Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

The Boy's Side of It

Dear Cynthia—Just a word to "Babe." I agree with you on everything you say and it is doubtless true. But did you ever consider that the girls often cause boys to worry and often fool them? This I know, because I had experience.

Also, a girl should never take to heart what a boy says on the night of their first meeting. Why, they don't even know each other! It is just a gentlemanly act of a boy to escort a girl home.

A boy will often do anything in his power to win a girl and she will sometimes treat him as cold as ice. Girls sometimes do not appreciate a boy's intentions toward them.

Let me add, however, you made a very wise decision when you came to Cynthia for advice, for her advice is sound and her suggestions always work out. Hoping to hear some more from Babe and other readers.

A COMMENTO.

How to Tell Love

Dear Cynthia—I am a young girl of eighteen summers. A few weeks ago I met a young man of nineteen years. This fellow has a very nice disposition, and I like him very much. He called on me once and we went out once. The more I see him the more I like him. Now, what I want to ask you is this:

Before I fall deeply in love with this young man I want to find out if he loves me. If he does not like me now and I don't find out until later it would break my heart. So please advise how I can find out if he likes me.

ANXIOUS.

The only way to find out whether the boy really cares for you or not is to wait. If he seems to want to be in your company a great deal, then that is a pretty good sign, although, of course, you know many a boy gets a case and then gets over it as quickly as he got into it. On the whole, Anxious, I would not advise you to let yourself fall in love until you know the young man very well and feel sure that he cares deeply for you. If the case lasts then for a year or more, then you may begin to hope.

Answers "Babe"

Dear Cynthia—The writer whose nom-de-plume is "Babe" surely did roast the boys. Some members of the "sterner" sex must save them—must be their champion—and I have accepted the nomination. I thank you, gentlemen.

Babe's letter, put briefly, implies that we boys are more or less vampires—human vultures who whisper pretty things to trusting girls and make foolish romances; deceitful, heartless creatures who return girls' love by forgetting they ever existed. In other words, we are classed with Cleopatra, Salome and Theda Bara.

Now, Babe is wrong and I know the girls will agree with me. What is the pleasure in breaking a girl's heart? There is surely no sport in that, and besides, it really isn't so easily accomplished. Are the young ladies such weaklings—so soft-hearted and soft-headed—as to fall in love with every boy they meet? Yes, they are—not.

The girls of today—the twentieth century maids—meet us half way. If we are honest with them they are honest with us; if we play them "dirty" they return the compliment—and then some. Oh, no, Cynthia, the boys aren't finding breaking girls' hearts a pleasant pastime.

In my opinion, Babe's appeal is a waste of time and effort. The girls do not fall in love as quickly, so I think her argument is useless. Does Babe agree with me on this point?

If the young folks are too young to experience true love, a clean, sincere, "puppy-dog" love can exist among them in the form of true friendship. Then the boys and girls will be pals—the boys adopted brothers, the girls adopted sisters. If this "utopia" of friendship ever exists, an appeal for boys to "watch their action toward girls" will never be necessary again.

I close, hoping that Babe will have changed her mind about us male "vamps" after she has read my epistle.

ED.

Have a Plain Understanding

Dear Cynthia—I have been reading your column for some time and I think you may be able to help me solve a small puzzle. I have been keeping company with a young man about a year and three months, and although I have not received a diamond, we have made up our minds that some day we will be more than sweethearts. Every one knows that I am deeply in love, but when I mention anything about "when we are married" or anything of that sort when any one is around, he frowns and seems to act cross. My parents realize that there is more than friendship, but he seems afraid his parents will find it out.

Kindly give me your opinion. Is he ashamed because he is young (twenty), or why does he act in this manner?

WORRIED SWEETHEART.

My dear, have a decided understanding on the matter with the young man. Ask him what he means, if he intends to marry you, if he does not want it spoken of yet, why he does not want it spoken of, that is if there is a sensible reason for it, and ask him to talk to your father about it.

If the young man feels that he wants to make more money before marrying and wishes to save for a year or two, it is a reasonable thing not to announce the engagement, as once an engagement is announced one's friends and acquaintances are forever asking "when are you going to be married?" And as that is your and your fiance's affair and not theirs, it is well not to announce an engagement longer than six months before you intend to marry.

Have it all out with him in an open and aboveboard talk and if he frowns and gives no legitimate excuse and will not tell his parents, unless there is a legitimate and sensible reason for not doing so and he can give you a clear, straightforward reason for it, you would do well to break off relations with him at once.

Cheese Crackers

Add a raw egg to grated cheese when making cheese wafers, and the cheese does not harden when cold.

The Woman's Exchange

A Letter of Thanks

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—I want to thank you for your interest in sending my little girl's letter, as she received some lovely pictures. To show that they were appreciated, I had to coax her back to school for the afternoon session. Thanking you again,

MRS. E. S.

Will Give Books for a Dog

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—I have twenty-five good books that I would like to exchange for an Airedale terrier. The books are in good order and very interesting. A male dog is requested.

READER.

This seems a fair exchange and a rather novel idea. If any one has the dog and would like to know who has the book, the Editor of the Woman's Page will be glad to give it either by mail or over the telephone.

Temperature During February

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Would you please publish in your columns the highest and lowest temperatures of each day of February, 1918-19?

A. J. C.

You can get this information at the Weather Bureau or by looking through the newspaper files. You are welcome to come to the Ledger Library and look over the files here at any time.

Wants to Stop Biting Her Nails

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Have been reading your page and thought I would come to you to help me out. I bite my nails terribly and no matter how hard I try, I cannot overcome this habit. I keep my nails clean and they are shaped nice, and so are my hands, but I cannot stop biting on my nails. Will you please tell me what to do?

MADELON.

This habit of biting the nails is usually a nervousness which is very hard to overcome. With a special effort of your will you might be able to stop it by making a penalty that you will have to pay every time you "catch yourself" biting your nails. For instance, you might make yourself walk the length of the house every time you do it or have a notebook in which to write "I bit my nails" ten times every time you realize that you are doing it. If you can make yourself do something unpleasant and annoying whenever you bite your nails, it may make you so tired that you will stop in self-defense. If you cannot control it in this way, ask at the drug store for some medicine with a disagreeable taste that you can put on your nails, so that you will take your hands out of your mouth as soon as you get the taste. Perhaps some of the readers of the column have had the same experience and will tell you how they overcame the habit.

Games for Little Children

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—I am expecting to give a party for my two children, who are four and six years old. The little guests will all be about the same age. Can you suggest some games which would be easy and appropriate for them to play?

YOUNG MOTHER.

Before the guests arrive hide a number of paper napkins, neatly folded, about the room. Have one with a four-leafed clover or swastika on it for luck. Let the children hunt for the napkins and award a prize to the child who finds the lucky one, and also to the child who finds the greatest number.

All children love to play stage coach. In this game each child represents a part of the stage coach. There should be the white horse, the brown horse, the driver, the whip, the guard, the horn, the reins, the lady passenger, the old gentleman passenger, the old lady's bandbox, the old gentleman's cane, etc. After all the names have been distributed and understood, all the children sit down and mother starts to tell the story of the trip. When the driver mounts his box the child who represents the driver must stand up and turn around three times and sit down again. When the whip is cracked, the child who is the whip must stand up and turn around three times, and so on until everything has been mentioned.

Form the children into a line and let them march in time to music. When the music stops they must all make a dash to gather up some little American flags, quantities of which have been placed about the room beforehand. When the music starts again they must all come back into line, each holding all the flags he was able to gather. This continues until all the flags have been gathered and the child who has the greatest number of flags at the end of the game wins a prize.

Pinning the tail on the donkey is always enjoyed by children of this age, and you can get the necessary implements at the toy department of any large store.

Going to Jerusalem" is another favorite. In this the children form a line and march around a line of chairs, in which there are enough chairs for all but one of the players. When the music stops everybody scrambles for a chair and the one who is left out must wait until the end of the game. Each time one player is left out another chair is taken away before the line starts moving again.

I hope these games will help you to keep the children entertained for the afternoon and that they will all enjoy the party very much.

The Question Corner

Today's Inquiries

1. Why is the Hotel Petrograd in Paris of interest to women?
2. What will remove rust stains from linen?
3. How can potatoes be prevented from sprouting when stored away?
4. When a visit has been made to a daughter of a family should the "bread and butter letter" be written to the mother or the daughter?
5. Describe an unusual hat which might be made at home out of last year's hat crown?
6. How can the usefulness of an oil lamp wick be prolonged?

Yesterday's Answers

1. A remarkable fact about the fastening of the "obi" or sash of the Japanese woman is that no pins, hooks or buttons are used. It is all done by tying the sash and tying narrow ribbons over it to hold it in place.
2. A pretty color combination for the covering and lining of a lamp shade is green and rose, the rose shading prettily through the green when the light is lighted.
3. Pure olive oil is a satisfactory cleaner for brass fixtures.
4. Use plain color slip covers when the rug in a room is highly figured.
5. The best material to use for window curtains in a dark room is sheer marquisette or some such material, as this lets more light through than a thicker material.
6. When a velveteen handbag wears out it may be cut into squares, washed and used as a polishing cloth instead of chamois.

And So They Were Married

By HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR

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START THIS STORY TODAY

AT FIRST the idea of really doing something in the world had appealed to Ruth as funny. Even in her war work she had not thought of it as working, because she received no monetary remuneration for it. When Helen first announced her intention of doing something, Ruth had rather resented Helen's attempt to step out of her class. Ruth thought it silly of Helen to want to work when there was no necessity for it. Now she secretly admired Helen and thought her manner far more attractive than it ever had been with its added independence. She thought about matters for several days after she had seen Helen and then forgot it for a time in an unpleasant experience she had with Fleta Sears.

Fleta ran in one evening just as Ruth was getting dinner. She expected Scott home any minute, and the sight of Fleta was not conducive to any pleasant feeling for she still owed her money.

Ruth took Fleta into the living room, and the two women chatted casually about generalities for a few minutes before Fleta began the business in hand.

"My dear, I hate to ask you this, but I am a little short this week and I wish you could let me have that money."

Fleta spoke hesitantly, as though she hated to speak of it at all, and yet Ruth imagined that she detected something else behind her suave manner.

Ruth's heart sank. The truth of the matter was she did not have the money, and if she had it would have been impossible to spare it just now, for she was running very short as it was. The only thing to do was to admit it, and yet how could she admit that she hadn't the money? It would be the first time that she had admitted to Fleta that she actually couldn't afford to play cards for money.

Ruth's cheeks burned.

"Oh, Fleta," she said in a little burst of effort, "could you wait a few days? I don't happen to have it, either."

Fleta frowned a little, as though in thought, and Ruth squirmed in her chair uncomfortably. If only she could get the money in some way, but $15 loomed very big to her just now, and there did not seem a single avenue open to her unless she borrowed from some one.

"As a matter of fact," Fleta went on, "I just hated to ask you for it and I wouldn't do such a thing if it weren't absolutely necessary for me to get the money."

"Of course," Ruth agreed nervously, her eye on the little French clock. If only she could get Fleta out before Scott came home, and could stave her off for a day or so, she would get the money somehow. Of course, she could always get it from her mother, but just now, with the coolness that had sprung up between them, Ruth did not feel that she could ask a favor of her mother.

"Would tomorrow do?" she asked.

Fleta hesitated; she plainly wanted the money immediately.

"Because if it would," Ruth went on, "I can get it for you then."

"You're sure?"

"Of course," Ruth returned. "I'll ask Scott tonight for it."

"Would it be all right if I waited for him tonight?" Fleta asked. "If there is any chance of getting it I wish I could."

"He won't have it with him tonight," Ruth returned, almost wringing her hands in her nervousness. If Fleta would only go. Was it possible that she would do anything so mean as to tell Scott about it? Ruth felt that Fleta was capable of doing anything; she seemed to need the money badly. How was it possible for $15 to make such a lot of unhappiness? She had often spent that much money on a shirtwaist, and now if she had it to give to Fleta Sears everything would be all right. Suddenly an idea occurred to her. She would appeal to Fleta as one woman to another. There was really nothing left to do, and then she would promise to get the money over to her that night.

"The truth of the matter is, Fleta," she admitted, "Mr. Raymond does not know about my playing cards for money, and if I ask him for more than my allowance he will suspect that something is wrong."

Fleta laughed and raised her brows in surprise. "Oh," she exclaimed, "I had no idea there were complications of that kind. I thought you were your own mistress and knew what you were doing. Far be it from me to entice the young girl to do anything against her own conscience. I hope I haven't done that."

Ruth flushed at the veiled sarcasm in Fleta's voice. She felt like a chastised little girl.

"You know there is a certain honor about playing for money that women have as well as men," Fleta went on smoothly. "I didn't dream that you were playing for more than you could afford. I thought I was simply tiding you over a tight place when you kept the money."

The words were cruel and there was an untruth back of them. Fleta did know that many women who played for money at her place could not afford to do it. She had told Ruth herself several times laughingly that she supposed Mrs. So and So would have a hard time that week after having lost so much, and other remarks of the same kind.

Ruth heard Scott's key in the lock and drew herself up. The sting of Fleta's words had made Ruth throw caution to the winds. She would ask Scott for the money before Fleta; she would make Fleta as uncomfortable as Fleta had just made her. But Scott did not come into the living room. He went into the bedroom and closed the door.

In the next installment Ruth tells Scott the truth about Fleta Sears.

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MAIN LINE FOLK ORGANIZE

Aim to Centralize and Finance Social Welfare Work

The "Main Line Community Council," an organization designed to centralize community efforts, prevent duplication and work out a system of financing social welfare organizations, was formed Tuesday night.

Representatives of twenty-two of forty civic welfare and social organizations compose the membership. They met at "The Milestone," Bryn Mawr. Prominent men and women from towns between Overbrook and Villanova participated. Miss H. W. Smith acted as secretary. They will meet again Tuesday to complete the organization.

Plan Air Freight Service

Plans are being made by men interested in aviation here for a meeting in the Academy of Music, April 8, to discuss commercial aeronautics, with the intention of starting several freight and passenger lines out of Philadelphia. The meeting will be addressed by Captain Eddie Rickenbacher, the first American ace, and Joseph A. Steinmetz, president of the Aero Club of Pennsylvania.

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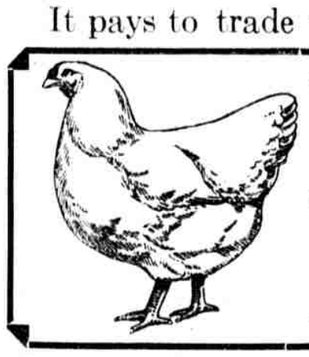

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Easter Rabbit Cakes	lb.25c	Calif. Lima Beans	lb. 12c
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Moss Rose Catsup,	bot. 10c	Grape Nuts	pkg. 12c	Ivory Soap	cake 6c
Choice Macaroni	pkg. 10c-12c	Fancy Red Salmon	can 26c	Washing Soda	lb. 2½c
Asco Baking Powd.,	can 5c, 9c	Shredded Wheat	pkg. 12c	"Asco" Ammonia	bot. 7c
Fancy Spaghetti,	can 8c, 12c	Kellogg's Corn Flakes	pkg. 11c	"Asco" Bluing	bot. 5c
Fresh Made Noodles	pkg. 5c	Post Toasties	pkg. 11c	Gold Dust Powder,	pkg. 4c
Fancy Prunes	lb. 16c, 22c	"Asco" Farina	pkg. 9c	Snow Boy Powder,	pkg. 5c
Choice Sour Krout,	big can 11c	Puffed Rice	pkg. 13c	Old Dutch Cleanser,	can 8c
Tomato Puree	can 6c	Puffed Wheat	pkg. 13c	Good Cleansers	can 4c
"Asco" Corn Starch,	pkg. 7c	Sardines (in mustard dressing)	can 17c	Scrub Brushes,	ea. 4c, 9c, 11c

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