...ING CHILDREN'S LIVES INTO IRON MOLDS—GEORGETTE BLOUSE REIGNS—READERS' LETTERS

...EN PARENTS BUILD A ROMANCE FOR A GIRL

...Reader Writes to Tell Us What Happens—She Passes on a Bit of Her Own Life to Show That Not Youth Alone Takes Things For Granted

WE HAVE talked about the understandings that come to exist between boys and girls and so often wreck their happiness. Now comes a letter that introduces new light on understandings.

"In answer to your article, 'A Little White Dress That Was Hidden Away,'" writes our reader, "I wish to contribute my poor opinion on the subject. I'm one of the victims of this custom of understanding and would like to say it is not always the fault of the boys or the girls. I always, when I was younger, had an aversion to this 'keeping company'; but just because of the fact that one boy always saw me home from church my folks seemed to think it positively indecent for me to have any other boys call on me, and because I did on two or three occasions go out with some one else they made it so uncomfortable for me I was glad to be content with the one.

"I'm now engaged, and although I wear a diamond on my left hand and every one considers me engaged, I often wonder what is going to be the outcome. And now, to cap it all, my folk ask why under the sun I didn't pick out one that could make more money than my fiance, after they have almost pushed me on to him. Of course, we're congenial and he is most generous in every way; but if they had only given me a chance to choose we would have both been better off. As it is—

I WONDER."

THE part that stands out in this letter is that the family interfered. Oh, the happy marriages that are wrecked or the unhappy ones that are made in the name of the family! They could line the road that's called Forever.

There is the always-on-the-front-porch family that jumps down a man's neck the minute he calls two or three consecutive times on the marketable daughter of the house. Poor girl! It isn't her fault that she had to grow up and achieve the age when all girls more or less are supported to get married. But my, how it does chase a man away to know that he is suspected of having intentions before he knows whether he would like to have them or not.

It did not chase this young man away, it happens, but it caused something far worse—fabricated a marriage that starts off with the obstacle of uncertainty.

YOUNG people have to live their own lives; and most young people are good and sincere and want to do the thing that is best. That is why it is mean and so immeasurably hurtful for parents to try to pour the lives and hopes and loves of their children into iron molds forged by themselves. Take the case of the girl cited by herself in this letter. To fight her way out of this understanding would have meant living in hot water with her people all the time; and yet it chased away all the other nice young men who would like to have come to see her. How much a girl I. this is to be pitied. There are those who think being at loggerheads with the family, breakfast, dinner and supper, is not a real trial. But they do not know. Any real girl who loves the things of home wilts in this atmosphere and at times will make almost any concession to have it cleared.

AND so those of my readers who are wondering why this girl who writes did not set her foot down and refuse to be paired off with some one of her family's choice, or at least be willing to weather any amount of disagreeableness in order to avoid it, must look at the matter in that light. I feel it would be of interest to have opinions from readers on this case. What should the girl have done in the first place, and what is there for her to do now?

PIPING-HOT DISHES IN A CAN OF SALMON

Cottage Pie, Chowder, Cutlets, Omelet and Scalloped Dish Given Here

A can of salmon surely deserves a star place on the emergency shelf. Many a housewife has had occasion to rise up and call it blessed when unexpected company comes. And ever and above this, when there is no one but the family around salmon has the attractive saving grace of being inexpensive.

Here are recipes reprinted from McCall's that tell novel ways in which salmon can be used in breakfast, dinner and supper dishes:

Salmon Chowder

Pare and dice six large potatoes and put to boil in one quart of water. Peel and slice two onions, saute in the fat from one-fourth pound of salt pork, diced. When the onion is yellow turn it and the fat into the kettle containing the potato and allow to boil until the potato will cut easily. Add one can of salmon, free from skin and bones, the oil and one quart of milk. Add salt and black pepper to taste. When it boils remove from stove and cover the top with split crackers, when it is ready to serve. Remember a real chowder always contains pork and onions, and before cooking there should be two quarts of liquid to one of solids.

Steamed Salmon

While one-half cupful of milk and the same quantity of bread crumbs are cooking to a smooth paste, free one can of salmon from skin and bones, flake it, add salt, pepper and two tablespoonfuls of juice. Stir into this the bread and milk, add two eggs beaten light, pour into a buttered mold and steam twenty-five or thirty minutes. This may be made with one egg, but it will not keep its shape so well. Serve with white sauce, to which one cupful of peas has been added.

Salmon Cutlets

Remove skin, bones and oil from one can of salmon, mix with one tablespoonful of lemon juice, add one cupful of thick white sauce. Stir well, turn on a plate to cool, then divide into twelve portions and shape like cutlets. Beat an egg slightly, roll cutlets in crumbs, then in egg, then crumbs again and fry until brown. Garnish according to taste.

Cottage Pie

Line a pudding dish with hot, mashed and seasoned potatoes one to one and a half inches in thickness; fill the center with creamed salmon seasoned with onion. Cover with mashed potatoes, brush over the top with melted butter or milk and bake a delicate brown.

Salmon Loaves

Use one roll for each person, cut off the top, scoop out the crumbs, brush inside and outside with melted butter and leave in hot oven until brown. Fill these cases with creamed salmon containing chopped parsley. Cover and serve.

Salmon Omelet

Make an omelet in your favorite way, adding one-half cupful of flaked salmon to each three eggs in the mixture. Cook as usual, but before folding spread one cupful of the salmon over the top.

Scalloped Salmon

Put into a medium-sized agate dish a layer of salmon, a layer of white sauce, a layer of cracker crumbs, a grating of onion; repeat, covering the top with crumbs. Bake in a hot oven until brown.

THINGS TO KNOW

Beating a piece of ice into mayonnaise that is curdled will make it smooth again. Beat steadily until the ice is melted. This is a tried and true trick that has come from an expert housekeeper.

A handy pocket for storing paper bags, strings, etc., can be made by tacking a square of stout material on the pantry door.

In place of wrapping linens in blue tissue paper, which keeps them from turning yellow, try blue cheesecloth. This is more economical and less annoying as it does not tear.

Putting a pocket on the inside of a kitchen apron is an act of wisdom, as it cannot catch on things and tear as it does on the outside.

Women Speeding Up

Owing to the demands of the new draft in withdrawing men from productive service, it is estimated that 2,000,000 women will be needed to fill the positions now held by men and to increase the working forces of war work plants to speed up production.

SIMPLICITY IS KEYNOTE OF FROCK

This gown of embroidered black satin is fashioned on the popular chemise dress lines. A deep band of beaver fur edges the frock

A Daily Fashion Talk by Florence Rose

REGARDLESS of the fact that early in the season it was rumored that the chemise dress, which had been popular with the designers of Paris for so long, would not be featured again this season, the majority of the best houses continue to show this style of frock. One might say that the simple lines of the chemise dress had proved too alluring to the women and, therefore, of too great value to the dressmakers to be given up. No one can deny that this is not a comfortable style, and in this original it was a very simple affair. But no more! Simple it may be, in one sense of the word, but surely one never sees one of these frocks nowadays that is made of an inexpensive material. To be perfectly truthful, the chemise frock, or rather the majority of the chemise frocks, reflect studied simplicity. However, this does not appear to be any drawback to their popularity, for the number of dresses on the chemise lines has greatly increased since the season started.

When I used the expression, "studied simplicity," I had in mind the dress that is illustrated today. Could any dress be more simple in cut than this frock? Certainly not. Ah, but the material and the decoration make quite another story. Here is where the dress goes into the luxury class. For not alone is the frock made of a beautiful quality of black satin, but the entire dress is embroidered in an elaborate design of Chinese inspiration. It is hard to conceive in one's imagination the wonder of this embroidery carried out in terra-cotta shaded silks on the black satin. The girdle is like a rope of silk and is finished at the ends with tassels and Chinese ornaments. A deep band of beaver trims the lower edge of the dress.

Worn with this frock is a large hat of black velvet, which has a moderately sized soft crown of the velvet. Black ostrich encircles the crown at the headsize.

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WILL MAKE BANDAGES

New Jersey Institutions to Aid Red Cross

Trenton, Oct. 15.—The employment of women inmates of State charitable and correctional institutions on the making of bandages for the Red Cross in order to relieve other women who can take up the duties of nurses or assistants during the present epidemic of influenza in New Jersey was suggested by Governor Edge in a communication sent to Commissioner of Charities and Correction Bickett G. Lewis.

Acting on the suggestion of the Governor, Commissioner Lewis has sent out a circular order to the eight State institutions housing women inmates to comply immediately with the Governor's suggestion.

Where Silk Originated

Silk was first made by Si-Lang, wife of Hoang-ti, Emperor of China, 260 B. C. Among the Greeks, Aristotle is the first who mentions it. It was not until A. D. 530, however, that silk worms began to be cultivated in Europe, the first eggs being then brought from India by some monks.

Oatmeal Cases

Two cupfuls fine ground oatmeal.
One cupful boiling water.
One teaspoonful fat.

Scald oatmeal with water. Add fat and mix thoroughly. Roll very thin and line small tins with the mixture. Bake lightly.

Surely, Mother, You Know How

It is the woman of the house who knows how to make a dollar go further than any one else. Philadelphia needs her talent now.

Our city must make enormous strides in the fourth Liberty Loan or we must hang our heads in defeat and acknowledge William Penn's town did not care enough about Liberty to invest a few dollars in it.

Surely, mother, you can think of a way to stretch the family purse to make room for one more bond. Just one in the name of a lad you'll never know, but who went to his death in France for you just the same.

He gave so much. There's no peace talk now to harden you into forgetting what he gave. That boys, young, eager and loving life died to start the German on the run. It takes money to keep him on the run. Buy a bond in the name of the lad who died to start what he believed the rest of us would finish.

A Maid and Two Men

The Story of the Girl Who Was Left Behind

By HAZEL DRYO BATCHELOR

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THE STORY THUS FAR

Ruth Rowland is loved by Jack Bond and Scott Raymond, and promises to marry Bond. Both men are drafted, but Bond is exempted because of a physical disability. Scott goes to France and is wounded. Ruth later discovers that she has made a mistake and that she loves Scott Raymond, but she determines to marry Bond and to make him a good wife. Bond, not altogether understanding her attitude, but convinced that she wants him to be fighting for his country, goes to a hospital and is operated upon to make him fit for service. He enlists in the navy and returns to Ruth.

I.

THREE months before, Ruth Rowland would have felt a sense of exaltation in walking out anywhere with Jack Bond. She would have been elated at the fact that she felt well dressed; she would have been buoyant at the prospect of receiving admiration from passers-by and of knowing that Jack noticed that admiration and was proud. On the day that she and Jack had gone to buy the ring she had been happy; today, as she walked out into the sunshine in her new squirrel coat, and with Jack beside her in his blue navy uniform, she felt no sense of elation, only a heaviness and a consciousness that she must constantly combat that guilty feeling.

"I have a surprise for you," Jack said, as they walked down the street.

"Jack, what have you been doing now? Oh! I hope it isn't something extravagant," Ruth remonstrated.

"We have to be extravagant once in a while; but wait till you see it. Even you won't have the heart to scold me."

"Is it at the apartment?" And Ruth evinced a slight interest.

Jack grinned and nodded. They were on the way to the apartment to see a few of the new things that had arrived and to plan where to put them, and at this surprise that Jack spoke of Ruth felt only a new demand on her gratitude, for that was all that she felt any of the time.

Just as the sun had streamed in on that first day when Jack had brought her to the apartment, so it streamed in over everything today, only this time the lovely little rooms were almost entirely furnished. Ruth had helped to select many of the things herself, but there was something that stretched across one corner of the living room that made her open her eyes in amazement. Something big and cumbersome, gleaming and reflecting lights from its polished surface.

"Jack," she gasped; "a piano!"

He grinned boyishly, delighted at her surprise and conscious that his selection could not be disputed.

"I hoped you would like it," he explained. "You see it's my wedding present to you. I wanted it to be a surprise, and yet I hardly knew what was safe to select for you without having you see it first, and so I asked your mother, and we decided on the piano."

"And mother knew all along?"

"Yes, indeed, she helped select it. She said she knew you had always wanted a piano; and at first I was afraid you couldn't get a grand into this place; but I picked the smallest one made."

"Oh, Jack, is it beautiful! I don't know any one who has had such beautiful things given to her as I have." Ruth hesitated. She knew that thanks of a certain kind were due to Jack, and she dreaded giving them; it was such an effort to force her emotions just now, when everything pulled at them, any way!

She turned toward Jack and suddenly met his eyes. They held an expression foreign to them, an expression that made Ruth suddenly conscious of the fact that she was here alone with him in the apartment; a feeling that she had never felt about Jack before.

She stood still, uncertain what to do, and a little wavering smile broke over her face. The next minute Jack had cleared the distance between them and had caught her in his arms. It was the first time he had ever lost control of his own emotions, the first time he had ever been anything but dependable Jack, considerate and reasonable. Jack had always that, a reasonable lover; there had never been between them any of the madness of two people who are divinely mated.

His breath came hoarsely and he spoke disjointedly. His arms, about her, held her relentlessly close; she felt smothered, afraid.

"Darling, darling!" he muttered, forcing her head back against him and looking down into her eyes. "Don't thank me; love me! I would do anything for you to make you do that. I don't want gratitude; I want everything you have to give—everything, do you hear?"

"Jack, please let me go."

He laughed, holding her closer. Then he began to kiss her wildly—close, passionate kisses that shock her and filled her with quick loathing. No woman can be kissed that way unless the only man in the world for her uses it as his privilege.

"Jack, I hate you. I hate you!" she said over and over again, trying to beat the meaning of what she said into his brain. He kissed her once more on the mouth, and then his arms about her loosened. Once more he was himself.

"Forgive me, sweetheart," he said, instantly penitent. "I forgot myself. I shouldn't have frightened you that way, but I love you so much that I have been crazy for some response from you."

Ruth was trying to battle with her emotion. Quick tears stung her eyelids, her throat felt choked. She felt humiliated, almost contaminated, by what had happened.

"How could you? How could you?" she said, struggling with her tears. She buried her face in her hands like a child and shuddered. Whatever safety she had looked forward to in her marriage to Jack had been suddenly swept away from her by this sudden revelation of what he could be under strong emotion. She was suddenly sick with fear.

(Tomorrow—On the heels of a good resolution, Ruth receives an important missive.)

THE DAILY NOVELETTE

A WILD RIDE

By Dorothy M. Mershea

ALICE HILDRETH came dancing into the room where her mother sat, waving an open letter in her hand.

"Mother, mother," she exclaimed joyously, "Aunt Helen wants me to make her a visit while she is in the mountains! Please, dearest, say I can go," she pleaded. "I do so want to go through the mountains."

"But, Alice," remonstrated Mrs. Hildreth, "you—"

"Now, mother," interrupted Alice, "you know you are going to be a darling and let me go."

After many arguments and much teasing Alice convinced her mother that she ought to be allowed to go. So, on the following Monday, a bright, sunny day, Alice started in her little gray roadster for her journey to Aunt Helen's.

Up hills and down she went, slowing up now and then to admire the beautiful scenery. Everything was so new and marvelously beautiful to her that she wished she had a week to spend on her trip.

She paused a while to admire the "Old Man of the Mountains," then speeded up in order to reach her destination before dark, and in her hurry she did not notice the "Danger" sign that gave warning of the dangerous Three Mile Hill of Franconia Notch. Suddenly, after making a sharp turn, she saw stretched before her the most dangerous descent in the mountains. She jammed on both brakes, but they only slowed the car up a trifle. The roads had all cut up from recent rains and were in a terrible condition, and poor Alice could only brace herself and clutch the wheel, thanking her lucky stars there was no one in the road.

She went over the last bump and down the final slope at an awful speed, when suddenly a young man in soldier's uniform came running out from the side of the road. Alice reached for her horn, and in the second period that followed the steering wheel was wrenched from her other hand as the front wheels struck a rut. She felt herself going over, and then everything grew black.

When she came to, Alice found herself lying on her auto robe with a young man in khaki bending over her. It did not take long to discover that she was miraculously unhurt, but the car was completely overturned. They stopped a passing farmer, and the young man, with his help, finally succeeded in righting the car again. And, wonders of wonders, it was not damaged much, save for a dent in the mudguard and a broken windshield.

Alice discovered that Donald Wane, for as such the young man introduced himself, was bound for the same town as she. So it was quite natural that she should invite him to go in her car. It does not take two young people long to get acquainted, and in the two happy weeks that followed they spent much of their time together. Just before Donald was called for service overseas he asked for and received Alice's promise that she would let him guide her car down the path of life as long as he promised not to tip her out, "because," she declared, "the spill I gave myself was enough to last a lifetime."

When Alice told her mother of her experience, after reaching home safely, she also showed her a new ring that sparkled and gleamed on her left hand.

"Now, mother," she teased, "aren't you glad you let me go to see Aunt Helen? Because," she added, "even if I did have an awful scare, I never would have met Don if it hadn't been for that wild, wild ride."

Tomorrow's Complete Novelette, "INITIATIVE"

U. S. OFFERS GOOD JOBS FOR THOUSANDS OF GIRLS

Employment Service Will Place Them Where They Can Earn as They Learn, Pay Advancing as Ability and Skill Increase

IF ANY girl is sitting at this moment with folded hands, wondering what she can do to push the war machine along a bit, here are a few suggestions offered by Uncle Sam:

One hundred and fifty girls can get jobs right now at the United States aircraft factory at the navy yard; 250 are needed at the Frankford Arsenal; 2000 are needed at the Schuylkill Arsenal. There are, besides, jobs waiting for them at their very front doors, for all over the city are vacancies left by men who have gone to war, and there is a long, steady appeal for help from nearly all employers.

United States employment bureaus can place 5000 girls at once—safe jobs and well paid. No experience is needed in most of the jobs which girls are needed to fill; they are trained as they work, and as their skill increases their earning capacity increases. The times offer a chance to women which has never been equaled and for which they have been waiting. The training which will be given them in these war jobs will fit them for excellent positions in times of peace. Then there will be such things as skilled women mechanics.

The woman's section of the United States employment bureaus at City Hall and 1311 Arch street can place the women who will apply, and every girl or woman who has no present position is asked to send her name to either of these addresses and register for a job.

Adventures With a Purse

"I HAD to pay $9 for a hat this year," said one girl. "And mine," said another ruefully, "cost $12." Now if only those girls, and any others who are searching for a fall hat could see the display I discovered today. Here are fuzzy tam-o-shanters, very similar to those priced at $6 and $7. And here are smart toques for the tailored suit, and large hats of velvet of good shape, and well-trimmed. To be sure, you may not care for every single solitary hat in the display, but without a doubt you will find one among them that will take your fancy. And as to price now, the tags are marked $3.85 and $4.85, which you will agree is amazingly reasonable.

This is a tale for the music-lover, for her who has mastered, perhaps the runs and occasional perplexing passages in Paderewski's Minuet, but who has yet to conquer the intricacies of Rachmaninoff's Prelude. My story is of a collection of pieces, not consisting of such old standbys as "Traumerei," "Love's Dream," "After the Ball," and "The Palms" (was there ever a collection of pieces that did not include "The Palms?") but of melodies which by the very infrequency with which one hears them are greatly enhanced. Comes a haunting little lullaby by Ilyinski, a rollicking Scottish tune by the beloved MacDowell, a lilt of an air by Godard and a wistful little song in minor by Tschaikowsky. You'll be able to play many of them at sight. Some of them will require going over several times and a few may even exact practice. But each one is worth while. Each will endear itself to you for one quality or another. And some there are which you will love to dream over if you like to play at the twilight hour, or in the evening when you light perhaps only the lamp over in the corner. And this book with its seventy pieces for the piano can be had for seventy-five cents.

The little round metal or cardboard rouge and powder boxes do not make very attractive ornaments for dresser or toilet table. But one shop is displaying some of these boxes which would add to the beauty of the most attractive boudoir. Skillful fingers have fashioned clusters of little silk flowers which nestle on pale green leaves, under which is a cloud of filmy tulle. One in particular has tulle of old rose, and some of the clusters are of the same shade. These boxes are priced at seventy-five cents including a first supply of powder. For a gift, now, what could be daintier?

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.

Help Your Skin While You Sleep with Cuticura

All druggists: Soap 25, Ointment 25 & 50, Talcum 25. Sample each free of "Cuticura, Dept. 6B, Boston."

When Company Drops in for Luncheon

It used to be that when company dropped in unexpectedly about lunch time I had to open a can of sardines or something else that looked like what it was—a makeshift. But now I'm not a bit worried no matter how many of them there are, because I know that with very little trouble I can get the best salad they ever tasted.

I boil some eggs hard and cool them by putting them under the cold water for a minute. Then I take out the yolks, crumble them, and mix with butter, salt, pepper and A1 Sauce to taste. I put the mixture back into the whites and serve on lettuce with any kind of dressing I happen to have in the house. It's the A1 Sauce that makes all the difference between ordinary stuffed eggs and the flavor of this wonderful salad, that no one but a French chef has ever before been able to get.—Adv.

The "Hairoplane"

After a hard night in the trenches there is nothing—or, rather, there would not be anything—so stimulating and refreshing as a visit from the "hairoplane," straightening out the kinks and applying a few drops of soothing lotion.

The hairoplane is the invention of an Englishman

HEATH ROBINSON

whose inimitable sketches relative to wars and humors of wars have convulsed England for months past.

The artist has been granted special permission to visit American headquarters, and his drawings—throwing into bold relief the comic side of the conflict—appear in the

PUBLIC LEDGER

Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

He Had His Lesson

Dear Cynthia—Last summer while staying with my aunt I was introduced to a young boy of about one year and a half older than myself. I liked him immensely and he liked me very much, as he told me so. But, dear Cynthia, he asked me if I loved him and he rather turned me against him. I thought I was too young to be asked such a question. Don't you think so? Although now I think he meant no harm, however, and would like to have his friendship again, as I am going to give a party and would like to have him as my guest. Please tell me if it would be all right to invite him and please what to write to him. Thanking you for your help, I am

DOUBTFUL.

Yes, it will be all right to invite the boy to your party. He should not have spoiled your nice friendship by asking you such a silly question, but I think you have taught him a lesson by now and he will behave himself if you are friends again.

You might say in your note:

"Dear Bill—Perhaps you will be surprised to hear from an old friend, but I hope it is not an unpleasant surprise. The reason I am writing is to ask you if you would like to come to a little party we are to have at our house in the near future. If you would like to come we would be very much pleased to have you. The party is on" (mention date, etc.).

Do not refer to the little unpleasantness. You were a fine, sensible little girl to realize the boy was silly to have spoken as he did.

Are Blondes Deceitful?

Dear Cynthia—We are two girl friends, and as you have given others such good advice we are also coming to you for advice. Do you think that girls of fifteen should go with boys? Also should a girl permit the boy to kiss her good night? Which do you considered the best-looking, those that have brunette or blond hair? Also is it true that blondes are deceitful?

Is the girl is not allowed to go around with boys is it right to go out "on the sly" with them? Also, do you believe that when a fellow tells a girl he loves her he means it or is that to pass the time away? Some of our girl friends want to know if it is all right to write and receive letters written in red ink. When is a girl of age in Pennsylvania, eighteen or twenty-one? Would you advise a girl of eighteen to marry?

R. M. AND H. C.

Girls of fifteen are too young to go out with boys alone. There is no harm in their going to parties where there are boys and girls, or, for instance, in going skating, etc., with the boys in the afternoon. A girl should not permit a boy to kiss her good night unless she is engaged to him. What right has the boy to ask for a kiss?

Opinions differ as to what the higher type of beauty is. No real decision has ever been made on the matter. I would be afraid to say which I like the better. Perhaps some of our readers will help you out. I have never found blondes any more deceitful than brunettes. Here again, what do our boys and girls and older folk think?

If a girl is not allowed to go around with the boys it is distinctly wrong for her to go out "on the sly."

I have reason to know the majority of young boys who mention love to girls under twenty, and lots of times over twenty, do so to pass the time away.

It is decidedly bad form to write letters in red ink and a sign of ignorance or disrespect to have them written to you in this way.

A girl is of age at twenty-one in Pennsylvania. Speaking generally, without knowing any of the details of the affair, I would not advise a girl of eighteen to marry.

How to Get Acquainted

Dear Cynthia—I am a young boy eighteen years old, new in the city and would like to meet some nice girls of my age. I do not know any one here and don't have the opportunity of meeting them. Can you suggest a way?

BEVERLY.

A good way to meet girls is to join some class in a night school where there are both boys and girls. You can take up various subjects and learn something as well as get acquainted. The girls are as a rule sociable, giving little parties, etc., and inviting the boys. Through these girls you will meet others. Go to church suppers, etc., and you will meet nice girls. Ask one of the older women to introduce you to some. Take one of the women into your confidence and she will be glad to help you. Another way is to join the Y. M. C. A. The boys there often ask the ones without dates to go out with them to parties, etc. War-relief affairs, however, are plentiful and you will have no trouble getting acquainted through them.

War Work and Rouge

Dear Cynthia—Will you please tell me why so many people think in order to be considered respectable and sensible they must make themselves look like washed-out rags? I have been reading the various letters in your column and it seems to me that some people think it a crime to make themselves attractive. By making one's self attractive I do not mean to overdo the use of cosmetics, but in these days when we are giving every spare minute to war work instead of living a life of leisure, as we did before the war, it is only natural that we are going to appear fagged out at times, but why appear that way when by the use of a little powder and rouge we can make ourselves more attractive?

I am a girl twenty-one years old, attending one of the colleges here in the city. My family associate with only the best of people and I am considered very sensible by all of them. So you can see that it isn't only the frivolous girls who use rouge. By all means do not think I mean that girls should walk the streets looking like masqueraders. There is a limit to everything and there are always a few who go past the limit, but that is no reason why we should not do our duty by appearing our best at all times.

I would like to know what the readers will say to this.

READER.

THE WOMAN'S EXCHANGE

Today's Inquiries

1. Is the Government asking married women with children to take war jobs?
2. Who is Susanna Coerwit?
3. What is the usual hour for the little informal dinner party?
4. Give the recipe for marrons glaces or candied chestnuts.
5. What will insure the cleanness of the kitchen floor when there is linoleum covering?
6. What is the food value of turnips?

This Mother Needs Clothes

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Prompted by the generous offer of many and an absolute need of the same, the writer would welcome any of partly worn garments for two girls, aged six and eight, and a boy, aged thirteen. Will send my boy for same. I have been doing laundry work to provide these children with the necessary essentials during this crisis and would gladly do it again in exchange for what I ask for above.

(Mrs.) E. D. H.

As is usual in a case like this, the editor does not know the writer, but I pass the letter on and will be glad to send the reader's address to any one who wants to look into this case and send clothes to the children.

Wants to Enter Home Here

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—I am writing to ask if there is a home for aged where a resident of New Jersey can be admitted in Philadelphia. Kindly inform me how I can get information as to entrance fee, and if not, could you tell me of a home in any other State and where to get information?

GRATEFUL WIDOW.

The Philadelphia General Hospital takes care of cases that are afterward sent to the Home for Indigent in Holmesburg. This home will take New Jersey residents if the State pays their entrance fee. If you can tell me what church you belong to I can find something more definite and satisfactory for you. All the denominations have their own homes, and if you consult your rector or pastor I am sure he will be able to help you find a place. Most of the homes in the city are filled now, but I shall be glad to help you with further information if you will send me the name of your church.

Red Cross in Washington

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Will you be so kind as to let me through the Woman's Exchange if I can get in touch with the War Department? A friend of mine left for France six months ago and I only heard from him, and that was of his arrival. Can you also state how I should express my thanks to the War Department in regard to the above? Your constant reader,

C. S.

Have you asked your friend's family for him? Surely they must have heard from him, unless he has no family and you are his only friend. In that case, write to the Bureau of Communication, American Red Cross, Washington, D. C., and make your inquiry about his whereabouts. Have you written to him? If you write to his former address in camp in this country the letter will be forwarded to him and may bring an answer.

At the very top of your letter to the Red Cross put the name, company, regiment, etc., of your friend, noting the date of his enlistment. Then address yourself to Bureau of Communication, Red Cross, Washington, D. C., and state as briefly as you can the information you want.

Magazine Stands Have It

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Can you tell me where I can purchase Cassell's Little Folks Magazine? It is published in London, but I have seen copies of it in the public libraries in this city. I thank you very much for any help that you may give me. Will you answer in the Evening Public Ledger of Tuesday, October 15?

(Miss) K. J.

You can buy Cassell's Little Folks at the magazine stands of the large department stores in the book departments. If they are not on the racks ask for them.

Articles for Dressing Table

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—To be in good taste what articles are placed on a dressing table, also on bureau and chiffonier? Is a chiffonier used only in a man's room? How many pieces of furniture could be effectively used in a room of average size and what would you suggest for a young lady's room? Any other information as how to beautify a bedroom would be appreciated.

I THANK YOU.

A silver or ivory toilet set should be placed on a bureau or dressing table and on a chiffonier if there is no bureau. If the chiffonier is in a man's room his toilet articles should be placed on it, or if they have been put somewhere else, photographs in silver frames, a vase or a clock would be appropriate articles to place there. A chiffonier may be used in any bedroom or dressing room. In a room of average size the furniture should include the bed, bureau or dressing table, a writing desk or table and several chairs. A chest of drawers or a wardrobe should also be in the room if this does not crowd things too much. It is better to have less furniture than to have the room look jammed with things. For a young lady's room the wall paper, floor covering and curtains should be of a light color and as dainty as it is possible to make them, but very simple. A window seat covered with cretonne like the curtains dresses up a room very attractively and helps out if there is not much space for chairs. It is convenient to have this made with a hinged lid, so that it will do for a shirtwaist box as well. A tea table arranged with a tea kettle and dainty china makes a room look pretty, and the lamp should have a wicker shade lined with the prevailing cretonne. Attractive "fixings" can be made of checked gingham. Make the curtains of white dimity edged with pink and white checked gingham. Edge the bedspread with the same pink and white and either edge the bureau scarf or make it entirely with the gingham. Crocheted rugs with pink as the prevailing shade would look well in this room if the furniture were all painted white, with wicker chairs and tea table.

Yesterday's Answers

1. A miniature witch's cave for Halloween can be built from a small wooden soap box with the two sides knocked out of it. The witch is any one's head, dressed up in a little black funny hat and in a long, flowing robe. The cave is made mysterious with black paper, and the head peers out through and throws out fortunes. The person kneels in back of the box.
2. The Halloween autumn costume is made of artificial and real autumn leaves, pasted to various shades of yellow and brown cheesecloth. The hat is two big artificial leaves pasted together around the edges with enough of room at the bottom for the head to slip in.
3. Overcups blue is a new wartime color which verges on a French blue.
4. Marrons glaces are candied chestnuts.
5. A garret can be fixed up delightfully for small boys by building in wooden bunks such as are found aboard ship. The rest of the room may be furnished "ship style" accordingly.
6. Paper clips are useful when one is knitting long seams.

Baked Eggs With Cheese

Six hard-cooked eggs.
One cupful cooked, macaroni.
One-half cupful grated cheese.
One and three-fourths cupfuls thin white sauce.
Salt and paprika to taste.
Onion juice.
Anchovy sauce.
Three-fourths cupful bread crumbs.

Cut eggs in eighths lengthwise, add macaroni, cheese, white sauce and seasonings. Arrange in greased baking dish, cover with bread crumbs and bake until crumbs are brown.

Shirred Eggs

Cover the bottom and side of a small baking dish with fine bread crumbs. Break each egg into a saucer and carefully slip it into the dish. Cover with seasoned crumbs and bake in a moderately hot oven until the whites are firm and the crumbs a golden brown.

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