PRAISE FOR EFFORTS ENCOURAGES EMPLOYES—GIRLS, BRING YOUR PROBLEMS TO CYNTHIA

WHY IT PAYS TO PRAISE THOSE WHO WORK FOR US

The Man in the Hammock Begged to Differ, But He Was Reading Philosophy and, After All, One Sometimes Finds Real Life to Be Very Different

Does it pay to praise? The man in the hammock, who was reading (he was a very celebrated somebody who wrote philosophy), did not think so.

"I never want praise," he said, "and I never give praise."

The argument on the camp porch was then in session.

"Don't you ever feel as though you want some one to tell you how well you did a thing, or how nice you looked?" queried the little girl with the baby-blue smock, who was used to making just how the world felt about her.

"All that I need," came back from the hammock, "is the satisfaction of knowing that I have done a thing right. That's all anybody needs."

The woman who managed other women down in her job in the city disagreed with him, and so just then the man who read philosophy thought it was about time for him to go fishing.

Does it pay to praise? We thought the man who went fishing pretty narrow-minded in this particular view, but it made the rest of us do some solid thinking.

"I wouldn't stick up for his side of the argument," vouched the good-natured man who had had his eye on the hammock all morning and was now in it, "but I do think that praising somebody who works for you does more harm than good. It makes them overconfident. The first praise never hurts, but if you keep it up, even if the work is particularly good, it makes a man or a girl overconfident; then pretty soon you'll notice a falling off in work."

"I disagree," broke in the woman who managed women. "I have seen just one girl that praise harmed. And we found afterward we had been giving her the credit for some one else's work. No, sir, honest periodical praise never hurts. If an employe does a piece of work well enough to be commended for it, you can be pretty sure that man or girl has heart and soul in the work. The praise sets a standard for them. It makes them know they have been successful and feel that they simply must go on being successful. I have seen one little word of praise completely change a girl's attitude toward her work. She had been going on doing what she was told to do, but in rather dogged fashion. One day she happened to get up courage to submit a suggestion to the manager. It was a good one and he shook hands with her and made her feel like the queen of an island. After that she shot ahead by leaps and bounds. And he kept on praising her, and she thrived on and so did the company.

"One time, when we remarked on the sudden change in her, she explained.

"'I always felt that way about my work,' she said, 'but until the day Mr. C—— shook my hand and told me what a help I was, I just felt as though nothing I could do would be worth while.'

"Maybe," said the good-natured man, who could forgive any one an opinion since he was allowed to have the hammock.

Words of wisdom, those that were spoken on the camp porch that lazy morning. Honest, sincere praise makes the world go round!

Alice Kent and the Day's Work

The Story of a Business Girl Who Would Not Fail

By MARTHA KEELER

(Copyright, 1918, by the Public Ledger Company)

LXII

TIME Saturday I set out for Hilliston it snowed. And let me say right here that the storm wasn't a feeble attempt to indicate that winter had heard the call of the wild and was on the way to answer it, but instead supplied abundant proof that winter had arrived.

Of course, the poor girl stealing out into the blinding snowstorm at dusk, dressed in black and with a shawl thrown hastily over her blonde wig, is a familiar figure to readers of fiction. But my case was different! I was poor enough to satisfy anybody's taste but didn't have a black dress to my name. The serge—marked down on account of fire at The Old Beehive—being my best for traveling; and while I might possibly have obeyed the mandate of Aunt Jane to wear her shoulder shawl when I went out to feed the hens once cool summer morning in Lethbury, at this time of year a shawl would have been not only inappropriate but—what reason—inadequate in a latitude where the hardiest natives take chances if they discard ear-muffs before Independence Day.

In Bellington, Jack Frost plays no favorites; it is a free-for-all. At this clock, too, I had never seen a blonde wig nor even heard of such a thing. This is not set down in pride; doubtless a blonde wig would have looked good to me, who hated my black hair but had been brought up to believe I must put with it for the simple reason that Mother Nature on one of her off days allotted it to me. And I didn't steal out at dusk, chased by the spotlight and attended by sob stuff on the stage and slow music from the orchestra; on the contrary, it was high noon and all the world (except somebody was interested), when, having paid Dwyer, the expressman whose rag was geared for freight, I reached the railroad station in plenty of time to check my trunk (which contained so many books that the much-enduring Dwyer, after many years of carting students, had complained), see it safely stacked up on the truck and then wheeled out by the same baggage man before the 12:12 train was due.

Meanwhile, I paced up and down in the train shed; at length hearing a whistle, I stood gazing expectantly down the tracks, until warned by instinct to draw back from the edge of the platform before the towering locomotive shot by. When the train came jerkily to a stop I climbed aboard.

After an uneventful journey I alighted in due time at a certain station where there was nothing much to see except a graveyard just across the way. It seems the early settlers had dreamed that this section would grow to be a metropolis and accordingly in constructing their railway systems they placed a junction here. The early dream did not come true, but for all time it inflicted upon travelers, no matter what their destination in these parts, the necessity of buying tickets via this junction.

And that was not the worst of it; if those who were doomed to change cars here could only pass through and be done with it, they would probably be willing to let bygones be bygones. But from the start there was decreed an interval of waiting; the earlier wayfarers patronized the lunch counter, drank a glass or two of lemonade and then strolled over to the graveyard and read the epitaphs; gradually the intervals became longer and still longer between trains and the story goes that within the space of a few years the majority of through passengers, finding themselves unable to get a train away from the junction and also unable to walk to their journey's end, wanting courage to wreck the railroad station and lacking means of killing time, in despair gave up the ghost. At any rate statesmen have celebrated in rhyme the graveyard that put that jumping-off spot on the map. Among living men and women of the locality are many who deserve honorable mention in history; and yet the place is known to fame because of the dead who lie in the graveyard opposite the depot, having died—so it is said—while waiting for a train!

Arriving at this junction then, I stepped down cautiously from the rear platform of a day coach, turned up my coat collar and gazed around me in bewilderment.

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

Adventures With a Purse

FOUND TODAY

1. Pretty handkerchiefs with colored borders.
2. A stunning lamp for a corner table.
3. Fork and spoon for Master Baby.
4. A tin box for your Liberty Bonds.

WARM weather brings with it an increased demand for extra clothes of all kinds, even for handkerchiefs. One mop of one's "fevered brow" and gone is the crisp freshness of that dainty little "hanky." One of the shops is displaying some remarkably nice handkerchiefs for everyday use. They have colored hems, borders of colored stripes and have a dainty wreath embroidered in one corner, and the price is only twenty cents each.

Listen to any girl plan her home and she will say, "It must have many soft-shaded lamps," and if she can possibly afford it, she'll get them herself, if she does not receive lamps for wedding presents. Parenthetically, I know a girl who received eleven. But, anyhow, even a slender purse could afford at least one of the unbelievably lovely lamps I saw today. The shades instead of being round are those flat shades, with side-pieces resembling old-fashioned candle shades, and they are glace and hand-decorated. One in particular has a border of rose and a painted basket of flowers in the center. The vase is a kind of cream-colored metal.

Can't you hear baby's chuckle of delight at having a small fork and spoon of his very own? Little people are sorely perplexed over the successful management of larger fork and spoon when first they learn to eat with the grown-ups. Smaller sizes are much easier to handle, and sets can be secured for twenty-five cents.

Each of us has a few valuable papers or letters we always like to keep tucked away in a safe place. If we have nothing else, we at least are the worried possessor of a Liberty Bond or two, and the desk or bureau drawer seems hardly the safest place. I saw some tin pieces today, about ten inches in length with snug lock and key to give a feeling of security. They are only $1, are mighty nice to have and well worth the price.

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.

AWARDED $1,350,102

Orphans Court Gives Fortune to Mrs. Elizabeth F. Posey

A fortune of $1,350,102 has been awarded to Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Fuller Posey, who lives at the Bellevue-Stratford, by the Orphans' Court of Fayette county. The money was left by her uncle, Alfred M. Fuller.

A large portion of the real estate of Mr. Fuller, who made his fortune in coal lands, also will go to Mrs. Posey, who was the wife of Dr. Louis Plumer Posey, formerly of 1807 Walnut street, who died a year ago. The Fuller realty is valued at about $7,000,000.

A Simple Sunday Supper

Why not take away the dread of preparing the Sunday night supper by making a salad take the place of several dishes? The United States food administration suggests the following:

Menu

Egg Salad

Brown Bread with Raisins (Barley and Corn flour)

Butter

Lemonade sweetened with Honey

Egg Salad

Put eggs in cold water, let them come to the boiling point and stand where they keep hot but do not boil, for twenty minutes. At serving time arrange lettuce leaves and slice an egg on each plate. Place the slices in a circle, the pieces overlapping. Fill the space in the center with minced onion, and cover with boiled dressing, mixed with whipped cream.

Linen and Pique Combine

A Daily Fashion Talk by Florence Rose

ALREADY the demand for suits has begun to be felt, for women have this summer shown a preference for the suit, which is something they have not done for several seasons. There are several reasons why this is so, with excellent arguments on both sides. By that I mean that the wearers as well as the makers of suits have reasons why it should be a "go" this coming fall.

The woman's side of the controversy is very easy to comprehend, for women are turning toward that which will give them service and at one same time outfit them for as many occasions as possible, with the least amount of money entailed. Years back women learned the value of the suit as an all-round affair and were loud in their praises of the convenience of the suit.

The maker's side of the story is that he has at last arrived at the type of suit that the majority of women admire. It is a fact that the makers, whether through ignorance or through their endeavor to produce something different, managed somehow to turn out the sort of garment that women just couldn't see. At any rate they have hit the nail on the head for the coming season and must reap the reward.

Is it not always so that the thing that is hardest to obtain is the most desirable? Really it does seem that human nature is so constituted. To me this explains why linen costumes are considered smart, for we all know that linen is most difficult to obtain, yet one sees many of the triggest models done in linen.

That is the case of the suit which is depicted today. This is a sleeveless suit made of green linen with reverse and pocket flaps of white pique. Worn beneath this suit is a blouse of batiste with a rounded collar held at the neck with a bow of black ribbon.

The hat of white satin is trimmed very simply with a ribbon of green which encircles the crown.

(Copyright, 1918, by Florence Rose)

Could anything appear cooler than this chic combination of green linen and white pique for a walking suit? The blouse is of white batiste and the hat white satin

Ask Florence Rose

If you want her own personal advice on materials, colors and styles suitable for you, address Miss Rose, in care of the Evening Public Ledger's woman's page. Send self-addressed stamped envelope for reply, as all inquiries are answered by mail.

Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

Cynthia is a real woman who knows and understands girls. In this department she stands ready to help them with the intimate problems somehow easier to confide in a letter than in any other way. If you are worried or perplexed write to "Cynthia," in care of the woman's page, Evening Public Ledger.

Would Seek Position

Dear Cynthia—I am a reader of the Evening Public Ledger and I would like to know your advice in this question: Is it proper for a boy of fourteen years of age now in the last grade of grammar school to leave school and seek a position? Kindly write me your idea and also write me the pro and anti reasons.

A DARLING CHILD.

There would be no impropriety about going to work from grammar school, and if there is great need of money in the boy's home he might take a position. If this is not the case it would be far better to continue his education. The reason is very obvious. With a high school education one is better prepared for a position and can command a higher salary to start than one who has only had grammar school. The more foundation in the way of a practical education one has the easier it is to advance in business later in life.

Wants Pretty Clothes

Dear Cynthia—Please tell me what to do. I am a girl past sixteen and love so much those dainty, fresh clothes for summer, but my parents cannot afford to buy what I want. I do not mean for my parents to buy me expensive clothes, but I do think a young girl should have a few near-summer dresses, etc. When I go to ask my mother she says the price of things is so high now and money flies so quick. I am really disgusted. I see other girls have such pretty summer clothes and I would like to have some, too. Ever since I graduated from school I work so hard helping my mother with the house, as my parents do not allow me to go to work.

Now, don't you think I deserve some few clothes?

There are girls near where I live and they don't do half the work I do, and if you would only see their clothes!

Now, I don't think it fair, do you? But I am not jealous.

Oh, Cynthia, how I wish you would understand.

I thought perhaps in writing to you that you might know where I can apply for some work to do in spare hours at home, so I might buy my own clothes.

And Cynthia, I enjoy so much reading your column and I'm glad you have the same name I have. CYNTHIA.

Perhaps your parents really cannot afford to give you the dresses. What your mother says is quite true—everything is so expensive this year of the war.

I think I would try to persuade your parents to let you take up some work outside of the home. How long have you been out of school? Did you study stenography? There are a great many positions open these days for young girls, and it is safe for them to go to work. They are looked after by welfare workers. Suppose you apply at the National League for Woman's Service, at 1703 Walnut street. They might have something you could do in spare hours if you do not want to work regularly.

If your parents are unable to give you the pretty dresses and will not consent to your working, my dear, try to learn to make your own frocks. Then they cost next to nothing and it might be possible for them to afford the material if not the making for you.

Cure for Bashfulness

Dear Cynthia—I am coming to you with my troubles, as I have heard you have helped so many others. I have never tried to make any friends and as I have not any. I am now a boy fifteen years of age and would like very much to have some boy and girl friends. I would like to get acquainted with a girl so I can go out with her. I see many boys of my age going out evenings with other boy and girl friends and it makes me feel very lonely.

Can you please tell me how to get acquainted and how to act, also what to say? Will you please tell me how to cure bashfulness?

You have my sympathy in the matter, but you must overcome this bashfulness and self-consciousness before you can make friends.

Do you go to Sunday school or Y. M. C. A. or to the sodality meetings at church? Besides the good gained from attending these meetings you will get to know the other boys and young men.

Try to be interested in what they are talking of and do not say good-night immediately after the meetings and go right home, but walk along with some of the boys. Talk about baseball and other sports and do not think "Am I saying the right thing?" "Do they like me?" Just talk ahead and join in their talk and forget what you say, and you will soon find that you are making friends. Through these boys you will get to know some nice girls, and after you have met them once or twice ask different ones you like best if you may call on them. Don't "take up," as it were, with one only, but have a number of friends. Talk to the girls about books you read, the games you play, their games and their doings, and you will be surprised some day to find that you are no longer bashful, but "one of the crowd," as they say.

Puzzled Sailor

Dear Cynthia—Will you please help me out in my trouble? I am a sailor, aboard a battleship. A few weeks ago I was home on leave. Met a girl who once was our next-door neighbor. She invited me home for dinner. Her people treated me very nicely. The girl told me I must call again, so I did and took her and a fourteen-year-old sister to see a good show. Later I left for duty. But a few weeks later I had another short leave home. I was called up on the phone to come up to her house. I did and again asked her people to let me take one of the girls out. She somehow didn't look pleased about it, but said they would call me up next evening and let me know. She did ring up to take her out. When I got to her home her mother seemed to me kind of cold. Her sister was feeling blue. Now, please tell me if I did wrong? I like this girl better than any girl I ever met. She is sixteen and I am twenty-five. Am I really too old for the friendship of that girl? I have not a girl in any port. SAILOR JACK.

You certainly did nothing wrong, but were polite and attentive, without being aggressive and wanting too much attention. Perhaps the mother and sister were a little out of sorts and perhaps the girl was a tiny bit jealous that you asked the mother if one of them could go out with you instead of asking the one you specially wanted. I do not see why you should not be friends with this girl of sixteen so long as you do not make love to her at that age. If you really care for her you can be friends now and in a year or so you could talk of love.

I think you will find it was a passing moodiness in the family and you will be welcomed the next time you call. If you are not, do not insist on going, as they may think you are beginning to care and do not want to encourage anything of that kind so long as she is so young.

Do Not Ask Too Much of Him

Dear Cynthia—I am a young lady, twenty-two years old, in love with a man five days older. We have been engaged almost one year.

It just seems that he doesn't have much luck and is trying so hard to make good. Do you think it will be on the safe side if I wait for him and try to help him?

I love him dearly. We have been keeping company for more than two years. I have a real pretty engagement ring, and I know he is serious, because he has asked my mother. POOR BUTTERFLY.

My dear, why should you think the young man might not be in earnest because he has not made a fortune at twenty-two? Of course, that is putting it a bit strong. But don't you think you are foolish to worry if you really love the young man? In these days he will certainly get ahead.

Perhaps you expect too much of him. Remember, girls cannot hope to marry a man who can support them as their father can. Fathers and mothers often start in young and without money and work up, and daughters and sons are no better than parents, are they? We all have to begin small and work up to big things. If the young man has enough to take care of you, simply do not insist on more before marriage. I would certainly try to help him and encourage him in every way if he is good and honest and upright and loves you.

"Egg Circles" Unique Idea

Egg circles in the South have been found practical in assuring fair prices, according to Miss Agnes Helen Harris, emergency assistant home demonstration agent for the States Relation Service, South.

"Fifteen southern States had 103 egg circles in 1917, and the indications are that this number is now doubled," said Miss Harris. "Florida has 220 women enrolled in its nineteen circles. I have a report which shows that in approximately two months these women sold 11,791 dozen eggs and made $5322.57.

"The egg circles, which really constitute a system of co-operative marketing, have made it possible for these women to average 9 cents a dozen over what they would have procured from their local markets. Many of the women are so situated—perhaps far out in the country—that they could not ship the eggs, or perhaps if they could have shipped them they would not have had enough to pay for individual consignments. Again, if they had all taken their stocks of eggs to one merchant of a little town he would have been overstocked.

"By the egg circle system women in a given community select a secretary-manager and decide upon a definite time and a definite place to meet. The place is usually a schoolhouse. At the appointed time they bring the eggs to the egg circle, the manager records the number brought in, selects them carefully, packs them in crates and takes them to the nearest point of shipment. The eggs are shipped in the name of the secretary-manager, who receives the checks and in turn reimburses the women.

"In this manner women can dispose of eggs profitably and persons who live in nearby towns can obtain fresh country eggs at reasonable prices."

The Heart Hunters

By MARY DOUGLASS

Author of "Hunting a Husband"

THE STORY THUS FAR

Prudence, lonely in her home with her aunts, is invited by Eleanor Gates to see "something special."

III

"I'd Scrub Floors—"

BENEATH the window stood a deep carved chest. Its lid was raised. I caught the fragrance of lavender. Its contents had made me gasp. For it was piled high with the loveliest of linen. Eleanor lifted out the heavy, initialed towels and napkins reverantly.

"Do you like them, Prue?"

She crossed the room to her closet, flung open the door. She spread out on her bed all the dainty things. A white dress with ruffled skirts. Two bright ginghams, a dark silk with a fine white line.

Eleanor pulled open her bureau drawers. Most entrancing of all was the delicate fineness of her underclothes. She held up a laced, flounced petticoat, with small pink rosebuds running to the hem.

"But who is he, Eleanor?" I cried kneeling on the floor before all this daintiness.

"Do you remember Bobbie Angus?" I did.

"When I went to stay with Cousin Kate in the city, this fall, I met him again. We hadn't met since we were twelve. He's a lieutenant. He's at Camp Wright!"

So this explained the radiance of Eleanor.

"No one knew anything about it," Eleanor went out, folding up her undies, "I just couldn't bear to have this gossipy old town get hold of it. Oh, Prudence, for the first time, I am happy—really happy. I can leave all these narrow, old ways behind me—and really live!"

The radiance had not descended on me. I sat cross-legged on the floor and very much out of it. I must go on in the same old way.

Eleanor interrupted my thoughts. "Prudence, I wish you could find a way out, too," she said. "I am so happy, I just want every one else to be, too. Isn't there some one, Prue?"

The color stained my cheeks. I said nothing.

"Eddie Smith, of course," said Eleanor softly, "but I hope you won't marry him. He'll just go on in the way he always has—plod along—be respectable—and never raise his eyes above the road."

"He hasn't asked me, anyway, Eleanor," I said, finding my voice.

"If you could only get away from your aunts; they always have held you back. How old are you?" and Eleanor put the last bit of lace in its place.

"I'm twenty-four," I answered.

Then I had told her. The secret I had always cherished, dreamed about, but never put in words.

"I want to paint, Eleanor—more than anything else. Every spare minute I try. If I could only study—go to Art School." My words slipped into silence. Eleanor sat on the floor, slightly frowning.

"There must be a way, Prue. If your heart is set on it. Would you be willing to do anything?"

"Anything," I answered glowing, "why, I'd scrub floors, if that would help——"

The grandfather's clock in the hall struck five slow notes. "oo, Eleanor, I've got to run." I kissed her and hurried down the steps.

Eleanor watched from the doorway. The tiny thoughtful frown still wrinkled her forehead.

Tomorrow—The Lesson

Canning Don'ts

Don't have any empty jars on your shelves at the end of the canning season. Send for a free canning manual to the National War Garden Commission at Washington, with a two-cent stamp for postage.

THIS GIRL MUST NOT LAUGH

Jokes and Funny Situations Bring Violent Attacks of Hiccoughs

"Laugh and grow fat" may be an all right saying for some persons, but "laugh and get the hiccoughs" is much nearer the truth in the case of Miss Anna Feitz, twenty years old, 1175 Mechanic street, Camden.

Four weeks ago, after a fit of hearty laughter, she was seized with an attack of hiccoughs that necessitated her staying in the Homeopathic Hospital several days before she completely recovered. She left the institution vowing to keep the soft pedal on her laughing apparatus.

Last week, however, some one told her a good joke, and her foot slipped, the resulting flood of laughter landing her in the same hospital for further treatment for the ailment. On Saturday no person in Camden was more serious than the afflicted young lady when she again left the institution, against the advice of physicians.

But she laughed again this morning. And this time she's in the Cooper Hospital, just for variety. At last reports she was still hiccoughing.

She will recover.

WILBUR'S COCOA

"ALL FOOD, NO WASTE"

War Time FROZEN PUDDING

For the hot day it makes a wonderful dessert that has a real food value. It's particularly nice for the kiddies, but the grown-ups will enjoy it quite as well. How to make it among

Wilbur's War-Time Recipes

as well as numerous other dainty, delicious and economical desserts. Your copy's waiting. It's free.

Send for it today

H. O. WILBUR & SONS, Inc. Philadelphia

Wind Roughened Skins Soothed by Cuticura

When you return from your auto ride smear the face and rub the hands with Cuticura Ointment. Wash off in five minutes with Cuticura Soap and hot water, using plenty of Soap, best applied with the hands, and continue bathing three minutes.

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

PERMANENT WAVE

NESTLE METHOD

Guaranteed to last without injury to hair

CHAS. LUCKER, 118 South 17th Street

Ladies' Shirt Waists

ALL STYLES INCLUDING SILK AND GEORGETTE CREPE

Best quality; white and colors.

Special Value

$1.50 to $6

Also full line of ladies', children's and men's hose.

McPHILOMY'S, 1624 Market St.

NEXT TO STANLEY THEATRE

OPEN EVENINGS

Except Tuesday and Wednesday

THE WOMAN'S EXCHANGE

TODAY'S INQUIRIES

1. What is the regulation Red Cross uniform for service in the field hospitals abroad?
2. What unique position in the American Red Cross is held by Miss Mabel Boardman?
3. When the lower part of a window shade has become soiled, what can be done to freshen the appearance of the window?
4. What is the simplest form of oven drying?
5. How can the points of knitting needles that have grown dull be sharpened?
6. In sowing a garden, what is most important to remember?

Letters and questions submitted to this department must be written on one side of the paper only and signed with the name of the writer. Special queries like those given below are invited. It is understood that the editor does not necessarily indorse the sentiment expressed. All communications for this department should be addressed as follows: THE WOMAN'S EXCHANGE, Evening Public Ledger, Philadelphia, Pa.

Wants War Work

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Being a close reader of your department in the Evening Public Ledger, I thought I would write to ask if you could tell me how to secure something to do for the Government to help in the war and help our boys "over there."

I am a healthy, active woman of fifty, widow without any family ties and would like to do something for my country. Am a good housekeeper and think I could manage a home for girls or superintend a boarding house. Am also a dressmaker and very fond of sewing. Have acted as waitress also. I have always had my own home until the last six years and therefore have never had the working experience that draws such crowds nowadays.

Hoping that you may be able to advise me through the column of your paper how I may be able to earn my living and help my country at the same time, even if I am not my youth. (Mrs.) A. W. H.

Your best plan would be to apply to the National League for Women's Service, at 1703 Walnut street. It has various kinds of work to give out or can direct you to the right persons to apply to for such as you desire. I hope your patriotic plans can be carried out. I understand the Y. W. C. A. is in need of women for the hostess houses near the camps. You might apply there also.

Work Single Crochet Stitch

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—I recently saw some crocheted rugs downtown and they were made in the following manner: Cotton material was cut in strips and sewed together and the edges turned in and worked in a large oval in single crochet with a large wood crochet hook.

I have quite a large number of cotton rags. I would like to crochet one of these for my bathroom. Can you kindly send directions for crocheting one of these rugs? (Mrs.) H. S.

It seems to have the directions pretty clearly in your mind without my telling you anything more. To start the rug make a chain of about five stitches and join the circle by catching the first stitch again. Widen every stitch so the work will lie flat and then work other stitch until the rug can lie flat without widening. These are all the directions you need, as all you have to do is to keep on crocheting until it is as big as you want. If it ruffles on the edges it needs narrowing, and sometimes it happens when you are not aware of it you have to pull out a row or two and rip it out again. On the other hand if it puckers, it needs widening. You may have to do the same thing. Watch it carefully as you go and mistakes will not happen, and it will quickly that with more or less work you can finish the rug instead of sewing the edges together. Instead of sewing the edges together put a buttonhole at the end of one and slip one strip through the buttonhole of the next one.

Antonio Moreno's Address

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Will you please give me the address of Mr. Antonio Moreno, the motion-picture actor? Please try to have my answer in Tuesday's paper. Please tell me how much it will cost to send a letter there. READER.

Your letter came too late to get into yesterday's paper. A letter addressed to Mr. Moreno, in care of the Pathe Exchange, 25 West Forty-fifth street, New York, will reach him safely. The postage will be the usual three cents.

Use Lemon in the Water

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Could you tell me what would keep a child's hair light? P. H.

If the child's hair has a tendency to darken as she gets older there is nothing you can do to lighten it, as any bleach is apt to give the hair a dull, dead look. To keep it bright and bring out the light in it add the juice of a whole lemon to the rinsing water when her hair is washed. Do not do this too often, as the lemon will dry out the hair if used too frequently. Wash the hair about once or twice a month, using the lemon in the water. A teaspoonful of soda will have the same effect.

Wants Unabridged Dictionary

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—If it is permissible for a man to utilize this very valuable exchange I would like to ask your readers if any of them happen to have a fairly recent edition of an unabridged dictionary for which they no longer care? A new one would cost me more than I can afford, and those for sale in the second-hand book stores are too antiquated and far from worth the price asked.

I do not relish the idea of asking for books, for in my "palmy" days I gave hundreds away, but my desire for knowledge supersedes my pride. I need also a thesaurus and a book of synonyms.

I have a violin suitable for a beginner which I will trade for a ukulele. F. W. F.

Perhaps some one of the readers of the column may have a dictionary or book of synonyms he or she does not want. I have F. W. F.'s address and he can be written to through me.

Wants Clothes for Boy

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—You have helped others through your column and I wonder if you could help me? Will you kindly inquire of your readers if any have discarded clothing for a boy of thirteen (he takes fourteen-year-old size) that they would be willing to pass on to a little chap whose father has consumption and whose mother is a cripple? If so I will pay parcel post charges if you will give my address to any such.

The boy is below working age and has delicate health and needs clothing before school starts. A CRIPPLED MOTHER.

This plea speaks for itself. I have "Crippled Mother's" address and will

YESTERDAY'S ANSWERS

1. Ruth Farnam is the only American woman soldier in the whole Allied army. October, 1916, in the battle of Brod, in Serbia, she was made a sergeant in the First Cavalry Regiment of the Royal Serbian army.
2. The requirements for the position of assistant patent examiner in the Patent Office, Washington, are: mathematics, mechanical drawing, French or German, mechanics and experience.
3. When dining with a man it is not proper for a girl to reach for her coat, either her escort or the waiter should hand them to her.
4. The linen sleeveless smock or jacket is now seen at all the resorts.
5. In preserving it is better to use a broad, open pan than a narrow, deep one, as it is not good for the fruit to cook in layers.
6. Amber knitting needles can be shortened to five or six inches with a pencil sharpener. This is a convenient length for "socks" needles.

Apply to Land Army

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Is there any kind of patriotic outdoor work that I could do during the next month and part of September? I am strong and young and expect to go to college in the latter part of September. I would like to live out of doors as much as possible before that time, and I do want to be patriotic. What would you suggest? BELLE.

Apply at the headquarters of the Woman's Land Army, 2014 Chestnut street. They are taking applications for August still, and perhaps they would allow you to work into part of September. The land army does fine out-of-doors work and is certainly a most patriotic body of women, as they are all helping to conserve food for the soldiers by cultivating the fruits and vegetables.

Do not delay making application, as I am told there are not many vacancies left.

Gloves in Warm Weather?

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Is it necessary for a girl of seventeen to wear gloves in the street when shopping in July or August? MARY.

It is always better form for a woman to wear gloves in the street, but in the extreme warm weather it is quite all right to carry the gloves in the hand instead of wearing them. White lisle gloves are cool, however, and can be washed overnight, so it is a good plan to get used to wearing them in warmer weather.

FOR RENT

Desirable Space in

ESTEY HALL

Walnut Street Cor. of 17th

EXCLUSIVE SHOPPING AND RESIDENTIAL DISTRICT

Modern Fireproof Office Building

4000 Sq. Ft. Office Space for Rent

Space suitable for either offices or any high-class retail merchant. All

Brilliant New Novels

HIS SECOND WIFE

Ernest Poole's New Novel

"A novel of which American literature may well be proud . . . seldom has any American writer done better work."—N. Y. Tribune. $1.50.

KHAKI

Freeman Tilden's New Novel

"A novel of extraordinary merit . . . we earnestly wish that every man and woman in America might read it and be inspired by its all-compelling patriotism."—N. Y. Tribune. $1.25

FOE-FARRELL

Arthur Quiller-Couch's New Novel

"One of the most authentic works of creative genius that have enriched our literature for many a year."—N. Y. Tribune. $1.50

BARBARA PICKS A HUSBAND

Herman Hagedorn's New Novel

"Scintillating, flashing wit, lambent humor . . . few novelists have written with more sheer brilliancy."—N. Y. Tribune. $1.50

THE BOARDMAN FAMILY

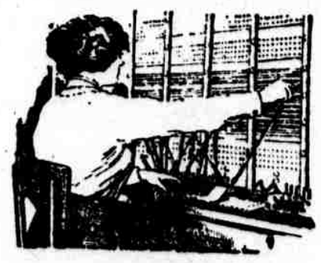
Mary S. Watts' New Novel

"An achievement in realistic fiction . . . exceedingly interesting and excellent . . . consistent, vigorous and sane."—N. Y. Times. $1.50

The MARTIAL ADVENTURES of HENRY & ME

William Allen White's New Novel

"A jolly book, truly one of the best that has yet come down war's grim pike."—N. Y. Evening Post. Illustrated by Tony Sarg. $1.50.



Soldiers of the Switchboard

THE Bell Telephone Company of Pennsylvania wants you to become a "soldier of the switchboard"—a Bell telephone operator.

Within the operator's reach are the telephone lines from a veritable forest of factories and plants where thousands of skilled workmen are busy day and night building great ships, guns and engines which must win the war. Every ounce of energy in the operator's arm, which carries the telephone cord from line to line, finds its source of strength in the same spirit of Americanism which is carrying the bayonet "over the top" in the hands of the boys "over there."

Bell telephone operating is a war work; it is essential to the completion of the war program.

Application may be made to Miss M. D. Ryan at the Bell Telephone building, 406 Market Street, Philadelphia, between the hours 9 A.M. and 9 P.M. or to the Chief Operator in any other city.

The Bell Telephone