HOW THE LIBERTY LOANS TEACH OUR GIRLS TO SAVE—LATEST FASHIONS—CYNTHIA'S TALK

WHAT THE LIBERTY LOANS HAVE DONE FOR OUR GIRLS

We Refer to the Young Business Woman Who Never Saved Before—An Interesting Little Calculation Which Shows What a $16-a-Week Girl Did

IT IS a notorious and sorry fact that business girls do not save their money. The average young woman does not save, you might say, because she expects to get married some day. It is a subconscious and more or less paradoxical reason. Paradoxical in the sense that the young business man does save because he expects to get married.

BECAUSE of this financial paradox to the girls, Liberty Loans have proved a boon that can never be estimated. They have turned a nation of hand-to-mouth women into a nation of boldholders. And it isn't the money that counts so much. The fact that they have learned to save and can never unlearn their new talent is the biggest benefit.

Saving is absolutely only a matter of habit. If you cannot put by a little on twelve dollars a week you will never be able to save on eighteen. This is to say, that if you do not learn to save systematically in spite of any of your expenditures now, having plenty of money later on will never be the means of building your nest egg.

The Liberty Loans have made girls save in spite of any of their expenditures. In most cases, where girls are employed by large concerns, it has been arranged to have a dollar a week taken out of the pay envelope for each fifty-dollar bond. Say a girl makes sixteen dollars a week and has taken out two bonds of each issue. By the time the third loan came the first two bonds were paid for, and now that the fourth loan has come the second two bonds are paid up. So at no time more than four dollars weekly is being taken from her pay envelope. But in pre-war days nothing under the sun would have made that same girl put away four dollars every week as regularly as clockwork and not draw on it for clothes or luxuries a few weeks later. After the board at home, carfare, lunches, etc., were paid, the rest of it went—nobody knows where.

THIS four dollars a week, you must remember, is deposited for good and all until after the war. For no American girl would be unpatriotic enough to sell her bond. There is, therefore, no temptation to draw on these savings.

Any one who realizes the strength of character gained from making the same act of denial again and again can realize just how the girl who has learned to save now will never unlearn. Her boys can go to college, if they want to, and her girls can have good music teachers, because this girl is going to see that so much of the family income is put by, to allow for these extras. She will not go about shabby, and when sickness overtakes her there will be good doctors and plenty of rest and good food. For she has learned that the hand-to-mouth existence is unnecessary.

ABOVE I mentioned that the second Liberty Loan bonds are about paid up now that the fourth is launched. And in saying the sixteen-dollar girl is still paying out four dollars a week, I am taking it for granted—for I have every reason to know—she will take out two of the fourth loan bonds, if not more.

The weeks and months fly by so quickly, and when these bonds alone, bought since the first drive, are all paid up, the sixteen-dollar-a-week girl will be the proud possessor of four hundred dollars invested in the safest concern in the world.

Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

Hurt by Sailor's Action

Dear Cynthia—It has been with great interest that I followed the letters in your section discussing the fidelity of our sailor boys. One year and a half ago I met a sailor boy and while he was stationed here we spent most of our leisure hours together. Before he left he said he cared for me, but I wasn't sure I cared for him. He left Philadelphia and we corresponded and I grew to care, as his letters were full of affection. I have been trained to stifle emotion, but my training hadn't any effect in his case. In my letters I could say the things that I held back in his presence.

Everything was perfect until three months ago, when his letters became fewer, although he still said he loved me. Now I have received a letter from him, in which he goes back to my attitude of a year ago as an excuse for breaking off. I am hurt and bewildered because I have been absolutely faithful to him since he left. I am too proud to grovel, but it seems so unfair. I suppose he has met some one else and wants to put the blame on me.

Could you tell me of any service I could render the United States in the evenings? I can't knit or sew, but would willingly do office work or anything of that sort. Your section of the paper is so interesting. I enjoyed those letters about the female of the species. Will you print something about the evening work? B. M. E.

The Council of National Defense woman's committee, at 1607 Walnut street, will tell you what work there is to be done at night. Often there is clerical work. Many Red Cross auxiliaries are open in the evenings and they are always glad to have workers on surgical dressings, which are neither knitting or sewing. Red Cross headquarters, at 1615 Chestnut street is open every Wednesday night and is glad to have extra workers.

Should Have Walked With You

Dear Cynthia—I am a girl of eighteen who is seeking your advice. I meet a contact with a young girl and I often come into her house. That girl has a brother who brings many of his friends to his home. One night while coming home from a party that girl and I stepped into her house. Her brother was home with his boy friends. We were sitting in her house about an hour. When I started for home her brother and his friends went to take a walk and the girl took me home. Now, dear Cynthia, do you think this was a proper way for young men to act? I think the boys, instead of the girl, should have escorted me home. BLUE EYES.

If the young men knew that you would have to go home alone unless your friends walked with you, it was unquestionably rude of them not to offer to escort you. If they were not with you at the house and did not know you were going home alone, your hostess should have asked one of them to see that you got home safely.

Ask Headquarters About It

Dear Cynthia—Would you please tell me how I could be an Emergency Aid aide? I am home all day with my mother, and would like to be an aide and help win the war. Now, Cynthia, if you give me this information I certainly will appreciate it. I read your column every night and greatly enjoy it. So I hope to see this letter in your column, or at least the answer. WOULD LIKE TO BE.

The Emergency Aid aides are the junior members of the Emergency Aid. Call up headquarters, 1428 Walnut street, and some one will tell you just what you have to do to become a member.

Write Him a Note

Dear Cynthia—What do you think of a boy who breaks a promise? This boy while with me was very attentive. He was suddenly called away from the city and he promised faithfully to write to me. It is three weeks now since he left and as yet I have not heard from him. Now before he left he called me on the phone to bid me good-by, as he had no time to call and see me. We spoke to each other a long time. Now I had to go on a very important errand and it was imperative that I could go immediately. I told him I must hang up, explaining the circumstances. He would not say good-by to me, mother would be hang up, so I was forced to interrupt him and end the conversation. Do you think he has not written to me because he felt angry at me for hanging up? There is no reason for it, I think, why he has not written. He may have forgotten my address, he may be angry, or he may have forgotten all about me. I would have written to him, but two things prevented me—I am too proud and I am not certain of his address. What shall I do, as I do not wish to lose his friendship? DOTTY.

It looks very much as if the young man had mistaken the meaning of your hanging up the telephone while he was still talking. Your pride would not be lowered if you write him a friendly little note apologizing for having to do this and explaining why you did it. Perhaps he did not understand what you said and thought you hung up because you were tired of talking to him. He may have been too busy to write to you. If you use his old address and mark it "please forward," he will get the letter safely and I am sure he will appreciate your friendship more if you explain an action that might easily be misunderstood.

Adventures With a Purse

THE masculine world, if you please, is divided into two classes—he who has one necktie and he who has a hundred and one. But to the man who clings fondly to one tie until it is a bare forlorn string, and to him who proudly displays his collection on closet, drawer or gas jet (if he has a very indulgent wife) the ties I saw today will prove tempting. They are the kind of ties a woman could choose without having some sarcastic person exclaim, "Doesn't that look like a woman?" They are silk crepe in plain colors, and include dark blue, green, brown; or, in fact, the very color in which he looks best. The price is only seventy-five cents.

For her who likes to have by her the picture of a favorite movie star—masculine or otherwise—the photographs discovered today should prove a real find. They are probably three by four inches in size, on a dark mat, and they include such favorites as the beloved "Charley," Douglas Fairbanks, Edith Storey, Mary Pickford and many others. And the price of each is only five cents. I'll wager there are a number of small people who would be made most proud by the possession of their movie heroes.

Would you be interested in an unusually captivating negligee? The model I have in mind is of Alice blue crepe. A full skirt is gathered to the long, straight waist and large, comfortable pockets are on each side. Short sleeves and graceful belt, as well as the bottom of the negligee are edged with fringe of the same color and lend a most uncommon appearance. Originally priced at $2.50, these negligees have been reduced to $1.75.

A FAREWELL PARTY TO GIVE TO SOLDIERS

It Is Called Camp Somewhere and Affords a Very Novel and Lively Evening

In these days, when the newly summoned soldier boys are constantly taking leave, it is interesting to know how to give the farewell party. Below is reprinted from Pictorial Review the story of a very successful one:

We bid you come next Tuesday eve
Before our soldier boys take leave,
And play to Camp Somewhere.
Please bring some pennies and some dimes
To help these lads to more good times,
When they get "Over There."

These were the invitations which the committee sent out when our little evening club entertained for four boys who had enlisted.

Across the entrance hall of the residence where the party was held was stretched a banner labeled "Camp Somewhere," and within were an abundance of flags and pennants. At the right, as the guests entered, an "officer" was seated at a desk. We were requested to write our names and occupations, the only stipulation being that our occupation commence with the initials of our names. For instance, since mine were "E. L." and because I did not have much time to ponder, I put down "Eating Lobster." These names were written in a small notebook which was presented in duplicate to the four guests of honor as a memento of the occasion and of their past association with us.

From this desk we were passed on to the medical officer. His inspection was chiefly for nervousness. All sorts of ridiculous questions were asked before the whole audience, and if the victim even smiled he was supposed to be seriously afflicted with some malady, and was sent to quarantine. This was a room on the third floor, dimly lighted with a candle.

Release from quarantine was accomplished in this way. The individual had to illustrate by charade his "occupation." For instance, as I have said, my occupation was "eating lobster." Consequently I had to go through the motions of that delectable occupation until some one guessed what I was trying to do. Then I was released. One fellow whose initials were "C. W." entertained us by "cracking walnuts." Miss M. C. was busy "making candy." This created much merriment, and started just the kind of joy-making desirable.

After the quarantine was ended we were handed the following program:

DON'T MISS ANY OF THE FEATURES OF "CAMP SOMEWHERE"

The New Barracks, price, 5 cents.
Daily Drill, price, 3 cents.
Dress Parade, price, 7 cents.
Batteries in Action, price, 6 cents.
Hostess House, price, 11 cents.
Attend the Great Movie "Over the Top," price, 11 cents.
Tickets Now on Sale for the Military Ball, price, 25 cents.

No one was allowed into any of these shows until every one had bought tickets. Each show was in a booth at one end of the living-room. The booth was very tiny and formed by hanging curtains or sheets. They were furnished as follows:

The New Barracks: A new ax, with "bear" written on the handle to indicate the brand.

Daily Drill: An ordinary steel drill.

Dress Parade: Three French dolls in elaborate costumes.

Batteries in Action: Flashlights burning brightly.

Hostess House: A kodak picture of the house where the party was being held.

"Over the Top": A roller-skate being passed back and forth over a child's toy top.

And the Military Ball was a good-sized cannonball reposing sedately by itself on a stand. But this was really followed by an hour of dancing before the company were conducted to the mess-tent, which in this case was the dining-room.

Here the refreshments were "aero" buns, camouflage salad, submarines (doughnuts, in boarding-house parlance "sinkers"), and coffee.

Italian Tomato Sauce

Cook one-half cup finely chopped onion, one-half grated turnip, one-half cup grated carrot and one-half cup finely cut green peppers in four tablespoonfuls butterine until tender. Add two cups tomato and two teaspoonfuls salt and cook about five minutes. Press through strainer, return to fire, add two tablespoonfuls flour mixed with two tablespoonfuls cold water and cook five minutes, stirring constantly.

Onion Chowder

Cook two cups minced onion with three tablespoonfuls drippings about one-half hour over a slow fire so that onion will not brown. Then add three quarts boiling water, one quart diced potatoes, three teaspoonfuls salt and one-half teaspoonful pepper and simmer one hour. Add one tablespoonful fine herbs and serve hot.

Shad Roe and Cucumber Salad

Gently cook a shad roe with a slice of onion and a pinch of bay leaf in salted acidulated water about one-half hour. Drain, cool, cut in cubes and marinate with French dressing. Add a cucumber cut in cubes and mix with mayonnaise dressing to moisten. Arrange on a bed of lettuce leaves and garnish with slices of cucumber.

Collars Still Remain Woman's Boon

A Daily Fashion Talk by Florence Rose

In spite of the collarless gown, collars and vestees continue to play an important part in this year's smart wardrobes. Those shown here are among the very newest

WHEN one beholds the vast number of frocks that are made for the coming season and which, true to fashion's ruling, are collarless, the thought will persistantly arise as to what is to become of all the collars and vestees that the shops are showing. But, strange as it may seem, the popularity of the collars and vestees is not by any means on the wane. Quite the contrary, so the keepers of the shops report.

While the majority of the new frocks do have the collarless neckline, there are many women who either do not believe that this sort of neck finish is becoming to them, or else are a bit timid about so radical a venture. Then, too, the separate collar is a wonderful boon to those who, mayhap, are endeavoring to wear last year's frocks. For there is no denying the fact, that a piece of neckwear on the latest lines proves a splendid disguise for an old frock.

The guimpe and the vestee find many advocates among women as a substitute for the blouse to wear under the suit coat. The arguments in favor of the substitutes are very reasonable, and one must admit they are less expensive and that they are easier to launder.

The guimpe at the left of the drawing today is of crepe. The soft collar which lies in folds across the back of the neck is finished on the ends with plaiting. A bow of black silk decorates the front opening.

The vestee in the center is of white silk with the collar and vest section trimmed with plaid ribbon.

At the right is a very lovely collar of fine mull, plaited and embroidered.

Considerable attention is centered on the cuffs this season and much care is shown in their construction. The cuffs are as a rule quite deep and are finished with plaitings and embroidery to match the collar with which they are worn.

(Copyright, 1918, by Florence Rose.)

THE DAILY NOVELETTE

FAITH—By Pearl B. Meyer

"I DON'T see how in the world we can, dear. With brother in France, and with the awful cost of everything, we simply have not got the two dollars—or even one—as much as I long to do it."

Faith looked very downcast. "I suppose," she said with a sigh, "I might have taken my vacation at home, and not spent anything at all. Then we would have had enough for a few weeks."

"No, Faith." Her mother spoke decidedly. "You owed yourself one week of complete rest. Don't think of that again."

"But isn't there something we could give up in the eating line?" persisted Faith.

"You mean something else." Her mother laughed. "Dear child, no; unless you want us to give up eating altogether."

"You are a very discouraging person," Faith declared. "And the worst of it is—you are right. I know as well as you we haven't the money; still I cannot bear the thought of the next loan coming along and of us simply ignoring it."

They sat silent for a while, each trying to work out impossible plans in their eager minds.

"Mother," cried Faith, suddenly. "I'm going to live up to my name. This whole blessed country is as full as it can stick of $2 bills. Why shouldn't a few of them float our way, up our four flights or in from the air-shaft, and land right in our morning pocketbooks? It isn't reasonable to think there are so many, many of them, and that at least one can't find its homing way to us." Noting her mother's quizzical expression, she added: "Don't you laugh at me; I'm in earnest. I'm going to begin to invite them right away, and keep it up all week." She rose from the table as she concluded.

"Oh, youth, youth," exclaimed her mother with a half-dubious, half-merry shake of her head.

Faith crushed her little sport-hat down, until one eye was almost totally eclipsed. "You just wait and see," were her last words as she darted out of the door.

Her new game afforded her much amusement. She found herself seeing $2 bills here, there and everywhere. Her eyes seemed to pierce women's handbags, and discover whole nests of them curled snugly together.

"Now, if that woman would only open her purse," she imagined whimsically, "out might pop a $2 bill, and dodge right into my lap, claiming me as owner."

She commenced to smile at her own nonsense. The woman at whom she had been staring glared back savagely; then peered furtively down at herself to see what might be evoking laughter from her vis-a-vis.

The glare spent its force unheeded. Faith was absorbed in an endeavor to figure out how many times $2 the electric car company engulfed a week.

"Transfers," remarked a voice just above her hat.

Faith jumped. "Two doll—" She stopped and turned red with embarrassment. Then she dared not look up for fear some one had heard her. The conductor passed on. Faith realized that her nonsense, instead of bringing in $2, had just cost her five cents.

In spite of this, she found herself in less than three minutes speculating on the chances of an opulent somebody losing a diamond brooch which Faith would find, thereby reaping the $100 reward.

"Then," she thought gayly, "I wouldn't have to fuss any longer about this $2 business. I'd be at the goal at the very start!" She chuckled to herself over this far-fetched possibility even as she paid the extra fare.

Her merry mood did not forsake her at the office.

"My gracious, your vacation certainly did you good!" exclaimed her next-desk neighbor, staring inquisitively into Faith's happy countenance. "What's his name?"

"Two dollars," chirruped Faith, enigmatically, as she slipped into the familiar chair.

The week flew past in a manner quite unlike the usual first week after vacation. Faith found herself cultivating a semicomic, semiserious condition of mind. She dreamed absurdities which she at the same time frankly acknowledged as such. It was childish to believe that her wish fulfilled would come floating on some magic carpet from the land of genii; still it was fun to play that it might. Her mother, to whom she confided her whimsies, laughed at her good-naturedly.

But although, as the days passed, the $2 bill failed to materialize, Faith experienced no disappointment. Her hope was too high. Such an unselfish wish, she reasoned, and so modest at that; surely the fates must smile on her sooner or later. At any rate, she told herself, the state of expectancy in which she lived made her fairly bubble with eagerness. Her work seemed easier than ever before; her fingers performed impromptu jigs on the typewriter keys; her mind was never so alert.

But Saturday came and no $2 bill had found the strength to manage the four flights of stairs, neither had one wafted itself in at the window from the air-shaft. However, shortly after the noon-hour, Faith, with eyes glowing and cheeks flushed, bounded up the stairs, two steps at a time.

"Mother!" Her voice heralded her coming before she flung open the door. "I've got it—I've got it!"

Her mother counted the rest of her stitches and then looked up.

"You look as if you had a fever," she remarked. "You should not dash up the stairs like that."

Unheeding, Faith flung something into her lap.

"Look! I've got my $2, I tell you, and it is coming every week, too," she cried breathlessly. "Where do you think I found it? Just where I never thought of wishing, mother—in my pay envelope!"

Tomorrow's Complete Novelette "HEARTS AND BOATS."

A Maid and Two Men

The Story of the Girl Who Was Left Behind

By HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR

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AND all the while that Ruth worked with tireless energy, her thoughts centered around Scott Raymond. The report that he was missing had not been corrected and Ruth went around with a constant ache in her heart. Each morning when she woke to consciousness her mind for a time would be blissful with peace, but as soon as the first daze of sleep passed away there would come blinding realization, until Ruth wondered how it had felt to be really happy. The nights were the worst of all, for then imagination came to haunt her and her pictured thoughts would have brought agony so acute that she might have broken down if her physical weariness had not carried her, in spite of herself, into a deep sleep.

As Ruth's mother had said, Jack's disappearance had caused talk. Gossip was rife in the different circles. His disappearance without telling any one would have furnished talk for people at any time, but just now, with the wedding only a few weeks off, no gathering was complete without plenty of conjecture as to where he had gone and what was wrong.

Consequently Ruth's feelings that morning in the hospital can be imagined. Ruth had been surprised, not worried; there was too much relief connected with Jack's absence for that. He had left town just after her discovery of her real feelings and she wanted time to think and to decide what she had better do, and to school her emotions so that no one would suspect the real state of her affairs.

What she waited for day after day was news from France. For that it would come some time, she was confident, and she wanted to be ready for either the dread confirmation of what they all believed now, or for the good news that she could not help believing might be possible even yet.

Just before she left the hospital that morning with Marjorie Bowman, she went to the desk and asked if a Mr. Jack Bond were in the building.

The woman in charge looked down the list and reported no such name. Ruth could not know, of course, that Jack's doctor had seen to it that his name was not entered. After Jack's confidence, he had done everything possible to make his operation and the ensuing period of indecision following as bearable as possible.

Ruth was forced to leave the hospital with no definite information as to whether it was Jack or not that the nurses had discussed, but she was almost sure from the scraps of conversation she had overheard that he was in the building. She determined on the way home to write to him in care of the hospital, asking him to see her. The letter would be delivered to him if he were there, and she would so word it that he would have to reply to her. There was a queer mixture of feelings in her heart at the strange discovery she had made. Of course, if Jack had made arrangements of this kind secretly, there was no doubt of the fact that he had thought it necessary to have himself made physically fit for the army. If there had only been an accident, his family would have been notified, and everything pointed to the fact that Jack himself had wished everything kept quiet.

"It was dear of him, it was noble of him," Ruth said to herself over and over again. Since her engagement to Jack, and more than ever since her brushing up against other people, Ruth had learned to look beneath the surface for possible motives not only in him, but in other people, people she had too often misjudged. She knew that Jack's underlying motive in keeping everything secret had been a good one, but she could only suspect its real truth. Jack had never confided to Ruth the possibility that he might be made physically fit. At first he had been too stunned with the knowledge that he was unable to go, and the ensuing engagement to Ruth, afterward; the doctor's slight encouragement had not seemed of enough importance to be spoken of, and besides, there had been no slightest desire in his heart to discover just how big a possibility he had, until Ruth's changed attitude toward him had awakened his sensibilities to the fact that something was wrong. Therefore, Ruth could only imagine the true state of affairs, and she supplemented her own belief with the stray remark one of the nurses had made, about its being an operation for physical fitness.

Affairs had surely taken a strange turn, and Ruth's feeling toward Jack had also changed. This was natural in the event of her discovery, but the real quality of the change she did not even know herself, and did not discover until much later. However, her new knowledge helped in some measure to occupy her thoughts, and she decided after thinking it over a bit to confide everything in Helen. Helen's attitude in the entire matter had been more than surprising. Helen had stood between Ruth and the talk of their friends by suggesting through her manner toward them that Jack's whereabouts were not entirely unknown. How she managed to do this, Ruth did not know, but she did realize that, although Helen never asked for her confidence, she managed to give other people to understand that Ruth had told her things that quite satisfactorily explained everything. In a great many instances this saved Ruth from direct questions that were embarassing and naturally difficult to answer with the meagre knowledge that she really possessed.

(Tomorrow Ruth writes a letter making her sacrifice, and Helen Brander hears news from France.)

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.

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Quaker Corn Flakes	pkg. 9c
Barley	lb. 6c
Seeded Raisins	pkg. 13c
Pure Jelly	glass 12c
Corn Meal	lb. 5½c
Puffed Rice	pkg. 13c
India Relish	bot. 12c
Shoe Peg Corn	can 18c
Campbell's Baked Beans	can 15c
Choice Pink Salmon	can 21c
Salad Dressing	bot. 14c
Campbell's Soups	can 10c
Mixed Vegetables	can 13c
Sardines	can 8c, 15c

New Pink Salmon, ½ lb. flat	can 15c
Asco Beans	can 15c
Asco Cake	pkg. 12c
Ritter's Catsup	bot. 12c
Pure W. D. Vinegar	bot. 12c
Choice New Peas	can 17c
Macaroni	pkg. 10-12c

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THE WOMAN'S EXCHANGE

TODAY'S INQUIRIES

1. Is the work in the cantonment libraries paid or voluntary?
2. What is the Red Cross Pig Club?
3. Are women relatives of civilians who are in service abroad allowed to go overseas?
4. Where there is more than one daughter in the household, how are invitations sent?
5. What is the birthstone for October?
6. How can chopped cold lobster be tastily used in sandwiches?

Would Be "Craftswoman"

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Having seen your answer in the evening paper of Friday, September 27, I am writing to ask where I can offer my services as "craftswoman" to keep convalescent soldiers occupied in hospitals. D. H. G.

To "enlist" as a craftswoman to teach convalescent soldiers in the hospitals, apply to the Bureau of Nursing, Red Cross, division headquarters, or Washington, D. C.

Dates of Ukraine Revolt

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Please print in your column when Ukraine made peace with Germany and when she declared her independence of Russia and when the mail service stopped to that country from Russia. J. S., U. S. N.

Ukraine made peace with Germany on February 9, 1918. She declared her independence from Russia on November 5, 1917. There is no record of when the mail service from Russia to Ukraine was stopped.

Diet and Exercise Will Do It

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—I am twenty-four years of age, weigh 140 pounds, five feet one inch in height, am physically well, but feel as I do I want to reduce my weight—say to twelve pounds. I am busy all day, so I can take no exercise. Kindly suggest some method for me because I will be anxious to hear from you. BLUE EYES.

Diet and exercise are what you need. Take regular exercise every day—some kind of gymnastics, dancing or taking a brisk, fairly long walk each day. Give up potatoes, sweets and starchy foods. Drink no water with your meals and plenty between meals. Standing up for twenty minutes after each meal is also said to help in reducing.

Remedy This With Ice

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Can you tell me what causes the pores of the face to become enlarged? Please advise me how to remedy this. ANXIOUS.

Certain conditions of the skin and general health will cause the pores to become enlarged. To remedy this treat the face with a good facial soap and hot water, bathing with cooler water afterward. Then rub ice over the face until it feels stiff and smooth. This refines the skin, and if repeated every night will contract the large pores.

Safe to Use Molasses Tins

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Please be kind enough to let me know if I could use molasses tins and lard tins for canning. (Mrs.) M. R.

It will be perfectly safe to use the tins for canning if they are carefully washed and sterilized before you put anything in them.

No "Proper" Age to Marry

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Will you please tell me whether St. Quentin has anything to do with the late Quentin Roosevelt? Also, when is the proper age to marry, and is it proper to marry into your own family? (Miss) J. B.

St. Quentin, France, has nothing to do with the late Quentin Roosevelt. There is no "proper" age at which to marry, although most brides and bridegrooms are in their twenties and should be of age before they think about marriage. Marriage of relatives is by all means to be shunned.

How to Get Into Motor Corps

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Yesterday I saw a picture of the motor corps of the National League for Woman's Service training at Fort Totten. Can you give me any information how to get into the motor service and the address of the training camp? J. S.

If you will write directly to the National League for Woman's Service, at 1703 Walnut street, you will receive your information at first hand and much more in detail than I could give it to you. As this organization is responsible for the motor corps, I am sure you can find out all about it by calling up or writing there.

YESTERDAY'S ANSWERS

1. Bachelor buttons that can be clamped on to clothes without the use of needle and thread make an especially useful gift for the man who is going over to the trenches.
2. In sending a flashlight to the man in the service be sure to include a few extra batteries with the gift.
3. Linda Nivella is the noted Kentucky woman who is giving over her life to work toward the prevention of blindness, and for the relief of trachoma sufferers in her State. By her tremendous effort she has secured State and Federal aid for her mountain people.
4. An invitation for dinner, luncheon or a theatre party should be answered within twenty-four hours after it is received.
5. Whey honey is make by mixing one cupful of whey and one-half cupful of corn syrup. The mixture is boiled until it is as thick as honey. The syrup keeps if it is correctly bottled. It is used to spread on pancakes, waffles, etc.
6. Chopped olives introduce a note of variation into the chicken sandwich.