GETTING OVER THE WAR BLUES—ALUMINUM KITCHEN THINGS—CYNTHIA

LIFE IS BEST WORTH LIVING WHEN DIFFICULT TO LIVE

The Code of Robert Louis Stevenson Becomes an Answer to a Woman Who Is Blue About the War—The Glory in the Darkness of Some of Our Days

I HAVE a letter here from a reader who has made me think. It rings very true. One knows that platitudes about the number of agreeable things in life will not ease the ache in her heart. She does not seem to crave—oh-let-us-be-joyful—consolation.

Here is part of the letter:

"Have you anything to say to a woman who is base enough, to be blue all the time about this war? I have two brothers in the war and a man whom I love dearly. I can't seem to rise above being crushed. When the casualty list comes in the paper I am afraid to look at it, although I know I should hear the news first if anything had happened to these men of mine. Some women seem to be so brave. I know them. I know women who have lost boys who are brave and go on doing their work and trying to smile. And here I am whose dear ones have been spared so far, although two of them have been in the war since the very beginning. I go to many bright, jolly places to try to get my mind off things. I try to think that life is not so hard. But it is no use. I must be small in nature, because I can't help thinking that life is bitterly cruel. I wish you could say something to help me. I am a woman who has a position."

SOME ONE else—one of the world's great contemporary writers — has said something, I believe, dear friend, that can help you. He is Gilbert K. Chesterton, the Englishman, who was speaking of the immortal Robert Louis Stevenson, "master of life" as well as letters.

"Stevenson," Chesterton wrote, "realized the great paradox that life becomes more fascinating the darker it grows; that life is only worth living as far as it is difficult to live. His supreme difference from all common optimists is that all common optimists say life is glorious in spite of the disagreeable things, but Stevenson says life is glorious because of the disagreeable things."

I AM sure you understand this message, M. K. You are going the wrong way to keep yourself from being blue. You are trying to push out of your mind the thought that war is going on and endeavoring to find peace in trivial things that refuse to fill your life. You can find peace, dear friend, strange as it may seem, only in the war. I wonder if you are doing a great deal of war work—Red Cross for instance; mending soldiers' overcoats, for another instance. These things, every day perhaps as they might seem to be in our workaday cities, can teach you the glory of our war and the glory of the darkness of life at the present time. You could sit down and try to arrive at this state of mind, but I am afraid you would not succeed. It is only by working with the boys that you can be thrilled and filled with the cause we are all serving. You speed your fingers, lest in delaying a man no less dear than your own shall want for bandages or for sweet, fresh hospital garments to make easy his hours. In this work you will arrive at the glory of our cause, even as the soldier who was cash to be drafted and three months later in France writes home the fiery letter of a young knight gone forth to conquer.

I wonder if it is possible for you to get a day a week at canteen service at some nearby camp? Then there is the visiting of the soldiers' and sailors' families through the civilian relief of the Red Cross. These things will teach you the glory of war and the true meaning of Chesterton's interpretation of Stevenson's life. You will learn that other generations have gone through life living on its petty surface. Ours is the right and privilege to sound its depths. We have lived to know that all men and women have hearts, that life is good because these men and women are willing to lay down their lives for each other.

I ADD one more little statement that will help you, that you can weave into your daily work. Figures from the Bureau of Publicity of the Treasury Department tell us a soldier has only one chance in thirty of losing his life on the battlefield; one chance in fifty of dying from wounds received there, and one chance in 500 of losing a limb. Then think of the marvelous success of our battles. And I want to say, dear friend, that you are not small in nature or you would not have written to find a way to be brave. If you want to know about the civilian relief work write to me.

Feminine

She might have known it in the earlier spring,
That all my heart with vague desire was stirred;
And, ere the summer winds had taken wing,
I told her; but she smiled and said no word.

The autumn's eager hand his red gold grasped,
And she was silent; till from skies grown drear
Fell soft one fine, first snowflake and she clasped
My neck and cried, "Love, we have lost a year!"

—HENRY CUYLER BUNNER.

How Often to Wash Hair

The frequency of shampooing must be regulated according to whether the hair is inclined to be oily or dry and the sort of atmosphere to which it is exposed. If you are at the mountains, where the frolic wind is blowing at the rate of sixty miles an hour, then your hair will need a shampoo much oftener than it would under ordinary conditions. As a rule, not even the most oily head of hair should be shampooed oftener than once in two weeks, and usually once a month is quite often enough.

AN EXTREMELY SMART CARACUL FUR COAT

The appeal in this fur coat is its smart snugness. It is caracul with trimmings in seal

RICE FLOUR ASSUMES IMPORTANCE IN THE KITCHEN

Rice flour is made from highly milled table rice and broken grains. The picture shows the different stages, from the plant itself to a golden-brown plate of muffins

A Maid and Two Men

The Story of the Girl Who Was Left Behind

By HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR

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THE STORY THUS FAR

Ruth Rowland, New York society girl, is loved by Jack Bond and Scott Raymond and accepts Bond. Both men are drafted, but Bond, to Ruth's relief, wins exemption for some slight physical disability. After Raymond has sailed to France the girl begins to doubt the wisdom of her choice. The marriage of Helen Brander to Jim Townsend, a soldier, contributes somewhat to this change. At the suggestion of Myra Briggs, Ruth takes up war work, in spite of Bond's disapproval.

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IN THE not waiting room sat six people waiting their turn to see the doctor. Needless to say Doctor Davidson was not a fashionable physician, nor did he cater to the wealthy patients. Most of his people were of the poorer classes, although his acknowledged cleverness had gradually widened his circle of patients until of late he had been forced into accepting really big cases.

Jack Bond had always cherished an admiration for the man, and persisted in a friendship with him in spite of the doctor's limited time for a friendship of any kind. In talking over the subject that lay nearest his heart, Jack could think of no one he would rather consult than Doctor Davidson, and he had made the trip back to town with the intention of talking matters over with him and telling him exactly how everything stood.

The little dark room was professionally ugly. A wailing baby held up against a tired foreign-looking woman's shoulder alternately sobbed dejectedly or relapsed into an uncomfortable sniffling. The mother tried to comfort it as best she could, but the little thing was apparently so miserable that there was little use.

A pasty-faced youth sat under the glare of the one electric light bulb, reading a magazine, and a laboring man with clothes smelling of his toil held between his knees a child of about nine whose head was swathed in bandages. The other occupant of the room was a girl of about Jack's age, slender and young and trig in a blue serge suit. She had a soft little face tenderly alluring and yet undeniably self-reliant. Jack in glancing at her when she was looking the other way could see her sitting behind a typewriter table in some man's office, proving her worth in a capable manner. He tried to imagine the personal lives of all the occupants of the office to keep his mind off his own affairs.

Slowly the little line of patients dwindled. Each time the little sliding door into the inner office was thrown open the next patient rose automatically and shuffled in. Jack wondered how the doctor stood seeing one after another of these people, there was something so horribly depressing about it all.

When the foreign woman with the little girl went in, the child instantly set up a wail at sight of the doctor, who evidently conjured up to her the pain of the last visit. Through the thin partition Jack heard her scream once and, strong man as he was, he grew white. The pasty-faced boy sauntered in languidly, and the pretty girl with a pink flush in her sweet face smiled shyly at the doctor as she passed him. The last to enter was the child with the bandage-swathed head, but he grinned sturdily and cast a proud glance behind him at Jack which seemed to say, "I'm not afraid."

When it came Jack's turn to go in he left in the waiting room seven or eight other patients, all tired, all dejected-looking, all of the same type. There was no sweet-faced girl this time to cheer the atmosphere; everything was correspondingly gloomy.

"Well, old man," said the doctor, as the two men gripped hands. "What have you been doing with yourself? You look done up."

Jack grinned. "I should think you would be all in after an evening looking over some of those types out there."

"Is that so? Well, I noticed you looking them over. Why, I like them, Jack; they're all human, you know, a darned sight more human than some of the dressed-up monkeys that pay me a thousand dollars for an operation. Jack, you're self-centered; you want to get out of it."

"Maybe so," Jack said thoughtfully, his mind instantly introspective. It was after Ruth had dealt with people like this that she had changed.

"But, say," proceeded the doctor "what's all this I've been hearing about you're getting married? Why haven't you been in to tell me about yourself?"

Jack's grin this time was so forced that it was boyishly pathetic. The doctor pushed him into a seat and sat down himself in his desk chair. "Out with it; are you dead or dying?"

"I want an examination, doctor," and without any preliminaries Jack in a few words told the entire story. Throughout the doctor was noncommittal. Occasionally he asked a crisp question, but he made no comments. "Well," he said finally, "get your clothes off and we'll go to it."

Twenty minutes later he was telling Jack the exact state of affairs. "Of course, it's a barrier," he remarked; "but an operation will fix you up, and in a month you'll be ready for camp. Want me to make an appointment at the hospital for you? I can do it the first of the week. Not a word about the personal side of it; not an embarrassing question, from the personal standpoint; simply a nice acceptance of facts as they were, and a steady, reliable and common-sense view of what was necessary."

Jack said nothing about Ruth, excepting in so far as she figured in the first place; all of his later doubts and fears he had withheld, and had given the doctor to understand simply that the idea of a possible operation that would render him fit for service had followed him until he could ignore it no longer.

"We'll have you out in time for the wedding," Doctor Davidson said finally, slapping Jack on the back. "You'll be in uniform, and she'll be proud of you."

For the first time that night Jack laughed heartily, and a prayer glowed in his heart that the doctor's words might come true.

(On Monday the scene shifts to Scott Raymond, somewhere in France.)

Great demand for the EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER may cause you to miss an installment of this very interesting story. You had better, therefore, telephone or write to the Circulation Department, or ask your newsdealer this afternoon to leave the EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER at your home.

Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

For Big-Hearted Women

Dear Cynthia—I thought I would venture to write to you. I would like to know if a kind-hearted, motherly woman would be willing to open her home to a lonely working girl who yearns and longs for a home to share and be considered one of the family, as I have never known what it is to be in a happy private family for nearly twenty years, as I have been living chiefly alone. Many times I gazed through the parlor windows to see a happy group together with all the home life and ties that I grow more and more hungry for. Sometimes I am in despair. Will some kind-hearted, motherly woman lighten my unhappy past and give me a home to share and enjoy and let me be a member of the family and to live there for the rest of my life? I do not care for the society of boys. The fact is I am handicapped with my hearing, so I feel there will be no chances of ever getting married.

A LONELY WORKING GIRL.

This letter is printed just as received. Cynthia does not know the lonely working girl, but she passes her pathetic heart cry on to her readers, hoping that some one may be interested enough to ask for her address. Take heart, dear girl; who knows but what a new day is and before? And many a girl hard of hearing has a very good husband.

Loves, But Is Shy

Dear Cynthia—I have been badly in need of advice for some time, but I have not felt able to confide in any one I know.

I am not the least bit bashful among girls my own age or among elderly persons; in fact, I am popular with both; but I am very self-conscious and dull when with young men and boys. Is there any remedy?

I am very much in love with a young man of eighteen whom I have never met, yet I think he cares for me.

I have "cut" some people because I was afraid that by going with them I would have to meet him, and I do not want to meet him because I will undoubtedly prove as dull to him as I must have been to others.

BASHFUL.

You are not in love with a man you have never met, my dear, though you may be strongly attracted to him. Overcome that shyness by letting him be introduced to you. If possible, since you have mutual friends, learn what things interest him most and after meeting him bring the conversation around that way, but not too quickly. You will find if you are interested in interesting him you will forget yourself and overcome the shyness.

An Eager Little Patriot

Dear Cynthia—I am a girl of seventeen; will be eighteen October 3. I am just dying to become a nurse or a helper. I did not go to high school. I left in the sixth grade B. We are not rich; we are what you call poor. So please, Cynthia, tell me what to do?

You can tell me what you think of me by my writing. If you can help me tell me where to go. I only wish I was rich.

F. P.

You are fine to want to be a nurse, but one of the requirements is that you have had a full grammar school education at least. But, my dear little girl, this needn't discourage you. There are so many things girls can do to help win the war and make money at the same time. Why don't you go down to the women's section of the Federal Employment Bureau, 135 South Sixteenth street, and ask about the war-work positions open to girls now? They need workers very badly. If you work faithfully you will not longer be poor; so work, dear, instead of wishing. The letter was nicely written.

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.

RICE FLOUR MAKES GOOD SPONGE CAKE

Chocolate Nut Cookies, Too, and Waffles Are Made With This Substitute

Rice flour, which before the wheat shortage was used only by caterers and bakers in small amounts, is now being manufactured in larger quantities to help meet the need of wheat substitutes.

The whiteness of rice flour makes it particularly useful to the baker and caterer, and in the effort to save wheat housewives are learning to use this product in breads, cakes and cookies alone or combined with other substitutes.

The recipes which follow have been tested in the experimental kitchen of the Department of Agriculture, Office of Home Economics, and the United States Food Administration, Home Conservation Section.

Rice Flour Waffles

One and three-fourths cupfuls rice flour.
One teaspoonful salt.
Three teaspoonfuls baking powder.
One and one-half cupfuls milk.
Three tablespoonfuls melted fat.
Two eggs.

Sift the dry ingredients together and add slowly to the milk, beaten egg yolks, and melted fat. Fold in stiffly beaten whites and cook in hot well-greased waffle irons.

Shortcake

One and one-half cupfuls rice flour.
Four teaspoonfuls baking powder.
One teaspoonful salt.
Four tablespoonfuls shortening.
One egg.
One cupful milk.

Mix as you would muffins, bake in layer cake tin, split and butter while hot. Put a layer of sweetened berries or other fresh fruit between the halves and on top.

Chocolate Nut Cookies

One-half cupful corn sirup.
Two tablespoonfuls strained honey.
Two squares chocolate.
Ten tablespoonfuls rice flour.
Four tablespoonfuls barley flour.
One teaspoonful baking powder.
One-half teaspoonful salt.
One teaspoonful vanilla.
One-half cupful chopped nut meats.

Mix and drop by the spoonful on greased baking sheets. Bake fifteen minutes.

Sponge Cake

Three eggs (yolks and whites beaten separately).
Three-fourths cupful sugar.
One tablespoonful hot water.
One and one-half teaspoonfuls baking powder.
One-quarter teaspoonful salt.
Two teaspoonfuls lemon juice.
One teaspoonful vanilla.
Seven-eighths cupful rice flour.

This sponge cake can serve as the basis for many desserts. Bake as a loaf cake or in muffin molds. Baked in a thin sheet, spread with soft jelly, and rolled it makes a delicious jelly roll. Serve with a sauce.

Bake in layers and fill with custard filling for a Martha Washington pie or use for a shortcake with fresh fruit between the layers.

Rice-Flour Cake

One-fourth cupful fat.
Three-fourths cupful sugar.
Two eggs.
One-half cupful riced boiled potatoes packed compactly into a cup.
One-half cupful milk.
One teaspoonful salt.
Two teaspoonfuls baking powder.
One and one-half cupfuls rice flour.
One teaspoonful vanilla.

Mix and bake in muffin molds for cup cakes or in layers or loaf. If baked in layers, a lemon filling is good with it.

Variation—For chocolate cake, add two squares of chocolate to the above recipe.

For spice cake, add one teaspoonful cinnamon, one-half teaspoonful nutmeg, and one teaspoonful spice.

BOOK OF EIGHT LOVERS

EIGHT ROMANCES IN ONE STORY

Margaret Widdemer Has Written a Novel That Will Appeal to Girls of All Ages

Youth is lavish with its riches and squanders them with no thought that they may be exhaustible. It is because Margaret Widdemer is young that she has packed eight love stories in between the covers of a single novel. She calls it "You're Only Young Once." The precisionist might criticise her for misplacing "only," for as every precisionist knows the adverb only must be next to the word which it modifies. What Miss Widdemer means is that "you are young only once." The fact, however, that we know what she means justifies her "misplacement of epithaphs," for so long as language conveys the meaning of those who use it serves its purpose.

"You're Only Young Once," might be called a novel without a plot, or a novel with eight plots, as you please. It deals with the love affairs of the five daughters and the three sons of the Goldsborough family, which lives in southeastern Pennsylvania. Its members make frequent trips to Philadelphia, and one of them goes canoeing on the Schuylkill. The girls are real girls and most interesting young persons. But those familiar with Miss Weddemer's previous novels do not need to be told this. She can draw a picture of an enthusiastic, loveable, clean girl that will delight the heart. Scientific students of the manifestation of the mating instinct will not find this book so interesting as it will seem to girls from sixteen to twenty and from sixty to sixty-five. These two groups will be absorbed in the eightdifferent romances which succeed one another one after the other. And they will wonder at the inventiveness of the author.

One love affair starts and culminates within less than two weeks at a house party in Florida arranged for several couples with the deliberate purpose of promoting matrimony. Another is the result of the determination of a girl to get a silk dress and the only way she can think of is to propose to a bachelor in leap year and claim the forfeit for refusal provided for in an old Pennsylvania statute. There is no mention of such a statute in Pepper & Lewis's digest of the State laws, but it will answer for the purposes of fiction. A third affair develops when one of the girls, stranded in an Ohio town by a flood, attends the meeting of a peculiar religious sect and falls in love with a man who sits in front of her and an hour afterward finds herself taking refuge with her sister in the top story of a building to which the man has fled. They have to stay there several days till the waters go down.

The book breathes the spirit of youth on the verge of the great adventure. It is geniel, kindly, humorous and withal human.

YOU'RE ONLY YOUNG ONCE. By Margaret Widdemer. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $1.50.

Girls' Clubs

Helen J. Ferris's new book, "Girls' Clubs," will prove a real gold mine for the myriads of young American girls who are eager to get real practical information about organizing and managing clubs. But the invisible theme of it, pleasantly unobtrusive, goes far deeper. We stand magnificently awed and thrilled at the sight of a nation of girls linked hand in hand—bound indissolubly by clubs.

The book takes on particular interest to Philadelphians in that the preface is written by Mrs. Jane Deeter Rippin, the city's nationally own probation officer whom the Government ferreted out to be a leader in the commission on training camp activities. Mrs. Rippin links this unusual book to a definite wartime need. Pointing to the dramatic, surging strong in every girl, she seizes on the girls' club as a vital, highly satisfactory and urgently necessary means of directing and utilizing this desire for unusual service in wartime. The book itself plunges right into the subject of how to found and keep the clubs going. Under such chapter headings as "Planning the Year's Program," "The Club in the Everyday Life of a Girl," "Keeping Up the Interest," "The Club Leader" and "The Club in Wartime Over Here," the author has gathered together everything in the way of facts, plans, suggestions, methods, achievements and illuminative incidents that could be of any use or interest to any one concerned with the organization, management or success of a club of girls or women for any purpose whatever. One chapter deals with the wartime work of clubs in England, France and Russia.

GIRLS' CLUBS. Their Organization and Management. by Helen J. Ferris. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

Woman and the Law

Feminism has made giant strides in the United States since "The Law and the Woman," by Rose Falls Bres, was published. Indeed, so great has been the improvement of woman's legal status in the meantime that that book has been virtually rewritten, and with these later changes incorporated is now published as "Maids, Wives and Widows."

The book covers comprehensively the laws of the United States, and of the separate States in their relation to women and minors. The author lays down as an "eleventh commandment" for her women readers: "Thou shalt know the laws thy brother hath made for thee, that knowing, thou shalt be enabled to avoid litigation and to be an aid in making better laws."

It will doubtless be a revelation to some to learn how many exclusive advantages are enjoyed by women in various States; in certain respects, marriage relieves women of personal responsibility, while at the same time their husbands become liable for their conduct and debts. There is scarcely a State in the country, in fact, where a woman would experience serious difficulty today in getting moral as well as legal justice. Yet the author still yields to the insidious temptation to discourse indignantly of surviving wrongs.

Aside from this irrelevant personal comment, the presentation of the laws affecting woman's legal standing is clear, terse, fair and up to date. The book also contains a number of legal forms that may be of the utmost value to all, and the chapter on marriage and divorce is genuinely interesting.

MAIDS, WIVES AND WIDOWS. By Rose Falls Bres. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.

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THE DAILY NOVELETTE

HYPNOTIZING THE JUDGE

By Grace Weatherby

"I'LL bet you a war savings stamp that I'll make that old crank of a judge pay for the curtains!" The excited voice of Merrie Crayton rose above the buzz in the wide hall of the Crayton home. Merrie, the only and well-beloved daughter of Colonel Crayton, was a beautiful girl of twenty summers, whose cheery manner and loving disposition endeared her in the hearts of the people of the little town of Deanville, and since babyhood her dignified given name of Margaret had been discarded for the more suitable one of Merrie. On this warm summer day a large party of young people were gathered in the hall of Merrie's home to discuss ways and means of providing a pair of curtains for the stage of the town hall. A little play was to be given soon for the benefit of the Red Cross, and a pair of curtains were absolutely necessary. How to get the money for them was the question which was troubling the minds of the young folk. Judge Graham was a very penurious man, who according to the small boys of the town, had "barrels and barrels of money hid under the apple tree." Merrie's suggestion was to ask him to pay for the curtains. This suggestion was greeted with a laugh, and said to be highly impossible. Nothing was impossible, according to Merrie's rule in life, and so she determined to visit the Judge and try her luck.

Stanley Morton, a splendid young man in the service, who had just returned from France, took up her bet. "I'll go you, Merrie!" he cried, "but I don't believe you can do it." "Just you wait and see, then," was the retort, as Merrie caught up her wide garden hat and sped down the street to the Judge's home.

In answer to her vigorous pull on the old-fashioned knocker, the Judge's one and only servant, Maria Jane Hammond, and very neat in her attire, opened the door. Merrie was admitted to the dark and gloomy library and told that the Judge would be in in a few minutes. He was out in his garden, where he sat down in the huge leather chair which was the Judge's favorite, folded her hands and then smoothed her hair.

A short time the Judge appeared. He was very much surprised to see who his caller was. During his life he had had little to do with the ladies and had for less. Merrie rose and held out her hand. "Judge Graham," she said sweetly, "I have come on a very important mission. I am a representative of the committee which is directing the play to be given in the town hall next week, and I have come to ask you to loan the money to buy a pair of curtains for the stage."

Then the Judge blinked and looked at the pretty visitor. "Why, I don't know you, young lady. I don't know the committee you represent. I do not comply with your request. I have no money to spend for foolish nonsense!" Merrie smiled, absolutely undisturbed. "It does sound foolish, doesn't it?" she said, "but really, it is not, because it is for the benefit of the Red Cross. You know we simply cannot change the scenes without a curtain, that would be too much!" She smiled so bewitching that the Judge was forced to wipe his brow with his handkerchief. "Well—er—I—I can't be bothered with it, so there!" And he stormed out of the library, leaving Merrie alone.

She sat very still in her chair and then half rose. "No, I won't be beaten in this way," she declared, and again resumed her seat. The Judge came in for his glasses which he had left on the table. He was utterly astonished to find his fair visitor still there. "Why—" he stopped, helplessly. "I'm after the money for the curtain, you know, Judge!" The poor man was baffled. He argued with her for a while, and then he, Judge Alexander R. Graham, silently and submissively took out his fat wallet and extracted from it three $20 bills. "Is that enough?" he asked. "Yes, I believe so," Merrie answered, and stuffed the money into her bag. As she was escorted to the door, she turned to the Judge. "Your bark is lots worse than your bite, Judge," and she departed, leaving the man looking after her. At home the young people eagerly await her return. She waved the bills aloft triumphantly. She told them all about it, and peals of laughter greeted her story. "Merrie Crayton, you are the limit," was the general verdict. Stanley was made to pay his bet, and he did it gracefully. He drew Merrie aside and whispered, "Dear child, you have a strange talent for extracting both money and hearts out of the men you meet!"

On the night of the play the town hall was crowded. Judge Graham, who was never known to attend any social affair, occupied a front seat. The new red curtains hung gracefully, and were the cause of many comments from the audience. The play was a complete success, and the Red Cross was richer by several hundred dollars than before. On the way home, Stanley asked Merrie the question, old yet ever new, and received a very satisfactory answer. The first to spy the ring on her left hand was old Judge Graham, now a frequent visitor at the Crayton home. To her he confided: "Merrie, my dear child, if I were younger, I think I'd marry you myself!" "Oh, no, you wouldn't," Merrie laughed. "It would be too disastrous for your pocketbook." The Judge's pocketbook was not so fat now, because more than once Merrie had made raids on it, and found the Judge more easily managed than the first time she had hypnotized him.

Monday's Complete Novelette—"THE PRINCE OF INCORRIGIBLES."

THE WOMAN'S EXCHANGE

TODAY'S INQUIRIES

1. What free courses in American history and literature can be had from the Government?
2. Who is Margaret Deland?
3. Is it correct to leave the spoon in the coffee cup after the coffee has been stirred?
4. What delicious addition can be made to peanut butter to be used in sandwiches?
5. In peeling onions what will save time and tears?
6. What will remove chewing gum from clothing?

You Win the Candy

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Is it correct for a girl of sixteen to carry a powder puff in her handbag? What novelty powder-puff bag is now out? What flowers do not require much sun? Can free seeds for planting a war garden be got from Washington, also where could I send for them? Do you consider it right for a schoolgirl to use powder while at school or should she wait until she has finished school? If you print this letter in the paper this week I shall receive a box of candy.

DIMPLES.

It is perfectly correct for a girl of sixteen to carry a powder puff if she keeps it in her handbag and does not use it in public. The bag that is most popular now for powder puffs is made of silk with a tiny mirror forming the bottom of the bag and a puff inside. You do not say whether you mean plants or garden flowers, but I am taking it for granted that you mean potted plants. Begonias, gloxinia and cyclamen do not require much sun. If you write to the representative of your district in Washington and tell him that you want seeds for a war garden he can get them for you from the Department of Agriculture. It can do no harm for a schoolgirl to use powder while she is at school if she merely dusts her face with it to remove the shine; but it does not look well for a schoolgirl to appear with her face so powdered that it can be seen half a block away.

Enlist Monday or Tuesday

Dear Madam—Would you be so kind as to give me the necessary information as to enlistment with the Pennsylvania militia, cavalry troop; also what drill night I could apply, age, etc.?

I am very anxious to join the organization in order to gain sufficient military experience before entering the service.

E. L. B.

There are no requirements for enlistment in the reserve militia except that the applicant must be between eighteen and forty-five. The drill nights are Monday and Tuesday, and Lieutenant Colonel Hendler, who is in charge of this organization, prefers to have men apply on one of those nights at the armory.

How to Sell Music Manuscript

Dear Madam—Please answer in your column the following questions, with my kind appreciation: I have written the words to a song, the music I can have composed. Please tell me how I can have the music written and the whole detail—how to copyright it, where to send and whom to sell it.

S. M.

Take your song to a publisher and ask him to advise you where to have it written. Write to the Copyright Department, Washington, D. C., and apply for a copyright, sending the song with your application, and when you have it all written and copyrighted send it to a music publisher and let him put it on sale for you or buy it outright.

YESTERDAY'S ANSWERS

1. The women bacteriologists in the employ of the Government are placed in the laboratories of the base hospitals, etc., here and in some cases abroad.
2. Child Care, Infant Care and Parental Care are three bulletins by Mrs. Max West, of the Children's Bureau, that will be of practical service to every mother. They can be obtained free from the Children's Bureau, Washington, D. C.
3. The third wedding anniversary is leather.
4. Green or ripe tomatoes that can neither be canned nor dried can be salted down. Recipes can be had by sending a letter containing a self-addressed envelope to the editor of this page.
5. To make sugarless chocolate dainties melt bitter sweet chocolate in double boiler, remove from fire and beat it until cool. In this dip nuts or sweet fruits and place on oiled paper.
6. Pressing a piece of buckram on blue serge that is shiny will remove the shine. The buckram will stick and when it is pulled off the nap will be raised. Sponge the serge with vinegar first. Use medium iron to press.

Adventures With a Purse

WHEN, in my prowlings among the shops, I find something that appears so reasonable I fear that you will think it cannot be quite as good as I describe it, I frequently put it to this test, "Would you be willing to have it or use it?" I ask myself, and if the answer is in the affirmative, then I know that some woman somewhere is going to be interested, too. Now in the matter of val lace, for instance. When I tell you I ran across some pretty patterns and they cost only five cents for two yards, your first thought will probably be that the lace cannot be very fine. But I assure you that you will find some very dainty patterns and attractive designs. For edging yours or the children's underclothes, or for finishing off a little wash dress for Miss Betty, you will look far before you find such nice lace at such a low price.

He is a little stalwart Indian, kneeling with body bent forward and arms extended in worship almost before a little groove which holds an incense cone. A most graceful figure, a most artistic incense holder, does this brave make. And the incense cones are pine or cedar scented. If you've ever been in the mountains, and know the pungent, bracing odor of burning pine logs, you will purchase one of these immediately. And this winter when you are snugly ensconced in your favorite sleepy hollow chair, and cozily drawn up before the lamp you read an engrossing book, I'll warrant you will light one of your cones before the Indian figure, and my, but you will sniff delightedly! The set complete may be had for $1.

Cuticura Helps Skin and Scalp Troubles

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

When Mr. Hoover Says "Conserve!"

When Mr. Hoover asked all us housewives to save food, I signed one of those pledges saying I'd adopt the Federal scale of voluntary rations. Jim didn't like it a bit at first. He said that what with buying Liberty Bonds and War-Savings Stamps for the Government and working hard all day, a man ought to be allowed to eat enough when he comes home at night. But now he says he's glad I'm economizing. It saves money, and besides, we have all kinds of new dishes that we never used to have when we had meat every night. You see, when I give him these extra little fancy things he doesn't notice how seldom we have meat.

The other night we began the meal with a delicious *hors d'oeuvre*, consisting of a piece of toasted war bread cut round with a slice of tomato on it and a strip of herring across the top. I served it on a lettuce leaf and sprinkled just a few drops of A1 Sauce over it. It was simply delicious. The next night I had celery stalks stuffed with cream cheese, into which I had beaten a teaspoonful of A1. That wonderful sauce ought to be advertised on every food poster in the country. There is nothing like it for economy.—*Adv.*