SHOULD A WOMAN WITH YOUNG CHILDREN TAKE A WAR JOB?—ENTERTAINING THE SOLDIERS

DOES A MOTHER-IN-LAW IN THE HOME MEAN STRIFE

Here Is a Happy Little Household in Which One Is Apt to Be Introduced—The Mother of Two Little Children Presents an Unusual Problem, Which Takes in War Jobs

THERE are two vital questions contained in the letter printed below; the one new and up to the wartime minute; the other as old as the hills and still new.

First. Should a married woman with young children leave her home and take a war job?

Second. When a home is going along happily and nicely is it wise to introduce a mother-in-law?

The letter follows:

Dear Madam—I am a married woman with a good husband and two loving children and a very nice home. Now what I want to know is: My husband wants to bring his mother to live with us. I object. Am I right in doing so? As far as I know she is a nice person. She has other children married here with comfortable homes. I think my husband's idea is that his mother could take care of the home and the children and then both he and I could work. I think my place is to take care of my own home? Please give me your opinion.

WORRIED.

THE first question I can answer with a certain amount of definiteness. I have it on the word of the United States woman's employment bureau under direction of the woman's committee of the council of national defense that the time has not come when the woman with young children needs to lay down the care of them and go out and take a position. The nation is holding very dear the things of home. Married women with children can register for war jobs, and when they are wanted they will be called, but not a minute before the extremity is dire.

The second question does not lend itself so easily to answers.

Here we have a happy little home complete in itself. What will the introduction of the husband's mother mean? You can run the whole gamut of human frailties of the old and the young in imagining. Some homes are made mighty sweet by lovely old ladies whose adventures are now chiefly fireside ones, and who bring into their grandchildren's lives the leaven of days that were too good and real to go to waste. Grandmothers and mothers-in-law—are they the same people? But some homes are made hotbeds of discontent by pretty, officious old ladies who refuse to recognize progress and the passage of time and the fact that young people must build their own lives and homes, even as mothers-in-law did some years back. These are the things that must be taken into consideration.

IF YOU were anxious to take a wartime position and were, therefore, eager to have your husband's mother come to help take care of your home, I should say run the above risks; because, after all, though the Government is not encouraging married women with children to take positions, it is not loath to receive the exceptional one whose children will be insured good home care. I would take this point of view, because some women look on the war job as a means of adding to the family nest-egg while wages being paid women are phenomenally high.

But you do not want the war job and you do want to own your little home without a mother-in-law helping to run it. It is so understandable. You have worked hard for these things, no doubt, and why shouldn't you want to keep them?

My opinion is that you should keep them. Money—that earned from the extra pay envelope in the family—means a great deal, but there never was enough of money in the world to buy a substitute for the sheer joy of "a good husband, two loving children and a very nice home." You are sure of these. All else you will gamble on.

THERE is a little proviso clause in my opinion. If your husband's mother is without a home you must realize how hard it is for him to let this go on. The old are not to be passed on from brother to brother, unwanted. They are ourselves, walking a little further along the path of life. We cannot escape this fact. It is not always the comfortable home that is willing to open its doors to those whose steps lag a bit. But I wonder if this involves the less prosperous son?

Why don't you ask your husband's mother to pay you a visit? It is not her presence you object to so much as the fact that it has been suggested she run the home. But if she came as a visitor, then you would be able to judge for yourself.

This is a very vital matter; so vital indeed and so important to the happiness of this mother that I am going to ask my readers to state their views on the matter and help her out. I am sure there are many reading this column today who can speak from experience and I shall be glad to print what they have to say. Does a mother-in-law in the home make for happiness or unhappiness?

THIS FALL'S TOPCOAT HAS STRAIGHT LINES

The coat shown here is one of those practical, stay-in-fashion wraps. The trimming on the pockets and the clever collar are the two departures that make the coat "different"

A Daily Fashion Talk by Florence Rose

THERE is really nothing new—that is, startlingly new—in the utilitarian top-coat, that may be worn on the street or in the motor, for sunshine or for rain. It is still long, virtually covering the gown, still belted, still pocketed and still generously collared. However, we have had an interim when these coats hung in flaring lines from the shoulder. We might, therefore, speak of the girdling as new, but that would be stretching the truth a bit, for the belt even with the two buttons has been with us for some time and is likely to stay with us for a considerable time to come. It would be more to the point to say that this mode has proved so very satisfactory in every respect that it has been adopted as a standard.

This standard, however, may be given to the world in various forms. The belt may in some cases be very wide, while on other models the belt may be of the narrowest width. Then the collar may in some instances be of the shawl variety, the large flat kind; or then again it may be of the regulation tailored type. These same changes may be noticeable in the cuffs and the pockets. These changes are, nevertheless, mere details and regardless of these the coat remains utilitarian.

This coat which is shown today will be readily recognized by you as one of these practical, stay-in-fashion coats. The most noticeable change in this coat is the way the collar has been designed and the trimming of the pockets, which are moderate in size. The material is velours of medium weight.

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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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RUTH sat still in the grey little waiting room waiting for Marjorie. The minutes ticked themselves away and in the big hospital almost silence reigned. The peculiar smell that a hospital always has began to give Ruth a dull headache, and she wondered what was happening upstairs. Two nurses came through the swinging door which Ruth supposed led to some more private part of the hospital. One was a girl no older than Ruth herself, the other was an older woman. They were talking briskly about a case and Ruth could not help overhearing part of it.

"He's an awfully nice boy," said the younger nurse smiling as though remembering something he had said.

"But don't you think it's strange the way he came here and absolutely refused to have any of his friends or relatives notified?"

"Yes, but the doctor seemed to understand perfectly about everything."

"It was plainly a case for army fitness."

"Certainly it was, he chattered constantly when he was coming out of the anesthetic, about going across, and being physically fit, and about a girl named Ruth. He spoke her name over and over again."

Ruth who had been sitting on the edge of her chair, suddenly sprang erect. What was it these nurses were discussing? Surely they couldn't mean that Jack was here at the hospital. And yet what more natural explanation of Jack's absence?

"Oh," she exclaimed impulsively, stopping the nurses before they could disappear at the other end of the corridor. "Would you mind telling me whom you were talking about?"

They stopped and stared at Ruth in surprise.

"You see," she went on quickly. "I heard you talking and suddenly I understood what you were talking about. I believe I know the man you were speaking of."

"Are you waiting for any one?" asked the older nurse uncompromisingly.

"Yes, I came with Mrs. Bowman, she went upstairs to see her husband. Oh, how is he?"

"Why," said the younger one, who looked so youthful and pretty to be speaking in so matter of fact a manner, "he won't live. I saw him when they brought him in; he hasn't a chance."

"But," protested Ruth, "they told Marjorie he had a chance."

The nurse shrugged her shoulders doubtfully, and the older woman said curiously, "You wanted to know about the patient we were speaking of?"

"Yes, yes."

"It will be impossible for us to tell you that. The doctor's orders were very strict and the patient was most particular about allowing any one to know that he was here."

"And you can't tell me?"

Both the women shook their heads. They passed on and Ruth sank back in her chair her brain in an uproar, trying to decide what to do next. And Marjorie too, why didn't she come, what was happening upstairs?

Then the door opened again and Marjorie came out. But what a different Marjorie. Her eyes were sparkling, her face, although subdued with the glimpse she had had of Billy, was strangely spiritual. She walked a little bit unsteadily and when she reached Ruth's side the two girls clasped hands quickly.

"How is he, dear?"

"O, Miss Rowland, I don't deserve it."

"The doctor thinks he will be all right?"

"Yes, he's had a marvelous escape. The doctor really believes that he will really get well now."

"Did you see him?"

"Yes, for a few minutes. He's in quite a lot of pain, but the doctor says he will be better this afternoon. I'm coming back then."

"Marjorie, I needn't tell you how glad I am for you."

Marjorie shook her head. "No, I know that, but I want to tell you something. I'm never going to make a fuss again. I want to be the very first to tell him that I want him to enlist. O, it just seems as though I can never fully make up to him for the way I have acted, but I mean to do it, and I want him to be proud of me."

The tears were running down Ruth's cheeks in spite of herself, but Marjorie did not cry. She seemed remote somehow, triumphant, glorious in the revelation that completely enveloped her. It was as though for a time she trod on the heights and Ruth felt left out in a drab world. She had missed something that little Marjorie Bowman was tasting to the full, the consciousness of service.

(Tomorrow, Ruth finds that her inquiries at the hospital bring no response.)

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

Wants C. V. A. to Enlist

Dear Cynthia—Noting the letter of C. V. A., I can readily understand that he finds it more lonesome in a strange city than in the woods and hills. There, if one loves Nature, he will always find satisfying companionship, the birds, the beasts and wind and the wilds. But when he goes to the city and finds the whole world on one mad gallop somewhere and with no time to pass a friendly glance or word, it is enough to make one long for the coyote's musical voice of the night, rather than sitting listening to the banging of the trolley over the corner switch frogs or the music of a dance party over in the next apartment. There are three things he can do to amuse himself. He can read; he can go to church or the Y. M. C. A. and get acquainted; but the best thing of all is the companionship of a good first-class regiment of "Yanks" training to go over there and help lift the Hun rope off of civilization's neck. There he won't be lonely; he will meet real men; and when he comes home he won't have any trouble to get acquainted with nice girls. As he has trapped, hunted and tramped, we judge he has no very strong ties to keep him from enlisting or going over when called on, and we hope he won't claim exemption, for if he does he will have missed one of the best chances in the world of curing lonesomeness. Tell him to go visit one of the big camps and forget he wants to meet the girls until after the war is over.

A SOLDIER'S TWIN SISTER.

A Queer Incident

Dear Cynthia—I am a constant reader of your "What Shall I Do" column. I read what the sailor boys have to say to some of the letters that were sent in, so let some that have experience and knowledge speak up and give their opinion on the following article:

I am a young girl and considered good-looking by every one of my friends, but I have had quite an experience with a young man who promised to marry me. He and I went around together steadily for three years. I don't think that any other couple could think more of each other and appreciate one another's company more than we did. He lived in the city and I lived in the suburbs of the city. He came calling on me most every day.

He surely was well liked by my parents and family; he seemed like one of the family, so attached he was to us and we also to him. My parents are great people for entertaining. We have people visiting us the greater part of the year, and many young people come to our house, especially boys, as I have three brothers, and I always thought it was proper for me to talk and associate with them while at my home. But this made him very angry. He was very jealous of me and would accuse me of going out with the other boys.

So, of course, the next thing war was declared. We had intended to marry, but then we decided not to on account of the war. He enlisted in the naval aviation and was called to go at an early date. When he got his word to go he came at once to me. He was to spend a week at home yet, so we were together that entire time. We had a farewell party for him at his house, some of our younger set being present. I tried to be as pleasant as I could, for I was very sorry to put out about his leaving.

The day before he was posted to go he got word that he could not go as yet on account of his draft release papers not showing up. After the party he acted very indifferently, as he was home more than two weeks longer. He did not come out to my house very often, but as soon as he got his word to leave he came at once and told me he'd be present his last evening with me. He then said again I should wait for him until his return. He wrote letters to me most every day. All of a sudden he gave up writing to me, but never gave an explanation for his actions. He writes to some in our family and to my aunts, but he never mentions anything about me. I have too much pride in myself to write and ask him any questions, as I do not find it necessary to coax any boy to go out with me. I think this way about it: If a gentleman will not appreciate the first chance he will never have another chance to fool away. I am at a loss to know what to think of an act of this kind.

SELF-RESPECTING BROWN EYES.

This young reader has asked for the opinions of sailor boys.

Aliens Are Drafted

Dear Cynthia—I am a daily reader of your column and find it very interesting. Now I would like to find out one thing which has always impressed itself on my mind and that is: I am a young girl of sixteen and seem to understand the doings of this up-to-date war all except this: I have four brothers and have given three brothers to the colors, and also then with all my heart to my country. I buy bonds and thrift stamps, and have given everything to my country, and still I am anxious to give more.

But I am pretty sore seeing strong young fellows that ought to be at the front side by side with our boys parade the streets and earn good money weekly just because they are aliens. After the war many of our hearts will be broken and many a home vacant. And still those alien slackers will act patriotic.

ANXIOUS.

Aliens are not allowed to go about scot-free from service. They are given the choice of enlisting in the services of their own countries or of being drafted here in ours. Alien enemies are put in a far-deferred classification of the draft. But that seems to be the only way to arrange it. It does make you sort of cross when you come to think of it, doesn't it?

Arm-Taking Is Bad Form

Dear Cynthia—Will you please tell me if when walking with a girl the boy should take the arm of the girl or is the girl supposed to put hers through that of the boy's?

DOUBTFUL.

If a girl is lame, ill or the pavement is slippery it is the girl who takes the boy's arm. But unless there is some circumstance like this "arm-taking" is very bad form. A boy never takes the girl's arm.

Unhappiness for Two

Dear Cynthia—I follow with interest and keen enjoyment your precious columns and find them worthy of barrels of praise. Now, I am in a difficult position. Will you and your readers give some advice to one who seeks it?

I am twenty years old and am engaged to a nice chap. He is three years older than myself and expects to be in a uniform soon, as he has recently graduated from college. His home is not in this city. I have known him for nearly two years, and I know he loves me, as he has proven his love for me. Now, dear Cynthia, I do not love him. His love is not selfish and his heart is good. He has a fine character and is very wealthy.

I received an invitation from his mother and sister to visit their home, which I accepted. I found them very congenial and they do nearly everything for me. Since then they have met my mother and I have become engaged.

Hear my mother's opinion: She thinks he is perfectly wonderful and if I married him I would want for nothing.

I must burden some one with my troubles, and I knew you would help me cheerfully. Can one learn to love? Do you think it is fair for me to marry him if I don't love him, but think he is a fine friend? One of the reasons I accepted his offer was because of his unselfish, pure love for me. I know what it would mean if I did not marry him—a broken heart. I put myself in his position, but is it right or fair for me to sacrifice my life for him if I do not love him later?

I, too, have hopes and ideals. I, as he says, am his ideal, but he is not mine. Will I bring unhappiness for two? Oh, goodness, what shall I do?

One more word, Cynthia, if I did marry him I would never let him know my feelings. Yours for the Fourth Liberty Loan.

SUCCESS.

Yes, you will bring unhappiness for two. There are cases where people have learned to love, but they are so rare they are completely overbalanced by the cases where those who married without love learned only to hate. In the cases where marriages based only on respect, turned into love the men and women were far older than you are. You are very young, and possibly some day you will learn to love this young man, but never while you are engaged to him. No matter how hard it is, I would tell the young man just how you feel. Tell him you would like to stay friends with him, and that it isn't because there's any one else that you're breaking off the engagement. Some day perhaps you will learn to care, but do not ever make any promises until you do. Perhaps our readers will do as you ask and send in their opinions.

Cheese Jelly Salad

Mix one-half cup grated cheese with one cup whipped cream. Season to taste with salt and pepper and add one tablespoonful gelatin dissolved in one scant cupful of water. Turn into molds rinsed with cold water. When jelly begins to harden sprinkle with grated cheese. Serve with French or cream dressing.

THE WOMAN'S EXCHANGE

TODAY'S INQUIRIES

1. Name a little gift that will prove invaluable to a man in the service.
2. In sending a flashlight to one of the boys in the camp what should the one back home be sure to remember?
3. Who is Linda Nivelle?
4. What is the rule for length of time allowed to answer an invitation for dinner, luncheon, theatre party, etc.?
5. How is whey honey made and how can it be used?
6. What novel variation for the chicken sandwich suggests itself?

Information About War Work

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Please give the addresses of the organizations which give information as to how to obtain any of the following positions: Matron for Red Cross convalescent houses, librarian for cantonment libraries, domestic science experts. Please answer in the woman's exchange. R. E. Z.

To obtain information about matrons for Red Cross convalescent houses write to Red Cross Divisional Headquarters in your State; for the librarian work apply to the American Library Association Library of Congress, Washington, D. C., and to find out about domestic science experts, apply to the Young Women's Christian Association, 600 Lexington avenue, New York, or to the United States Civil Service Commission, at divisional headquarters or Washington, D. C.

Needs Careful Treatment

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—I am a girl of thirteen; my face really is covered with blackheads and I am ashamed of myself. Please tell me what it is from and what to do for it. Hoping to receive an answer from you soon.

M. R.

To make your face smooth and clean, first steam it with a cloth, using just as much hot water as you can stand. Then get a good facial soap, rub it on your face until it lathers thickly, with the hot water, then wipe it off and apply cleansing cream, wiping this off gently with a clean cloth. Do this every night until your face is clear, and then use just the soap and cold cream without steaming your face first. If you are eating food that is rich and indigestible, that accounts for the condition of your skin; but with proper treatment of this kind and careful diet you can clear up this skin condition.

How to Make Baking Powder

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Will you kindly print in your paper the recipe for making baking powder for cakes, etc.?

A DAILY READER.

From an analysis made by the Department of Agriculture the following recipe for baking powder has been deduced: Mix together 66 ounces of cream of tartar, 25 ounces of bicarbonate of soda, 1 ounce of carbonate of ammonia and 16 ounces of corn flour. A teaspoonful of the powder is added to each pound of flour in baking.

Recipe for Grape Juice

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Will you kindly publish a recipe for making grape juice?

MRS. M. M.

To make grape juice without sugar, select sound, ripe grapes and crush them. Then heat the crushed fruit to not more than 200 degrees, or until it steams, and strain through a clean cloth, using no pressure, and set it away to cool and settle. Drain the juice from the sediment by running it through several thicknesses of clean flannel. Then pour it into clean bottles, leaving space at the top for the liquid to expand when it gets cool.

Influenza and Beauty Question

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Will you please answer the following questions for me?

What are the first symptoms of the Spanish influenza?

How can I make my eyelashes longer and thicker? DOTTY.

The first symptoms of Spanish influenza are chills, then a fever, with a temperature from 101 to 103, with backache, reddening and running of the eyes, pains, aches and general prostration. You can improve your eyelashes by rubbing vaseline on them every night and leaving it on until you bathe your face in the morning.

Your other question will be answered by Cynthia at another time.

Wear It Very Simply

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Would you please suggest a way in which I could wear my hair, it is naturally wavy and thick; I am tall and have a rather thin face. Do you think a black fur would be too old for me, or what color would you suggest? I am very dark and sixteen years old? M. B.

If your hair is wavy and thick, its best charm will be in itself and not in the way you arrange it. Part it at one side or in the middle, if that is more becoming, and let it come down in a loose wave over your forehead. Let it puff out at the sides, but do not stand it out so far that it does not look natural. Twist it into an unconventional Psyche knot at the back of the neck. Black fur looks better on older women, and as gray squirrel is to be worn this year it would be much more becoming in every way for you to wear that, or else silver fox or roxe fox.

"Newlyweds" Not Exempted

To the Editor of Women's Page:

Dear Madam—If a man was married in June, 1918, could he not claim exemption, and is this considered a slacker marriage?

A DAILY READER.

Men who were married June, 1918, are not considered slackers, but their marriage does not entitle them to exemption. These men, as a rule, are put in Class A-1. It is possible to claim exemption, but I have my doubts as to whether it will be granted.

Cry for a Husband

The American Red Cross has inaugurated so many different kinds of bureaus since its arrival in France that it is difficult to enumerate them or to know what their duties consist of, but its newest bureau, according to the last issue of the Bulletin, appears to be dabbling in matrimonial matters. The following paragraph is taken from the Red Cross Bulletin, showing that anything might be called for at the headquarters:

"Wanted—An American husband."

"No kidding. It's a fact. If you are an eligible young man of American nationality, who wants a wife but cannot find anybody that wants to marry you apply to the office of the secretary general.

"The office of the secretary general has not become a matrimonial agency, but received a letter from a Frenchwoman in which the writer extolled her excellent qualities and asked that she be found an American husband."—From the European Edition of the New York Herald.

Youngsters at Play

Every mother should ask herself who, in her community, is seeing to it that the boys and girls who have gone to work too early are not being deprived of their right to abundant decent play.

The war has not only drawn boys and girls into employment; it has taken thousands of mothers as well. This does not refer exclusively to those at work for wages. The mother undertaking to pass her mornings at a Red Cross workroom or a canning kitchen is as truly absenting herself from her home on a war job as the woman machine operator in a munitions plant.

In both cases the children are left for all or part of the day in care of older children, household servants, a neighbor, or perhaps no one but themselves; in none of these situations is there adequate provision for suitable recreation.

A neighborhood playground, convenient of access and properly supervised, is the best answer to every situation of this kind.

Jellied Fish

Mix one and one-half cupfuls flaked fish with two tablespoonfuls finely chopped capers and put in mold. Soften one tablespoonful gelatin in two tablespoonfuls cold water, add one cup boiling water and stir until the gelatin dissolves. Cool and add two tablespoonfuls lemon juice and one-quarter teaspoonful salt. Pour the jelly over the fish and set in a cool place to chill. Slice and serve on heart lettuces with French dressing.

Adventures With a Purse

I AM sorry I did not discover the basket sooner. At first, I wasn't going to write about it today, but then I argued there are fall flowers, colorful asters, gorgeous dahlias, and maybe some one might want one of these fascinating baskets, either for herself or to use as a gift. So here it is. It consists of a cane, a little taller than a man's walking stick, and has a crook handle. About twelve inches down from the handle is a graceful wicker flower basket, through the center of which the cane runs. Personally, if I gathered my garden flowers in this picturesque basket, I should want to affect a large black hat and some kind of graceful, flowing gown. The price of the basket-cane is $2.

Have you seen Nenette and Rintintin, the two irresistible yarn babies, whose use in the world is to bring good luck?

These babies escaped the German lance. The only ones to lucky chance, we are told, and it is said that their charm is much more potent than the foot of a rabbit that was shot in the spookiest graveyard on the brightest of new moon nights by the "cross-eyed-cat" of African hunters. Nenette and Rintintin are made of bright bits of yarn and stand about an inch and a half in their yarn feet, and are joined together by a bit of yarn around their necks. Not only are our boys in France wearing them for luck, but our soldiers who are still here are clamoring for them. In fact, they are becoming so popular it's almost impossible to purchase them. Their price is fifty cents.

If you have a touch of old gold in your living room or bedroom, and would like a new lamp shade to carry out the color scheme, I know where you can get a most entrancing little silk shade for $3, which is a real bargain, for formerly it was much higher priced. It is eight-sided, of old gold silk, with many gay little dark-colored butterflies, and is edged with a gold braid. Here is a shade with real individuality. One would not see another like it, and certainly $3 is an exceptional price.

THE DAILY NOVELETTE

A TRAMP'S LUCK—By Esther H. Harrington

"SAY, this is a lark, isn't it?" exclaimed Priscilla Hill as she settled herself comfortably in the little roadster of her friend, Evelyn Miller. "It certainly was lucky that I could get away from the office in time to catch that last train."

It was not long before they had covered the distance of country road leading from the railway station to the pretty lake, where the Miller family spent their summer vacations, and the car was locked in the garage.

Mr. and Mrs. Miller and their two youngest children were taking an automobile trip through the mountains, and had left the camp in charge of the oldest daughter, Evelyn, who had immediately invited Priscilla to spend Saturday and Sunday with her at the camp.

After exploring the pantry and icebox, the two girls decided that sandwiches, pickles and cream puffs would make an appetizing lunch, and they ate with youthful enthusiasm, discussing all the events of importance which had occurred since they had last met.

"Speaking of your brother, Dick, who is at the navy yard, suggests to me a thought I had on the train coming up. Really, Evey, I decided that I had lost my heart—and to an unknown sailor boy! To be sure, he sat beside me—but we never inquired each other's name—just talked about ordinary things. And I'm very sure he stopped off at the same place I did, as just before arriving at the station he said good-by, mentioning something about having left a box in the smoking car. Don't you think we had better travel down to the village tomorrow?"

"Well, maybe we will," said Evelyn, "but I do wish you knew my brother before you look at any other sailors.

"I wish I had a picture of my sailor—but I guess it's a useless wish."

"Brace up, honey, and let me tell you about the mysterious man that has been pestering the campers lately. I haven't seen him, but they say he is very tall and thin, and begs for food at the back door, and mutters strange things if you refuse him. That makes me think—I haven't locked the back door. I'll go now."

About an hour after retiring both girls were suddenly awakened by a loud knock at the back door, followed by another.

The knockings then ceased and the girls breathed easier until they heard the windows being tested. Again silence, and then a thunderous knock at the door.

"I'm going to settle him, once and for all," said Priscilla as she slipped into her warm bathrobe and slippers. "I'll get a broom and—well, I guess he will be scared of me."

She marched determinedly to the kitchen, turned the key in the lock and threw open the door suddenly. "We haven't got anything for you, so go away!" she flashed at the black figure on the back porch. Instead of retreating as expected, the figure advanced briskly.

"Oh, I say, give a poor starving fellow a bite to eat and a blanket to sleep under," came the breezy half-muffled tones from this unusual tramp.

"You heard what I said! If you don't leave at this instant, I shall awaken the household."

"If you don't give me something to eat I'll kiss you," and without giving her further opportunity for escape, the girl was seized and given a hearty kiss.

At this moment the lights were flashed on and Evelyn, very white, came hesitatingly through the kitchen door. The sight that met her eyes caused her to blink uncertainly.

"You—Dick!" she cried and rushed to the bewildered young man in the navy blue of Uncle Sam's service.

Evelyn hastened to introduce Priscilla, who immediately exclaimed: "Why, we have met before—on the train! Don't you remember?"

"Remember? Well, I'll say so! I was trying to keep warm out there in the hammock thinking of you. Say, but I'm hungry. Any eats around handy, sister mine?"

"The pantry is in the same place it was last summer, and as you help yourself, please tell us what, why and all about your being here instead of in your little hammock in the navy."

Between bites of good homemade cooking, the jolly sailor told of his being transferred to a navy yard near home.

"Believe me, I did some hustling and just barely made connections at Boston. I hiked it up here from the village station all alone, and didn't intend to wake anybody up, but it was slightly cool on the piazza. Hope ma'll come home tomorrow and bake some more of these peanut cookies. I just ate the last seven."

The entire family were happily united before Dick was obliged to go, leaving for Boston at the same time as Priscilla. Just before separating at the door of Priscilla's apartment, Dick said: "You know what I said the other night about kissing the wrong girl? I guess I made a mistake when I said that." And he was off into the night.

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