WHERE WOMEN'S INTERESTS ARE—FURS WE'LL SEE—LIBERTY LUNCHEON SETS—EXCHANGE

HOW TO GET OVER BEING SHY AND SELF-CONSCIOUS

Advice Given to a Girl Who Wants to Run From People and Yet Would Like to Mingle With Them—A Practical Plan That Often Works

THOSE fortunate beings who go on day after day meeting people without going through misery and agony can perhaps never realize what it means to be self-conscious. Yet there are thousands and thousands of self-conscious boys and girls, men and women to whom facing a roomful of people is an ordeal so painful that it just can't be described.

I ask for a cure for self-consciousness. Being rather nervous when I was young, I could not help thinking people were staring at me. I am unable to be natural in company. I am afraid of conversation and it's just misery for me to face strangers. Oh, I wish you could help me. It seems so hard for others to understand how I feel. I want to run away from people and yet all the time I am longing to mingle with them. I am lonesome for people, although I have friends. I want to be able to talk not brilliantly but just as though I'm not afraid. Perhaps there are others who read your page who have done this. If any one who has found a way to cure or even help herself would advise me I would be so grateful. L. C.

LONESOME for people, although you have friends? That is the most understandable thing in the world, L. C. So many of us have felt that way. The others have interests and in some cold yet feverish way we cannot be a part of them.

The big way to cure self-consciousness is to mingle with people with whom you have a big common and absorbing interest. I recommend this, not as a theory, but as a plan that has worked out. Plunge into some work that needs you whether it be visiting the families of soldiers and sailors in the civilian relief of the Red Cross or going down to do something for the babies in the slums. It must, however, be some necessary work that will let you know you are vitally needed. The principle of this is it makes you forget all about yourself. You are all absorbed in what you are doing, and you come to realize you are going to stand or fall in your associates' estimation on your capacity to show results in your work, not on any other earthly thing.

This line of work—social service—brings you into contact with all types of men and women—wealthy ones who are interested in your cases; poor ones who are your cases, and then time after time with the other women who are co-workers. The big thing that counts with all of these is not you but what you are doing. When you want some one to lean down on a case with you, you can't stop and wonder whether you are blushing when you ask that somebody. You may believe me or not, pretty soon you won't think any more about talking with people than you will about eating your breakfast.

IF you already have a position and feel work has not helped you to work is not the type that brings you overcome this failing it is because your contact with people to any free extent. Try going in for some sort of social service work or some absorbing task in the evening for a while and see what it will accomplish for you. Or if you feel you would like to take up social service work, why not do so?

There is a great call for these workers now and will be after the war and due to the demand for them now, a short course in a social service school is sufficient to equip you for some sort of a position.

Because I have given such practical advice, please do not think I do not understand the real agonies you are going through. But I know they can be cured by just the practical way I have mapped out. All unconsciously and without that awful effort to be calm, your attitude toward people will change. You will learn what men and women are really like. The lesson may make you feel superior with some, but at least you will never be afraid of them again and the lessons you learn in the slums you can carry into the finest ballroom.

Invocation

The burning fire shakes in the night,
On high her silver candles gleam,
With far-flung arms inflamed with light
The trees are lost in dream.

Come in thy beauty! 'tis my love,
Lost in far-wandering desire,
Hath in the darkling deep above
Set stars and kindled fire.
—Walter de La Mare in "Motley and Other Poems."

A Maid and Two Men

The Story of the Girl Who Was Left Behind

By HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR

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LXIX

HELEN avoided her father as much as possible after the conversation at the dinner table. It was not possible to avoid her mother, who dogged her footsteps constantly and asked questions until Helen was weary. In spite of everything, however, Helen felt a sense of freedom that she had never possessed even in her early married days after Jim had left for the front.

She never ate breakfast with either of her parents. Mrs. Brander never rose at all until 10 o'clock. Therese carried in rolls and coffee at about 9, and some time after that Mrs. Brander took a leisurely bath, made a leisurely toilet and her day had commenced. Mr. Brander ate breakfast at 8 o'clock, and Helen waited these days until she was sure he was finished before she went into the dining room for her own meal. One morning she encountered her father in the hall as he was getting into his overcoat and he stopped her with a curt good morning.

"I'd like to have a talk with you," he said shortly. "Can you come down to the office at about 11 this morning?"

Helen, taken completely by surprise, assented and then as she ate her breakfast wondered why she had done so. After all, what could her father possibly have to say to her that she would want to hear?

Eleven o'clock found her in the elevator of the big downtown office building where her father had his offices. She had been here only once before in her life. Always her mother had served as a buffer between Helen and her father, and there had never been any playful visits to the office for the purpose of inveigling extra money or anything of that kind.

This morning there was a decided thrill about everything, about the power her father seemed to possess, about the handsome reception room and the tinsel gold letters on doors that opened from it, the doors behind which sat the different members of the big concern of which W. K. Brander was president.

The indifferent girl who sat at the desk outside took Helen's card with absolute nonchalance. The card told nothing at all. It was engraved, "Mrs. James Worth Townsend."

"Have you an appointment with Mr. Brander?" she queried suspiciously, eyeing Helen closely.

"Yes."

Then Helen sat down to wait for permission to enter her father's office.

The boy came out after a few minutes and beckoned to her, and Helen followed him through the glass door into another small room where sat her father's secretary, a slim, efficient looking person in dark blue, who did not look up, and then on through to her father's private office, so beautifully safeguarded.

Over the expanse of the polished mahogany desk Helen saw her father in the clear morning light. His sleek head was streaked with gray and fine lines had spread a network of wrinkles at the corner of each eye. But he looked the successful business man, every inch of him, and Helen thrilled involuntarily. Somehow he seemed more human seen here in the clear light of the morning sun that streamed through the large windows.

He beckoned her to a seat and then swung around in his chair to look at her. She met his eyes fearlessly, and a faint smile twitched at the corners of his mouth, a smile that added so much to his face and so successfully disguised his habitually stern expression, that Helen was astonished at the change.

"How much salary are they paying you to go across?" he asked abruptly.

"Eighteen hundred dollars," Helen returned promptly.

"That includes everything?"

"Yes."

"And you think you can live on that after what you have been accustomed to here?"

"Other girls are doing it, some are doing it for much less. I am lucky."

"If your mind is made up to go across I don't want you to feel that I am against you in this. Your mother gave me to understand differently from the first. I had no idea you cared like this for Jim Townsend."

"Mother doesn't understand, she never did. She thinks I'm crazy about romance. She can't believe that anything counts but money."

"Money talks," said W. K. Brander. "No one knows it better than I do, but it isn't everything. Somehow I think Helen, that if we had tried a little bit, you and I might have been pretty good chums."

And this time when Helen met her father's eyes their sternness was dimmed to a suspicious tenderness that disarmed her and made her feel very young. Her father understood. He actually knew how she felt and all along she might have shown him the way if she had taken the trouble to go half way. Even now it was not too late and she needed him more than she ever had before.

(Tomorrow's installment tells how Helen made a friendship truce with her father.)

Things to Know

Apples, if for use during the autumn, may be stored in barrels; but if they are to be kept till late winter or spring they must be of a variety known to keep well and they must be hand-picked and without bruises or bruise. They should be wiped dry and placed with little crowding on shelves in the cellar. As a further precaution they may be wrapped separately in soft paper.

Pears may be kept for a limited time in the same way, or packed in sawdust or chaff, which absorbs the moisture that might otherwise cause molding.

Oranges and lemons are kept in the same way. Wrapping in soft paper is essential, as the uncovered skins if bruised offer good feeding ground for mold. Oranges may be kept for a long time in good condition if stored where it is very cold, but where freezing is not possible. Lemons and limes are often kept in brine, an old-fashioned household method.

DEEP BANDS OF FUR ON DRESS-UP SUITS

This little suit, which typifies a fashion coming into smart popularity now, is of blue velveteen. The fur band that plays the hipline is particularly to be noted, as this is a new feature for the winter. The fur trimming is Australian opossum.

THE DAILY NOVELETTE

IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE

By M. Fairbrother

JACK ELLIOTT slammed the door of his apartment and sniffed hungrily. "Supper ready?" he called.

"Sh," came a warning from the kitchen, "don't wake Junior. Tell me about your speech, Jack. Did the committee like it? What did Mr. Hawthorne say?"

The young man waved a sheaf of typewritten notes, headed "Food Conservation."

"Howling success!" he declared. "Committee tickled sick and the old man proud as a peacock of his private secretary. Bet I get promotion out of this. Come on, let's hustle the eats. I'm starved."

Five minutes later, as his flushed little wife set the last smoking dish before him, he exclaimed disgustedly:

"Fish! How I hate it. Corn bread! Stuff isn't fit for horses. What's the dessert? * * * Bread pudding? See here, Betty, you can take the blue ribbon at cooking, any day, but hanged if I'll eat the meals you serve lately."

Betty pushed back a damp curl wearily. They had been all over this so often; every meal ended perilously near a quarrel.

"I know, dear, things aren't quite as palatable made with the substitutes, but give me a little time and soon you won't miss the old favorites."

"Huh!" snorted her husband. "Bett, I'm tired of having you ring the changes on substitutes and war bread."

Betty smiled cheerfully.

"We must comply with the rules, Jack. We must save fats, sugars and wheat, you know."

Mr. Elliott had had a trying day and was decidedly peevish.

"Well," he exploded, "other people have decent food in wartime and blamed if I see why we can't."

As he pushed back his chair, tears rose to Betty's eyes. The baked fish, with Jack's favorite stuffing, was delicious; the despised corn bread light and golden. Setting away the untouched pudding, Betty thought indignantly:

"He isn't playing the game."

Jack's employer, eccentric but enthusiastic, was chairman of the food conservation in Benton; Jack was his right-hand man. Should his services meet with approval, promotion in business was virtually assured. Both he and Betty were very anxious to "please the boss."

From her kitchen, Betty looked down upon a bill board which bore two posters: "Food Will Win the War," and "It Pays to Advertise." An audacious thought popped into the brown head bent over the dishpan; Betty gasped, stared at the posters, then smiled.

"We'll see," she informed the billboard.

As she was leaving the Red Cross rooms the next afternoon a voice called:

"Oh, Mrs. Elliott, will you give me your rule for rye muffins? I hear they melt in your mouth."

Betty looked properly regretful.

"I'm sorry, I never carry recipes in my head, and I've destroyed all my rules using substitutes."

The leader of the organization looked up amazed.

"My dear, what for? What do you do with the substitutes you must buy?"

"Jack doesn't care for war-cookery, so I throw them away," fibbed Betty bravely. In the stunned silence she opened and closed the door; instantly a babel of voices rose, and with a grim smile Betty stole away. The big market was crowded; Betty bowed to several friends and gave her order in clear, penetrating tones.

"A 10-pound pail of lard; no, don't send me any substitute, please. My husband would have a fit. Only four pounds of sugar? Well, a 25-pound bag of white flour; you're sure it isn't mixed? Mr. Elliott won't touch bread made with anything but wheat——"

Betty was conscious of significant glances and that a few other customers had edged nearer. That night at dinner tables, the club and the Red Cross, white the one topic of conversation was Jack Elliott's stand on the food question. The following week Betty played her trump card; she invited Jack's employer to dinner—"plain food" she promised him. He accepted with alacrity; humors of his secretary's attitude had reached him lately.

It was a delicious dinner, but it was all wrong. There was a big, juicy roast, although there was a beef famine; French fried potatoes, pie with flaky crust, sugar cookies, snowy rolls and frosted cake were among the delights of that meal. Jack ate and chatted, serenely unconscious of his employer's keenly appraising eyes. Suddenly the older man pushed away his cream.

"Jack, I came tonight intending to offer you our junior partnership, but I have changed my mind. You also understand, of course, why it would be unwise for you to continue in your work in food conservation when your wife is manifestly out of sympathy with your endeavor. This dinner was delightful, but—unpatriotic. I fear you would be hampered in your career by lack of co-operation at home."

Jack was on his feet, eyes flashing, one hand on Betty's shoulder.

"I resign now, sir. As to partnership—I'd have liked nothing better, but you mustn't blame Betty. She's cooked and planned dainty dishes, used substitutes and saved; I'm the slacker. I growled so I wonder she stood for it. I didn't realize. I'll eat anything she makes after this if it's sawdust and water. I can't allow you to blame my wife, sir."

A smile lit the shrewd, old eyes.

"My boy, I apologize to you both. Get pen and ink and we'll sign an agreement, 'Hawthorne & Elliott,' eh?" As the young man disappeared the smile widened into a grin.

"Betty, child, your plan worked to perfection."

"Yes," murmured the girl. "It pays to advertise."

Tomorrow's Complete Novelette—"THE IVORY RULE."

Knitting Two Socks at Once

Are you knitting your socks in the newest time-saving way, two socks at once on the same set of needles? Then effect a further saving of time and effort by knitting the two in two different shades of wool. If, for example, you knit the outer sock in gray yarn and the inner in natural color, there is no temptation to confuse the two; there will be a natural stitch and a gray stitch, a natural and a gray, alternately on the needles, and it is very easy to keep them apart. Of course, you will have to do two pairs before you have mates, but it so simplifies the knitting that it is worth it. It is also easier on the eyes.—November Good Housekeeping.

How to Grow Winter Greens

In the milder portions of the country it is possible by the aid of a cold frame to grow lettuce, radishes, spinach, kale and parsley throughout the winter. The cold frame may be any size from three feet by six feet—this being the size of the standard cold frame sash—to six feet by any multiple of three feet. A four-sash frame—that is, one six by twelve feet—would be large enough to supply the average family with winter greens.

MANDO
REMOVES SUPERFLUOUS HAIR
The removal of a hair growth from under the arms or the face can be very easily accomplished by using this excellent preparation. Sold by drug and department stores.

A GRACEFUL SABLE CAPE STOLE

The first tinges of cold weather are calling forth a display of marvelous fur garments in the shops. This luxurious sable cape stole is made from twenty-three Hudson Bay sable skins. The afternoon frock is in silk velvet

Adventures With a Purse

HAVE you heard of the liberty luncheon sets? Their purpose is to save washing but to this very prosaic quality has been added an artistic touch that makes these sets attractive as well as useful. They are the regulation thirteen-piece luncheon sets, but instead of being made of linen they are fashioned from oilcloth. They set which made me pause as I passed through the shop has a conventional stenciled border design in rich blues, greens and considerable orange and black. It is priced at $2; but those in just one color—green or brown, are priced at $1.75. And after luncheon all you need do is to wipe the doilies with a damp cloth, and behold, you have a crisp, fresh set. They are most uncommonly convenient.

"Keep the Home Fires Burning," you chirp, as you gather round the family piano of evenings. "Save coal," says our fuel administrator, and between the two you don't know where you're "at." But as in many other cases, a compromise is quite possible—a nice, warm, cheerful compromise in the form of a gas stove. It is surprising what one of these little stoves will do toward heating a large room with several windows, that would require an unpatriotically large amount of coal. One of the shops, is showing a particularly complete line of gas stoves with prices to fit almost any purse. It will be worth your while to see them if you have in mind purchasing one.

The woman who has had the unpleasant experience of catching the unprotected points of her knitting needle in an equally unprotected and defenseless sweater, and of pulling a big hole in it, will be especially interested in the novel needle protectors discovered today. They consist of a pair of celluloid service flags, in color, of course, one on each end of a piece of cord. They're about the size of a special delivery stamp and each is backed, so that when not in use the point of the needle may be stuck in the opening and will be firmly held. These sets can be had for twenty-five cents, and would make a particularly nice little gift.

It is made of luscious Concord grapes; it is just sweet enough—and very refreshing; and a bottle of it serving at least six people, if poured wisely, can be had for thirty cents. Of course, I speak of grape juice. "Do you add water to it?" I inquired of the person in authority. "It would spoil it," he replied emphatically. "Cracked ice is all you need." A few bottles of this stowed away now will come in mighty handy when you are entertaining this winter, or a glass of it now for the convalescing influenza patient might tempt her reluctant appetite.

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 3090.

Meals for Fall

Without the heartiness of winter meals, yet more substantial than those we like in summer are these suggested by the United State food administration.

BREAKFAST
Baked Apple
Oatmeal Cooked with Raisins
Milk
Coffee
DINNER
Spanish Hash
Baked Potatoes—Cabbage
Corn Bread
Peach Sauce
SUPPER
Cream of Tomato Soup
Corn Crackers
Chocolate Pudding

Spanish Hash

One cupful rice, uncooked, one quart uncooked tomatoes, one-quarter to one pound Hamburg steak or left over meat, three teaspoonfuls salt, pepper, paprika, green peppers, if desired one or more onions finely chopped.

Add one cupful washed rich to one quart of tomatoes. Add the salt, pepper, paprika, diced green peppers, onion, and meat which has been browned in a small amount of fat. Bake the hash in a covered dish in a moderate oven until the rice is tender, about two and one-half hours. To prepare this dish in a shorter time, parboiled rice, browned meat, diced green peppers and seasoning may be added to the tomatoes and cooked on the top of the stove. This makes a large amount. The hash is delicious reheated in a double boiler.

Let Cuticura Help Your Hair

On retiring, comb the hair out straight, then make a parting, gently rubbing in Cuticura Ointment with the end of the finger. Anoint additional partings until the whole scalp has been treated. Place a light covering over the hair to protect the pillow from possible stain. The next morning shampoo with Cuticura Soap and hot water.

Sample Each Free by Mail. Address postcard: "Cuticura, Dept. 6M, Boston." Sold everywhere. Soap 25c. Ointment 25 & 50c.

To Wash Dishes

The fan-shaped nozzle directs hot water against the dishes with such skill as to clean them without requiring dishcloth or soap. Illustration from Popular Mechanics

The Woman's Exchange

TODAY'S INQUIRIES

1. Name three moderately priced gifts appropriate for the autumn bride.
2. What is Tatzu Imamiso?
3. What is the birthday flower for November?
4. What is the newest sock for baby?
5. When there is a half can of pimentoes left over, how can it be turned into a delicious relish?
6. What is the advantage of a perforated pie tin?

YESTERDAY'S ANSWERS

1. Three small gifts that can be slipped into the A. E. F. Christmas box are trench checkers, envelope purchest and waterproof tobacco pouch.
2. Miss Lillian Arath O'Neill, of Jersey City, is the first woman in history to hold a position in the executive offices of the White House. She is secretary to Joseph P. Tumulty, secretary to the President.
3. The matchmaker's social is an evening of fun, the material for which is burnt matches. This affords a novel way to entertain a club that meets often. The games to play with the matches will be forwarded on receipt of a self-addressed envelope. Address editor of this page.
4. The soles and heels of white shoes can be whitened at home with a little brush duped into ordinary white paint.
5. When the ticking of a clock annoys the one in the sick room, put a glass or a bowl over it. This will silence the sound.
6. The ingredients for a good grapefruit salad are four grapefruit cut into good-sized pieces—two oranges cut into small bits, two bananas sliced, a half cupful of maraschino cherries and white grapes. Use mayonnaise, French dressing or sirup dressing.

Dressing the Mantelpiece

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—I have often received help through your column by reading the questions and answers. Now I come for help myself.

Could you tell me what would be nice to put on a sitting-room mantelpiece? I would like something low for the middle if possible, so it would not obstruct the view of the picture behind it. A READER.

A long, low, mahogany clock would be about the very nicest thing for you to put in the middle of the mantelpiece. One of these clocks seems to carry the whole mantelpiece and requires no other ornament, except, perhaps, a pair of mahogany candlesticks, one at either end of the mantel. A low ruskin-ware flower bowl with the inset to hold flowers would be graceful and appropriate, and you could keep a few very good artificial trailing flowers in this. Candlesticks would be the only other ornament required here, too. A mantel is most graceful when it is least dressed. Covers are not used as much as formerly, although unless it is of good, polished wood I think a silk velour one in a plain color adds warmth to a room.

Information About Aviator

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—To whom should I write for information concerning aviators overseas? C. F. M.

If you wish to find out the address of an aviator write to the adjutant general of the United States army, Washington D. C., just as you would for the address of any member of the American expeditionary forces.

If you wish to get information about the welfare of an aviator overseas write to the Bureau of Communication, Washington, D. C.

To Clean Inside of Bottles

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Will you kindly tell me an easy way to clean the inside of a vinegar cruet, also a water bottle? (Mrs.) L.

You can clean the cruet and water bottle by putting inside them a few pieces of shot and a cupful of tepid water with a few drops of ammonia in it. Shake these about. If the stains are obstinate fill the bottles with tepid water with a bunch of borax in it. Let this stand. Tiny pills of whiting wet with alcohol and then allowed to dry, then dropped inside the bottles and dissolved with tepid water leave the inside clear and bright. Crushed eggshells have the same effect. A skewer the end of which is twisted with cotton will clean out obstinate corners in the cruet.

Wants a Congregational Church

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—As promised am coming to ascertain some further information.

Will you kindly inform me where is located a Congregational church in the vicinity of Twenty-first street about 2400 up? A DEVOTEE OF YOUR EXCHANGE.

The nearest to the location you mention is the Park Congregational Church, at Thirty-second street and Montgomery avenue. The Rev. C. B. Adams is pastor of this church.

It is a Revelation To Many Women
—especially those who have been patronizing leading New York shops—to learn that
Victor-made Garments Excel in Quality and Style
the products of the smartest tailors, with prices averaging fully twenty-five per cent less.
Our Special Tailleur Suit at $65 (cannot be duplicated under $80) and Victor "Wrappy" Coats—the $100 grade for $75—are samples of our values.
Victor DISTINCTIVE CLOTHES FOR WOMEN
1115 WALNUT STREET

OUR STORE ORDERS
BUY ANYTHING—ANYWHERE
Our customers are not confined to the stock of any one store but may divide their purchases so as to get the very best values.
We have been in business for over 27 years and invite the closest scrutiny of our business methods by responsible housekeepers.
MARRIOTT BROS., 1118 Chestnut

It's round, short and curly,
like part of a Q—
It's easy to cook,
and delicious, too.

Can you guess what it is if no more is said?

Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

Likes Cynthia's Advice

Dear Cynthia—Every one seems to come to you for advice, so I may as well "follow the crowd." But, first, Cynthia, you surely did not sensibly about that girl who asked about having her eyebrows arched. So far I have never had to have mine arched, but if they needed it I should. Some people are frightfully priggish and old maidish about that. Of course, there are extremes, but one does not need to carry it that far.

Now for my troubles. There was an ensign whom I met at a dance. He made a date for the following night, and as he was leaving that night made another date about three days after that one, but before that date he received orders to report to a nearby naval training station. He wrote in two or three days and I answered in a week or so. That was a month ago and I have not heard since.

I should really like to hear from him very much, as he is a "peach" of a fellow. How could I do this without giving the appearance of "running after him," as I would much rather forget it all than do that?

Now please tell me candidly what you think of the whole affair, Cynthia.

What should you suggest to send to a soldier "over there" for Christmas? His mother has offered to put it in her box and I should like to send him something good that will not take up much room. Thanks awfully for what I know shall be your wonderful advice. A SUBDEB.

I should make one more try at writing to him. You might say you have heard it isn't kind to play fit for tat in one's correspondence with the army or navy, so you are being nice and writing a little letter without waiting for an answer to the last one you wrote. I give this advice taking it for granted there was some sort of an agreement that you should correspond after the young man went away. If there wasn't, I would just write and say you thought he might not be averse to finding an extra letter in his mail box. Don't refer to the fact your letter was not answered.

Any of the following would be nice to slip into the soldier's box and would not take up much room: A rubber-lined soft suede tobacco pouch with the boy's insignia or branch of the service mounted in silver, a little folding leather portfolio with compartments for unanswered letters and writing paper, a good, strong pocket knife with little scissors attachment or a small sterling silver flashlight with an extra battery.

I am glad you like our column, little Sunbeb. Let us help you again.

Wishes He Would Write Oftener

Dear Cynthia—I am a girl of sixteen and correspond with a soldier of twenty. He asked me to correspond with him when he was here on a furlough. Now, whenever I receive a letter from him I answer promptly, but I have to wait three or four weeks for him to answer my letters. I would like him to answer me more promptly. What would you advise me to say in order to hint to him about answering sooner without giving him the idea that I am very anxious to hear from him? YOUR FAITHFUL READER.

Keep him waiting a little himself, my dear. If he does not answer your letters sooner, let him wait a little, but not too long, as it may be he has not the time to write often. The boys have a great many things to do that have to come before letter writing. His writing once in every three or four weeks is really enough. Why not wait a week or ten days before answering his letters?

Ask Mother

Dear Cynthia—I am fifteen years old, five feet nine inches tall and weigh 126 pounds. The ends of my hair are very stringy and impossible to curl, so that I look nicer with it up. Am I old enough to wear it up, as it improves my appearance very much. If I am too young, how old should I be? Is it proper for me to write to the boys in the service? I am writing to one seven years my senior. LOVELY EYES.

It is better not to put one's hair up before sixteen or seventeen, but as you are unusually tall for your age, I should think you might wear yours up, providing your mother approves of your so doing.

If you know the young man personally, of course, write to him, but do not write to strange men at camp whom you have never met and about whom your parents nor you know anything.

Wedding Breakfast

Dear Cynthia—I would appreciate if if you would give me some information. I expect to be married some time in December. We are thinking of being married at 12 noon so as to get away in the afternoon around 4 o'clock. It is going to be just a little home wedding for the two families and a few friends.

We want to have a dinner right after the wedding, and I would appreciate your suggestions as to an appropriate menu? I don't know whether we should have a course dinner or just something cold, but we want something nice. K. P.

You would find a buffet supper easiest to manage—something like croquettes, a salad, broiled oysters and rasped rolls, ice cream, cake and coffee. You could have either oysters and a salad or chicken croquettes and a salad, as both oysters and croquettes need not be served. I am answering your letter by mail.

Modern Modes

Some of the most charming capes have deeply fringed collars.

Fine tatting finds its appropriate place in a baby's best dress.

If one wears feathers upon one's hat they should be uncurled.

The latest French blouses have little apron effects in front.

For the sports suit one does well to choose blue Hawaiian cloth.

YOU are always comfortably clad in "Mérode" or "Harvard Mills" underwear, no matter what the temperature.

You can preserve the trim, tailored lines of fashion, too, for these undergarments are cut to fit without the slightest wrinkle anywhere.

Each garment is skilfully made and finished with patented Flatlock seams so that there is never more than one thickness of material.

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

The material is preshrunk so that the garments retain their shape through many tubbings, making them always dependable in wear.

Union suits, vests, drawers and tights for women and children. Priced at 50c to $6.75. Sold at the good shops.

Ask for "Mérode" or "Harvard Mills" by name.

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

This Button Boot $9.00

One of our very best dress boots—it has been $15.00. But we can't reorder, because of the new Government regulations.

Fawn buck top, patent leather or gnu kid foxing, Cuban heel.

Steigerwalt 1420 Chestnut St. "Where Only the Best Is Good Enough"

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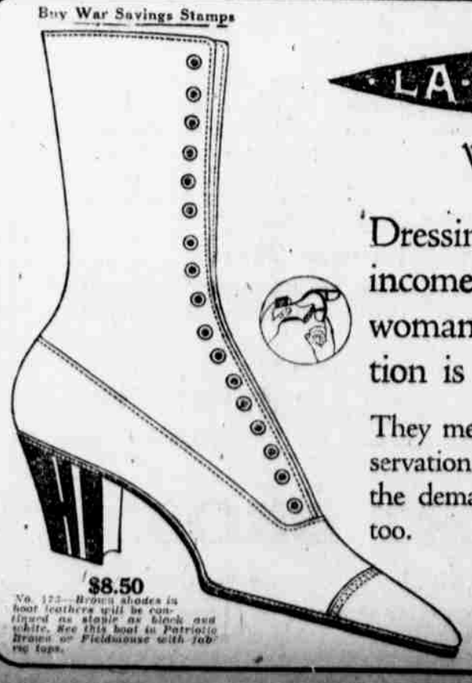

$8.50

No. 172—Brown shades in boot leathers will be continued as staple as black and white. See this boot in Patriotic Brown or Fieldmouse with fabric tops.

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