FOREIGN WOMEN MORE FAITHFUL THAN OURS, SAY THE BOYS

OUR BOYS MARRY ABROAD, FORGOTTEN BY GIRLS HERE

So Write Three Boys in the Navy Who Have Sailed Foreign Seas—The Type of Sweetheart They'll Choose When the Lads Come Home

I HAVE in my hands a letter which comes in answer to the article which appeared on this page Tuesday evening, entitled "Concerning the Girl Who Has No Dear One to Give," and containing an unusual letter from a young woman, who pointed out that the "world holds greater tragedies than the girl he left behind him."

"Really," she wrote, "is it any wonderful bravery—this waiting of the little girl who has something to wait for? How about the bravery of those who have nothing in view—the little girl who must go on alone, who has no absent one?"

The article has called forth interesting replies. The one printed below holds the genuine plaint of real boys—boys who are fighting for us. I pass it on because I think perhaps there are lessons in it for many girls.

The letter follows:

"On page six of Tuesday's paper we read an article headed 'Concerning the Girl Who Has No Dear One to Give,' and because a number of my shipmates have noticed the same and asked me to write a few words expressing their sentiments, I am sending some of them.

"In the first place, the boys said, 'Oh, if it were only possible to really encounter girls who have sentiments such as these!' These boys have all been in foreign service from seven to eighteen months. In nine cases out of ten the girls they went around with were not 'true' to them. These boys are not exceptions, because I have known many cases. Many have lost their confidence in girls because they have known so many cases of this kind.

"I have nothing to say about the girl who is just good enough to be true and loyal to the boys who are giving their lives for the protection of the old and young, to the sisters and mothers. I speak about the girl who forgets the man she has promised to be faithful to. I think she is a slacker in the highest degree. This is why so many boys marry on foreign soil, because the ones they love best on American soil are not true to them. I have visited many lands and have never seen more beautiful girls than are found in this beautiful land of ours. But at the same time I find from careful study that women of other countries are not as apt to change their minds concerning those who put their confidence in them.

"To the writer of that letter I wish to say that when the boys return with the good old Stars and Stripes floating in the breeze and all the lights are lit, and when there are no sailors or soldiers standing watches on dreary decks or in snow-covered fields to protect this land of ours from invasion, here is the type of girl they will seek to make happy homes and glad hearts.

"W. S., H. A. AND R. H."

THE girls described in the young woman's letter were real girls—"nothing queer about them unless lack of boldness makes one queer—the unattached," of whom others think only in the light of never having made a hit.

It gives one a proud little thrill of joy to print this letter from our boys because it shows that all men do not look to the girl who is popular. Some have minds of their own, and though they frivol and play deep down underneath all the while they want real girls.

There is an accusation contained in this letter for our American women. Ranged alongside women of other nationalities are they found wanting in faith? Who of our readers is willing to answer?

AN ALL-ROUND CAPE FOR LITTLE SISTER

This cape will particularly recommend itself to the mother whose small daughter grows out of everything. The little girl would have a hard time growing out of this little broadcloth garment, as the yoke is roomy and the length adjustable. The trimming is in beaver. The little hat is poke shape, with a tam crown

Daily Fashion Talk by Florence Rose

The little girls who have no older sisters are always envied by the other little girls, for no other reason than that they do not have to wear any "hand-me-downs." Unless one has the make-over as the foundation stone, the beginning of a season means almost an entirely new outfit for the little girl, for it is seldom that the deepest of tucks proves quite enough to lengthen the skirts of last year's dresses for the growing girl.

Therefore, when one takes into consideration that this work has to be gone through every season, it seems like a waste of time to make anything but extremely simple clothes for little girls. And after all the simple things are always the most attractive, and save not only the person's time who makes the garment, but certainly the time of the one who must launder the same.

No sort of wrap, in my way of thinking, could be more attractive for the little girl than one that is pictured today. Any little girl would look smart in this cape, and there seems to be so little for the girl to grow out of. Certainly not the fit, for the yoke would fit as well the second season as the first. And if the mother selected the cape of good length for the first season, even if it was a bit above the hem of the dress the second season, this shortness would not be detrimental to the looks of the garment. The material is broadcloth, and beaver is used for the collar and also decorates the ends of the ties.

The hat worn with this cape is in poke shape, a style which is favored for little girls. The tam crown is encircled with two ribbons which tie in perky bows at the centre front.

PUT UP FRUIT JUICE NOW FOR FUTURE USE

Can Be Used for Drinks, Puddings, Ice Cream, Jellied Dishes and Other Flavorings

"Berrying" is one of the things to be done this season. Wherever the wild fruits grow, wherever there are campers, country guests or children who clamor for something to do, the housewife should press them into service while she and her helpers turn the final trick in the kitchen.

The method of pulping fruits without sugar, described by the food administrator, so that they can be used later to make jam is as follows:

Place fruit over a gentle heat until enough moisture comes out to prevent burning, then increase the heat until the fruit boils. Boil until fruit is very soft, stirring constantly, and can in sterilized jars. With some dry fruits such as apples a little water will have to be added to prevent burning.

Bottled fruit juices find many uses besides jellymaking. Fruit drinks, jellied desserts, pudding sauces, ice creams and ices, fruit leather, are all possibilities. Juice for these purposes may often be extracted from parts of the fruits which would otherwise be discarded.

Extraction of Juice for Jellymaking

If a very juicy fruit, such as currants or raspberries, is being used, place the clean fruit, washed if necessary, in an enameled preserving kettle, add just enough water to prevent burning—perhaps one cup to four or five quarts of fruit—cover the kettle, and place it where the fruit will cook rather slowly, stirring it occasionally with a wooden or silver spoon. When the simmering point is reached, crush the fruit further with a well-soaked wooden masher, and continue heating it until the whole mass is cooked through. Allow the juice to drain through a jelly bag or double piece of cheesecloth into an earthenware or enameled receptacle for half an hour or more.

To Can Fruit Juices

Boil the strained juice for five minutes and pour it into jars or glass bottles that have been sterilized by boiling for fifteen minutes, filling the jars to overflowing. Seal the jars immediately. Stopper the bottles with corks sterilized in the same manner as the bottles, and make an air-tight seal by dipping the cork and the lip of the bottle into hot paraffin. The pulp left in the cloth or bag can be used to make fruit butters. This, too, can be sterilized and canned without sugar.

Extract juice from discarded parts of fruits such as pineapple, rhubarb, strawberry, blackberry, raspberry, blueberry, currant, cherry, peach, plum, apple, pear, quince, grapes. Such discarded parts may be:

Left-over portions of fruit prepared for the table.
Skins and pits of peaches.
Skins, cores and seeds of apples.
Pulp discarded after making jelly and marmalade.
Well-scrubbed skins of oranges and lemons used in making lemonade.
Cores, skins, eyes of well-scrubbed pineapples.

Cover the pulp of parings with cold water, bring the mixture slowly to the boiling point, simmer it until the juice is extracted (15 or 20 minutes) and strain it. Proceed as directed for canning fruit juices.

Three Americans in Enemy's Hands

Washington, Aug. 30.—Frank Siers, Nebo, W. Va.; Lyle O. Talbolt, Lowville, N. Y., and Iver E. Westerberg, 3528 Broadway, West Chicago, privates with the American expeditionary forces in France, are held prisoners of war in Germany, the War Department has announced.

A MAID AND TWO MEN

The Story of the Girl Who Was Left Behind

By HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR

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THE STORY THUS FAR

Ruth Rowland is loved by Scott Raymond and Jack Bond, drafted men, and she promises to marry Jack Bond, who has been exempted. Later she has doubts as to her wisdom, and when Scott leaves for France she and Jack pretty nearly quarrel over it.

ARTICLE XI

JACK had been right and Scott Raymond had gone. Under cover of the night the transports had slipped away, giving him no chance to say good-by to any one. His sudden departure had left Ruth strangely quiet and glad rather than otherwise that Jack had asked her for a decision and that she had told him definitely to wait. As for Jack he was genuinely puzzled. Ruth was evasive when approached seriously, but she was otherwise as sweet and companionable as ever. Once several evenings after Scott's departure he had attempted to force an answer from her, but he never tried that procedure more than the once. She had twisted out from under his kisses and had confronted him with burning cheeks. For a moment they had looked at each other with the eyes of strangers and then Ruth had burst into tears.

That was the night when Ruth sat up until long past midnight thinking. What was the matter with her? Didn't she love Jack? Hadn't she promised to marry him? Then why had she felt suffocated when he had kissed her tonight. She shuddered a little involuntarily, and her eyes fell on the cedar chest filled with bridal garments. She shuddered again, and snapping off the light suddenly, she had buried her face in the pillow and cried herself to sleep.

She had a strange dream that night, a delicious sensation of freedom enveloped her; she felt as though a mist had been cleared away, and at last she was seeing clearly for the first time. There was a problem that she had to solve, and it seemed as though she had passed through a great deal of darkness with the problem always with her. Suddenly she knew why she was no longer afraid, she was not alone, a figure was walking by her side, and as he turned toward her she saw that it was Scott Raymond. The road that they were traveling was rough and stony, and Ruth, looking down at her feet, saw that her shoes were torn and dusty, but she did not seem to mind because of the glorious light that kept pouring out of the darkness and flooding the path ahead of them with its brightness.

"I've learned to be myself," she exclaimed suddenly, "and I've forgotten all about everything else," and then she had suddenly wakened and the sun was pouring through the chintz curtains all over her pillow. She lay for a long time thinking about the dream, the wonder of that strange feeling still enveloped her; it had been like an ecstasy too large to comprehend, and yet she had never felt so humble and contented.

"If life could be like that," she thought, "simple and easy to understand, and if understanding oneself were really all that mattered. How happy I was, and yet my shoes were all tattered and my feet were sore, nothing seemed to matter as long as I could walk in that light and press on toward something. I wonder what it all meant."

That morning about 11 o'clock Martha showed in Helen Brander. Helen was pale, and yet there was a look of suppressed excitement in her eyes that was unusual. Ruth knew immediately that something was wrong, and the two girls went into Ruth's own room at Helen's request.

They stood facing each other, and quite suddenly the tears began to steal down Helen's face.

Ruth put her arms about her, but Helen drew back instantly and began to talk. There was none of the careless nonchalance, the hard brittleness that had always characterized Helen before. Ruth felt as though she were looking at the real Helen for the first time.

"Ruth, I want you to help me. I simply had to tell some one, and I've come to you. I came because I feel that you will understand. I could never tell my people until I have done it."

"Done what?"

"Been married."

"Married! To whom?"

"Jim Townsend. There has never been any one else. Ruth, I know that you may think me a fool. I know that if another girl did the thing that I am going to do I should think so, too, but I feel dierent now. I don't know why; I'm sure, a year ago, I wouldn't have looked at Jim. Perhaps it's the war, I don't know. But we're going to be married tonight, and we want you and Jack to come and see us off. He may sail any day now, and we want to spend the last few days together."

"But your mother?"

"My mother! You know what she would say, don't you? She and father would never let me do it."

And Ruth with a sudden vision of cold-featured Mrs. Brander with her perfect manners, and her ultra gowns, and of Helen's father, grim and taciturn, threw warm arms about Helen with an impulsive, "Of course I'll come."

(The fact that Helen is happy with her soldier husband gives Ruth serious thought.)

Great demand for the EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER may cause you to miss an installment of this very interesting story. You had better, therefore, telephone or write to the Circulation Department, or ask your newsdealer this afternoon to leave the EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER at your home.

250 IN CASUALTIES; THREE LISTS ISSUED

Total for Today 113; Marines, 24; Last Night 113. 110 Reported as Killed in Action, 88 Wounded, 30 Missing

Washington, Aug. 30.

Three casualty lists issued by the War Department contain 250 names, 113 in today's army list, 24 in the marines and 113 in the army last night. Today's army list is divided as follows:

Killed in action, 49; missing in action 13; wounded severely, 34; died from accident and other causes, 1; died of disease, 1; wounded, degree undetermined, 8; died from wounds, 7; total, 113.

The list:

KILLED IN ACTION

Captains

COOK, JAMES, Waco, Tex.
SMITH, RICHARD FREDERICK, Jackson, Mich.

Lieutenant

SEIF, LOUIS, Neillsville, Wis.

Sergeant

JEWELL, CARLTON F., Detroit, Mich.

Corporals

BESNET, ALFRED, Bay City, Mich.
BRITTAIN, THOMAS W., Island Falls, Me.
CURWEN, HARRY T., St. Croix Falls, Wis.
DUNN, FRED R., Charleston, Ill.
HOLLONSHED, HOYT MILTON, Marion, O.
JOHNSON, AUDIE JOHN, East Tawas, Mich.
JOHNSTON, JOHN F., Saltsburg, Indiana County, Pa.
SPENCER, ROBERT F., Hamilton, Canada.

Mechanic

MENZIE, HARLO, Larwill, Ind.

Privates

BENNETTS, HARRY, St. Austell, Cornwall, Eng.
BUDD, BERT, Justus, O.
CARRICO, EDD, Davis City, Ia.
CASTELLOE, JACK, Prescott, Wis.
COHEN, SOLOMAN, New Bedford, Mass.
CORDOVA, JESUS M., Cortez, Col.
CUSHEN, HARRY P., Baltimore, Md.
DESMARAIS, JOHN B., Faribault, Minn.
FREDERICKS, FERDINAND, Sheboygan Falls, Wis.
GALYRO, TONY, Youngstown, O.
HARRIS, HAMMET D., Thomasville, N. C.
HICKEY, JOHN J., Madison, Wis.
HIGGINS, ALFRED, 518 South Orange street, Media, Pa.
HITCHCOCK, HERBERT G., Hamilton, Mich.
HOLTKE, HERBERT, Edelstein, Ill.
HOLZSCHUH, GEORGE, Harrison, Wis.
JACKSON, ALEX, Cleveland.
JACKSON, WILLIAM A., Detroit.
JANKOWSKI, WALTER, West Allis, Wis.
KELLEY, MICHAEL J., 5200 Warren street, Philadelphia.
KRAFT, LEO W., Detroit, Mich.
MORANDI, KARL A., Cambridge, Mass.
MORRISSEY, JOHN J., Mount Bella, Ireland.
O'CONNOR, FRANCIS J., Detroit.
O'DAY, CHARLES, Brooklyn.
OTTINGER, ANDREW D., Sheridan, Ore.
PERRY, THOMAS L., Eure, N. C.
RING, DANIEL F., Haverhill, Mass.
SCHWARTZ, SAMUEL, New York city.
SERREY, JOHN E., Waterbury, Conn.
SHORE, PAUL E., Winston-Salem, N. C.
SIUBA, BENNY, Milwaukee, Wis.
SMITH, GRANT WHEELER, Ringgold, Pa.
SOTTILE, CORADO, Pachino, Italy.
STOLLINGS, WILLIAM, Xenia, O.
VODZAK, JOSEPH MIKE, Barnesboro, Pa.

DIED OF WOUNDS

Sergeant

WORRALL, HAROLD J., Minneapolis, Minn.

Privates

BLASZAK, WALTER, Chicago.
BOCK, PAUL S., Aurora, Ill.
CHAMBLISS, RAYMOND B., Lampasas, Tex.
CORNELL, EDWARD, Eureka Springs, Ark.
FRANCIES, JOSEPH, Jr., Warsaw, Poland.
WISTHOFF, CHARLES W., Acampo, Cal.

DIED OF DISEASE

Private

SIMMONS, WILL, Devereaux, Ga.

DIED OF ACCIDENT AND OTHER CAUSES

Sergeant

MANKIN, CLAUDE VIVIAN, Beckley, W. Va.

WOUNDED SEVERELY

Captain

CALDWELL, EDGAR N., Watertown, Wis.

Lieutenant

KOHLL, CHARLES R., Monroe, Wis.

Sergeant

DALEY, HALVOR M., Choteau, Mont.

Cook

SNYDER, ARCHIE, Claysburg, Blair County, Pa.

Privates

ACKERSON, LEWIS L., Fort Dodge, Ia.
BASHAM, WILLIAM J., 264 Foster street, Scranton, Pa.
BELL, WILLIAM McH., Harrison, O.
BROEGE, EDWARD ARTHUR, Rush Lake, Wis.
CASPER, JOHN C., La Crosse, Wis.
COFFIN, ALMON B., Velva, N. D.
DAILEY, ELZIE, Olive Hill, Ky.
EICHOLTZ, ORVILLE O., Caterville, Mo.
GARNER, TOM, Stillmore, Ga.
GOODEE, WESLEY, Lovelaceville, Ky.
HAYES, CHARLES H., Syracuse, N. Y.
HOWARD, JIM, Haywick, Kan.
JONES, EPHRAIM E., Rocky Mount, N. C.
JONES, JOSEPH T., Oliver Springs, Tenn.
KIECKHAFER, ALBERT R. O., Foster, Neb.
KUSHARSKI, JOHN, Staten Island, N. Y.
KUNER, IRVING, New York city.
LA MORTE, MICHAEL, Emerson, N. J.
LE BLANC, JOSEPH G., Manchester, N. H.
LECHNER, MAHLON, Winifred, Mont.
LEVI, JOSEPH N., Lawrence, Mass.
LICHTIGER, JOSEPH, Newark, N. J.
LOGG, JOSEPH A., Comeron, La.
McDONNELL, ARTHUR C., 124 Washington street, Hoboken, N. J.
MAJAN, FLOYD, Greenville, S. C.
MATTHEWS, MURPHY N., Kipling, N. C.
MURRAY, THOMAS R., 804 Market street, Camden, N. J.
NICKELSON, ARTHUR ERNEST, Shermanville, Ill.
O'LEARY, DANIEL J., Northampton, Mass.
PAGLIA, VINZENZO, Malden, Mass.

WOUNDED, DEGREE UNDETERMINED

Wagoner

LINDSEY, WILLIAM, Clover Port, Ky.

Privates

GARTNER, PETER A., St. Ansgar, Ia.
HEINOLD, GEORGE L., Oakland, Cal.
HOTCHKISS, CLARENCE, West Oneonta, N. Y.
LAYTON, ERNEST, Knab, Wash.
SIMONIAN, GREGOR P., Worcester, Mass.
TROSTLE, CLARENCE D., 308 Twenty-fifth street, Altoona, Pa.
WHALEN, MICHAEL A., Brooklyn.

MISSING IN ACTION

Corporal

LUCOTT, ANDREW W., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Privates

BARRETT, RUSSELL, Wapato, Wash.
CIECIERSKI, WALDYSLAW, Old Forge, Pa.
DEITSCHLE, GEORGE W., Columbus, O.
DROPKIN, ISADORE, New York city.
FESTA, ANGELO, Bognoli d'Ausilio, Italy.
HALL, CHARLES W., 3952 Market street, Philadelphia.
JONES, ALFRED PAUL, Easton, Pa.
KRAMP, CHARLES, Brookline, Mass.
PUKAZEWICK, WALTER, Wallingford, Conn.
STEENSON, MARK D., Yakima, Wash.
SUMNER, EARL, Morris, Okla.
TOBIASSEN, ANDREW N., Nevada City, Cal.

Marine List

The marine list, containing twenty-four names, was divided as follows: Killed in action, nine; died of wounds, one; wounded severely, seven; missing in action, seven.

The list:

KILLED IN ACTION

Lieutenant

ROY, CHARLES H., Jamesport, Mo.

Sergeant

CRONIN, RAYMOND P., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Corporals

SCHRAMM, FREDERICK L., Bellaire, O.
ABERCROMBIE, LEWIS F., Laurens, S. C.
STEPHEN, ROBERT A., St. Louis, Mo.

Privates

BURNS, HUBERT H., Randlett, Utah.
FINNEY, EMMERT O., Shelbina, Mo.
MARTIN, AUGBURN D., East Bend, N. C.
RAGGIO, ALBERT M. A., New York city.

DIED OF WOUNDS

Lieutenant

JOHNSTON, SCOTT M., St. Paul, Minn.

WOUNDED SEVERELY

Privates

MacGILLIVRAY, DANIEL J., Cambridge, Mass.
DAVIS, GILBERT V., Hutchinson, Kan.
FAIRCHILD, STANLEY S., Bath, N. Y.
MEYERS, RICHARD L., Little Falls, Minn.
NEARY, LEO E., 65 River street, Carbondale, Pa.
VIERBUCHEN, WILLIAM J., Newark, N. J.
WIEST, WILLIAM F., Detroit, Mich.

MISSING IN ACTION

Privates

WOLTER, FRANK R., Madisonville, O.
BEGG, WILLIAM, 3124 North Harbor street, Philadelphia.
LINDER, CLARENCE H., Dundas, Ill.
McDILL, HARDIN B., Manhattan, Kan.
PHILLIPS, CHARLES H., Hurlock, Md.
MOLOSKI, BROWNY L., R. F. D., Ansbury, Pa.
JACOBY, WILLIAM J., Indianapolis, Ind.

PREVIOUSLY REPORTED SERIOUSLY WOUNDED—NOW REPORTED KILLED IN ACTION

Private

FISHER, JAMES E., Columbus, O.

PREVIOUSLY REPORTED MISSING—NOW REPORTED ON DUTY WITH COMPANY

Private

SIMPSON, EDWARD K., Orange, N. J.

THE WOMAN'S EXCHANGE

TODAY'S INQUIRIES

1. Give a recipe for making lemon pie filling without sugar.
2. Give the recipe for the meringue.
3. What is the allowance of sugar in cupfuls allowed each person by the Government?
4. Is it correct for the bride and bridegroom to present the gifts to their attendants before or after the ceremony?
5. Who is "Major Bills" Wellbern?
6. Who founded the Financial Center for Women?

YESTERDAY'S ANSWERS

1. At the Labor Day outing let the children play a game that calls for dipping into a basket, with eyes closed, to select one of many little symbols that represent various trades. Then each child must act out his trade. A prize may be given to the most successful actor.
2. Miss Mary Van Kleeck is head of the woman's division of the United States Department of Labor.
3. The British A. L. A. stand for the American Library Association.
4. Pineapple ice can be made without sugar by using the following ingredients: One cupful of grated pineapple, one and three-fifths cupfuls of corn sirup, one lemon and two cupfuls of water.
5. In canning peaches honey can be used as a delicious substitute for sugar. Use three-quarters of the liquid called for in a recipe when the honey is used.
6. If the cork in a glue bottle is greased with vaseline the glue will not harden as ordinarily.

Soldier Wants Reading Matter

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Just a few lines to ask you to be kind enough to interest your many readers to send magazines and other reading matter to the address below. In reality it's a village, consisting of only one hotel, one candy stand, three Ford cars of the vintage of 1912 and six bony mules. Still they call it a town. I enlisted in March and was sent to Columbus barracks, where I remained for about one month and then was shipped up to Fort Greble, Rhode Island. I left there in July. We arrived at about 10 p. m. and were greeted with a thunder and lightning storm and mud nearly to our knees, and immediately the boys christened it Camp Useless. We never see a Philadelphia paper except when some of the boys receive one and then it is about worn out after every one has a look at it, and no matter how old it is it's always welcome. Before I close my letter let me state that I have been in Rhode Island, Massachusetts, Ohio and southern States, but not one of those places compares with old Philly, and I am yearning to go over there and finish it all and return to the place I call home up in the northeast. A LAD FROM PHILLY

MECHANIC I. W. BEATTIE,
Supply Company, 59th Artillery, C. A. C.,
Camp Eustis, Va.

Here is a chance for some of our readers who have queried about where to send reading matter. We are glad to hear from you, soldier friend, and hope this won't be your only visit.

Old Pieces of Carpet

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—I would be very grateful to you if you would give me address to the lady who wants to give the old carpets or rugs away. I have five small children and on account of the shortage of coal this year anything in the line of old carpets or old clothing for the children will help to keep the cold out. (Mrs.) S.

If any one is interested in this reader and will forward a self-addressed, stamped envelope we will forward it.

An Unusual Case

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Just one year ago a sad event occurred in my life. At the tender age of sixteen I was bereft of my mother. We, my grandfather and myself, continued to keep up the house, but the spirit of the home was gone. We closed up in June after Camden High School, of which I was a pupil, had adjourned for the summer. School is about to begin again, and instead of being settled in Camden and preparing to return to school I am temporarily established here in Philadelphia, where I do not care to remain for the winter. Now, it is imperative that I get back to Camden within the next week or two, but I would like to go with nice people. That is why I am writing you, my dear editor. Do you know any one living in Camden, near our school, if possible who would be willing to open her door to me until, after a few years, when I anticipate entering a training school for nurses? Do you think $8 or $7 would be enough for my board? I hope I have not bored you with my troubles.

APPRECIATED

I have printed this letter just as it has come to me. I do not know this little girl who writes to me, but somehow my heart goes out to her. Would some kind, motherly family in Camden, near the high school, like to have her address? I shall be only too glad to furnish it to any one who will send with their own address the name of a clergyman to whom we can turn for reference. Six or $7 will be plenty for the board, dear.

THE DAILY NOVELETTE

GEORGE DID IT

By Josephine Murphy

IN THE cheerful democracy of Mrs Allen's boarding house only Edith Fay disdained the front-step habit. When her half-dozen fellow boarders, summer-bound in town by one necessity or another, hied them with sighs of relief from the basement dining room to the pillow and mat dedecked stairs, Miss Fay lingered only long enough to escape the suspicion of ungraciousness. Then she trailed silently off to solitude.

"You don't get a particle of breeze in that little room of yours," protested Mrs. Allen, friendly, from her rocking chair at the top of the steps; "you'd better join us squatters out here. The park smells cool and the fountain sounds cool, even if it is as hot as Kansas."

Young Mr. Day, whose legal practice was not generally believed to be large enough to require his presence in town during the summer, ceased staring at the park and glanced hopefully toward the girl. But she shook her head, smiling.

"I have to pack, you know," she answered.

"Pack?"

"Yes. I'm going to Pine Beach for the summer."

"Lucky girl! Pretty place."

"Have you ordered George?" called Mrs. Allen. "He can check your baggage through to destination now; it's a comfort. Unless you order him early he's likely to leave you in the lurch."

"I've attended to everything," said Edith, and floated off.

"You know," Mrs. Allen said, leaning forward, "she's going to the Pine Beach Hotel as a sort of attraction to sing. She hasn't enough voice for the opera, but they say she's great when she dresses up like a clown and sings ragtime."

Mr. Day muttered something about a walk and passed down the steps.

He returned an hour later to find the steps deserted, though the presence of the cushions seemed to indicate that the "squatters" would return. He sat down and began to fan himself. Presently Edith appeared.

"Oh!" she said, "I though every one had gone for a ferry ride. I—"

"Please sit down and rest," said Mr. Day. "I think a breeze is coming up." After a second's hesitation she sank into Mrs. Allen's chair.

"Do you realize," he began, "that this is the first time I have been alone with you for weeks? Not since we went to Chin Chin together."

She made no reply, and he learned forward.

"Do you realize it?" he persisted.

"Has it been so long?" Her voice was soft and sweet.

"It has been. And I want to ask you why you have avoided me?"

"Avoided you? I haven't. I've been busy. I have had old friends in town. I—"

"Edith, don't talk nonsense. You know I love you."

"Then you must not keep on. The conclusion would be painful to us both," she answered.

"Why should it be?" The light of battle was in his eyes.

"I know you could care for me if you would let yourself."

"It is not so," she replied, as she swept through the door and up the hall stairway.

"Heavens!" he exclaimed angrily. "She's not worth it. I'm done with her."

"Mr. Day has decided to go down to his mother's place on Long Island for the holiday," announced Mrs. Allen, as she hustled to get breakfast the next morning. "That reminds me, Jenny, he wants his bag checked for Bellport when George comes for Miss Fay's trunk. She's off, silly child, without any breakfast at all. She met Mr. Day in the diningroom and they almost snapped each other's head off when they said good morning. Here's George now. Jenny, go up with him and get the checks. Bellport, L. I., for the bag, and Pine Beach, N. J., for the trunk. Don't get them mixed, whatever you do."

"Now," said the proprietor of the Pine Beach Hotel angrily, "I'll do right by you if you do right by me. But you're not doing right when you come down here without your properties. You should have seen to it that your trunk was on the same train with you. If it doesn't come on this last train, you won't need it at all."

"Here comes the porter now," cried Edith with a new hope. "Maybe he's found it. No, that isn't mine. Mine's a trunk, not a bag."

Nevertheless the porter deposited the suitcase with a tip-expecting smile. Edith glanced at the painted letters, "E. L. Day, Bellport, L. I.," she read.

"You need not send again to the station," she said. "There has been a mistake. I should like to be called for the first train in the morning."

A bright-eyed woodchuck was the only living thing that shared Edith's early morning at Pine Beach station. A train wheezed in, bearing express packages, papers, a trunk and a solitary passenger. At the sight of the passenger the color suddenly leaped into Miss Fay's cheek.

"I tried to telegraph you when I discovered this ridiculous blunder," began Mr. Day with distant mien of a recently rejected suitor. "I took the last train to New York and the first down here."

"I'm sorry you bothered," said Edith. "It don't matter now, he doesn't want me——"

"Who doesn't want you?" Day demanded with fervor.

"The Pine Beach man—or any one else, I dare say. You see, he says I broke my contract——"

"Oh, he does, does he? We'll see if we can't alter his poninion as to contracts."

"I don't want you to. I don't want any contracts. Oh, I never knew a man could be so abominable! I don't want anything except—except——" her lips quivered and she became silent.

It was so still that bye and bye the woodchuck ventured out again. He stared with beady-eyed gravity upon a young man who dried a lady's tears by kissing her eyes. Then he scrambled back into the forest, pondering upon the words which had broken the stillness.

"God bless George."

Tomorrow's Complete Novelette—"THE GREEN APRON."

PLEASE TELL ME WHAT TO DO

By Cynthia

Quite Correct

Dear Cynthia—Would you be so kind as to answer a few questions for me?

Would it be considered good form for a boy to spend a week-end at a girl's house at the invitation of her mother? Should the boy take some kind of a gift on a visit like this, and if so, what?

Also would it be proper for a boy to ask a girl, a very good friend, to spend a week-end at his home? The girl has never met his family, but he has a sister her age. G. C. M.

Yes, it's perfectly correct for a boy to spend the week-end at a girl's house if the girl's mother asks him. In fact, that is the way in which an invitation should come. It would be a polite thing for the boy to take with him some flowers for the mother and a box of candy to the girl.

If he wishes to take only one thing, either suggestion could be carried out, and either the mother or the girl be the recipient of the gift.

A girl should not visit a boy's house on his invitation. If his mother or sister (even if they have not met her) writes to her and invites her, it would be perfectly all right for her to accept.

Wants to Meet Them

Dear Cynthia—I would like to get acquainted with some of our boys in the service.

Could you advise me how to meet some of them?

I am very shy and can't seem to get along with anybody. It seems I always have to take a back seat no matter how hard I try. If you can help me I will be very greatly oblized.

Unless some of your friends can introduce you to some of the men in the service, I am afraid I cannot help you in the matter.

Why not offer your services to help entertain the enlisted men at the various centers. There are a number of dances and parties given evening after evening by various churches and war organizations. You might join one of these and help to entertain these boys. If you go into it as a good work and really try to think up games and dance with the boys, you'll soon get over your shyness.

It's "Up to" the Men

Dear Cynthia—I would like to say a few words in answer to "Perplexed," who asked the opinion of your readers a few days ago of "What kind of a wife a girl who paints her face" would make?

I am a man, and sometimes, too, have been perplexed, but I am able to think in two ways. If we ask the girl why she paints her face, she would say, "If there were not one to look at her she would not have to paint." It is for the man she loves she is trying to appear more beautiful for him that she does it, sometimes even at the expense of her health. She does not deceive a man who knows what a girl ought to be, but it is for the man to make her sincere. ALEXIS.

Depends on Her Love for Him

Dear Cynthia—Would you please tell me should a girl get engaged to a young man who is to leave the city for a new position and will be able to see her not more than once a month?

Your kind suggestion shall be deeply appreciated. FRANCES.

It depends entirely on the state of the girl's feelings toward this man. If she loves him, the fact that they must be separated for some time before marriage should not prevent her promising to marry him. They can write frequently to each other and get to know each other very well in this way, and if the new position is better than one in the same city, and promises more advancement and better money than a local one, it is to the girl's best interests as well as his to encourage him in the work which will bring their ultimate marriage nearer than his staying at home in the same old job would. It is entirely a question of whether the girl deems the man and his love worth waiting for. If not, she should not engage herself to him.

LONDON WOMEN GET DEMANDS

Committee Grants Workers Wage Increase They Sought

By the Associated Press

London, Aug. 30.—The departmental committee to which has been referred the question of wages for women workers on the busses, trams and underground railways, after the women had returned to work, has awarded the women virtually what they demanded.

Their new rate of pay will be equivalent to twenty-five shillings a week above what it was before the war. Some claims, however, it is declared, can only be decided on annual basis after a full inquiry.

PERMANENT HAIR WAVE
New Nestle Apparatus—1918 Model
Also agents for Nestle's patented water waving comb.
Before you have your hair waved consult
C. LUCKER, Hairdresser
Phone Locust 3627 1518 SOUTH 17TH

Canning Manuals Free

On receipt of a two-cent stamp for postage the Editor of Woman's Page will send the home canning and drying manual, issued by the National War Garden Commission. It is very clear and easy to follow and will prove invaluable to the woman who wishes to be successful with her canning.

Established 1889
Furs—131 So. 13th St.—Millinery
Mawson's Furs
Mr. L. J. Mawson is not connected, directly or indirectly, with any other firm using his name.

Sifting Flour With One Hand

This sifter is constructed so that it only requires shaking to do its work. Thus simply one hand is used for the sifting and the other is available for beating the flour in the batter or whatever is being mixed.

Adventures With a Purse

THE silver-finish pin I saw today about an inch and a half long, broad in the middle, and tapering at each end, with delicate filigree work and a sparkling white stone in the middle, attracted my attention immediately. "How well that would look," I thought, "on that little fine georgette blouse." Of course, I thought the price would be $2 or $3, and was amazed to find that it was only 50c.

"A half teaspoonful of salt," says your friend, "to two tablespoonsful of vinegar," and you listen attentively to her directions for making that delightful pickle. But your measures must accurate, and so you will be glad to hear of a black-handled metal measuring spoon, with all the measurements from a half teaspoon to two tablespoons marked off on the bowl. In these times of preserving and canning, one should not be without these convenient spoons.

No bathroom is complete without a sturdy little scrub brush to get after those hands which actually seem to have an affinity for dust and dirt. But these useful little brushes need not prove expensive. I discovered some nice square-backed brushes with firm black bristles for 15c.

One is reluctant to purchase kid gloves yet, but on the other hand, cooler weather suggests the necessity for gloves of some kind. For shopping and everyday wear come suede-finished gloves in white; a well-known make of glove. They are specially priced at 65c, and would tide you over nicely.

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

P. R. R. to Add to Service Flag

The Pennsylvania Railroad Company's service flag is to be changed. The change will be made to care for the 8424 employed who have entered the military service since the last compilation, and the new number for the big blue star will be 20,193. This number includes the lines both east and west of Pittsburgh.

The Greatest of All—
Says the American Medicine Co., in recommending Bismoline—The Only Medicated Healing Talcum Powder.
Dr. Manasses, of Diamond St., Phila., foremost physician, says Bismoline is best in existence; invaluable for the skin of children. Dr. Campbell, Broad St., says there's nothing else to consider for children. It is ten times better than you can think or we can tell you. Is the only powder indorsed by every physician who knows it.
We Pay You
To try the first box—Have your druggist certify your purchase on his label and send it to us—we'll mail you a 25c bottle of greatest perfume made.
LeFevre Bismoline Co., Lancaster, Pa.
V. H. Smith & Co., Miller Drug Co., Sales Agents, Phila.

LABOR DAY OUTING STUNTS ARE FUN

Serve Supper for Each Couple in a Dinner Pail—The Headdress Game

The Labor Day outing is not the least of our great American sports. Headdress games during the course of the day are great fun, either for adults or children. Colored paper is used for the headdress and it is the aim of the other guests to guess just what trade each one represents. It is not difficult to build a brick layer arrangement for the head outlining bricks on white paper, but some of the other trades are hard to portray and hard to guess. Some of those portrayed are bakers, shoemakers, carpenters, etc. The one with the greatest number of correct guesses to his credit at the end of the afternoon or evening takes a small prize.

A great deal of comedy is worked into this game if the shoemakers, etc., are required to pantomime their trades when the guesses are all "cold."

Another quieter game to play is the Toiler's Knowledge. Each girl and man in the party share a card on which is written half a proverb or quotation about labor, with words omitted. They are required to fill in these spaces between them. Here are some labor proverbs: "The laborer is worthy of his hire." "A bad workman blames his tools." "Man may work from sun to sun, but woman's work is 'never done,'" etc.

THREE FROM NEARBY IN LAST NIGHT'S LIST

Washington, Aug. 30.—Last night's army casualty list of 113 names contained the following from nearby points:

KILLED IN ACTION

Private

BRENNAN, JOHN, 424 Lehigh street, Easton,