LEARNING A GREAT LESSON FROM OUR WOUNDED FIGHTERS—TESTED RECIPES—GIRLS' LETTERS

A MESSAGE TO SHUT-INS FROM WOUNDED SOLDIERS

The Spirit That Makes Them Learn to Do New Things Because They Can No Longer Do the Old Teaches Us the Finest Thing in Life Is Service

THERE is a marvelous and glorious lesson in the war for shut-ins—for all those who suffer the pent-up pain of body and soul that comes to men and women deprived of normal health.

There is the great lesson that being of use in the world is, after all, the thing that counts. It is taught to us by the soldiers who come out of the war crippled and broken in body but whole in spirit. And that spirit, shining through their faces, makes them plunge into work of learning a new kind of usefulness, with a smile that has no self-pity in it.

Self-pity! At that street corner stands a man with two arms and two legs. Everything about him is loose. Except for the time he looks up to eye passing women his head seems as purposeless as the hands and feet. Self-pity? All in a man's own heart lies the kingdom of his own happiness. Legs do not count. Arms, even eyes. For that man on the street corner had all these. Ah, but the shut-in will say, "If I had his priceless gifts." But it is not so. If you had his priceless gifts they would be listless gifts, for with that body goes that soul. Men and women are not made piecemeal. With your soul came the broken body. But would you trade for the broken soul? Would the soldier trade?

IN THE world the only thing that counts is service. It is the thing that buys love and a real place in the human family. So often a shut-in earns only the pity of the world. She withdraws from the human family, pitying herself so much that there is not much else to do but pity her. Our soldiers, incapacitated, do not want pity. Already some who cannot return to the lines are busy learning new things to do in the world, not stopping to worry themselves about the things they cannot do. What difference does it make who does which? The big thing is to get the world's work done—each a share of it.

We will not pity our soldiers. We will love and respect them. They of all men have carved the supreme place in life which all the dulling tread of the ages cannot wear away. Our invalids and shut-ins cannot, of course, have the keen happiness of knowing they laid down the birthright of normality in the high cause of the holy freedom of the world, but they can have a joy akin. Day by day they can offer up pain-torn, lonely moments on that altar of the happiness of the world. They can try not to complain; for the world is, after all, a little selfish. The law of life is service. And many a home has been made a place of irritation and sorrow because one unfortunate member of it has drawn within her shell, refusing to serve and giving only sighs and moroseness as a contribution to the family life.

I THINK I am justified in being frank about this because the reverse of the picture is so happy. I know a young girl confined to a wheel chair who refuses to be considered an invalid. She gradually arrived at this state of mind after two very unhappy years. So do not think it all came easy. She is always busy, and the family would not think of congregating in its spare time anywhere but near her. This not out of consideration, but because they love her, and it's jolly there watching her fingers fly and letting your fingers fly and every one talking about everything. She has a typewriter now; with doing clerical work and knitting in the odd moments, it's a pretty tired girl who goes to bed at night. And the splendid thing about it, her health has been so much better since she decided to be bright and happy.

Souls and smiles can conquer anything—even pain.

A Milk Toast

Come, fill your glasses brimming up
And raise them overhead!
I'll pledge a toast before I sup,
So hasten with the foaming cup,
It's nearly time for bed!

I sing not of the ruby wine,
My years do not allow;
Though grown-ups praise the fruitful vine,
Chirk glasses to this toast of mine,
Long live the Mooley Cow!

—Burges Johnson in "Rhymes of Little Folks."

DELICIOUS DESSERTS MADE MINUS SUGAR

Recipes Given for Apricot Ice, Tapioca Fruit Mold, Custards and Other Dainties

The sugar situation continues to puzzle housewives at times, especially when little voices that do not understand want to know "what's for dessert?" Here are recipes selected by the food administration telling of sweets that do not require sugar:

Lemon Jelly

Two and one-half cupfuls of boiling water (two cupfuls of boiling water, if corn sirup or honey is used), one cupful of honey or one and one-third cupfuls of corn sugar or one and three-fifths cupfuls of corn sirup, one-half cupful of lemon juice, two tablespoonfuls of plain gelatin, one-half cupful of cold water.

Soak gelatin in cold water, dissolve in boiling water, strain and add sweetening and lemon juice. Turn into mold and chill.

Junket

Three cupfuls of whole milk, three-quarters cupful of corn sirup or one-half cupful of honey, one junket tablet, one tablespoonful of cold water, one teaspoonful of vanilla.

Heat milk and sirup in a double boiler until lukewarm. Crush the junket tablet and dissolve it in cold water and add to milk. Add vanilla and stir thoroughly and quickly. Pour at once into glass serving dishes and let stand undisturbed until firm, then chill. Serve with fresh berries, or grate nutmeg over surface and serve with cream.

Conservation Pie Crust

One cupful of wheat flour, one cupful of barley flour, one cupful of corn flour, one-half cupful of fat, water to make stiff dough, three-quarters teaspoonful of salt.

Sift flour and salt together; cut the fat into the flour mixture. Add water, mixing and handling as little as possible. Flour substitutes need a little more water than all-wheat flour. Chill until ready to roll out.

Adventures With a Purse

WOULD you be interested in a spoon of all work? The one I speak of is the size of a dessertspoon—perhaps a little larger, and has a good firm wooden handle. The bowl is perforated, not with little round holes but with small narrow slits. For preserving and canning, it should prove useful; for beating up eggs it would be invaluable; and for just plain every day stirring it answers every purpose. It is a spoon with many purposes, and but one price, ten cents.

The motor messengers, and the emergency aiders, with their trim uniforms and tailored waists have revived the interest in plain blouses. For the woman who can stand a severe waist with her chic tailored suit, nothing in the way of a blouse can give the individuality imparted by a man's shirt with soft collar and cuffs. And the small woman will find her size among boy's shirts. She will like the plain white madras boy's shirt which can be secured as small as size 12 or 12½ (and you determine your size by your neckband), and will be delighted with the modish effect of one of these shirts with her sport suit. The price is only $1.50.

What is there about a schoolroom which admits of a child's wearing a dress but once. What do they do? And where can the dirt come from? But there, instead of speculating upon conditions which apparently cannot be changed, it were better to search diligently for some inexpensive little dresses which are easy to launder. One of the shops is showing a number of crisp little models in sizes from two to six years. A particularly fetching frock is of plaid gingham; belted, and high-waisted, with a white pique vest effect in the front. It is uncommonly quaint, and can be secured for $1.

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.

A SEPARATE SKIRT IN SMART TRICOLETTE

And now it is the separate skirt that comes in tricolette. This one has silk fringe exactly matching the material

A Daily Fashion Talk by Florence Rose

WHEN the imported models were being shown at the openings last spring I remember very distinctly the few garments displayed which were made of tricolette. One dress in particular I have in mind, and as I stood before this combination of red and black tricolette, I thought how sleazy it looked. The long empty sleeves seemed to hang at the sides of the figure like two wet ostrich feathers. Somehow it didn't look very alluring, but it was new, and it didn't take long for the American textile makers to turn their machines to the making of a tricolette. All they need is a hint to lead them and they can work out perfection. This they did, for the tricolette that is the rage and is now used for frocks is a firm weave, yet lacks none of the silkiness that was a feature of the original import.

It is difficult to say just how far this rage will go, but certain it is that at present all the women are doing their utmost to get at least one frock of tricolette. Not only are they using this texture for dresses, but for suits and for the long coats. I must admit that the suits and the coats that are made of tricolette and trimmed with huge collars and cuffs are alluring; really, they are stunning.

The makers of separate skirts are also showing models of tricolette. One of the newest of these designs is illustrated on the figure today. The skirt is straight, with oddly shaped pockets on either side, that are trimmed with buttons covered with the material. Silk fringe exactly matching the color of the tricolette finishes the lower edge of the pockets. This skirt looks very smart with either a chiffon or georgette blouse.

The plaid separate skirts have become very popular. This is very likely because a wool plaid skirt is a serviceable, practical garment. Surely no one can deny that. The skirt shown at the left of the figure is a skirt made in combination of plaid and plain material. The upper part of the skirt is of the plain, and the lower of the plaid. Both the plain and the plaid are used in the construction of the belt.

(Copyright, 1918, Florence Rose.)

PLEASE TELL ME WHAT TO DO

By CYNTHIA

Tells R. N. E. to Forgive

Dear Cynthia—In your letter to Cynthia, "R. N. E.," you professed to have loved a certain sailor boy whose conduct disappointed you and was responsible for the breaking of your engagement to him. Later the boy, having seen his mistake, repents and wants to be taken back, which appeal finds you uncertain.

Granted, "R. N. E.," that he played his game unfairly, but please remember that to err is masculinely human. The boy has evidently paid the price of his folly in the realization that he has lost something valuable which cheap personal adornment and short skirts on the part of painted lady companions can in no way make up to him. Kindly believe that that is some punishment.

Don't you think that his desire to return to you is based upon the solid foundation of a greater appreciation of you? Consider, too, that mere man—every last one of us—is rather weak and pliable where the ladies in general are concerned until we have had our fling with them and have learned in the old, old school of experience just what is wheat, and what is chaff in their regard.

The boy in this case has been taught by a splendid teacher—comparison—and as a result he has above all other girls exalted you. He is at your altar asking forgiveness.

You should not deny him. Don't lessen the new-found regard and appreciation he holds for you by doing the small things and ignoring his letters. Be a regular fellow—forgive and forget—and you'll be the happier for it. After all, isn't the one most adorable trait of the feminine character the will to forgive? You will not be the first woman who has done it nor will you be the last. There are very few men who haven't at some time or other gone to some woman and asked her to forget things and come away from her the better for her forgiveness. We all have done it, every last one of us.

And, in conclusion, I know if a certain young lady will ever listen to a few confessions of my own and decides to relent she'll never again have reason to think me indiscreet. And I'll wager a thrift stamp that your prodigal has also had enough "wandering" to stay home for all time.

MERE MAN.

'A Poem for the "Professor"

Dear Cynthia—The following is a rhyme dedicated to the "Professor" who says the girls do not understand him:

Dear "Professor," do not weary
On account of these fair maids.
Would they more studious be
And chase frivolity from their heads,
Then misunderstanding would cease,
And put the "Professor" at ease.

Life defined by some would not be recognized by others. However, the main theme of life for every one is undoubtedly "enjoyment." There are numerous kinds of pleasure to be sought in life. Some—perhaps these girls whom "Professor" mentions—seem to find pleasure only in dances, parties and general social times and do not understand intellectual men and women.

There are many in "Professor's class—intellectual men and women, who find real enjoyment in seeking knowledge and the better things of life, which will be lasting. "Professor" has real affection for life in its real sense, but he must turn to the intellectual for real understanding. The frivolous ones, not sympathizing, discourage him from this. I presume some will conjure me being an old maid, but may I state before their thoughts are uttered that I am not quite old enough as yet, but I am a Christian young lady and get my happiness in life by trying to make others happy.

SUNSHINE.

How to Encourage Him

Dear Cynthia—In what way would you advise me to encourage a boy? I do not know how to go about it. I love him and think he cares for me. He is leaving here in two weeks.

ANNE T.

The fact that you let him come to see you and probably go out with him frequently is encouragement. When you are with him show your pleasure by being interested in the things he talks about and in anything that pertains to him. There is no other real way to encourage a man. Appearing to run after him is apt to discourage him from further attentions.

The Navy Camouflages Too

Dear Cynthia—I would like to say a few words about the use of rouge and powder. The person who thinks it a crime to use them is surely old-fashioned and should not belong to these times. Young men of this age most certainly do not pick out the girls with the shiny noses—at least the young men I know do not. Imagine "E. L." calling a girl who uses rouge and powder coarse! The least I can say is that such ignorant zealism is very childish.

Using rouge and powder is only a small form of camouflage. Our navy has adopted camouflage, but under the colors is hidden the real thing. And the girl who uses rouge and powder often has a heart of gold.

THE BOYS.

Wants a Wife

Reader of the Ledger—I am afraid Cynthia cannot undertake to furnish you with a wife. Why not join some clubs, attend church socials, etc., where you will meet some young girls and do your own choosing?

Run Solely by Woman

Women in Chicago, relates the Woman Citizen, are to have another measure of consideration granted them as a concession to wartime conditions and the growing influence of women in public office. Three Chicago jails are to be converted into detention houses for women only, and will be conducted exclusively by women. Women offenders will be arrested by women officers, booked by women desk sergeants, jailed by feminine turnkeys and will remain under the care of matrons.

This plan hopes to achieve several things, and among them a square deal for the woman arrested by mistake, who will thus escape some of the notoriety and degradation of police arrest. The plan is also remedial and aims to win back to wholesome conduct actual offenders.

A Maid and Two Men

The Story of the Girl Who Was Left Behind

By HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR

Copyright, 1918, by Public Ledger Co.

THE STORY THUS FAR

Ruth Rowland, New York society girl, is loved by Jack Bond and Scott Raymond and accepts Bond. Both men are drafted, but Bond, to Ruth's relief, wins exemption for some slight physical disability. After Raymond has sailed to France the girl begins to doubt the wisdom of her choice. The marriage of Helen Brander to Jim Townsend, a soldier, contributes somewhat to this change. At the suggestion of Myra Briggs, Ruth takes up war work, in spite of Bond's disapproval.

XXXIII

THEN they went over, in the quiet blackness. Crawling, crawling over the ground, pulling themselves along somehow, easing themselves over roughnesses, dragging themselves up when they could and sinking quickly to the earth to lie quiet when a blinding beautiful star shell burst suddenly over their heads, lightening the ground underneath its radiance with a strange flare.

Scott felt strangely alert and unconscious of what he was doing. The strangest thoughts went flitting through his brain. He kept thinking of football and of the foolishness of his school days. His mind leaped from one thing to another, but all the while he was conscious of what was happening, and alert to the slightest sound. Once Barney whispered to him in the blackness as they almost touched bodies, and Scott even laughed at an absurdity of Barney's. Everything seemed so strange and unreal and yet so perfectly natural.

There was no wind, for the breeze that had sprung up in the early evening had completely died down. Therefore, every sound carried, and the men had to be doubly careful. Once as Scott edged carefully along he touched the clenched fingers of a figure almost doubled up and half buried in a shell hole, but it did not seem to shock him, it seemed too much a part of things as they were.

As a certain distance beyond the Allied trenches, the men separated, and from then on there was wire to be cut, and therefore even more caution had to be used. Once Scott crouched in an unbearably uncomfortable position simulating the unnatural stiffness of death, while two dim figures passed quite close to him. It would have been as easy thing to have taken them unaware, but Scott resisted the temptation. It would have meant a personal triumph at the price of the knowledge that he was determined to take back.

Stretching his head over the edge of the shell hole, Scott saw them disappear in the direction of the German trenches, and he then began his perilous journey again. The night was cool, but he was hot. Drops of perspiration stood out on his forehead, and he was forced to stop every little while and brush them away. The snap of his shears sounded deafening as the wires fell away before him. Every second he expected to be detected and fired at, but he was not afraid.

And now he was very close, so close that he could almost make out the enemy's parapet that loomed darkly just ahead, and strange to say the first thing that recorded itself on his memory was the fact that he had actually crossed No Man's Land, that territory where unknown perils lurk, that horrible and yet fascinating stretch of land that he had watched so often from the comparative safety of the trenches. He was out on it alone now, it stretched about him like an open sea over which strange unusual crafts were scattered, and which spoiled the evenness of the surface. He wondered where Barney was, and Billy Repp, and even smiled a little at the remembrance of Barney's foolishness in the darkness. They were splendid boys, God grant they did not lose their lives that night, thought Scott, remembering the little school teacher in Ohio who was waiting to give up teaching to become Billy Repp's wife.

A little closer, just a little closer, and he would be able to hear, and Scott edged warily over the ground. Suddenly there was a muttered exclamation from the darkness ahead of him and Scott knew that in some way a part of the trench had become alarmed. Instantly he dropped to the ground, crawling and burrowing into the earth that a giant shell had loosened, and hoping to remain unrecognized so that his mission might not be entirely in vain. His idea was to remain perfectly still for a long time probably unnoticed, but he was too close to the German trenches to be able to make this ruse successful, and it wasn't until he heard voices near him, that realized his danger. Then he began to edge away in the opposite direction as fast as possible, driving ahead on his hands and knees, or dropping flat and crawling. If he could once gain the open space without being actually sighted he might make a run for it.

Suddenly a man reared up in front of him, a horrible figure in gray with a raised bayonet. Scott was on his feet in a second parrying the thrust. The next instant he felt his own bayonet pierce through soft flesh and he laughed aloud. It seemed strange to see the figure fall. When they had practiced on the dummies there had been more resistance than there was here. Why, the blade had gone in so easily, and once he had thought he could not kill a man!

Then Scott heard a sudden shout and the next minute three figures loomed up startling near to him. He was up in an instant running free, back in the direction from which he had come. A rain of bullets like drops of hail swept over him and past him, and suddenly there was a stinging sensation in his thigh, and a rush of something warm that flowed down his leg. He was surprised to feel himself still running on. Why hadn't he dropped? Hadn't he been shot in the leg and wasn't he necessarily wounded badly? Then came a blinding pain in the back and he dropped forward on his face. The first bullet had passed through the fleshy part of his leg, leaving a clean bullet wound, but the second had found its mark, and Scott Raymond lay with the other strange craft on the open sea of No Man's Land, his arms thrown above his head and his face buried in the charred earth.

(Tomorrow's installment deals with what became of Barney and how fate dealt a queer hand for Scott and Billy.)

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.

Enameled Kitchen Walls

If a painted wall is enameled it can be washed as often as necessary without injuring the surface.

THAT trim, tailored effect so fashionable now can be very easily marred by ill-fitting underapparel!

The woman who wears "Mérode" or "Harvard Mills" Underwear retains her smart, attractive appearance because these undergarments are cut and made to fit. They are pre-shrunk so that they retain their shape through many tubbings, and each garment is hand-finished. They have style and wear-ability.

"Mérode" — and "Harvard Mills" (Hand-finished) Underwear

Patent Flatlock seams prevent a double thickness of material anywhere.

Union suits, vests, drawers and tights—in all sizes and fabrics. High, medium or low neck; long sleeves, elbow length or no sleeves at all; knee or ankle length. Priced at 50 cents to $6.75 a garment.

The same care is taken in the making of "Mérode" and "Harvard Mills" Underwear for children as for women.

Sold at the leading stores. Buy it by name.

WINSHIP, BOIT & CO. (*Harvard Knitting Mill*) Wakefield, Mass.

USED RESINOL FOR BAD SKIN TROUBLE

Considers Recovery Remarkable

Brooklyn, N. Y., Aug. 14.—"For almost six years I suffered from a severe case of skin trouble which began with swelling and intense pain in my knee. Then my leg became inflamed and sores broke out, which itched and burned terribly day and night. I tried many remedies, but gained no relief. I even spent six months in the hospital, and the doctors wanted to amputate my leg. At last I tried Resinol Ointment and Resinol Soap and obtained relief from the first application. My knee is now well, and I consider the cure remarkable, as my trouble was very serious." (Signed) Mrs. Henri Mauer, 416 Hooper Street.

All druggists sell Resinol Ointment and Resinol Soap.—Adv.

THE DAILY NOVELETTE

THE WHITE RABBIT

By Virginia Keyes

"BUT, my dear young lady, I'm afraid that your scheme will prove quite impossible. As I understand it, you wish to build a houseboat on which you will serve tea and fancy crackers for the Red Cross."

"Yes, and it's sure to be a success," said Jane McLenan ardently; "for everyone drinks tea, you know. Now please give me mother's money."

"I can't very well refuse," Mr. Brenton replied soberly; "but if you really want to help win the war, why not go into some organized work?"

"I would," Jane replied quickly, "if I wasn't so sure that I could serve tea and play a lot better than I could ever fold bandages."

Mr. Brenton looked puzzled. Long ago he had found that it was useless to argue with Jane. She was too convincing. "I'll see that the money is in your hands tomorrow," he said slowly.

"You're a dear," she said.

"Alfred!" she exclaimed as she nearly bumped into a tall young man who came running up the steps.

"Say, but you look happy! What's up?" he questioned.

"Your father has just consented to give mother's money to build my houseboat with," she replied, smiling, as she watched his eyes open wide in astonishment.

"What on earth do you want of a houseboat, Jane? You must be crazy," he remarked.

"No, I'm not," she replied eagerly. "I'm going to serve tea and crackers on my boat for the Red Cross. I shall call it the 'White Rabbit.' The tea room will be stenciled with a white bunny design, and there will be white flowers in the windows and little gray chairs and tables. I've got so many ideas I don't know what to do."

"Gee!" he whistled; "not so bad. Why not have a stage at one end and give little entertainments while they are eating?"

"Lovely!" she said. "And would you sing for me once or twice?"

"Sure!" he responded readily. "Let's see. You would have it built on Lake Frances, wouldn't you? Say, why couldn't we run it together?"

"I thought you were going to enlist," she reminded him gravely.

"Tried to today, but I couldn't get in. It seems that there is some trouble with my eyes, although I've never noticed it much. It's no use; they won't take me in anywhere. So please let me help to run the White Rabbit."

"Of course I'll let you," she smiled; "it's a shame about your eyes."

The building and planning of the White Rabbit went on with great enthusiasm. There was hardly a day when the pair didn't visit the wharves to watch the progress of the work. Alfred insisted that he should have an equal financial share in it, so Jane saw many additions made which would never have been possible upon her slender means. A small stage was built at one end of the tea room and a very expensive piano was selected. Little gray chairs and tables with white stenciled cottontails were purchased, and Jane was busy on little gray silk curtains for the tiny paned windows.

At last, one day in the early summer, the White Rabbit was launched on the blue waters of Lake Frances. Jane stood on the little gray perch beside Alfred and smiled. Just then fourteen-year-old Martha popped her head out of the door. "Please, Miss Jane, the boys have come with the stuff you ordered."

The next night the White Rabbit anchored before a large summer hotel, ready for the fray. Jane, in a fluffy gray chiffon dress, Alfred in evening clothes, and Martha in a soft gray gown and a stiff white apron, sat in the tea room nervously waiting.

In five minutes the room was crowded with fashionable folk. Martha, with her eyes popping more than ever, hurried about with dainty cups of tea and tempting trays of sweets; Jane played on the soft-toned piano, and Alfred sang in his deep, clear voice. The society ladies listened, smiled, and pronounced everything so unique and out of the ordinary.

Two hours later Jane, tired, a little ruffled, but happy, smiled up at Alfred. "It was a success, wasn't it?" she asked, almost breathlessly. "They'll come again?"

"Nothing could keep 'em away," he answered, heartily. "Now I must skip ashore and get some sleep. See you in the morning."

So the White Rabbit thrived and blinked its pink eyes as only white rabbits can. Many were the requests to visit more places and stay longer.

The White Rabbit had hopped for the last time that season and the last hop had excelled them all in profits. In fact, it had proved to be the master-hop of them all. Martha was sobbing in the corner, Jane was looking out the window, and Alfred leaned over the fire. They all loved the White Rabbit more than they realized.

"I suppose it's a good offer," Alfred was saying. "The profits have been wonderful, almost $50,000, and next year we'll need a bigger boat; so I guess it would be best to sell."

Jane choked and wiped her eyes before she spoke. "I love the White Rabbit more than anything or anybody, except——"

"Except?" he asked, quickly.

"Except you and—and Martha," she sobbed, as she buried her head on his shoulder.

"We'll never sell the White Rabbit as long as we live," he declared.

"Hurray for the White Rabbit," piped Martha, joyfully.

Tomorrow's Complete Novelette—"HELEN'S HOUSEKEEPING EXPERIENCE."

Yellow Mixing Bowls

A few yellow mixing bowls give just the touch of color that is needed to make the kitchen look cheerful.

A comfortable chair and a shelf for books and household magazines also add to the cheer.

THE WOMAN'S EXCHANGE

TODAY'S INQUIRIES

1. What recent step has the Government taken to provide for the housing of women war workers, so badly needed in Washington?
2. Who was the Duchess of Marlborough before her marriage?
3. How can the collarless neckline that has become popular on the fall frock be smartly softened?
4. Give a recipe for grape salad.
5. In preparing apple dumplings, what little trick in baking prevents any spilling of juices?
6. How can ripe pears be used in a tasty dessert?

War and the Girls

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Inclosed find a little bit of verse, which has been written to explain the suffering we poor American girls are going through on account of the Kaiser.

THE CRY OF 1918 AMERICAN GIRLS.
(With apologies to the person who wrote something similar.)

Our Mondays are meatless,
Our Tuesdays are wheatless,
We're getting more eatless
Each day.
Our dances are mateless,
Our nights are all dateless,
And that's just the reason
We say:
It wouldn't be good for
The pie-headed Kaiser
And dummy Von Hindenburg, too,
If by some good fortune
We got our hands on 'em,
For heaven knows what we
Would do.

A FELLOW SUFFERER.

More Kittens Want Homes

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Some time ago I wrote and asked you to find homes for two kittens. Many thanks for the kind help you gave. Now I am coming to you again. Are there not some of your readers who would like a kitten?

If the lady who wished a home for her collie dog has not found one, I wish you would send me her address.

My kittens are very handsome tigers, affectionate and not at all difficult to feed, as they never have been given meat. They eat almost any cooked vegetable or cereal. I am very anxious to find good homes for them, as they are great pets.

D. V.

More than thirty letters asking for the collie already have been forwarded to the owner, so I fear you are a little late. I know some of our readers will want the kittens. I will forward requests.

Can Send to Sailors

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Is it possible to send packages to our sailors in foreign waters? I have heard so many conflicting reports that I don't know which are true. I will be very much obliged if you will tell me just what the rules and regulations are.

I also would like to know about sending things to men in the French army. Is it allowed? If so, are there any special requirements?

E. A.

It is possible to send packages to our sailors in foreign waters. Address to the ship and in care of the postmaster, New York. Packages, of course, cannot be sent to navy men stationed with the American expeditionary forces.

It is hard to send things to the men in the French army, as there is no parcel-post service in the war zone. If you go down to the foreign section of the postoffice, Ninth and Market streets, you can get a list of the departments in France where there is this service. It also is necessary to have an export license, to be procured by writing to Washington, and to send articles not debarred by the French. The postoffice can give complete information on this.

Women Are Badly Wanted

Patriotic women are badly needed to help harvest sweet potatoes, grapes and corn in New Jersey. If they write to the Woman's Land Army, State House, Trenton, N. J., full particulars will be given. The pay is twenty-five cents an hour. The call is to all women who can possibly spare any time, whether they need the pay or not.

A Japanese Scene

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—A few fellows and myself are giving a masked ball next week and will you please inform us how it should be? We desire to make up a Japanese scene and the materials needed.

D. D. R.

Crepe paper especially adapted to Japanese decoration can be bought in any large store where such paper is extensively sold. Make borders with this around the walls. There are Japanese stores in the city where artificial Japanese flowers can be bought. If you could string wires a little below the ceiling and festoon them with these, your scene would be very Japanese indeed. You might alternate the flowers and Japanese lanterns, which I would not light. If you only have a very little money to spend, just put a few of the flowers around the room in tall vases and depend on the crepe paper for your effects. Make shades of it for your lights.

To Remove Freckles

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Will you please advise me through your column of the EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER what will take freckles off my face, something that will not grow hair?

H. A.

Faithful bleaching with lemon juice will help materially to take freckles from the face and will not grow hair.

Liked the Answer

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Please let me congratulate you on your answer to "One of the Fools," as I think you told him where to keep his ideas of women. I remain sincerely yours,

Mrs. D. D.

YESTERDAY'S ANSWERS

1. The New York State food commissioners have opened a new vocation to women. Six of them have been appointed to the position of farm labor specialists. Their duties consist in making arrangements with farmers for girl help and to see to the suitable housing of the girls. This plan is to be tried out in other States.
2. The women of Great Britain have been asked to attend a convention called by the Labor party, which will advance the right of women to sit in the House of Commons. The convention is scheduled for October 16.
3. The army bath kit for soldiers contains a small portable shower that can be worked in conjunction with a pail of water. It also contains massage brushes and other bath accessories.
4. The bishop sleeve has returned to strong favor this fall.
5. To can juice from leftover beef bones, cover them with cold water, salt and let cook slowly for several hours. Pour the juice in jars that have been sterilized, then seal. This can be used later in soups, etc.
6. For quince and apple dessert with honey, divide two quinces and four cood tart cooking apples each into eight pieces. Put in a saucepan with a little water and let cook until pulpy. Put through a sieve and add honey or corn syrup. Let simmer for fifteen minutes. Set on ice when cool, serve in glass cups and put whipped cream on top.

Answer to Incredulous

"Incredulous"—I believe heaven thoroughly sanctions the trained nurse in time of peace and especially in the time of war. As for the rest of your inquiries, if you go to the superintendent nurse of any of our fine big modern hospitals, I am sure this capable woman will explain away the doubts the article on the woman's page seems to have raised in your mind. You have an entirely wrong impression of the subject under discussion.

Nedra Compacts
(A Face Powder in Cake Form)
Made of the finest materials. Exquisitely fragrant. Absolutely pure. Removes the shine and will not clog the pores. Sold by all good department and drug stores. 35c.

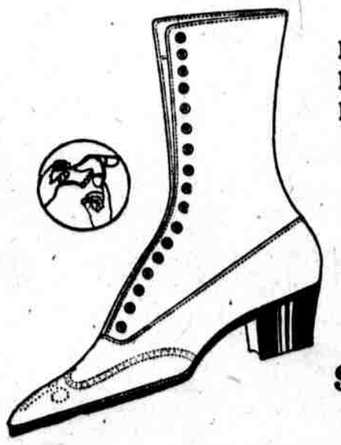
Cecile HATS & BLOUSES 141 SOUTH 15TH STREET
One Door Above Walnut
Modish Hats
Specially Priced
$15 UPWARD
The new Fall models now on display radiate an air of chic individuality that will appeal strongly to the woman of taste who demands originality without going to extremes.
Ultra-Smart Blouses
141 S. 15th St.

London BOOT SHOP 1223 Chestnut Street 2nd Floor Saves $2 & $3
Advance Fall Shoes for Two Days Only
$5.50
An opportunity to secure at low prices high-grade footwear, in Black and Tan and Tan and Brown combinations. These values are possible because of our low upstairs expenses. We save you money. Inspect the offering.

Rodoff
Millinery Importer
1217 Walnut Street
Special Values in Fall Hats
$15
These charmingly distinctive models are clever adaptations of the latest Parisian importations. They are featured at prices which, in view of the advance in the cost of materials, cannot be duplicated elsewhere.

WILBUR'S COCOA
"ALL FOOD, NO WASTE"
War Time FROZEN PUDDING
For the hot day it makes a wonderful dessert that has a real food value. It's particularly nice for the kiddies, but the grown-ups will enjoy it quite as well. How to make it among
Wilbur's War-Time Recipes
as well as numerous other dainty, delicious and economical desserts. Your copy's waiting. It's free.
Send for it today
H. O. WILBUR & SONS, Inc.
Philadelphia

Cuticura For The Skin
The Soap to Cleanse and Purify
The Ointment to Soothe and Heal
These fragrant, super-creamy emollients help to relieve irritation, clear the skin of redness and roughness, the scalp of smarting and dandruff, and heal the hands. In purity, delicate medication, refreshing fragrance, convenience and economy, Cuticura Soap and Ointment meet with the approval of the most discriminating. Ideal for every-day toilet uses.
For sample each by mail address post-card: "Cuticura, Dept. 6M, Boston." Sold everywhere and by mail. Soap 25c. Ointment 25 and 50c.

LA FRANCE
Win-The-War-Styles
Buy Liberty Bonds

$8.50
No. 443—A colored boot for hard service, made in Mahogany Calf.
A gallant little shoe—worthy of its name
A shoe made strictly in accordance with all the Government requirements.
Yet so trim and dainty, so sturdy and strong that its appeal is irresistible.
It will give you loyal service—perfect fit—perfect comfort—and the satisfying assurance of being beautifully shod.
And its moderate price is an added pleasure in these days of extravagantly priced footwear.
'Tis a Feat to Fit Feet
Dalsimer 1204-06-08 Market St.