

WOMEN MARRY WOMEN WHO WORK WITH THEM? A HUSBAND IN ONE'S OFFICE—BLUE DEVIL TAMS ARE NEW—CYNTHIA'S LETTERS

DO MEN MARRY WOMEN WHO WORK WITH THEM? WHO WORK WITH THEM?

Many Girls From Out of Town Have No Way of Getting Acquainted But Through the Office—A Problem That Confronts Many Is Discussed

DO MEN ever marry the women who work with them? In a recent content in one of the magazines a woman wrote to tell why she never married. She gave the reason that she has spent the last ten years in business, and that men do not see the women they daily meet in their jobs.

This is a very interesting matter to any girl who has ever worked. It is more than interesting to some; it is vital. Many women are placed in the same position as the woman in the contest was. Coming from a little town where there were no men, her only opportunity to meet them was through business.

This woman granted that some girls very new in the world of work do marry men they meet through business chiefly because they have not yet had time to shake off their party manners—because they do not play the game and think only of business in business hours.

Alice Kent and the Day's Work The Story of a Business Girl Who Would Not Fail

By MARTHA KEELER Copyright, 1918, by Public Ledger Company.

LIV. MRS. MANLEY, seeing now that the most important point was settled, said she must let go; she explained that she had another errand in the neighborhood and as her way home lay in a different direction from her own and the street car line was for me easily accessible, by her remaining longer no good purpose would be served; furthermore, I think she was impressed with the idea that the presence of a third person would be an embarrassment to Mrs. Warrington while the latter was arranging the affairs of her household. Accordingly she shook hands with both of us and took her leave.

It is undeniable that after her departure Mrs. Warrington seemed to be more at ease; to be sure, her manner, hitherto, had not exactly shown restraint, but she now displayed greater assurance in acquainting me with her former mode of living and in announcing the claims she expected to make upon my time. As for me, when the door closed on Mrs. Manley I felt for the time being that I had lost the last friend I had on earth; it was only by a reference to the will that I could recall the beloved image of Mrs. Carruth as she looked when she waved good-bye to me from the doorway at Twelfth Street every afternoon; also the words of Richard and Helen, who later wished me good luck at the Corner Bookstore in Bolognion Way; it really is very dear that I had been with them, admitted to their affection and sharing their confidence.

Now seemed to be a world dominated by alien influence; a world wherein Mrs. Warrington's complaints about the present alternated with the remembrance of which her mother would be said, not even to lift a finger to wait upon herself; under ordinary circumstances she would be burning, and the golden tints in her blonde hair would

THE WOMAN'S EXCHANGE

TODAY'S INQUIRIES 1. Describe a novel entertainment suitable for a home. Special queries like those given below are invited. 2. What is the salary of a court stenographer? 3. Suggest three gifts appropriate for the new baby. 4. How can brown sugar be kept from getting lumpy? 5. Give a recipe for making a quick maple frosting that does not make jams? 6. What will taste sugar in making jams?

To Remove Iron-Rust Stains To the Editor of Woman's Page: Dear Madam—About a couple of weeks ago I received your answer to my letter, and I am indeed very glad and grateful for your help. I am sure you will do your best to help me. I am sure you will do your best to help me. I am sure you will do your best to help me.

Nursery for Colored Babies To the Editor of Woman's Page: Dear Madam—I am a daily reader of your Woman's Page, and have seen where you have helped many a poor colored baby. I am sure you will do your best to help me. I am sure you will do your best to help me. I am sure you will do your best to help me.

Answer for Mrs. H. G. C. To the Editor of Woman's Page: Dear Madam—I have an affectionate girl, six or seven years old, who is very dear to me. I am sure you will do your best to help me. I am sure you will do your best to help me. I am sure you will do your best to help me.

How to Clean Tapestry To the Editor of Woman's Page: Dear Madam—I have three very pretty tapestry chairs which have become soiled from the dust and I'd like your suggestion just how they can be cleaned. I am sure you will do your best to help me. I am sure you will do your best to help me. I am sure you will do your best to help me.

Send Magazines to Soldiers To the Editor of Woman's Page: Dear Madam—Can you tell me where I can get some magazines to send to the boys? I am sure you will do your best to help me. I am sure you will do your best to help me. I am sure you will do your best to help me.

Blue Devil Tams Come in Chamois A Daily Fashion Talk by Florence Rose



America quite lost its heart to those "Blue Devil" tams from France, so now our women are wearing tams copied after theirs. The figure in the center has an one of chamois with a band of Joffre blue ribbon. At the right is a tan felt hat, with blue leather cut in queer little shapes and pasted on. At the left is a large hat of navy blue satin with flowers of white kid

SOMETIMES I wonder if it just happened, or if it could be only human nature, to want what we are told we could not have. At any rate, the fact remains that never before have so many women worn woollen dresses as have this spring. Some of the women have carried it to the extreme, and even when the days turned warm they insisted upon wearing these hot and uncomfortable frocks. But while it may have seemed like self-indulgence in a way to be the possessor of a wool frock, the time is coming when you will be very glad you purchased one this last spring, for it is no longer a case of conservation when it was difficult to procure wool enough for the army.

The situation at present is due to lack of help, and the large orders placed with the material factories by the Government prevent the turning of machines on civilian clothes. Because the demand exceeds the supply, the prices which naturally occur, so the woman who is going to buy the smartest and some of last spring carefully away in moth balls until her attention to summering is directed to her wardrobe.

GERMANY SLEEPS ON PAPER Spinning Wheel Revived in Belgium German requisitions have so reduced the supply of hemp, flax, linen, and wool that it is necessary to use paper instead of these natural materials.

Stores Advertise Pillowcases and Mattresses of It The following advertisement appeared in the Berlin Vossische Zeitung of March 3, according to the Information Bureau: Paper stuff for dresses and aprons. Paper stuff for business suits. Paper stuff for manufacture of shoes. Paper stuff for upholstery and tapestries.

YEsterDAY'S ANSWERS 1. The official badge of mourning of American women for soldiers is a black arm band three inches wide with a gilt star on a member of the family who died in the service. This has been recommended by a majority of members of the Council of National Defense and is used by all the great dress-making houses.

Silver Star Indicates Wound To the Editor of Woman's Page: Dear Madam—Please let me know through your valuable column where I can get material for making stars in a bow for my hat. I have a son who has been a member of the army since he was a boy, and I would like to have a star for his hat. I am sure you will do your best to help me. I am sure you will do your best to help me. I am sure you will do your best to help me.

Vegetable Pointers Before cooking, put head vegetables and greens in cold water for an hour, with one tablespoonful of vinegar, to remove insects. Then wash very carefully. Drain all boiled vegetables as soon as tender—they become soggy if they are allowed to stand undrained after cooking. The water drained off may be saved for soup stock.

Hunting a Husband

CHAPTER XCIX The Vain Search

All day I have been searching for a work. Again I put on my plain blue suit. I took out a severe white waist that had been lying in my bottom bureau drawer all these times. Wait! My gloves were fresh. I put on my little plain striped hat. And I looked at myself distressed. Yes, I am not enough. I am the kind of a girl a man wants for a secretary. That is all.

First I went back to my old office. Miss Morris met me pleasantly. "Have you had a nice rest, Miss Lane? How well you are looking; I am sorry that your old position is filled. Otherwise we should be glad to see you here again."

I was at the door before I even had time to make my request. I read all the advertisements in the papers for help wanted. There was nothing that seemed just what I want. But I would try. The first three were already filled. The fourth wanted to know what salary was expected. "Twenty-five a week," I replied.

The fat man, puffing at his cigar, said "We can get a good one for ten." And left me staring stupidly, discomfited and glum to the top. I had a little feeling of dismay. Perhaps I could not get a position after all. And if I did I must not ask over ten dollars a week. My years of experience good for nothing.

My feet ached. I slipped into a child's. How familiar the white-topped shoe felt! The paper market is offered for my tabcloth. And opposite me the overpink-checked girl and her tardy partner. But I understand now. Her standards are changed. Experience, competence, hard work, all count here. I shall succeed. Perhaps the thick white cap of coffee had brought me renewed vigor. All afternoon I tramped. But useless. I can have positions; but at half of my former salary.

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So I went upstairs and washed my face and hands. I brushed back my hair. I dressed in a more modest and simple style. I changed my waist and skirt. What matter? No one will be in, and I am too tired to put on a dress.

Boned Belting for Neatness If you would keep your skirt and blouse together you must have them fit you. Nothing is of more assistance in achieving this desirable state than an inner boned about three inches wide, which is lined with detachable boning. The home dressmaker will not fail to find the belting in her skirt before starting to hang the dress.

CANNERGRAM You don't need even a foot of earth to raise a canned garden. In fact, the less dirt the better in home canning.

"Discouraged" Brings Another Letter Dear Cynthia—I see where "discouraged" was printed in the column. I am sure you will do your best to help me. I am sure you will do your best to help me. I am sure you will do your best to help me.

Meet The Mother Dear Cynthia—"Can you help me? I am a girl of twenty-three and have been living and working for a year in a busy family. I am sure you will do your best to help me. I am sure you will do your best to help me. I am sure you will do your best to help me.

Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

How does he know how long they are? I am sure you will do your best to help me. I am sure you will do your best to help me. I am sure you will do your best to help me.

Sorry I Cannot Comply Dear Cynthia—Would you please give me your address? I am sure you will do your best to help me. I am sure you will do your best to help me. I am sure you will do your best to help me.

What I Do With the Left-Overs

Sunday, of course, we had roast beef, and, being a busy family, there wasn't much left for Monday night's dinner. There was still some meat, you know, but it was not exactly presentable. So I chopped it up fine, added a bit of spaghetti that I had in the house, mixed in some stewed tomatoes, and favored the combination with A1 Sauce, which isn't a Worcestershire, but is just about the most delicious touch of inspiration that any dish can enjoy.

I am sorry not to be able to accede to your request, but I cannot give strangers' names to other strangers. If you stop to think about it you will realize how unwise that would be. Try writing to some girl you know or your family; you know that it will be just as satisfactory. Write to the column again and ask something I can do for you and I will be delighted.

UNTUTORED GIRL ASTONISHES BY HER SKILL AT PAINTING

Blanche Edwards, at Sixteen Years, Amazes Visiting Artist by Proficiency With Brush and Canvas



Daughter of Lewes, Del., Pier Keeper Modestly Remains in Humble Position, Declining Lucrative Offers

By a Staff Correspondent Lewes, Del., June 25.

MISS BLANCHE EDWARDS, sixteen-year-old daughter of Captain and Mrs. David Edwards, of Lewes, was born a painter and a landscape artist. Her father, a well-known and more successful of his excellence than Miss Edwards herself. No one can condescend to tell that it is excellent. Yet Fame has sought out her door more than once.

Lacking confidence in her own work, Miss Edwards has rejected more than one offer that might have meant a generous sum yearly to her had she accepted any one of them, and has been content to remain unknown to the world at large, while she perfects the greatest portion of her waking hours as a salesgirl in a country dress-goods shop.

The most remarkable thing about Miss Edwards's painting is that it is the natural expression of herself. The paint pot, palette and brush have been her hobby since early childhood. Her father having been a seafaring man for many years, and her home being in a seacoast town, marine subjects naturally became her choice when she sat before the canvas.

No man before the mast knows the deep sea better than she. She knows ships and seamen and the ways of men who brave the wrath of Neptune. In spite of that—and because of it—she is a modest, shy and elusive young woman. When the paint brush is idle, her artistic being finds its expression in the exquisite harmonies of the piano, of which she is a master.

Early this summer a noted artist came to Lewes incognito in search of coast scenes to transfer to canvas. While at work along the waterfront at Lewes, he met the work of the sixteen-year-old daughter of Captain Edwards, who was an artist of note, showed him some work his daughter had done—beach scenes, ships at sea and in dock, the famous old water tower of the Lewes marshes and the Cape Henlopen light-house.

The visiting artist, not knowing the identity of this girl, and of course, expressed the opinion that it would require years of study here and abroad to acquire such skill. When he was told that they were the work of the sixteen-year-old daughter of Captain Edwards, he refused to believe that such work had come from the brush of a girl without training and without any natural aptitude. Miss Edwards has been so naturally a painter, that she has never had any formal instruction.

Captain Edwards wanted this artist to give his daughter lessons in painting. "Why, then, is it nothing I can teach her?" he exclaims, "and that is how wonderful, something unheard of! For me to attempt to instruct such natural art would be to spoil her possibilities." Miss Edwards, however, has refused to give up her art, and her friends were playing a joke on her and did not answer the letter. When the second came with a renewal of the offer and a request that she accept company in Chicago she suffered from long-distance "stage fright" and replied that, because of her youth, her parents would not consent to her signing the contract.

Miss Edwards has one falling—perhaps some would call it a natural aptitude—she has a keen eye for a picture. "When Mother Works Magic For Bobs" EVERY morning Mother works it, out in our sunny kitchen, after Father has waved goodbye, and I sit and watch.

Bobs, he watches too—with big, wide open eyes and pink cheeks—we wheel him in and he plays with his toes—'cause Bobs is my baby, Mother says—and the magic is all for him.

IT comes out of a big white can with writing on it, with a tight lid Mother pries off. It's a fluffy, good-tasting powder—and sometimes I can lick the spoon, when I'm very good.

So many teaspoonfuls Mother counts out ever so carefully, and then she just adds some fresh water and boils it a minute, pops it into Bob's bottles—and the magic is done. If there's a wee bit left over I drink it—and my, it's good!

Big brother and I, we get meat and potatoes, and toast, and apple sauce, and milk, and rice pudding, and when I ask Mother why Bobs can't have all these things too, she laughs and pinches my cheek and says: "Honeybunch, Bobs is getting fresh, clean milk, cereal like you have for breakfast, sugar and some other things—all in that fluffy powder—just fixed right for his tummy to like!"

And if that isn't magic, I don't know what is!

IF you have a baby—or if you want to help somebody else's baby to health and happiness—let us send you 12 feedings of Nestlé's Food, free, and the big, free 96-page book, all about baby's care—by specialists. Send today. It means safety, health and happiness for that baby.

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NESTLE'S FOOD COMPANY 281 Woodcock Bldg. New York. Please send me FREE your Book and Trial Package. A Complete Milk Food.

Balancing Summer Diet With the Pocketbook

In giving advice about the family purse and its relation to children's food, Mrs. Max West, of the Children's Bureau, United States Department of Labor, says:

- (a) Spend from one-quarter to one-third of the total food money for bread, cereals, potatoes and rice.
(b) Buy at least from one-third to one-half a quart of milk a day for each member of the family.
(c) Spend as much for fruit and vegetables as for milk.

"It has been found that many families spend an entirely undue amount of their food allowance for meat, which is the most expensive article of food on the market. Especially in summer the proportion of meat in the diet of young children may be reduced by using milk and milk products, eggs and vegetables in its place. Fish and chicken are excellent food for children."

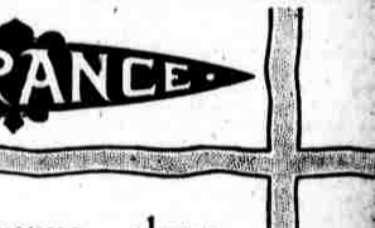
Save Burned Enamelled Ware Do not scrape or throw away your enameled dishes in which food has burned. Put into the oven a whole quart of hot water, and boil for a short time. The potash in the water will remove the burnt food, and your dish will be saved. If badly burned it may require a second boiling.



JAMAICAN POTATOES Large potatoes, 4 to 6 tubers milk tubers, 2 to 3 tubers. 25 cents per bushel. 50 cents per bushel.

DELICIOUS variation which will make you feel like eating more potatoes, as Hoover suggests. Coconut is being used more and more in the main dishes of the meal.

DRMEDARY COCOANUT keeps fresh, moist and full flavored in the "Ever-Sealed" package.



On Fifth Avenue—along Michigan Boulevard—wherever women of fashion convene—the innate smartness of La France Shoes invites the luxurious discerning at the same time their moderate prices appease the doubting purse.

This model of La France Shoes, made in the best of materials, Tan, white, gray and black.



Dalsimer