LETTING GO OF THINGS ONCE IN A WHILE—OVERSEA BLUE IS NEW—CYNTHIA'S CORNER—RECIPES

THINGS GO ON THE SAME WHILE WE TAKE OUR NAP

But Not Many of Us Believe That They Do—There's Nothing More Beneficial to a Woman's Looks and Disposition Than an Occasional Letting Go

MOST of us imagine the world will come to an end if we don't do all the things that are piled up in front of us. It is very enlightening once in a while to let everything go and find that the world keeps right on going—even our part of it.

There is no greater gift to woman's health, to her beauty, to her disposition than the ability to let go. I know a woman who was very tired. There were three children in the family and she made every stitch of their clothes. She ironed the little ruffly petticoats herself and often lifted up the little skirts to show her friends how immaculate and well dressed the little ones were. It was the same way with her three-story house. While wiping the sweat from her brow at night and wearily drawing one foot after the other, she was able to tell the chance caller "that she never neglected her home."

PERSONALLY I believe this friend of mine was neglecting her home in a very serious sort of a way. Home, after all, is where the heart is. And the head of this particular three-story house very often took his heart out for a breath of fresh air—where dusting, sweeping and the stories thereof were not. It would be safe to say his heart was not in his home.

PERHAPS it was more merciful than otherwise that the friend of whom I speak had a nervous breakdown in the end. It was the return trip home that did for her viewpoint what the long two months of absolute rest and eggs and milk began to do for it in the hospital. The little home was going on just the same. It was overwhelming, but convincing. The children's cheeks were very rosy. Their hair was combed. They had on, it is true, dark blue gingham bloomers instead of petticoats. But the newspapers hadn't gotten hold of it, and so far none of the neighbors' children who wore the same had ostracized them on that account.

THE woman of whom I speak now lets go. When her nerves are frazzled to the screaming point she makes up her mind to count the clean laundry, to press the children's hair ribbons, to sweep the sitting room, to rub down the bathroom walls and bathe the dog the next morning instead of at 4 o'clock that afternoon. She does the world-rocking thing she would as soon have thought of doing six months ago as of jumping in the lake. She goes upstairs and has a perfectly grand time!

Do you know what a perfectly grand time is when you have about a million things to do and are too tired to do one? Well, you light the hot water. Then you go up in your room and lay out a nice clean nightgown. You get undressed and after you have had the nicest sort of a soothing bath gloriously climaxed with your very best Sunday-go-to-meeting talcum powder, you slip into the nightie, open the windows wide, pull down the shades and slide in between the sheets. This is letting go. When you get up at half past five you are a new person.

THE nation sees to it that a soldier takes very good care of his physical well being. It is not over-indulgence for the woman back home to keep herself away from doctors and trains. It is rather a matter of patriotism, because these days doctors and nurses have so many worthier calls to answer.

FOR A LITTLE GIRL TO WEAR TO SCHOOL

A little striped taffeta and a bit of fringe tend to make this blue serge school frock a thing of joy for its young wearer

A Daily Fashion Talk by Florence Rose

EVEN before the tang in the air or the gay dress of the trees announces the passing of the summer into the autumn, school days are here again and the girl who is going away to school or even to school in her home town must be provided with suitable clothes.

Clothes for the school girl of course mean a variety of garments, but the first to take into consideration is the dress that is to be worn every day to school, and the first requisite of the school dress is that it shall be serviceable and that the material shall be such as will stand the hard wear it is sure to receive, and because the sterling qualities of serge have so often been demonstrated, it is a favorite fabric for this sort of dress and most frequently selected by the mothers of the young miss. Mothers, too, are looking at serge for other reasons than wear this year, for they are anticipating a repetition of the same sort of weather as we had last winter and the possibility of again having to economize with coal, and the daughter must be dressed warm enough to safeguard against these conditions, and we all know that the serge dress is a warm garment.

The second essential, and this applies to the clothes, of the growing girl, is that the school dress shall be simple.

When I saw the original of the dress illustrated today I was so amused when I noticed the little touches the designer had given the frock, that were so like the features which are introduced in the dresses of the grown-up woman. And yet the frock remained childlike. What little girl would not be overjoyed to have a little bit of fringe on her dress, just as mother has on her blue serge?

Striped taffeta is used in combination with the serge of this girl's dress, and the neck is finished with an organdie collar. The sleeves of the dress are very good for a school dress, as they are full enough at the elbow, which helps prevent both shine and wear.

The velour hats are considered very good for young girls, and the one shown today is simply trimmed with a ribbon which is tied in a flat bow at the right side.

(Copyright, 1918, by Florence Rose.)

A Prayer for the World's Rebuilders

We send them off to school again today,
This cool September morning. All the street
Is musical with patter of small feet,
And little, shining faces all the way
Seem wayside posies for our smiles to greet.

I wonder if they ever guess or know
With what strange tenderness we watch them go?

Just children on their way to school again?
Nay, it is ours to watch a greater thing—
These are the World's Rebuilders, these must bring
Order to chaos, comforting to pain,
And light in blasted fields new fires of spring.

Dear Lord, Thy childish hands were weak and small,
Yet had they power to clasp the world withal,
Grant these, Thy little kindred, strength as true—
They have so much to learn, so much to do!

—Theodosia Garrison, in Good Housekeeping.

Fish and Tomato Puffs

To every pound of mashed potatoes allow four ounces of any sort of flaked fish and one large tomato, peeled. To peel easily, scald the tomato, cut in slices and add to the potatoes and fish with a dessert spoonful of chopped parsley, a pinch of sugar, salt and pepper to taste, lastly adding a well-beaten egg. Beat all well together and fry the puffs in plenty of boiling fat. Drop the mixture in with a tablespoon; serve with coffee instead of tea.

Oatmeal Fruit Drop Cookies

One-half cupful sugar of syrup.
One tablespoonful of fat—
One-quarter cupful of corn syrup.
One-half teaspoonful of salt.
Two eggs beaten until light.
Two and a half cupfuls of rolled oats ground.
One-half cupful of dates or raisins cut in small pieces.
One teaspoonful of vanilla.

Mix in order given. Drop by the spoonful on greased baking sheet and bake.

PUT UP SOME PEACHES WHILE WE'VE PLENTY

Firm Ones Are Best for Canning — You'll Appreciate Them When Winter Comes

Firm, uniform size peaches should be used for canning. The early white fleshed varieties may have the skins loosened by blanching in boiling water a minute or two, but most yellow varieties must be peeled by hand. Remove and cold dip. Take off skins, cut in halves, remove stones and pack at once. Place the halves in overlapping layers, the pit surface of each being downward and the skin surface facing the glass. Cover with boiling syrup of the thin grade. That is one part sugar to four parts water.

Put on the rubber and top. Partially seal by adjusting top bail or screwing top on with thumb and little finger.

Sterilize sixteen minutes in hot water bath, or if using a steamer ten minutes at five pounds steam pressure if the fruit is soft ripe; if it is hard ripe sterilize twenty-four minutes in boiling water or fifteen minutes in steam pressure. Remove, seal tight and cool.

The hot water bath can simply be a wash boiler fitted with a false bottom and no top. The jars are put in water a little warmer than the hot jars. Sterilization time is counted from the time the water really begins to boil, showing good-sized bubbles. Keep water over tops of the jars all through cooking. The editor of the Woman's Page, who has the kind co-operation of national war garden commmission will be glad to answer any queries on canning. On receipt of a two-cent stamp for postage the editor will forward the free canning and drying manual issued by the commission.

For Boys' Shoes

Boys' boots can be made almost waterproof by rubbing often with melted mutton fat and vaseline; leave in a warm place until it dries in.

Using Dried Eggs

Dehydrated eggs are handy to have on hand to use where less than one egg can be used, as three teaspoonfuls equal one egg.

To Make Barley Flour Light

When using barley flour, sift several times, as that makes it lighter.

Use Ham Fat for Bacon

Slice the fat from a ham thin and crisp, like bacon; it is almost as good.

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 Jack Bond and Scott Raymond. She promises to marry Bond. Both men are drafted, but Bond is exempted. She later experiences doubts as to the wisdom of her choice. Myra Briggs, a friend, suggests war work to set her mind at rest.

ARTICLE XIX

RUTH thought, after her mother's gentle ridicule and Jack's obvious disapproval, that work of the kind that Myra had suggested would be difficult to discover. There was, too, the personal element about it. Ruth longed to talk it over with Myra, to ask her more questions about it, to discuss the problem of approaching people without seeming to intrude on a purely intimate phase of life, but not for the world would she have asked a favor of Myra under existing circumstances.

She was tempted daily to let it go and to devote herself to getting ready to be married, but something she could not entirely understand forced her mind to dwell on her work constantly so that she finally went to Helen Brander and in an effort to help matters confessed what it was that she wanted to do.

Helen had been out with her mother at a fashionable afternoon reception. She wore an afternoon frock of grey chiffon velvet and a close little hat of velvet and fur. Ruth could not help exclaiming at the extravagance of the costume, the first of the new fall models that she had seen. Then she looked at Helen's face and promptly changed her mind. Helen was very white and her eyes looked dark and tragic. She seemed anything but happy, although she had apparently everything to make her so.

She grasped both of Ruth's hands and exclaimed with a lightening of her entire face, "Ruth, what a darling you are to look me up. I never was so glad to see anyone."

"And I never saw anyone look so stunning."

"You mean my gown, I suppose; but look at my face. Mother tells me about that day and night."

"You do look pale, Helen. Tell me about things, can't you?"

"No, I can't talk about it now, because mother suspects that you sympathize with me. I told her yesterday when she goaded me too far that you and Jack had been at the wedding."

"Of course she was angry."

"Angry? Well, you just can't imagine how furious she was. I'm afraid she won't be decent to you, Ruth. You don't mind, do you?"

"Of course I don't."

"Well, here she comes now. Buck up, now, and be a soldier." And a faint smile overspread Helen's face.

Mrs. Brander swept into the room in her usual way and greeted Ruth with extreme frigidness.

She plainly intended to remain in the room during Ruth's visit unless the girls were able to invent something to get her out or to leave themselves.

"I suppose you and Jack are busy getting ready for the wedding," Mrs. Brander said, condescendingly. "I met Jack yesterday and he was telling me about the apartment he has taken on West End avenue."

"Yes," assented Ruth. "The apartment is a dear."

"Why, Ruth," Helen broke in almost eagerly, "I didn't know you and Jack had decided on an apartment."

"We didn't decide—Jack discovered it and took me down to see it yesterday afternoon. I haven't had time to tell you about it."

"She probably didn't want to tell you about it, anyway," put in Mrs. Brander, icily. "I notice that, although Ruth approved of the idiotic thing you did, she is careful to feather her own nest."

"Oh mother, how can you?" protested Helen, angrily.

"I haven't had a chance to tell Helen," Ruth returned, her cheeks scarlet.

"And I never said Ruth approved of what I did," Helen added.

"But I did approve," said Ruth quickly. "I think Helen did a fine thing and I think that we ought to make her happy while she is waiting for Jim to come home."

"Happy!" said Helen bitterly, "happy? I'm miserable, and mother never loses an opportunity to make me still more so."

There was a moment of strained silence and then Mrs. Brander without vouchsafing a remark of any kind left the room.

"Now, she'll lose no time about telling father," said Helen, turning to Ruth, "and I'll have to listen all over again to an account of Jim's worthlessness. O, I'm getting so tired of it, Ruth. I wish there were something I could do. This is an example of what I go through every day. And of course the fact that you are marrying Jack Bond who has everything to recommend him in mother's eyes would make her still more furious. As though it were possible to plan to fall in love. You fell in love with Jack and I fell in love with Jim, and that's all there is to it. Because Jack is more successful than Jim and more fortunate in that he doesn't have to go to war, can't be helped. I wouldn't have Jim do otherwise than he did. I wanted him to go across, and I don't ask anything for myself but a little peace while I am waiting for him to come back. It isn't much to ask, but it seems an impossibility for me to get any."

"But it isn't impossible," Ruth returned quickly. "We'll find a way, Helen, because I've made up my mind definitely that I'm going to make you happy."

The implication that Jack had everything to recommend him had for the first time rankled in Ruth's mind. Had he everything to recommend him? Wasn't Jim Townsend, poor and impractical, more to be recommended than Jack? He was risking his life, while Jack thought of apartments and Sheraton mahogany. Something needed to be evened up, somewhere.

(Tomorrow Ruth confesses to herself the belief that she has made a terrible mistake in promising to marry Jack without stopping to consider all sides of the question.)

Fruit Wheels

Sift together two cupfuls of flour, one heaping teaspoonful of baking powder, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one tablespoonful of sugar. Rub in two large tablespoonfuls of butter. Mix to soft dough with milk; roll out one-half inch thick. Spread thickly with soft butter, dust with one teaspoonful of flour, four tablespoonfuls of sugar, one teaspoonful of cinnamon; sprinkle over one-third cupful each of seeded raisins, chopped citron and cleaned currants. Roll up, cut in one-inch slices, put one inch apart on flat greased pans and bake in hot oven.

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THE DAILY NOVELETTE

BETTY'S WAR GARDEN

By Myra E. Smith

BETTY dug savagely at a huge weed whose roots refused to come up. Red and perspiring, at length she straightened up and tossed it triumphantly on the weed heap. Just then an auto horn sounded and gay voices called:

"Betty! Oh, Betty Mason. Come here!"

Betty hesitated in dismay, glancing at her earth-strained dress and hands, and thinking ruefully of her tumbled hair. Then, as she saw no way out, she advanced to the machine.

Within were two girls in dainty summer costume, who gazed in pitying amusement at the slender, khaki-clad figure with its bright face. One exclaimed gaily:

"Behold the farmerette!"

The other girl spoke sharply: "For heaven sakes, Betty, don't make a fright of yourself getting sunburned and actually dirty out in that garden. Hurry up and get ready to come with us for a ride. This is Lieutenant Clayton, who is anxious to meet the farmerette we talked about so much. Bob and Jack made us promise to persuade you to complete our party. Don't you dare say you can't go."

Betty flushed miserably as she met the young officer's keen gray eyes, feeling that no detail of her disreputable appearance had escaped them. Her brown eyes were troubled as she shook her head firmly.

"I can't, Katherine. You mustn't tempt me. I would be delighted to go with you if I could leave my hoeing. But the weeds will smother my potatoes and beans if I don't hoe them this week. And, then, there is canning——"

She stopped with a twinkle in her eyes at the expression of distaste in the girls' faces, then sobered as she saw a smile on Lieutenant Clayton's face. Was he laughing at her?

"Betty Mason, you are perfectly absurd when you could afford to hire that kind of work done, and you might be knitting for the Red Cross."

"But I don't like to knit," retorted Betty. "And I do love to work in the garden, so I am doing my bit here."

"A very important bit, too," interposed Lieutenant Clayton smilingly. "It may sound ungrateful, but if we soldiers had to take our choice between mufflers or helmets and a square meal, we would surely take the square meal."

Katherine pouted and, glancing at her charming white hands, asked hastily, "Surely you don't expect all girls are going to toil at such dirty work as farming? I am certain I never could stand it."

"We don't expect the lilies to do anything but look beautiful. Miss Mason and I are of different stuff. As a farmer myself from the Middle West I can sympathize with her. I wonder," added the lieutenant slowly, "if I couldn't suggest a solution of our difficulty. Suppose you girls go on with Bob and Jack and leave me to assist Miss Mason with her hoeing. I am sure we can finish by noontime, and you can come back for us, and we'll spend the rest of the day with you. Won't you accept a helper, Miss Mason?"

Betty was too surprised to more than gasp in amazement.

"But you couldn't; it wouldn't do to work in a garden in that uniform."

"This uniform means I am in the service of Uncle Sam to help him beat the Huns. Whether I dig trenches in France, or dig weeds in the garden here, Please may I help you? I really can hoe!"

It was settled in spite of Betty's protests, and the others drove off promising to return at noon, while her new assistant, stripping off coat and hat, went speedily at work. She soon found he had spoken the truth about his ability and, although she worked rapidly, he quickly outstripped her.

Before noon the hoeing was completed and Betty then changed to pale green dress, looking like a rose with her pink cheeks and yellow hair.

The others returned and soon all were enjoying the swift motion of the car and the cooling breezes.

Lieutenant Clayton found frequent opportunities to renew his acquaintance with Betty's war garden and its farmerette. He told her about his western farm and of his plans for it when the war was over. He shared his worries with her over the difficulty of finding a manager who would take a real interest in it and carry out his plans until his return.

At last the time drew near when he was to go. He called on Betty one morning and announced that he had decided on a new manager for his farm. Betty was at once interested and asked if he had secured a good one.

"I think so," answered the lieutenant with his merry twinkle. "I am sure that I have selected a good gardener, as I have had a very good chance to judge the new manager's work from personal observation. All I am anxious about is whether she will accept the place."

"She, did you say?" exclaimed Betty in surprise that changed to confusion under the officer's smiling scrutiny.

"Yes, Betty dear, do you care enough to marry me and wait for me on the farm till I come back? Then we can carry out our plans together. I have no one of my own people, and I would like to feel you were on the old farm waiting for my return from 'over there.' Will you accept the position as manager, Betty?"

Betty did accept it, and now, in her Western home, she cares for a larger war garden and waits for her soldier boy to come home.

Tomorrow's Complete Novelette—"CUPID AND THE SNAPSHOT."

THE WOMAN'S EXCHANGE

TODAY'S INQUIRIES

1. What is the Women's Apparel Unit?
2. How many single unemployed women in the United States are there between the ages of fifteen and forty-five years?
3. What will prevent the uneven burning of candles?
4. How can brown sugar be softened?
5. What will make watermelon pickles firm without making them tough?
6. Give the candle test for eggs.

Students' Army Training Corps

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—I have reached the age that allows me to register on September 12. It is my ambition to enroll in the students' army training corps, as I have had a vocational education and for fifteen months I have worked in an engineering office.

The information that I wish to gain is whether upon registering and filling out my questionnaire I state my wish to enroll with the above body and thus be inducted into service on October 1 or is it necessary to matriculate at a university and then be inducted into service?

I will be greatly obliged to you if you can clear these points up for me.

S. A. T. C.

You matriculate at the university first just as though it were peace time and register independent of this September list. On October 1 the military authorities take over the student army training corps and after that you are under their jurisdiction; that is to say, the local draft board has nothing to do with your case.

He Keeps Home Fires Burning

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—I am a young lad of seventeen and when this my beloved country entered into war I was still going to school. But then my brother's call came and he answered it cheerfully, and today my heart aches to think that my brother's regiment is in the heaviest fighting in France. But may God guard him, not only my brother, but all, for today I call every man fighting for liberty my brother. When my brother was called I was forced to leave school, for my brother was the one that supported us. Now I am in a place working—I might as well say a mill—and I want to work myself up out of this place and pick up studies in the evening, but I can't afford the price to pay anything. I would like to know if there are any night schools in the city which teach bookkeeping and typist's work free of charge. For this work I will go and learn. If any of your readers have some books that I could use something from, I will be more than glad to receive them. I will send stamps.

WEEKING FOR AN OPPORTUNITY.

You're the kind of ambitious boy we want most. There is a very good free course in bookkeeping, typewriting, etc., at the evening public high schools. The courses are given at the Central High, Northeast, West Philadelphia and Southern. Make application at the school nearest you the evenings of September 23-24.

I am sure some of our readers will be glad to give you some of their books if you will forward your address.

Remedying Knock Knees

Reader—There is a surgical operation that can remedy this. If the boy is willing to go to a ward the actual operation will not cost him anything. You will, however, have to pay possibly $1 or $2 a day for his maintenance in the hospital and possibly $5 or so for dressings.

Welcome to Our City!

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Will you kindly help me in the following if possible? Myself and husband are strangers in this city. I would like to rent a small unfurnished house within fifteen minutes' walk of City Hall. Could you kindly let me know we could secure such a house?

STRANGER

If you go to the Philadelphia Housing Association, 130 South Fifteenth street, I believe you will be able to get some sort of a house of the size you want. You cannot, however, be too particular as to distance from City Hall, etc., as Philadelphia is very crowded. There is no charge for the help of the housing association.

Out of Old Stockings

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Will you kindly print the directions for making children's underwear out of old stockings? I have heard these can be sent to the stagewomen's war relief.

(Mrs.) C.

I have mailed you the directions, as they are a little lengthy to print. Yes, the stagewomen's war relief is glad to get these little garments.

SATURDAY'S ANSWERS

1. Miss Elise Rowen is an instructor in the radio corps of the United States army.
2. Ruth Colman is the Washington, D. C., Girl Scout who was presented with the Golden Eagle by Mrs. Woodrow Wilson. Fourteen merit badges entitled Miss Colman to this decoration; in all she has twenty-two merit badges.
3. Before the wedding the clergyman's fee is slipped in an envelope by the groom and given to the best man. He presents it after the ceremony.
4. White patent leather bands with tiny sprays of colored flowers are seen on sports hats.
5. To shape washable gloves that have been laundered stick the curling iron in each finger, opening it a little.
6. A satisfactory way of getting rid of iron in water to be used for laundering is to add washing soda to the water and let it settle five or six days before using.

Adventures With a Purse

FOUND TODAY

1. A funny book about a soldier to send to your soldier.
2. A pale pink woolen blouse with fine tucks.
3. Extra pieces for the white ivory set at reduced prices.
4. Lead pencils by the bundle for school.

"I ALWAYS feel well dressed for most any occasion if I am wearing a suit," said one woman. And indeed she might well feel this way provided she has a pretty blouse to wear. One that should be a fitting compliment to any suit is of pale blue voile, buttoned up the back and with rounded neck and sleeves are finished with rippling frills, and fine tucks and cunning little pearl buttons combine to make this as pretty a little blouse as you can find. It has been priced at $3.98.

Is your white ivory toilet set complete, or are you still adding to it from time to time? If you need some extra pieces you will be glad to know that one of the shops is offering ivory toilet articles at greatly reduced prices. Mirrors are priced as low as $1.35; buffers can be had for $1.25, while a slender, graceful vase which could also be used for hat pins is priced at $1. And this display includes picture frames, brushes, combs, clocks and, in fact, every article you need.

School days bring a demand for lead pencils. It seems that little people are forever losing their pencils, and if you pay much for them, first thing you know the "pencil expense item" is a big one. One of the shops is offering bundles of five pencils for five cents.

It is an interesting book and a funny one, full of refreshing humor and packed with hearty laughs. And it is about soldiers and camps, and consists of a number of letters from an American soldier who is not very strong in his spelling to his sweetheart. You'll laugh at it, for it is not at all technical, and when you have read it and passed it along to your soldier in camp, and when he tells you how he and some of the other fellows enjoyed it, you'll think it is worth many times its price, which is seventy-five cents.

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

Cook Them in Even

Squash, turnip, carrot or potatoes will be much better if cooked in the oven. Add just a little water and cover tight in an earthen dish.

Mixed Seasoning

Mix salt and pepper ten to one in a large bottle for kitchen use.

PLEASE TELL ME WHAT TO DO

By Cynthia

Go Into War Work

Dear Cynthia—As I have no mother I am relating all to you. On visiting some relatives in New York I was introduced to a young vaudeville actor, a fine-looking young man of twenty-eight years. He appears to be very respectable. We fell in love with each other at first sight and became engaged in a few days. Then I returned home to Philadelphia. He could not come with me, as his engagement was in New York. He wrote to me often and occasionally came over on a visit. He was perfectly lovely to me. Then no more letters came and no more visits. I became very ill. I worried night and day over him, wondering what the trouble was. I became bitter. One day I bought a theatrical magazine, in which I learned he was recently married to an actress friend of his and that he had left the stage and would settle down in his newly made home, which it said was going to be in California. I was heartbroken and am yet today. I still love him. I do not care to go in other young persons' society, as I cannot forget and never will. Evidently he has forgotten me and I am the one to suffer. Please, dear Cynthia, advise me what to do about it all. I was eighteen years old when I met him and am twenty now and I am considered beautiful by all. I can marry a few men who love me, but I can't forget, and it wouldn't be right to give my hand to one when my heart is given to another. Please excuse my errors, as I am

HEARTBROKEN.

If you take up so much war work that it will tire you out at night and send you to bed too honestly worn out to do anything but sleep, I know you will soon forget. It was an unfortunate experience; but you are fortunate not to have married the man and had him leave you then. Now you are equipped for your whole life against making a mistake. You will never go in for this love-at-first-sight foolishness again. The best love in the world is of slow growth, based on perfect friendship. Ninety-nine times out of a hundred the other isn't worth a snap of your finger. Girls simply must not believe these chance acquaintances. Go in for Red Cross work and when you start to feel badly think of all the hearts wrung in the sorrow of the war. Then you won't dare to call yourself heartbroken, will you? If you want to know about the Red Cross write again. How about taking up harvest farm work?

Is Criticized

Dear Cynthia—I am in a puzzling situation and I hope you can help me out of it. I am a girl of seventeen years, considered pretty and very attractive to the opposite sex. I am employed by a very nice gentleman and in my business it is necessary for me to go from one hotel to another. He has a little car and generally comes along with me; in fact, it is necessary that he should. I don't mind that in the least, but the thing that irritates me is the way the public eyes me when I am seen in the car with him. He is about forty years old.

The other evening we had a terrible rainstorm and I was unable to get home, so I waited until closing time and my employer volunteered to take me home in his car. I did not know it had just stopped raining, so I accepted his offer, as I did not like the idea of going home unchaperoned at that hour of the night—12:30—although I only lived a short distance.

But, gracious me! you should have seen the eyes of the few that stood waiting for lifneys devour me when they spied me getting off and bidding good-night to my employer. They actually ate me up until I disappeared through the door.

Last night he told me he would take me home in the car, as he had to go downtown and it was necessary to pass my home. It was only 10:30, yet the same thing occurred.

I am sure he sees no harm in it, for he just treats me like a little two-year-old younger that has no sense; besides, he is the father of seven. The two oldest are married.

Tell me, please, should I let him take me home in the car under such circumstances? The business trips I cannot avoid. And why is it the evil eye of the public is always ready to devour an innocent victim just through appearances?

I shall surely be thankful for any advice offered me.

UNE AMIE PAUVRE.

You would do better not to have your employer take you home in his car, and, for that matter, if you must ride in a car on business, he should arrange to have some one else drive you beside himself. It is never well to mix pleasure and business, and though, as you say, all is correct in your relations, the world will talk. And, my dear, it is never well for a young girl to put herself in a position which invites criticism.

A Bit Silly

Dear Cynthia—Prepare yourself to encounter a very inane and curious question. Since I was twelve years of age I have been in contact with boys. Every time I was introduced to them it took me just two days to be crazy over them. I am now sixteen and still it is the same way with me. I fall in love with every boy I meet. It has caused me much pain and misery. It is this way with me: I get to love them madly and it lasts until I am introduced to a new boy, then I drop the first and fall in love with the second. The ones that reciprocate my love make be very happy, but those who assume no more than a friendly attitude toward me cause me misery and agony. When I love it consists of a passionate love. Now, it is different with the persons I am supposed to dislike. There may be those who wrong me deeply, but I cannot consider them as enemies. It is not my nature to hate; I simply cannot, even if I try. Neither do I dislike any one. It is simply a case of loving or liking with me. Please tell me how I can control my feelings for the opposite sex. I try very hard to control myself, but I cannot. How can I stop this? They are all very nice and refined boys.

Several days ago (Tuesday it was) I sent you a letter and I have looked in your column in vain for an answer. What is the cause? The letter then was signed "Disappointed." Please publish it as soon as possible. Thanking you in advance, I am,

GRATEFUL.

You must not mind, my dear, if I tell you, as I have before, that you are very young and really do not know just what love is. You are attracted by the boys, which is natural and harmless, but you must not think so much about them. Be good friends with all and when you grow older you will adjust yourself to conditions and surroundings. You are simply in love with the idea of love and do not know its first meaning. Besides, my dear, you wrote me that you were in love very definitely with some one you thought your sister cared for. You see, you are just thinking and imagining about things of which you know nothing.

Chafing Dish Party

Dear Cynthia—Kindly advise me through your valuable paper how a "chafing-dish party" can be arranged. I would like to make one.

Trusting you will be able to give me the desired information and thanking you in advance for your usual prompt attention and kindness.

N. F.

A chafing-dish party simply means that when the time comes for serving refreshments you cook those refreshments in a chafing dish and serve a few things with them. Oysters may be creamed deliciously in a chafing dish or a Welsh rabbit (which is a combination of sauces, cheese and beer) may be cooked on the table with the guests standing about or sitting near, and many of them helping. You should not give a chafing-dish supper to more than fifteen or twenty guests, as it is always very informal. Potato salad goes well with Welsh rarebit, and ginger ale, light beer and sandwiches are delicious adjuncts to an affair of this kind.

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Franco-American Potted Beef	can 10c
Potted Meats For Sandwiches	can 5c, 10c
"Asco" Beans With Tomato Sauce	can 15c
Heinz Beans	can 14c, 20c
Fancy Red Beets	big can 16c
Calif. Asparagus	tall can 16c
Fresh Noodles	pkg. 5c
Macaroni	pkg. 10c, 12c
Easy Jell	pkg. 8c
Seeded Raisins	pkg. 13c
Sour Pickles, 2 sizes	doz. 16c, 18c
Quaker Corn Flakes	pkg. 9c
Cocoanut	pkg. 5c
Hawaiian Pineapple	can 14c, 22c

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