ever wanted to write.

A day or so ago this little letter came with requests for addresses of syndicates to which stories might be sent:

I, too, aspire to write. The one great drawback is how and where to begin. Who knows but that you may be my fairy godmother, and with a magic wand a la syndicate addresses, open the doors of the journalistic realm to me? From my earliest days writing has been my one great aim, and I am sure it is the one thing I can and will do notwithstanding the disappointments and heartaches in the guise of pink rejection slips and how-wonderfully-you-write-but-we-can't accept-your-work letters.

I once heard that a postage stamp was an excellent example of a fixed purpose, and when it comes to sticking to my ambition I am a veritable postage stamp. Will you please lend your help in the "sticking"?

AMBITIOUS.

I WOULD like to be your fairy godmother, Ambitious, because I would have such good material to work with. I don't know what kind of stories you write, but I know you are the stuff that fame is made of—you are determined to stick.

Success, not only in writing, but in everything in the world, little Postage Stamp, goes to the man or woman who can swallow the bitterest disappointment again and again and then come up with clinched fists determined to get at it and succeed. Success goes not to the brilliant, but to the one who sticks longest.

I CAN tell best how to begin, little Postage Stamp, by relating to you the experiences of a girl who was probably the same age you are now when she came out of school. Like you, she wanted to write. The teachers read her themes out loud in school, and sometimes at night when she looked at the stars there were thoughts inside that hurt because they could not be expressed. Like all girls, she began to write stories.

And the pink rejection slips came. But instead of sticking she became discouraged and turned to something else. Then one bright day, when she had entirely given up the idea of ever writing again, a girl called up and asked her if she would like to take a very small job on a newspaper. At the old urge to write came back and nothing in the world mattered but to get downtown very quickly before some one else got the job.

THAT was three years ago. The girl is in a large western city now holding down a very good newspaper position and doing as much writing as she has time for on the outside. Recently I had a letter from her which tells just how she feels.

"Looking back now," my little friend wrote, "on all the polite rejection slips from editors, I can see just what was the matter with the things I wrote. I tried to write stories when I knew very little of real life. I had love scenes when I knew nothing about them. I staged a story on board a steamer when I had never been within one thousand miles of one.

"Now I know I began at the wrong end. Stories are the hardest things to write. I rushed boldly in and thought them the easiest. What I should have done was to go out and get a position on a newspaper or have submitted little articles on needlework or something I knew something about, rather than spend time and tears over stories that I made up in my brain. I know now that one little article with two hundred and fifty words of useful information about a new kind of a sweater, written in plain, practical language, will put a beginner further on her way than any number of fanciful pieces of fiction. It is not as interesting to write, but nevertheless it brings a little check, and a little check is more inspiring than any thrills an amateur writer ever got from a story that never sold."

WHAT the young woman writer says is quite true. Those who are bound to become successful writers must begin at the very beginning. It is not always easy for a girl to get a position on a newspaper, but if she sets her mind on it and keeps hunting for it she will eventually land one. In the meantime she can write little articles similar to the ones spoken of above.

Gradually she will accustom herself to writing facts. Let her write up an unusual church fair, get a picture of it and try to sell it to one of the women's magazines that print this type of articles. The story of a successful party sells well too.

Steps like these, Little Postage Stamp, are the beginning ones for the woman who wants to make writing her life work. I am going to send you the syndicate addresses, for I feel you will be able to use them soon if you are a real sticker. Follow just a little bit of the advice I have given you.

Mary's Pity

In an old country,
Far and far away,
A woman went a-weeping,
On a fresh spring day.

A woman went a-weeping,
For she heard birds singing,
And under the hill
There was new grass springing.

"He loved the new grass,
And all the birds," she said;
"He loved the sparrows,
And threw them bread.
How can I live
And my own lad dead?"

To know that he waited
In God's own town
Was little comfort to her.
Slowly down

The road to the village
With her sobs to smother,
All on a spring day
Went Mary, His mother.

Now o'er a dark world
War holds sway,
And there is sound of sobbing
This fresh spring day.

To all weeping mothers
She bends low,
Stretches out her hands to them
And says, "I know."

—Mary Carolyn Davis, in Good Housekeeping.

New Bulletin on Canning

"Home Canning of Fruits and Vegetables," a bulletin by Miss Mary E. Creswelf and Miss Ola Powell, assistants in home demonstration work, office of the extension work in the South, States Relation Service, can be obtained by writing to the United States Department of Agriculture for Farmers' Bulletin No. 853.

According to the Department of Agriculture, every housewife should be given the opportunity to know the conserving methods which have been tested and proved in many years of Government experiments, consequently the department is issuing bulletins which will tell in a simple, understandable manner the food-conserving methods recommended by its home economics experts.

Belgian Women Driven Hard

Women are compelled to labor on railroad tracks of the stations at Charleroi and Couillet (Hainaut), according to Information Belges.

Adventures With a Purse

FOUND TODAY

1. A Japanese tea set.
2. A lovely Red Cross dolly.
3. Some trick overnight bags.
4. Dainty collar and cuff pins.

THE slenderest purse may have an eye for beauty, and sometimes, gazing wistfully at a picture here or a colorful vase there, the owner may be overpowered with such a wave of extravagance that in the twinkle of an eye she darts into the allluring shop, purchases the picture or vase and scampers away, quite scared at her extravagance. Do not see the tea set I discovered today until you are ready to throw prudence to the winds, for you will find my set irresistible. Of glowing turquoise blue it is, teapot, sugar bowl, squat little cream pitcher and a bevy of six cups and saucers, in heavy Japanese wear. Oh, but you will want it, and when you know the price I'll wager you will do without something else to have it, for complete it is only $8.

Do you remember when we had our big Red Cross drive last summer how the children dressed as nurses and collected contributions? Our small folks are stanch little patriots, bless 'em! I was reminded of their last year's work by a nodding collection of dolls today dressed as Red Cross nurses. A host of whimsical little dollies in Red Cross array beckoned the passerby. Can you picture Miss Betty's delight at having a Red Cross nurse doll for her very own? They may be had for $1.

A capacious handbag, which might almost be considered a trick bag, for it would hold knitting or it would safely carry one's nightie, while again it would embrace the many perplexing little packages of a morning's shopping, is of dark blue silk. Blue-green silk is its colorful lining and the top of green gold harmonizes to a nicety with the changeable silk interior. A most convenient bag this, and a lovely one. Its price is $6.

"What dainty little collar and cuff p'ns," I exclaimed to my very best friend. "Look at them closely," she replied. I examined the lovely little pins of gold, apparently, with a delicately chased design, and thought how much I would like a set of three for my white organdie cuff set. "They have gold fronts," she explained, "are warranted, and they cost just ten cents." Need I say that I bought a set the selfsame day?

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.

PLAY DRIVE FOR CHILDREN

Woman's Committee Inaugurates Recreation Campaign

As part of its children's year work the woman's committee, Council of National Defense, is starting a recreation drive for the purpose of providing healthful, constructive amusement for children.

"War changes family life and social life," says a circular just issued. "More particularly it increases the chances that children will play to their own undoing. To the other risks of juvenile delinquency and physical deterioration war brings a new group of malevolent influences."

Because the circumstances of the present summer make watchfulness in vacation time especially important, the woman's committee and the children's bureau, co-operating with the Playground Association of America, will plan a special program for July and August. Chairmen of recreation will be appointed in communities, and, working through its State divisions, the woman's committee will aid in enlisting persons interested in vacation schools, athletics, drama leagues, community singing and folk dancing.

Soy-Bean Omelet

The use of eggs is recommended as one way of saving meat. The advantage of this recipe is that a larger and more nutritious omelet is made by the use of soy-bean flour and rice. This makes two eggs serve more people than when made into an omelet by themselves. The addition of these two substances keeps the omelet from "falling" and we should do everything we can to avoid waste of food through failures. Two eggs, two tablespoonfuls milk, three tablespoonfuls soy-bean mush, two tablespoonfuls cooked rice, quarter teaspoonful salt. These meat-saving dishes can be varied by serving with a tomato sauce.

BABY MAKES DEBUT

This is little Vilma Maclennan. She is the six-year-old daughter of Florence Easton Maslennan and Francis Maclennan. Four days ago Vilma made her debut. In the closing exercises of her school at Port Washington, L. I., she sang "Dolly Sleepy Head." And she was all dressed up in her best pink socks and little French dress, and would like to have another debut some time, please

Alice Kent and the Day's Work

The Story of a Business Girl Who Would Not Fail

By MARTHA KEELER

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XLIII

MRS. WARRINGTON, with an injured air (which she hastily embroidered with an attempted smile), admitted us, and I couldn't help noticing how different she was from Mrs. Manley. The latter's noble forehead and soft brown eyes were all the more attractive when contrasted with the wrinkled brow and washed-out prettiness of Mrs. Warrington. But, comparatively speaking, physical unlikeness was negligible, for in that interview I was not so much concerned with the personal appearance of these new acquaintances as with the way they looked at things. The two women, I should say, were of nearly the same age, but while Mrs. Manley took life as it came and, for herself and for everybody else within her sphere of influence, made the best of it, Mrs. Warrington was the type of individual who blames even her neuralgia on other folks. However, at the beginning of the talk neuralgia was neglected owing to Mrs. Warrington's desire to have Mrs. Manley understand that the reason why we had to wait so long on the front porch was because her maid of all work pretended not to hear the bell.

"The fact of the matter is," declared the lady of the house, "I'm at her mercy and she knows it. When my husband was alive and we first moved to Bellington she used to come in two days a week to clean and help with the washing and ironing. But now that he is gone and my circumstances are so reduced that I keep only one servant and can't get any one but her, she takes advantage. Answers the bell when she gets good and ready and not a second earlier, no matter what I say. I have talked and talked till I am tired, so now I wait as long as I can stand it and then go to the door myself. But it isn't the way I was brought up," here a lump in the throat threatened to cut the sentence short and Mrs. Warrington dabbed at her eyes with a black-bordered handkerchief, "and if things keep on this way I don't know what will become of me."

"But there is going to be a change," Mrs. Manley smilingly assured her. "You know I phoned you this afternoon about Alice Kent, and here she is." Mrs. Warrington now looked at me for the first time, and I must confess she heaved a sigh. But Mrs. Manley, oblivious of the danger signal, said: "At the store they christened her 'Sunshine.' Doesn't she look it?"

Mrs. Warrington shrugged her shoulders. But as something more was evidently expected by her questioner, she again turned her eyes on me; this time as if I had been commended to her notice by the auctioneer. "Well, she doesn't look strong, at any rate. I wanted somebody to take hold with the heavy work."

"Indeed," Mrs. Manley commented. "I understood you were looking for a young girl to assist in caring for the children before and after school."

"Why, yes," insisted the widow. "Some one to take the children off my hands."

"That means two more in the family," I heard Mrs. Manley saying in her calm, even tones. "Then you will be quite free."

"Oh, no," was the prompt reply. "I can't afford anything like that. I must make out some way with a girl to work for her board and go to school."

Mrs. Manley paused a moment before reminding her. "You know a growing girl can't work all the time. Besides, she will have to study."

"Certainly," agreed the other. "But a bright girl doesn't need much time for that."

"Well, the work is difficult," replied my champion, "especially the last year in high school."

"The last year in high school?" echoed Mrs. Warrington. "You don't mean to tell me that girl expects to graduate in June?" She turned to me as if expecting me to deny some unworthy charge.

"That's what my teacher said in Lethury," I remarked in a meek tone. "And she knows about the schools in Bellington."

For a time my fate trembled in the balance. Finally Mrs. Warrington vouchsafed: "I'll give you a trial, Alice, but I do wish you were older, larger and not so far along in school."

A Costume for the Worker

A Daily Fashion Talk by Florence Rose

ISN'T it a blessing to be busy? To very many the leading of the so-called "active life" is a very old story, for they have for years been engaged in either doing some sort of work for mankind or simply earning their daily bread. But to the largest percentage of women it is something new that has come into their lives and they are thereby finding a boon that business women have long enjoyed.

The interesting part of the situation is that women who have never worked before are not turning their attention to what one might call "lady-like" employment, but are going into factories and munition plants, thus releasing men for the army or the navy. In many instances the weekly wage is given to the support of dependents of the predecessor. It is real work these women have chosen and requires all the strength and endurance they can muster to be prepared for a hard day's work, which means early hours, simple living and every attention given to bodily and mental equipment. These women to be bodily supplied are turning to the corset as the first aid and a mainstay. The reliance of the corset is a lesson that the active business women are first to learn. These women, too, were the first to advocate simple dress, which has caught the country by storm and has resulted in the utter elimination of everything that is at all fussy.

Indicative of the simple mode, I am showing you a suit model today which I am sure you will agree is carefully carried out and is at the same time what might be termed a smart suit. These simple things are not always the cheapest in price and one is often quite amazed at the price tags that some of them carry. But if they are devoid of trimmings the materials must be the best. Suit crepe of the heavy quality is used to make this garment and the seam pipings are of black velvet. The collar, which is one of the scarf variety, is also of the black velvet. The belt is crossed at the front and buttoned on either side, a favorite mode of the suit belts this summer.

The hat is of white straw, with an underbrim facing of white crepe, the soft crown is of black velvet and the bow of white [illegible]

This little suit, which recommends itself to the woman who must dress practically, is of [illegible] crepe and the seam piping is of [illegible] velvet.

Hunting a Husband

By MARY DOUGLAS

(Copyright)

CHAPTER XCXIII

Questioning the Past

HOME again. I hated to leave Aunt Emily's. And that sleepy old air of South Minster, an atmosphere that seemed to say, "Nothing has happened and nothing will ever happen."

And yet so much has happened to just me. But I could not stay on with Aunt Emily. To be reminded at each sight of her reproachful face that I was letting slip my one chance of happiness. I am sure that Cousin Sam did not feel badly at my departure. Rather rid of a tiresome necessity—for that is what our marriage would have been.

So I am back to open the house. And to be ready for mother, who will return in a week.

I go about the little rooms, taking off coverings, unwrapping pictures, and I try to work. Try to forget myself and my problems.

I opened the hall closet. There lay a small object on the floor. I picked it up. I knew it at once. One of Jim Merle's gray gloves. How many months has it lain there forgotten? And how many things have happened since?

It can be put off no longer. I must face things. I have been hunting a husband. And have I succeeded? No, I can only say again, no.

There have been men who would marry me—a professor—a doctor—one man whom I cared for; and I looked at the squeezed fingers of that big gray glove. Men that would marry me. Men that I would not marry. So I have failed—failed utterly.

It was all a wild, queer thing to do. I went out in search of what for me is the unattainable. I choked back a little sob.

Why have I failed? Am I not as worthy as other girls? I thought again of Jeanne and Dorothy Frazier, with their shallow natures. Yes, I can answer frankly, I have tried to be.

Am I not as true, as loyal? There was Jack Wilson. I had not once overstepped bounds with him. Yet I had run away to save Harriet unhappiness. Had I not saved Professor Coe's pride at the cost of my humbled feelings?

Am I not as clever? I thought of my own little frocks that I had made. Of Harriet's dresses that I had helped her with. I remembered her gratitude.

Am I not as attractive, then? I saw again the exquisite Fee of the house-party; and Constance Dwight the beauty. Both of these I outstripped in attraction.

But perhaps I am not so lovable? Some men have found me so! Again I see the look in the sick man's eyes, when I carry back a pile of darned socks. And Bobby MacAllistair? And Dr. Bixby? And Bennie?

Oh, what is the use of questioning? I have failed—failed. Soon I must go back to the office. Day after day of routine—and so on—I cannot see ahead. But am I sorry that I took this year? Am I sorry that I went on this quest?

No, no, no! It has been worth it. I have failed. But I have experience that I can never forget. I have paid. But not too highly. I have seen a little of life. I have known; and I can understand.

The small clock on the mantel piece ticks away, "You-must-go-back-go-back-go-back."

Tomorrow—The Vain Search.

High-Powered Bread Has Value Equaling Beef

A slice of bread that has the same food value as a beefsteak sandwich is now a reality, according to specialists of the United States Department of Agriculture. The estimate of nutritive value is based on chemical analyses and experiments with soy-bean flour.

The "high-powered bread" that has the scientific resemblance to a beefsteak sandwich does not even use all of the "voltage" of the soy-bean flour. It is made from a mixture of 30 per cent soy-bean flour and 70 per cent wheat flour. It is extremely high in the protein element and is really a substitute for protein foods, such as meat and cheese.

To make the soy-bean flour available in large quantities the Department of Agriculture is encouraging the southern cottonseed millers to use their plants in manufacturing it, after the cottonseed pressing season. It is believed that there will be enough flour to supply any demand. In the meantime the department is issuing bulletins that tell how to use soy-bean flour in hot breads, biscuits, muffins, griddle cakes, yeast bread, mush, croquettes, meatloaves and omelets.

Rice

You need not tire of rice, for it can be served in so many different ways.

As a breakfast cereal—Served hot or cold with top milk or with fruit it is delicious.

As a starchy vegetable it can take the place of bread. Serve it hot, buttered or with gravy. It is especially good with chicken.

In soup-making—For thickening use the water in which rice cooked. Cooked rice is also an addition to soup.

In breads—Use it in quick breads or in Victory bread.

Instead of bread crumbs in scalloped dishes, for loaves or stuffing.

For desserts—You can make good and nutritious rice desserts. Let rice dishes find their way to your table often.

Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

Cynthia is a real woman who knows and understands girls. In this department she stands ready to help them with the intimate problems somehow easier to confide in a letter than in any other way. If you are worried or perplexed write to "Cynthia," in care of the woman's page, Evening Public Ledger.

Sunshine Cheers "Discouraged"

Dear Cynthia—Have just read the letter written by "Discouraged." I would like to say a word concerning "men in uniform." I have a brother in the army and an older one also who tried to enlist in almost every branch in the service. He was rejected, caught in the draft and is to have an operation to fit him for the army.

I am proud of my soldier brother, as all girls are, but I also realize that some men in civilian garb might be unfit for military duty. "Discouraged," you are the kind of chap who has common sense, and I think if you were in uniform you would be more honorable than some I've met.

I have always enjoyed the company of men and this last summer we had a camp near my home. My sister and a great friend of mine were both friendly with two soldiers from there. My chum was virtually engaged. When they moved we found both were married men. One a man with a bride of two months and the other with three children.

In January I met a young man from the western coast. He was in the navy and it is through him that I learned the hardest lesson of my life; suffering doubly because I am a girl who is well liked and have had good teaching and a fine home.

As for the girl "who had only men in uniform call upon her," she has very little breeding, or, having it, does not use it.

"Men in uniform"—our boys in blue and olive-drab. Believe me, I am sure some of the so-called slackers have more honor than some of them have.

Believe me, "Discouraged," my lesson is hard. My nature makes it all the harder for me to be happy, and I know that more girls than one are being "stung," but will not admit it.

Only last week I was trying to cheer a man who cannot enlist because of poor eyesight. At the office where he works they called him "slacker" and he is heartbroken, and he is supporting a crippled brother and his mother. Cheer up, "Discouraged," the girl you met was not worthy of a man—in uniform or otherwise. SUNSHINE.

You are well named, my dear, for I am sure such a letter will bring a decided ray of sunshine to "Discouraged's" heart. It's good to know there are some girls who have broad enough vision to see two sides to things. Thank you for the fine letter. And I so hope that your hurt will be healed with time.

Experience and suffering never injure us if we will let them teach us. Character develops under suffering and I am sure, my dear, you are a finer woman for having gone through the mill.

Love Will Come

Dear Cynthia—Having read your wonderful advice in the paper, I wish to ask you about my case.

I am a girl of twenty-one and am employed. I stand near a window all day and often see a young man who works across the way and as he does part of his work near a window he looks up once in a while and smiles at me, and that is about all. Now, kindly advise me what I can do to win his love. A READER.

My dear little girl, I don't think I would try to win this man's love if I were you. What do you know of him? He may not be at all suitable. You cannot tell what kind of a man he is nor what kind of character he has, and you might greatly regret having won the love you seek when it would be too late. I think you are perhaps a tiny bit in love with love, aren't you, dear? Well, dream your little dreams, but not about this one young person in particular. And some day love will come and you will be ready for it if you have kept from smiling at and trying to meet strange men and the other foolish things girls sometimes do.

Think of Something Else

Dear Cynthia—Please tell me what to do to get rid of a stupid jealousy, as I have no right to be jealous of a man who does not love me, and if he even would do so I could not encourage it, as there are too many things to separate us. Do you think I should go out of his way altogether? CARMEN.

As you say there are many reasons why it would not be possible for you and the young man of whom you speak to marry, it seems as if you would be wiser not to see much of him. You are probably more bothered with the thought that you are jealous than the actual jealousy itself.

Try not to think of the young man and occupy yourself with some outside interest, such as Red Cross work, which will take your mind off the subject.

Charlie Answers

Dear Cynthia—I feel very much flattered at all the attention I have been paid through the Cynthia column. It feels nice to have the girls flock around you once in a while, even if it is only in the newspaper. I thank "Brown Eyes," "A Newcomer" and "A Reader" for being so encouraging. I would like to meet this type of girl. It sounds foolish to say that most of the girls I have met are just the kind that would rather have money spent on them than on time or courtesy, but it's true. Very often I have met a girl who would seem to be the kind that was the right kind until something would happen and I would find out I was wrong. For instance, six months ago I met a girl who seemed just right. We went to the movies about twice a week and all went fine until she met a man in the office where she worked, who sent her boxes of flowers and let her ride in taxicabs. Then there were only excuses when I called up. Perhaps if I keep on hunting I can find the girl who is strong enough to withstand the temptation of going out with a man just because he can shower luxuries on her. It helped me to read letters from your three girl readers. I think your new column will do a great deal of good because it lets the girls and boys tell what they think of each other. Some of these things we would never be able to say face to face. CHARLIE.

Wants to Be Movie Actress

Dear Cynthia—I am an orphan and live with an aunt of mine, whom I dislike greatly. I want to become a movie actress and have some talent in that direction. I asked my aunt, but she said that she wouldn't let me. I would like to run away and become one anyway. Would you advise me to do so? If not, what should I do? I would thank you so much for some advice in the matter. A. H. H.

What makes you dislike your aunt? And you didn't tell me how old you are. No matter what your age, I think you would be very foolish to run away and become a movie actress; not that I don't think highly of these people, but because ten chances to one you would never get to be one, but would come sailing home a week later, maybe a day later, a very tired and humiliated little girl. It is not easy to become a movie actress. To be pretty is not enough. To have brains over and above this is not enough. To take a good picture and be a fine actress will not do alone, either. Beyond all this you must have that queer talent of "winning the public favor." Only one in many hundreds has this. Give up this idea and take up some normal ambition that you are apt to find success in without knowing what it is to be cold, hungry and perhaps most likely a failure. What other things do you lean toward? Write me another letter telling how old you are and why you dislike your aunt. Then I will be able to give you definite advice.

Tested Wartime Recipes

Stuffed Steak

One pound round steak, two cupfuls boiled rice, salt, two tablespoonfuls chopped parsley, one teaspoonful onion juice, paprika,

Blend the rice with the seasoning. Pound the steak until thin. Spread the steak with a layer of the rice stuffing about three-fourths of an inch thick. Roll and tie in shape or fasten with skewers. Put in a covered pan with enough water to keep from burning and cook in the oven for thirty minutes. Take off the cover and brown before removing from the oven. Thicken the stock left in the pan for gravy. Or, if preferred, make individual servings. Cut a three-inch square of steak, place a tablespoonful of dressing in the center, roll the steak around it and fasten. Place in a pan with a little water and cook as the roast was cooked. These are very good served with a tomato sauce.

Meat Substitute Loaf

One cupful cooked salted rice, one cupful crushed peanuts, one egg, one cupful cottage cheese, two tablespoonfuls chopped onion cooked until soft in one-half cup water, one tablespoonful fat, one-quarter teaspoon pepper, one teaspoonful salt.

Make into a loaf and bake. Serve hot with tomato sauce.

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THE WOMAN'S EXCHANGE

TODAY'S INQUIRIES

1. What is the official symbol of mourning for soldiers recommended by American women?
2. Who is Jane A. Delano?
3. What new use of organdie as a costume is being made?
4. What is corn oil?
5. How does it rank in value with other shortening compounds?
6. Name three of the peculiar advantages of corn oil.

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.

To Cut Price of Ice

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—You asked for methods of saving pennies with which to buy thrift stamps. I do not make a very large salary and have to watch every penny, so when I heard ice would be ten cents a piece this year instead of seven cents and five cents, as last year and the year before, I at once began to try to find some means of keeping this cost down.

I secured a corrugated pasteboard box about three inches larger all around than my nurse's refrigerator. I crumpled newspapers and put a layer three inches high on the bottom, set the refrigerator on this, packed the crumpled papers all around it and glued some to the pasteboard box lid on the inside.

Up to this time a ten-cent piece of ice has kept two days, so that the cost of ice is less to me this year so far than it was two years ago.

I have a rubber hose to drain off the water, and, of course, a hole through the paper and box to the faucet.

Trusting this will be of help to some one, I am, E. M. G.

This is surely a 100 per cent efficient way to save pennies to buy thrift stamps. I think we should be very grateful to you for telling of this splendid plan. I am sure a great many housewives who have been confronted with the increased cost of living will clip out your refrigerator scheme and put it into practice in their homes. Who else is going to be helpful and write and tell us their own particular way of saving pennies to buy thrift stamps?

The inquiry about the eggs in water glass, E. M. G., will be answered in tomorrow's exchange.

To Cook Rice Southern Style

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Will you please tell me the way rice is cooked by southerners? I never seem to have much success in cooking rice, and lately I have been trying to use a good bit to make the meat go a long way.

(Mrs.) M.

The rice made famous by southern cooks has each grain well swollen, but separated from the other grains. Here are directions, "southern style":

Have a quart of water boiling rapidly. Add a level teaspoonful of salt. Wash a cupful of rice carefully and add it a little at a time, slowly, so that the boiling does not stop. Boil for about twenty minutes, or until a grain taken between the finger and thumb is soft. Drain through a colander and pour a little hot water through the rice to separate the grains. Cover with a cloth and set in a warm place on the stove for about ten minutes to allow the grains to swell, or put it in the upper part of a double boiler over hot water. Cover and allow to steam. Cook rice in this way the water will be absorbed and evaporated, as [illegible] to thirsty people. One [illegible] cupful of rice [illegible] quart of water.

Doesn't Know His Age

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Would you kindly tell me through your paper where a young man without near relatives living can get information of his correct age? Was born in Philadelphia and has no proof of his exact age. Would appreciate it very much. C. D. R.

You would very likely be able to trace your exact age through the Bureau of Vital Statistics, City Hall. In 1860 a law was passed which provided that all birth certificates be filed in the city records, and while since this time this law has not always been strictly adhered to most of the births are recorded. You pay a small fee—fifty cents, I believe—and the officials will look up yours for you. Go to Room 517, City Hall.

Civil Service Examinations

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—I have read the advice you give to many persons through the Woman's Exchange. Will you kindly answer the following questions?

(1) Does a girl have to be a citizen to take a civil service examination or will the first papers do?

(2) Can you tell me some of the questions they give?

(3) Do I have to prepare for an examination?

(4) Where are the examinations given?

AN AMBITIOUS GIRL.

(1) In ordinary times both girls and men who take civil service examinations must be full-fledged citizens; that is, have received final papers. But in certain branches of Government service these regulations have been suspended for wartime. Stenographers, typists, index and catalogue clerks, inspectors and skilled workers in munitions are accepted for examination with only their first papers, and aliens, too, who belong to the countries with which we are allied are accepted.

(2) It depends on what type of examination you are going to take what questions would be given to you. You can get sample questions by writing or going to Room 402, Postoffice Building, Ninth and Market streets.

(3) You would have to study up the subjects on which you are to be examined unless you were so familiar with them that you would not need to study.

(4) The examinations are held in Room 402, Postoffice Building.

In the Nick of Time

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—I see in the EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER Woman's Exchange today that a young man wants a dog. We have a young dog that strayed to our house and took up with our little boy. He is very friendly and playful, but we cannot keep him. I was just about to send him to the dog pound when I saw this appeal. Please have the party call at our home. READER.

This letter was forwarded with all speed to the young man who has only one arm and who wanted a companion to help make the night pass quickly during his long vigil as night watchman on a [illegible] Thank you for telling us about the little straying dog.

SATURDAY'S ANSWERS

1. Mrs. Juliette Low is the founder and national president of the Girl Scouts of the United States. She lives in Savannah, Ga.
2. In shaking hands a man should extend his with palm up. A woman extends hers with palm down with the exception of a hostess.
3. Mrs. Gertrude Bonnin is the most noted woman of the Indian race. Her Indian name is Zitkalasa, which means Red Bird. Equipped with a college degree and as secretary of the American Indian Association she is now in Washington helping to solve the many problems attendant on her race.
4. A rubber ring from a preserving jar placed on the ice in the refrigerator will prevent plates from slipping off of it.
5. Runs in stockings mended on the machine stay mended longer than when done by hand.
6. An emergency shelf contains a few jars each of potted meat, jellies and canned soups that can be used in an emergency when unexpected company comes. It is never touched otherwise.

Barley Waffles

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—In a recent issue of the EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER there was a recipe for waffles made with barley flour on the Woman's Page. I meant to clip it out for my recipe book, but it slipped my mind at the time. I wonder if you would be so kind as to print it again? Thanking you many times. FORGETFUL.

I believe this is the recipe you refer to. Corn flour or half corn flour can be used instead of the barley:

One and one-half cupfuls of milk, two eggs, two tablespoonfuls fat, two cupfuls barley flour, three teaspoonfuls baking powder, one teaspoonful salt.

Corn flour or half corn flour and half peanut flour may be used instead of barley flour.

Sift the dry ingredients together and add slowly the milk, beaten egg yolk and melted fat. Beat thoroughly for a minute and fold in stiffly beaten whites. Cook in well-greased waffle iron or as griddle cakes on a hot, well-greased griddle.

How to Select a Fresh Fish

When possible, go to market and select the fish yourself. You can tell a fresh fish by full bright eyes, bright red gills, firm flesh and fresh odor. Be sure that the flesh along the backbone smells fresh. It spoils first there. Don't buy fish that has been thawed out several days before its sale, for it spoils quickly after thawing. If frozen, fish will keep in good condition for months. Buy it frozen and let it thaw in a cool place, then cook it immediately.

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.

Children's Millinery, $3.50
BLAYLOCK & BLYNN, Inc.
1528 Chestnut St.
Gloves, $1.00
Sweaters, $2.50
June Clearance Sale
Children's Department
Begins Today (Monday)
HATS, COATS, DRESSES
This is an occasion that affords you an opportunity to purchase your child a dainty and distinctive Blaylock & Blynn Dress or Coat of individuality.
Clearance Sale Prices
HAND-MADE PARTY FROCKS.
$15.00 & 18.00
ANDERSON GINGHAM DRESSES
$4.75 $7.50
Lawn & Dimity Dresses, 75c
(Small Sizes)
Boys' Suits, $3.00
Rompers, 75c
Coats $5.00 & Upwards
Transparent Raincoats, $12