WHAT IF WOMEN WERE DRAFTED? ARE WOMEN EVER DEMOCRATIC? "THE HEART HUNTERS"

JUST SUPPOSING WOMEN WERE DRAFTED AS MEN ARE

A Letter From a Recruit En Route to Camp the Democracy of Which Suggests Another Picture—Would Girls Pass the Powder Puff as Boys Do Cigarettes?

WHEN a man goes off to camp there are many novel things to impress him, but there is one feature of the new life that makes an extreme impression—the many different classes of men that are brought together. It is interesting to read the first letter home that comes from the boy who has just gone off to war.

Here is one, for example, written en route:

"One fellow named Jones, who is a typical roughneck, but with a great line of talk, has gone up to the engineer and asked if the train has St Vitus dance or what. He is so funny he gets away with anything. Then fellows go to bed in the upper berth lying crosswise in the berth with their feet hanging out. There is much waving of arms and shouting as we pass every town, but the comedy of the whole trip is the quick banter back and forth between the witty members of the car.

"We are a great collection. Just now, looking around, I see an actor, a certified public accountant, the manager of a five and ten cent store, a plumber and the superintendent of a spinning mill. In the next car there is a man who is one of the familiar well-dressed chaps, and he keeps it up now as if he was going to Atlantic City on a week-end instead of off to war. The spirit of fellowship is good. Just a few moments ago I said it was a blamed outrage that I missed the Red Cross nurse who was passing out sandwiches at the last station, and no sooner said it than I was offered one by a fellow who was probably a bellboy before the draft. Every one's cigarettes belong to the other fellow and we are all equal."

I WONDER if it has occurred to the American women all over the country who are receiving this kind of letter to picture women drafted and gathered, hit or miss, in a crowd as these men of ours are gathered? How would women behave? Would the powder puff of the first families be clubbily passed to the little girl who came from the mill? One cannot help but think of the French general described in one of Gertrude Atherton's war books. He rose from the estate of humble peasant to his military rank. When a friend asked him if he would not remain in the army after the war on account of the social prestige it would bring, he thought immediately of his peasant wife and said, "No, for among women there is no democracy."

It is very sad, but it is quite true, that there is very little democracy among women. War is bringing us a little of it, but we are not learning the big lesson of humanity as our boys are. Our boys realize the big thing that is happening to them, too. One young chap writes, "I find it a little hard to write with crap going on at the foot of my bed," but in the next breath he adds, "But it is highly important that I play the game and stick to the crowd. That is what I am going to do."

It is a thing women should learn to do. Every day in this new war world of ours there is opportunity to play the game and get acquainted with the crowd. When our boys come marching home they are very apt to choose for their companions women whose minds have marvelously broadened in wartime—even as theirs have.

Alice Kent and the Day's Work

The Story of a Business Girl Who Would Not Fail

By MARTHA KEELER

(Copyright, 1918, by the Public Ledger Company)

LXXVI

OBEDIENT to the principal's injunction, on entering the reading room I picked up a weekly magazine which aimed to be amusing, but in this instance didn't hit the mark. Presently Miss Sagar, the assistant librarian, whom I had first met while working in the library soon after my arrival in Bellington, spied me idly turning the pages of the periodical and came over to the table where I sat.

Miss Sugar's pepper-and-salt hair was parted in the middle, neatly waved, carefully spread out, pulled down over the ears, and then caught up in a knot at the back of the well-shaped head. She always dressed in black, and on one wrist wore a heavy metal bracelet fastened by a diminutive padlock, which rumor said had, once for all, been placed upon her wrist by the sailor lover who soon afterward was lost at sea. But despite the ever-present bracelet and the romantic associations it was supposed to signify, there was nothing in the lady's manner to indicate that she lived in the past; on the contrary, she bristled with present-day activities, was always on the watch to help somebody look up references, and would tramp for miles around the library searching for the especial book which would best meet a student's need. Her kindly eyes peered out inquiringly from behind thick spectacles, whose frames impressed you as being much too large for her thin, delicate face. When she halted near me I looked up with a smile of welcome, and she lost no time in asking me, "Have you decided on the topic for your graduating essay?"

"Why, no," said I; and the thought flashed over me that, except for Professor Freeland's intervention, by now everything connected with commencement day in my case would have been indefinitely postponed. "To tell you the truth, Miss Sagar, I'm all at sea."

"Well, you'd better hurry up and get a life preserver on," she laughed. "Let me know as soon as you make up your mind, so I can be sure to put aside the books you want. I always warn the seniors to take time by the forelock—for it is the easiest way of handling the old rascal—but I can't get them to think so. And every spring it is as much as I can do to get the graduating essays handed in on time. For years I've been telling Superintendent Orson that by rights the school board should pay me a salary. Ah, professor," as the principal appeared in the doorway, and after a quick glance around the room joined us, "I'm advising this young lady to start on her senior theme."

"Good enough" was his reminder. "When you begin talking in that strain, Miss Sagar, it's a sure sign of spring. By the way, Alice," here he turned to me, "Mrs. Freeland will be glad to see you right away, so suppose you start in since you need I will overtake you before you have gone far."

I left off from the library and walked [illegible] Freeland home, wondering meanwhile why the principal had [illegible] to my continuing in school. Recalling my misinterpretation of the Manley's supper invitation in the fall, I kept cautioning myself not to expect anything definite, but be prepared to act on any suggestion of Professor Freeland, who, having observed the unfortunate effects of my stay at Mrs. Warrington's, would not be likely to advise a similar expedient. However, which he overlook me he gave no hint of any plan for the future, but said: "Now, tell me, if you will, just what you had in mind in preparing the Press advertisement. Had you given up all notion of attending school?"

"Oh, no, I meant to graduate, if it took years and years. But when I was teaching in Hillston I had to work so hard to keep ahead of the big boys in arithmetic, and so much visiting round in the district was expected of the schoolma'am that I couldn't keep up with my class here. If I had had the time I could have managed everything except geometry, but even with eternity in front of me, by myself I would have made a mess of that. I was a debt when I went to Hillston, and, after paying what I owed on receiving the school salary and buying a few things in order to be presentable, I could only afford to board for a fortnight. By that time I calculated I would be even with senior work, but I wasn't. Even if I could find a place to work for my board and go to school, that doesn't seem to allow any time for studying, and so, as I was forever falling back 1—1— had to postpone the idea of graduating and try to find a job."

To say all this had been difficult, and when I finished tears lay very near the surface, but the principal replied in a matter-of-fact tone, which was just what I needed to steady me, "Thank you, Alice. I understand."

By this time we had reached the house. Professor Freeland let us in with his latch key, ushered me into the library, which was unoccupied, and murmuring, "Excuse me while I hunt up my wife," stopped softly from the room.

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

THE WOMAN'S EXCHANGE

TODAY'S INQUIRIES

1. What well-known writer has enlisted for nursing service with the Red Cross in France?
2. How has Wellesley College offered to better the living conditions for women engaged in farm work?
3. What new use has been discovered for shaving soap?
4. How can insertion be used in place of edging on neckwear and blouses?
5. In what way can lingerie clasps be used on a corset cover, if the shoulder bunches when the clasp is put on in the usual way?
6. What will remove spots from a rug?

Wants to Be a Nurse

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—I am a constant reader of your paper and would like you to answer a few questions for me. You have helped others so much I hope you can help me. I am a young girl, past eighteen. I went to the eighth grade in school. Since then I have been working at typing and telephone operating, but I do not feel contented. I want to take up nursing or first aid—something where I can be around the sick, for that is the only time I am happy. I am poor, so I could not pay to learn, as I have to pay board. Where could I go, and have I enough education? I am naturally of a quiet disposition, with strong nerves. I have never been sick in my life. I am not afraid of anything, including hard work. If you can help me I shall always consider you a friend. I shall forward my address if you wish. Thanking you. C. F. L.

Without a high school education you could not be a regular nurse, but you can take a course in elementary hygiene at the instruction department of the American Red Cross, at 218 South Nineteenth street, and become a nurse's a'de. Your disposition and constitution seem to be the right kind for this position, and as nurses' aides are very much needed now, I am sure you would be able to take up this work. It is hard and takes patience and a willing disposition, but if you are not afraid of that you will do very well at it. I hope you will take this up and have success at it, for if you are not satisfied where you are you can never be happy or successful. So go do the work you like, and I am sure you will do well.

Sole Support of Parents

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Will appreciate very much if you will give me the following information:

I am the sole support of my mother and father. I appealed for a deferred class to the local and district boards and both declined my appeal.

I would like to know where else I can appeal. S. M. P.

If both local and district boards have refused your appeal for exemption, the "man higher up" who may do something for you is Provost Marshal General Crowder, Washington, D. C., who arranges all the drafts and decides the rules for exemptions and such things. In case you are again refused exemption, it may be a comfort to you to know that the Government will give each of your dependents $10 a month besides the allotment that you make out to be sent from your pay, so they will not be entirely [illegible]. It is a very difficult position [illegible], but it is for the greatest cause [illegible], and if things keep on as they are going lately it may all be [illegible] sooner than we expected.

YESTERDAY'S ANSWERS

1. Mrs. Vikova-Kunetieka, of Bohemia, has the distinction of being the first woman of Central Europe to be elected a deputy to the legislative body.
2. The White Cross is the Polish nursing organization, which corresponds to our Red Cross.
3. Whey, left after the curds have been squeezed out for cheese, can be used for making pancakes and other cakes.
4. The regulation wartime sauce is made of corn oil and rice flour, instead of butter and wheat flour.
5. Clear bacon fat is very satisfactory for greasing muffin pans.
6. The newest tulle and net scarfs are trimmed with glass fringe.

Must Work to Help Mother

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—My mother is not rich and I am fifteen and would gladly go to work to help her, but there is nothing open for a young girl to do here.

But I can knit and crochet. I could knit sweaters and crochet yokes, lace, tidies, and the like, but they do not buy those things in the stores here, and I do not know of any other place to sell them. But I must do something to help her.

You have helped so many who are poor, and I feel sure you can tell me some way to procure money. ONE WHO WANTS WORK.

Why don't you send a sample of your crocheting to the Woman's Exchange, 114 South Seventeenth street, in this city? If it is well done and they can sell things like that they will sell it for you on commission and you can make a good deal by steady work. Do your friends know that you can do this kind of work? Lots of girls have made money by knitting into a sweater the wool that some busier girl has not the time to make up. Tell some friend who is going to be married that you will make the yokes for her nightgowns or make some of the lace for her trousseau if she will pay you half of what she would pay for them in a store. If the work is pretty and dainty she will recommend you to others, who will ask you to do it for them. You might do the first one for nothing more than the promise of recommendation. You might also crochet trimming for baby clothes and edging for bureau scarfs or table covers in ecru thread. Advertise in the town paper that you will do this kind of work and I am sure that you will have patrons.

Gift to Send to Michigan

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Knowing that you have helped others I am going to ask you to help me. I have a girl friend out in Michigan and her birthday comes next month. I would like to send her some inexpensive gift, but have not the least idea of what would be nice. She sent me a book for my birthday. Would you be kind enough to suggest something that would be appropriate to send so far? (Miss) M. G.

Why don't you send your friend a pretty knitting bag? They are not expensive and would be easy to send so far away. A box of nice-looking writing paper in different sizes would be appropriate o ra dainty camisole. A collar-and-cuff set would be much appreciated or an inexpensive set of cuff pins or lingerie clasps. Silk stockings or fine handkerchiefs always make acceptable presents. Any one of these articles is inexpensive and perfectly appropriate as a gift.

The Heart Hunters

By MARY DOUGLASS

Author of "Hunting a Husband"

(Copyright)

XVII

I Meet Mr. Hammond

A KNOCK at the door.

"Mr. Hammond is waiting, Miss James."

Alice James raised herself on her elbow. "You're going, Prudence," she said, using my name for the first time.

I nodded miserably. She had never been shy. She could not understand.

"You'll do," said Alice, "don't flirt too wildly!"

If she only knew—knew how I dreaded meeting her Mr. Hammond.

"Isn't your headache any better?" I asked.

"Oh, I don't want to see him tonight. He would bore me. Turn out the light, please, when you go down."

I went down the stairs quickly. I wanted to get it over. In one of the little reception rooms I saw a man sitting alone. I hope he would not see how nervous I was.

"Are you Mr. Hammond?"

The tall figure rose slowly. He took my cold hand in his.

"And you?"

"I am Alice James's roommate."

"Oh, yes; is she coming down?"

"She has a headache," I stumbled.

A shade of disappointment showed on his careless face.

"Then I'll say good-night," he said formally.

Alice had expected me to "entertain" her friend. And here he was going off at once. He caught the look on my face. His own crinkled with laughter.

"It isn't as bad as that," he cried gayly. "Perhaps you'll do. Alice has been wanting an apartment. I've found just the thing for her—furnished and a good location. You might look it over with me. You can tell her——"

"I'll be glad to," I answered. Anything to get out of the room and forget how serious I was. I flew up the stairs to put on my things. How different this man was, from any one I had ever known. His vigorous personality infected me. But he could never like my kind of girl—little, quiet, shy, not even very pretty.

I thought all this as I pulled my best gloves out of the bureau drawer, pinned on my hat there in the dark of the room, while Alice slept lightly.

Downstairs, again, he was waiting for me.

"You did do that quickly," laughed Joe Hammond, "not like most girls, are you? How long have you known Alice James?"

"Oh, I've just met her. I'm her new roommate."

We were out on the quiet streets. I felt happy, taking long steps to keep up with this vigorous man.

"Alice James is a personality. Not the regular thing in girls," he explained.

I had begun to realize that already.

We had come to the apartment. "I'll get the key. You wait here," he commanded.

"I'll have to explain several things to your wife," said the little dried-up landlord. Joe Hammond's eyes twinkled with laughter. The color stained my cheeks.

We had reached the fourth floor. "You poke around," he said. "I'll smoke a pipe in the sitting room."

I walked through the bright little room. With its gay chintz and its wicker furniture, it would make the dearest home in the world for several bachelor girls.

"Ready?" asked Mr. Hammond.

"Yes," I answered. I hated to leave the cunning, bright rooms.

Tomorrow—To Keep Expenses Down.

Serve Cabbage Two Ways

Chop cabbage and boil in salt water. Make a cheese sauce as follows: Put two tablespoonfuls of butter or butter substitute in a saucepan. Melt and add two tablespoonfuls of flour substitute and blend to a paste. Add one-half teaspoonful of salt and a dash of cayenne. Then add gradually one cup of milk. Cook five minutes, then add one cup of grated cheese. Do not allow it to cook after adding cheese. Pour over cabbage.

Escalloped Cabbage

Cut up one-half cabbage and boil. When done drain and put in oiled baking dish, sprinkle with salt and pepper, add one cup of cream sauce. Lift the cabbage with a fork that it may be well mixed with the sauce. Cover with crumbs and butter or butter substitute, and bake until crumbs brown.

"If" (With Apologies to Rudyard Kipling)

If you can sit up three whole
nights to travel
And smile with unwashed face at
9 a. m.
If you can go without a gramme
of butter
And drink your coffee cold, with-
out a "damn!"
If you can wait for trains for
hours at starting
And at arrival still keep on your
smile,
If you can watch the "cocher"
queer the motor
While you stand helpless to assist,
the while,
If you can eat the same old fruits
and cheeses
While you are longing for an apple
pie—
Or go for months without an ice-
cream soda,
Although you try to find one on
the sly,
If you can bear to hear whole
crowds of people
Converse in tongues you do not
understand—
Or sit and hear about the German
triumphs
And not be tempted to display
your hand,
If you can spend a mint on rotten
cooking
And not get blue or homesick, just
a speck,
Then you're fitted, be you man or
woman,
To play the "war game" "over
there," by heck!

—Written by an American Red Cross girl in headquarters at Florence.

Established 1839
Furs—131 So. 13th St.—Milliners
Mawson's Furs
Mr. L. J. Mawson is not connected, directly or indirectly, with any other firm using his name.

The Very Latest in Bags

A Daily Fashion Talk by Florence Rose

Beaded crocheted panels, Batik silk and satin combined and Japanese embroidery make up these smart bags, respectively. They are described in the fashion talk

SOMETIMES I wonder if there were sketches given to you every day illustrating the new bag if it would be possible to give you any kind of an idea of the variety of handbags that are shown here in the shops, for sometimes I get bewildered as to just the right selection to give you to help you keep informed on the output.

It would seem that any sort of material may be used with propriety for a handbag, and beads everywhere and anywhere, for not only are the all-bead bags very good, but bags that have beads for handles or where beads are sewed on in geometrical design are considered as smart.

Speaking of beads sewed on reminds me of a most unusual bag I saw yesterday. You, doubtless, well remember the crochet purses that were fashionable many years ago—saddle-bag purses, they were called, I believe. This particular bag was on that order, but very large. Each bag was about six inches wide and eight deep, so that the entire thing with the band between measured about twenty inches in length. The material was white tricollett, and small black beads were sewed on the silk to form squares. The rings were black bone. This is a bag that any woman who has any ingenuity could easily copy.

The saddle-bag purses are really very good, and I have seen many which were crocheted—one of purple silk with steel beads crocheted in to form the bag part, and a fancy chrochet stitch for the handle was particularly lovely.

Certainly the bags which the artist has sketched for you today are quite out of the ordinary. The bag at the upper left has a center of Batik silk, bordered by black satin, a silk tassel is attached at the lower portion of the bag, and two strings or beads compose the handle.

The bag below has a panel on either side of the bag of Japanese embroidery in the brilliant colorings. The edges are of coral-colored silk gathered to the panel. Here, again, beads are used to form the handle.

At the right is a bag made of rows of gray ribbon, gathered and held to the foundation. While this bag is novel, it is not one that should be chosen by the woman whose choice in bags is confined to one bag a season, because the cut is a bit eccentric.

(Copyright, 1918, by Florence Rose)

Ask Florence Rose

If you want her own personal advice on materials, colors and styles suitable for you, 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.

Some Potato Recipes

A few weeks ago when we were afraid a million bushels of potatoes might go to waste every patriot ate two potatoes where only one had been eaten before. Almost before we had accustomed ourselves to the many new potato recipes sent out by the United States food administration the surplus was consumed. Then we were confronted with the new potato crop.

Potatoes are delicious cooked in dozens of different ways. They are adaptable to any course in a meal. For instance, they can be used in soup as potato chowder. For the entree, potato cases may successfully be used instead of puff paste cases for creamed oysters, etc.; potatoes can be served as a vegetable in many ways with meat for the main course of a meal; as a salad, with mayonnaise or other dressing, and even in desserts such as potato custard.

Then there are potato pancakes and potato biscuits, which are very much liked by every one who has tried them.

Here are some recipes suggested by the food administration. Let us learn to use them now and we will continue to like them in peace times:

Potato Chowder

Six potatoes, slice of salt pork, one onion, one pint milk, one tablespoon flour, one tablespoon drippings, one teaspoon chopped parsley, one teaspoon salt, one-half teaspoon pepper.

Dice potatoes and cut pork into small pieces; fry the pork and onion in a pan until brown, put potatoes, onions and meat into a pot, add a pint of water with seasonings; simmer half an hour; make white sauce of the milk, flour and drippings; add to the cooked potatoes. Let all boil a few minutes and serve hot.

White Potato Custard

Two cups riced baked potato, four eggs beaten slightly, one cup sugar, one-third cup fat, one-quarter cup thin cream or top milk, juice and rind of one lemon.

Mix in the order given; beat hard for five minutes; pour into baking dish. Bake in hot oven twenty or thirty minutes or until custard is set.

Hungarian Potatoes

One quart cooked potatoes, three tablespoons fat, one tablespoon chopped onion, two tablespoons parsley, two cups tomatoes, one teaspoon salt, one-half teaspoon paprika.

Brown onion slightly in fat and add to diced potatoes. Add remaining ingredients except parsley to potatoes and put in greased pan. Bake covered in moderate oven forty-five minutes. Sprinkle top with chopped parsley and serve.

Demonstration Car Travels

An interesting plan was carried out recently by the home economics director for the Massachusetts State Federation of Women's Clubs. A railway car was fitted up with the necessary equipment for demonstrations, attractively decorated, and is being sent to points where demonstrations are most needed. Rural districts are first on the list of places to be visited.

Have You an Automobile?

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Have you an auto? Will you help pick the fruit? This Bryn Mawr plan of saving the war garden crop is urged on every community by the National War Garden Commission today, following a conference between Mrs. Andrew Wright Crawford, of Bryn Mawr, Pa., and P. S. Ridsdale, the secretary of the commission.

Bryn Mawr's plan is simply service as outlined by Mrs. Crawford. The women volunteer to pick fruit or help harvest the garden crop and, what is more, they will get it from the point of production to the cannery or market by auto.

Mrs. Crawford is the chairman of the committee that is conducting this drive, and it is a real drive, for it is driving autos for the most part. Scores of women along what is known as the Main Line out of Philadelphia are helping her.

Volunteer pickers are sent out on schedule wherever they are welcome, according to Mrs. Crawford's plan. Then women come along in their machines and get the crop to market or cannery, thus bringing about complete utilization of the surplus. Canneries are notified that certain loads are coming and everything moves on schedule so the crop may be put up while fresh.

Teach Children to Use Cuticura Soap

Because it is best for their tender skins. Help it now and then with touches of Cuticura Ointment applied to first signs of redness, roughness or dandruff. If mothers would only use these super-creamy emollients for every-day toilet purposes how much suffering might be avoided by preventing little skin and scalp troubles becoming serious.

Sample Each Free by Mail. Address postcard: "Cuticura, Dept. 6M, Boston." Sold everywhere. Soap 25c. Ointment 25 and 50c.

Just Forget They're War Flours

You CAN do that and yet get baking results the airy lightness and appetizing deliciousness of which will make your eyes sparkle. But to do it you must use

Miss Princine
Pure Phosphate Baking Powder

It gives the necessary leavening because it rises in the oven.

15c ½lb., 30c lb., in handy handled cups, at

Community Stores
We Serve You Save

and other good stores

Adventures With a Purse

FOUND TODAY

1. A negligee of dotted swiss.
2. The smart chiffon and lace veil.
3. Dainty neckwear.

AN UNUSUAL negligee displayed by one of the shops is of dainty white dotted Swiss. Rows of cording form the trimming. The belt and slanting pockets are of the material, and the ruffled skirt is joined to the long white waist with a heading. The result is an uncommonly attractive negligee and the nice part about dotted Swiss is that it launders so well. The price of this little "peignoir" is only $2.95.

Of course you've seen the new veils, and of course, deep down in your heart you like them, even if at first they do seem a little extreme. This is another case of where our less timorous New York sisters have adopted a fashion that we were slower to follow. If, however, you have a "hankering" for one of those veils with their plain dark borders, but prefer one with a border not so very deep, you will find in the veil I saw today the very one for which you have been looking. It is dark blue net, with a fine spray scattered over it, and the plain border of dark blue chiffon is only about three inches deep. The price is $1.95, which is exceptionally low.

If you have a dress with which you must wear a vest, you no doubt have had the experience of purchasing a vest and finding the collar too long or the front piece too high. The new neckwear overcomes these difficulties nicely, however. The front piece is separate from the collar so that it may be pinned or sewed in the dress wherever desired. One very pretty set has the collar edged with pleated frilling. It is most dainty and attractive. But there are many styles, and each has a charm of its own.

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 ORGANIZE IN BERKS

Council of National Defense Raises 2000 Groups in Two Weeks

Reading, Pa., Aug. 2.—In less than two weeks the Berks County Woman's Council of National Defense has perfected an organization in both city and county with fully 2000 separate groups. Every district in the city and county has a number of groups, each with its own leader or director. The women are enrolled in 120 different kinds of work. The task in hand is the registration of non-working women for industrial service. Every other variety of war work or home defense work that women can do is to be included in the efforts of the council.

Mississippi Sprays Orchards

Mississippi has several campaigns to her credit. "Kill the rat" was the slogan of the first, and more than 100,000 rats were killed in four days. A "spray your orchard" campaign is showing good results in the quality and quantity of fruit on the trees.

Fresh Lima Beans!

AND YOU DON'T KNOW HOW TO CAN THEM.
GET A HOME CANNING MANUAL AND LEARN HOW.
SEND A TWO-CENT STAMP TO THE
EDITOR OF WOMAN'S PAGE
FOR A FREE BOOKLET
BY THE
NATIONAL WAR GARDEN COMMISSION

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.

Must Be Introduced

Dear Cynthia—I am always interested in your column. You give such good advice that I am going to ask you to publish in your column something that I wish to know. There is a young fellow living a few houses away from where I live that I would like to know. He is a very nice fellow and educated, too. I do not know anybody through whom I could be introduced. He seems to be a quiet fellow and I am a quiet girl, and really I can't find a way to meet him. Could you please tell me a way of meeting him? ANXIOUS.

I am sorry, dear, but unless you have mutual friends who can bring about an introduction or attend the same parties, where the hostess could introduce him, I cannot tell you of a way to meet him, as you must not speak to him without some kind of an introduction.

Would Meet Passerby

Dear Cynthia—Please help me solve this problem. A young man passes my home every evening. He seems very anxious to get acquainted with me and at the same time appeals to me. I seldom go out, as I am only home on a vacation, and at this time busily preparing to resume my work. I would like very much to get acquainted before leaving this State. I am not very well acquainted in this town, and, being a girl, it is hard to make friends. Your answer will be highly appreciated in Thursday evening's paper. THANK YOU.

As your letter did not reach the office in time to be answered on Thursday, I have directed that it be put in today. As you are living in a small suburb there must be some persons among your acquaintances or those of your family who know this young man. With a little thought and planning you could probably manage to be introduced to him very easily. Do not let him know you are anxious to meet him, however.

Ask Him to Call

Dear Cynthia—Will you please tell me what I shall do? I am very much interested in a young man to whom I was introduced about a year ago, but there was no way to become acquainted, as we saw each other too seldom. Now I am going to leave the city and I feel quite sorry about it, because I will not see him any more. Don't you think that a man should have the courage to write to a girl when he sees there is no other possibility of meeting her? No advances can be made on her part. B. P.

Surely if the young man and you want to pursue the friendship he could call to see you at your home. That is the only place to receive him and to get to know him. Meeting a man outside of one's home is a poor way of becoming acquainted. If you feel you know him well enough, ask him to call before you go away, and perhaps he will ask to keep up the friendship through correspondence. But do not suggest it yourself.

Wants Etiquette Book

Dear Cynthia—Will you please send me the name of a good book on social etiquette, also where to write to obtain it? L. D.

Your letter will be answered by mail. But, my dear, you will learn more by contact with persons of refinement in manner and speech than you could learn in a year from a book. Cultivate such friends as far as possible and learn from them.

Is He Stingy or Saving?

Dear Cynthia—My young man, who was always awfully nice to me, doesn't take me out any more to get soda water since the price has gone up to fifteen cents. Do you think he is just mean or is he saving up, so he can be really in earnest some day, perhaps? ANXIOUS.

Maybe he's saving up to buy you a supper some evening. It's hard to understand these men, but he probably has some reason for it.

Shall She Forgive?

Dear Cynthia—I am a young girl eighteen years of age. I have been dancing with a crowd of young fellows for about four months. Out of this crowd of young men there is one whom I really love and he also told me that he loved me. A short while ago at a party where we were he became intoxicated, to my astonishment, which made me dislike him very much. He told me he was very sorry as it was a dare.

Now, dear Cynthia, I love this fellow and do not know whether to forgive him or not. HOPEFUL.

Taking a dare is not an excuse, and the young man should be given a lesson. Tell him if he never repeats the offense you will forgive it, but if he must drink to excess, he must find other friends.

"Bandbox" Doing Business

The "Bandbox" has become a novel institution in Washington, D. C. From a small beginning it has grown to be a permanent bazaar maintained for the purpose of raising funds for war work.

The "Bandbox" contains each week a new assortment of clothing, the sale of which brings in substantial contributions to various relief enterprises. It is located at 1623 H street in a spacious room and it is conducted by the wives of officials of the State Department, the wives of foreign ministers and the wives of many of the men prominent in Government affairs.

In response to word received by the State Department Auxiliary of the American Red Cross that thousands of needy Belgian refugees were pouring into Paris, sales for the benefit of Belgian relief work are held every Saturday. At these sales articles of all sorts contributed by philanthropic women are offered at low prices and the sales persons are leaders in the social life of the capital.

The State Department Auxiliary of the Red Cross has sent to Belgium many garments made by members. Mrs. Robert Lansing takes active interest in the work and even directs the Saturday sales at the "Bandbox."

Camp Selby Saves Wheat Flour

Two home demonstration agents in Mississippi gave weekly demonstrations to fifty head cooks at Camp Selby recently. They taught them the tricks of making left-overs into attractive dishes, showed them excellent breads and cakes made largely from the wheat substitutes, and told them how to save meat, sugar and fat. As a result of their instructions in the use of the new flours the quartermaster of the camp has reported a saving of 7000 pounds of wheat flour a day.

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