LEARNING THE LESSON OF SMALL AMOUNTS—THE KNITTED GARMENT—CYNTHIA'S TALKS

CATCHING THE SMALL LEAKS IN AMERICA'S HOUSEHOLD

One Instance of This Is the Sign That Says Elevators Do Not Stop at the Second Floor, but Some Women Do Not Think It Applies to Electricity at Home

EVERY time I am tempted to goof out of a room and leave the electric light on while I am gone I think of a little sign which I have read in many elevators:

This car does not stop at the second floor. By order of United States fuel administration.

A person could not bear to waste electricity when it is realized it is so badly needed by war industries that a whole big national campaign has been started to make all the elevators in America discontinue stopping at the second floor. The point is this: The one time an elevator curtails its use of power by not shutting it on and off at the second floor makes only an infinitesimal saving. But when all the elevators in America are doing this at one time the saving is so tremendous it is hard to calculate.

It is the same way with the electric light in our homes. And this is the thing we must tell ourselves when we are tempted to use it unnecessarily. "Oh, that little minute's worth won't help," we are inclined to think. But won't it? Well, smarter minds than ours have put over a national order to save just that small bit in elevator stops. And smarter minds than ours are obeying the order!

IT IS said women are not able to think in big figures. Sometimes I think it is the little figures they are unable to grasp. Take, for instance, saving food. I think that has been the hardest thing the food administration has had to combat—the refusal of women to realize the immense value small amounts. It has not been willfully unpatriotic women who have worried Mr. Hoover. But it is those who say, "Oh, that little bit won't make or break the war," and cheerfully put another teaspoonful of sugar in the coffee.

It is the same way with the gas and electricity. So many women refuse to open their eyes and see they are part of a vast movement.

WITH men it is different. Take a hotel man, for instance. You do not have to tell him that serving an extra pat of butter to every guest in his dining room that day is going to count up high on his butter bill. Take a large corporation. If every employe were allowed to call indiscriminately on the telephone the bill would be appalling.

You do not have to point out to the business man the danger in small leaks. He knows. Businesses have gone into bankruptcy just because a man without vision did not know that little things count terribly.

And so the United States Government, in asking women to save food, coal, gas and electricity, is trying to catch at the small leaks in this great big American household of ours. It is up to every woman to be big enough to get in line with the plan.

Every time you are tempted to leave on the electric light while you are in the other room think of the little sign on the elevator. Think of the smart minds that framed it and stop forever foolishly imagining "your little bit won't help."

Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

To Miss Seventeen From Bluejacket

Dear Cynthia—Many thanks to you if you will kindly print this for the new pseudonym printed in Friday's edition:

Miss Seventeen, only recently at a dance, I met a fine young girl who flattered me. It was personal, but could have been said if I had been a civilian. But unless I had been enlisted I would not have met the girl. And I have learned since then that a sailor is this girl's preference.

At different times people have made praising remarks to me about the navy but yet impersonal. Now then, Miss Seventeen, you ask, "Are we Jackies too flattered?"

As a rule, I'd say emphatically, "No!" stamped after the attempt. As to the affair first cited, I agree with you and blushed (?) perhaps. But the latter case only tends to make the average sailor more proud. Possibly it is well that all do not know what the navy is doing in this war.

Nevertheless, Miss Seventeen, I am not an assuming person, although it is hard to answer your inquiry without comparing so. Nest-ce-pas? I enjoyed reading your usual article, but I am sorry you assumed me to be father! (?) "BLUEJACKET.

Boy's Home Life Is Better Now

Dear Cynthia—I notice in your paper under the caption "Please tell me what to do" that a young lady who signed herself M. S. seems to have a little trouble in regard to the way her sister and mother treat her.

I might say that I, too, had quite a time with my father when I was about little over so, but after a few more years had gone by my father changed, and I did not receive the former abuse. I often felt like running away, but never did it. However, I sympathize with Miss M. S., as it certainly is not very pleasant when somebody is always finding you and finding fault. I think your advice to Miss M. S. is very sensible and if I were in her place I would do as you advise, i. e., devote your time to Red Cross work, for doing this your mind would be occupied with other matters and you would not be thinking so much about your family troubles.

"A BOY."

Thank you so much, young friend, for writing in. I believe a word of the young to the young is more helpful than any other kind of advice.

Shall He Get a Girl?

Dear Cynthia—Thought I would write you for a little advice. I am a young man of nineteen, and will be twenty next March. I registered on September 12, and of course expect to be called in the draft this month or in November, as the 19-20 fellows are going to be called first.

Now Cynthia, I have not a girl friend, and never did have any, so would you advise me to try to get one under these conditions, or not. I wouldn't know how to find one if you did suggest trying. Of course, I know it is always best to wait, and not go so quick into love matters, and everything that goes with it. I thought it was about time to begin, though, for a fellow my age. But now the draft question pops up. I myself think that I should leave all such matters alone now, since I know that I am going to be called very soon. When the war is over I may come back home, and yet I may have gone to the world beyond. I was always anxious to have a girl friend when I got old enough, but I guess my wants are not to be had. However, Cynthia, I will appreciate your advice, and certainly thank you. Yours respectfully. ANXIOUS.

Nineteen is entirely too young to go out with the deliberate intention of getting a girl. Leave that to the bachelors who begin to get worried when they reach thirty-five and have not yet found the girl of their dreams. It is far better at your age to be friends with all the girls. I think when you are off to war it would be nice to carry on a good, friendly correspondence with several of them. You can meet girls at church socials, or at any place where young people gather, or you can have the boys you know introduce you to their sisters or to other girls. You will meet plenty of girls after you get into the service, as there are always parties going on for enlisted men. And the older women who are in charge of them see to it that every boy has a good time and meets lots of girls. Maybe our readers will have something to say about the wisdom of getting a girl when a boy is going off to war.

Is This a Habit of Sailors?

Dear Cynthia—I am a young girl and considered pretty and attractive by both sexes.

Recently I met a sailor and started to correspond with him, and by mistake sent him an open card, which I afterward sent an apology for.

Do you think he is angry (as he did not answer me yet) or do you think it is just a habit of the sailors?

Do you think I should ignore him when I see him? He has the Connecticut sailed. Do they write in the "Roll of Honor" the names of the engineers that are killed?

YOUR STEADY READER.

There is certainly nothing in an open postal card to cause any one to be cross. Perhaps the young man just got tired of writing, as young men often do. This is not what you would call a particular habit of sailors, but of a great many young men. Never mind; there are plenty more fish in the sea. No, I wouldn't ignore the sailor boy on meeting him. Just ignore the incident, thus showing that it did not bother you. There is the possibility that the young man has resigned. I do not know whether your question about the Connecticut refers to him or not, but we cannot print sailing information.

The engineers and all the men of the American Expeditionary Forces are included in the casualty list or the "Roll of Honor."

Oh, to Be Seventeen!

Dear Cynthia—I am a girl of seventeen and am considered pretty by my friends. My parents are well-to-do and my father is kind to me. I have a sister who is two years older than myself and she is very unkind to me. My mother, like my sister, is always picking on me and finding fault with me, and I am very unhappy, Cynthia, and want you to give me some advice. Shall I run away?

My life is becoming a burden to me and I certainly can't stand my mother and sister's cruelty much longer. My father is away on business most of the time or I would go to him for help. I am not permitted to go out and have a good time like most young girls and am always kept in the house because my sister is jealous of the way I win over all her boy friends.

M. S.

I wouldn't run away, because there wouldn't be any place to run to, little girl. Don't you know that nearly every time some nice, pretty young girl in this funny old world gets to be sixteen or seventeen she just knows her mother is finding fault with her all the time. Try to weather this period of your life, dear. I know how big it must seem to you now, but some day you will look back and laugh. Get a lot of Red Cross work to do, and keep busy, and you'll forget all about who picks on you and who doesn't.

Chocolate Cookies

One-quarter cupful of fat.
Three-quarters cupful of syrup.
Two tablespoonfuls of grated chocolate.
One egg.
One and two-third cupfuls of barley flour.
One teaspoonful of baking powder.
One-half cupful of raisins chopped fine.
One-half cupful of nut meats.

Beat the fat and syrup together thoroughly and add melted chocolate and egg. Add dry ingredients sifted together, then fruit. Drop from spoon on a floured tin and bake in a hot oven until brown.

RECIPES THAT COME TO US FROM FRANCE

Mushrooms au Gratin, Potatoes Peasant Style and Eggs a New Way

The French housewife has always been far famed for her cooking. And even in these war days she is picking up the things at hand and still exerting her kitchen wizardry. Here are recipes that have come from French kitchens. They are reprinted from the Delineator:

Gratin of Mushrooms

One-half pound of mushrooms.
One onion.
Two tablespoonfuls of cooking oil.
Two tablespoonfuls of flour.
One cupful of mushroom stock (made from stems).
One-half teaspoonful of salt.
One-sixteenth teaspoonful of pepper.
One-quarter teaspoonful of paprika.
One-half cupful of breadcrumbs.
One tablespoonful of butter substitute.
One lemon.

Peel the mushrooms and sprinkle salt over them to extract water. Fry the sliced onion in the oil. Add the flour and brown it; add the stock and seasoning and cook the sauce until it is thickened. Add the mushrooms to the sauce. Put the mushrooms in a baking dish; sprinkle the crumbs over them and bake until the crumbs are slightly browned.

MME. HENRI BARTHELEMY,
Bordeaux, France.

Eggs in French Style

Six eggs.
Two tablespoonfuls of salt.
One-quarter cupful of corn flour.
One cupful of milk.
One-half teaspoonful of salt.
One-half teaspoonful of paprika.
One-eighth teaspoonful of pepper.

Cook eggs five minutes; make thick white sauce, using fat, flour, milk and seasonings. Dip eggs in sauce; cool and dip in fine breadcrumbs. Fry in hot fat until golden brown. Serve with tomato sauce.

MADAME AMELIE MUSQ,
Dordogne, France.

Codfish With Brown Sauce

Two cupfuls of codfish.
Six tablespoonfuls of cooking oil.
Three tablespoonfuls of flour.
One and a half cupfuls of water.
One clove of garlic (chopped).
One tablespoonful of parsley (chopped).
Few gratings of nutmeg.
One-quarter teaspoonful of paprika.

Soak fish in cold water overnight. Drain and fry in oil until slightly browned. Add flour and brown. Add water, seasonings and fish and cook slowly for fifteen minutes. Serve fish on platter surrounded by border of rice or potatoes.

MME. ELEONORE CLERMONT,
Oran, Algeria.

Potatoes Peasant Style

Three cupfuls of potatoes (cut in dice).
Six tablespoonfuls of bacon fat or butter substitute.
Two cloves of garlic (chopped).
Two tablespoonfuls of parsley (chopped).
Two tablespoonfuls of corn flour.
Two cupfuls of milk.
One teaspoonful of salt.
One-half teaspoonful of paprika.
One-eighth teaspoonful of pepper.

Wash, pare and cut potatoes in dice. Fry in fat until brown. Remove potatoes and fry garlic and parsley in fat remaining in pan. Add corn flour, milk and seasonings, and cook until thickened (about five minutes). Add potatoes and cook three minutes.

MADAM GERMAIN CHABAUD,
Chatillon, France.

Recharffe of Meat

Three small onions (cut in thin slices).
Two tablespoonfuls of butter substitute.
One cupful of water or stock.
One-half teaspoonful of salt.
One-eighth teaspoonful of pepper.
One cupful of any left-over meat (cut in small pieces).
One-half cupful of gravy.
Three potatoes (cut in small pieces).
One-half cupful of carrots (cut in thin slices).
One-half cupful of prune juice.
One cupful of stewed prunes.

Fry onions in fat. Add stock, meat, gravy and vegetables. Cook slowly until vegetables are tender. Add prune juice and boil five minutes. Turn stew on platter and surround with prunes.

MADAME RACHEL STOVEN,
Wormhoudt, France.

Indian Cocoanut Pudding

One quart of milk.
One cupful of corn meal.
One teaspoonful of salt.
One-half cupful of syrup.
One-half cupful of shredded cocoanut.
One-quarter teaspoonful of cinnamon.
One-quarter teaspoonful of mace.

Heat the milk to boiling point. Add corn meal, stirring constantly. Cook ten to fifteen minutes. Add other ingredients. Bake in a greased pan in a cool over for one hour.

Hatter's Plush Is Smart

A Daily Fashion Talk by Florence Rose

The medium-sized hat seems to be neglected. Today are shown four of the very newest small toques. The one in the upper part of the sketch is hatter's plush and at the right is a toque of moleskin. The hat to the left is embroidered satin and the other one is beaver and velvet

IF THERE is any time in a woman's life when she fully realizes the great importance of good clothes, it is when she returns to town the last of September, or early October, wearing her summer chapeau. It little matters if the color be dark blue or black, it is a summer hat with all the telltale signs of hard wear, and weighs like a ton of brick on the wearer's head.

It is a serious predicament in which to be caught, and before starting out in quest of new headgear, unconsciously one plans a route through the side streets to reach the favorite milliner, unobserved. And what a treat to get inside the portals and fairly plunge into the boxes that hold the new bonnets, which look lovelier than ever before. Every one seems a winner.

One of the most interesting features in the new millinery this fall is the use of hatter's plush. It isn't new, of course, but it is some years since it has been fashionable, and therefore it makes a change. I have seen hats made of this plush in colors, but those of black are considered the smartest.

Speaking of colors reminds me that a month ago the shops were all showing hats of henna colored velvet or felt, but evidently the style never took, for I have not so far seen one chic-looking woman wearing a hat of this color.

It is quite noticeable that the women that are "who's who" in the fashion world are wearing either the very large hats or the small, close-fitting affairs. The medium-sized hat seems to be entirely neglected.

Illustrated today are several of the newest of the small hats. The hat at the left is of navy blue, satin embroidered in silver threads. This shape is considered very smart.

The upper sketch is the close-fitting hat with the tiny brim. This is of hatter's plush; a narrow ribbon encircles the crown and ties in a bow at the center back. The crown is trimmed with aigrettes.

At the right is a toque of moleskin with a crown of tailless ermine. The veil which is worn with this hat has a band of the moleskin across the lower edge.

The lower drawing depicts a hat with a brim of velvet and a crown of beaver felt. Beaver is considered very smart this season, especially in the deep fuzzy variety.

(Copyright 1918, by Florence Rose.)

THE DAILY NOVELETTE

A FRENCH HEEL

By May Shea

"MAY, I think you had better go in town this afternoon and get a pair of shoes, you look kind of shabby in those old pumps."

May Foster looked at her sister Julia, who was motherless, and confidante to her, and said: "My! but you're getting good-natured all of a sudden, are we going to have a party or something?"

"No, we're not going to have a party, but you know Tom Barry is home on a short furlough, and has brought a campmate with him, and I'd love to have both of them come to supper and play cards with us, but I'm puzzled as to inviting them, because I don't know Tom very well, but like him a great deal, and in case they come you must look pretty, you know."

"Oh, I know," said Mary. "I know," and she tripped upstairs in a hurry to change her lawn dress for a blue suit, and in no time she was ready to go to town.

Of course she did not know just exactly what kind of shoes she wanted, so she decided to look in a few shop windows before purchasing. At last she spied a pair of black and gray, and of course once thought of buying was as good as done.

Now everybody knows that wooden French heels will become bold some time, and just to have some fun will fall off, so May's unlucky or lucky day had arrived.

Walking down a street she met a little decoration, namely a banana peel, on which unfortunate May was bound to slip, and off came the wooden heel. Many men came running to May's assistance, and among them Tom Barry.

"Gracious, are you hurt very much?" he asked.

"Not hurt at all," said embarrassed May. "But for pity's sake, Tom, do me a favor and get me away from this crowd."

"All right, I'll take this arm and your bundle, and give Jack your other arm, and we will steer you out of here."

May obeyed orders and gave her other arm to Jack Harlihy and marched over to a waiting car, which soon landed her at her door.

When Julia saw the auto drive up and two uniformed men assist her sister in the house she started asking was her leg broken, or what had happened to her. When it had been explained to her by Tom she felt calm; so the boys stayed to supper that night, and played cards, too, and they visited the Foster home every evening during the remainder of their furlough.

The last evening that they spent together Julia and Tom went for a stroll in the garden and left Jack and May in the house.

"I can't keep in any longer. I've got to tell you I bless the French heel that fell off, because the day you lost that you found my heart. May, will you wait for me till I get the Kaiser, and then—oh, May, I have forgotten the rest of the speech! But anyway, tell me, will you wait?"

May looked at the flushed face of her ardent lover, and couldn't help saying, "Will I wait? You can bet a French heel I will," and they were just sealing the promise when Tom and Julia came in and confessed that as soon as Tom pulled the Kaiser's goose enough they, too, were going to build a bungalow.

As Jack and Tom were on their way home Jack said: "Tom, ain't it queer the work that a French heel and a short furlough can do?"

Tomorrow's Complete Novelette—"LOVE'S TRAGEDY."

Adventures With a Purse

FOUND TODAY

1. A lamp that will change the appearance of the whole room.
2. An inkless fountain pen.
3. Irresistible white crepe de chine pantalettes.

ONE of the very best ways to dress up a room in the fall and make it seem different is by purchasing just one new thing, and one of the very nicest things to purchase would be a lamp. Why, a new lamp would change the appearance of the whole room. And a lamp base discovered today that would be a rare addition to almost any room in the house is vase-shaped, and the wood is painted a rich old rose. Hand-painted flowers and leaves are placed here and there, and the result is a lamp such as you would not see again in many a day's walk. The price is only $6.75, while plain bases of mahogany can be secured for as low as $4.

Even in these times of wheatless bread and heatless days, and all the other "lesses" one is nevertheless surprised to hear of an inkless fountain pen. In appearance it resembles the fountain pen with which we are accustomed to write, but the writing fluid looks like a long piece of lead. By the simple expedient of dipping the pen point in water, enough of it melts to enable you to write for an hour or more without another dip. In addition to the advantage a pen like this which will not leak all over your handbag would be to you, think what it would mean to your boy in camp or a man over there. Ink may be scarce, but as the shopkeeper jocularly remarked, "You can get water anywhere." Your first thought will probably be that such a pen would be pretty expensive. As a matter of fact, it is only $2 and the assurance is that it will last just as long as any other fountain pen.

The most irresistible silk "panties" you may ever hope to behold are of white crepe de chine. They are scalloped around the edges and up the slitted outside, and are bound with silk of old gold. Just a few of them have found their way out of the French room of one of the shops. Oh, yes, and they are laced up the side with old gold ribbon. And the price? But $2 a pair.

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.

A Maid and Two Men

The Story of the Girl Who Was Left Behind

By HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR

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XLIII

RUTH looked anxiously for a letter from Jack. She was eager to hear from him, eager to have her belief as to his motives confirmed, but no letter came, and after the fourth day she began to think it strange. She could not understand why Jack would refuse to answer her letter if he were in the hospital, and she was sure he was. The coincidence otherwise would have been too strange.

Ruth had told everything to Helen and one morning she spoke to Helen anxiously about it. "I really can't understand it at all."

"Well, I can. If you are sure Jack is there, he simply doesn't want to see you, that's all."

"But why shouldn't he want to see me?"

"O, Ruth, he feels at a disadvantage, that's all. No man really likes to have the girl he loves see him lying flat on his back; it's not dignified."

Ruth pondered over this. Jack had always seemed so sensible that she could not believe he would feel as Helen said he did, but if that were the reason, then perhaps she ought not to do anything more about trying to discover him. At any rate, he knew now that she knew where he was, and he could do as he liked about it; she could wait. It wasn't as if she were worried about his whereabouts. The longer he put off writing to her, the more of a respite she had; her time of sacrifice would be only too soon as it was and she wanted all the time possible to think of Scott, to plan how to do without him all the rest of her life.

She had posted a letter to Scott, a tender little letter it was in spite of the fact that she had deliberately disguised her feelings in every bit of it. But it would not take a very knowing and wise person to read between the lines and to see the whole throbbing heart of her in every sentence. She had sat down to the letter eagerly. She had written almost before she thought, the words, "O, my dear," and then she had erased them, and then she had written them in again. Jack could not mind those few words and she was not even sure that Scott would ever read them. But Scott did read them, he read the entire letter through, and wrinkled his brows in bewilderment. Then he read it again with a slow, dull red creeping up into his face. Was this from Ruth Rowland? The very same Ruth Rowland who had written him the gay, flippant little letters, who had told him the things that did not matter very much, who had looked at him with aversion in her eyes when he had held her close to him on that night long ago? Then a suspicion stabbed him, and he read it through a third time searching for a pity. It has been said that we can generally find what we deliberately seek. But if this fact is true, then Scott failed lamentably in this one instance, for try as he would, he could not possibly construe anything that Ruth had written into pity. The letter had been too spontaneous for that. That night Scott's temperature had risen again, and all through the long night hours he had been delirious. Once more the doctors looked grave. Ever since Scott's night of exposure on the battlefield he had lain in a hospital battling for his life. They had despaired of the frightful wound in his back that refused to yield to any treatment and which kept him from making a proper recovery.

But, of course, Ruth could not know all this. Ruth, waiting back home for a letter from France, a letter Scott written only to her, and telling her of everything, a letter that she would agonize over and keep forever, a letter whose contents would thrill her, not ease her conscience as the contents of that other letter would do, that letter from Jack Bond that she also expected and that did not come.

Jim Townsend's letter written to Helen had given only a few details of what had happened while Ruth was starving for real news. Jim had said that he had heard indirectly that Scott had reached the trenches after two days in No Man's Land, and that he had dragged in a dead pal, for which he had been recommended for a commission and perhaps an honor. That was everything that Ruth knew, and she was living on the hope that those few words had given her. Day after day went by and she went through the same routine of getting up, putting on her clothes, eating her breakfast and going downtown. If it had not been for her work with other people these days, her thoughts would have driven her mad.

And Jack Bond in the hospital, what of him? He had received Ruth's little note and for the first time in weeks had been almost happy. Ruth had intended it to make him happy, and it did far more for Jack than even she had reasoned it would. But Jack did not want Ruth to come to the hospital. He was still determined to carry through his original plan, and therefore he decided that the best thing to do was to keep silent. Long ago when Fate first took a hand in the lives of these three young people had she known that a time like the present would develop out of her interference? It has been said in no more youthful a book than the Bible itself that there be no stranger thing in life than the way of a man with a maid. Could there be anything stranger than the extraordinary triangle that had developed? Two men both on their backs in hospital beds, but one within sound of bursting shells and the whine of bullets, the other in a large city hospital with a wound inflicted by science. And the maid in question going her own way with only a very vague knowledge of the whereabouts of either man and with no knowledge at all of what Fate had still in store for any of them.

(Tomorrow, Ruth Receives a Letter.)

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.

Grape Sherbet

One teaspoonful of gelatin.
One tablespoonful of cold water.
Three-quarters of a cupful of grape juice.
One cupful of corn syrup or
One-half a cupful of honey.
Two tablespoonfuls of lemon juice.
One-half a cupful of water.

Soak gelatin in one tablespoonful of cold water; dissolve it in boiling syrup and water. Let mixture cool, add grape juice and freeze.

THE WOMAN'S EXCHANGE

Today's Inquiries

1. What new branch of service for women in Red Cross service has been recently opened?
2. Who is Katherine Stinson?
3. Is it correct for a girl to take the arm of the man to whom she is engaged?
4. What is the greatest need of the soldier at the present time in knitted goods?
5. What will help to keep ants out of the house?
6. Give the ingredients for a boiled icing made without sugar.

Wants Women to Be Drafted

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Just a few lines in answer to a letter in your column. I would like the girl who signs herself "The Fool Hater" to know that I live up here in Norristown and that the institution up her for crazy persons is just for such individuals and nobody else. She seems to think that the man who signs himself "One of the Fools" is out of same mind, but she is greatly mistaken. I would also like her to know that he does not insult mankind at all. She seems to think that he does. I am a man, and it doesn't bother me in the least; in fact, I agree with him partially. He surely knows what he is talking about. I think somebody is of doubtful sanity there are at least "Shipbuilder," "One Who Knows" and "The Fool Hater."

The "Fool Hater" says she would like to see "Shipbuilder" get him. I really would like to know what he would do. Talk, I suppose. I want all three to come all over again and not get so excited about it.

I want to give the women a little "pan" myself. Every one knows we should respect womanhood. That's to be expected. But what about manhood, to which has it been respected? Believe me, women and girls, there never was a better time to respect manhood than right now. Do you think that manhood is protecting your this minute? Manhood is giving up life and everything else. Always keep that in mind. The most we can do here at home for the men at the front is nothing compared to what they are doing for us. Here is a paragraph taken from a letter received from a chaplain, who says so himself:

"What can you do at home to compare with what these men of ours are doing over here? When you are out on a shell-swept hill and the shells are going by like hell out of hell, as the soldiers say, and it's as the grave and every man, God bless him, stands strong and true, cannot think of his own feelings, for your sake and the sake of what he has back home, cold days and wheatless days and Liberty loan campaigns, sugarless days, good fighting and benefits for the Red Cross, all seem cheap as your support of him in such an hour."

The chaplain also says something about the torture of girls in the bodies. A man would go through anything to save a girl or woman. But I wonder whether a woman would go through even one thing to save a man.

Here is where the women "get theirs." We know women are helping in this war in every possible way. But not all the women and girls are. I wonder if the women realize that men are forced to help in this war—forced to fight? In other words, men have to register and are either made to work or fight. Women are not forced to register for anything, though. I think all women and girls should be registered, which would force them to do something to help win the war, the age being from eighteen to forty-five, of course, which would take in the same age limit as that of the men and boys. I think all of our women readers will agree with me.

Now the readers I suppose will immediately come to the conclusion that I am a slacker on account of being still at home, but they will be mistaken. I just recently "signed up" with Uncle Sam and more than likely will be called to the colors next month. I have a brother in the service and another ready to go. AN AMERICAN.

New Branch of Service of Young Men

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—I am a young man of twenty, with a grammar school education. I am very anxious to enlist in one of the army training schools. Now I am told that one must have a high school education and that, of course, I have not. Be please tell me what to do. When I was told that education only barred me from the A. T. S. I was dumbstruck. You see, I am very anxious to become an officer and serve Uncle Sam the remainder of my life.

One other branch of the service I am interested in is the navy. But to join that one must have a certain qualification. Am I right? I am a tailor by trade. Do you think I could make an application as a tailor? Do they need tailors on the battleships? READER.

It is true a high school education or a nearly completed one is necessary to enter the students' army training corps proper, but you need not be discouraged. For General Crowder has just sent out a call that should fill your need nicely. The call is for 29,000 men to train in the vocational section of the S. A. T. C., and the quota of 1500 men who enlist in Pennsylvania will be trained at the University of Pittsburgh in special vocational work. You can enlist until October 12. To do so, go to your draft board and ask for voluntary induction into the vocational section of the S. A. T. C. Grammar school education is sufficient. The training is in different branches, such as electrical work, etc.

There is, I believe, a "tailors' branch" in the navy, but none of the branches of the navy are open for enlistment now. They will be later, however. It is very likely you might be able to fulfill any qualifications in the navy.

Interested in Mother of Five

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Will you kindly send me the name of "Mother of Five" as I have a few small things which she might be able to use. I have a maternity corset in very good condition, if you know of any one who could use it.

I have forwarded you the name and address of the mother of five. I thank you for your kind interest. I shall be glad to forward the name of some reader who would like to have the corset. Will she please write in?

Where to Get Liberty Bond Signs

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Where can I get those Liberty Bond signs I read in different windows, such as "Buy a Liberty Bond" and "Have You Done Your Bit?" and others of like import? I am anxious to get some to put in our store window. M. C.

You can get those signs at Liberty Bond headquarters in the Lincoln Building, on the east side of Broad street just north of Chestnut.

Saturday's Answers

1. Florence Easton is a noted dramatic opera singer who is sometimes called "the Second Lillian Nordica."
2. Paprika red promises to have extreme vogue this fall.
3. Invitations by telephone are not considered good form except in extremely informal affairs.
4. A tasty way to serve bananas is to mash them to a pulp and mix them with cooked rice, adding a few drops of lemon juice.
5. Of the substitute flours, potato lends itself best to thickening gravies, etc.
6. The ingredients for a custard to be made without sugar are one pint of milk, one-half scant cupful syrup or quarter cupful of honey, one-eighth teaspoonful of salt, two whole eggs or four yolks and one-half teaspoonful of vanilla.

Cuticura For Baby's Tender Skin

All druggists: Soap 25, Ointment 25 and 50, Talcum 25. Sample each free of "Cuticura, Dept. 6 L, Boston."

Resinol

counteracts the bad effect of sun, wind and dust upon your complexion

The smoke and dust of city life, and the sun and wind of the country, spell ruin for good complexions. But Resinol Ointment, aided by Resinol Soap repairs the damage done in this way and helps to keep the skin clear, clean and fresh.

Resinol Ointment is cooling, soothing and healing to an irritated skin. It contains medicinal agents that are in no way harsh or harmful and may be used without hesitation.

All druggists sell Resinol Soap and Ointment. Why don't you try them?

Do You Suffer With Corns?

Corns may be removed easily and without pain or danger if you will use A. F. Pierce's Corn Plasters. Don't experiment with harsh acids which may produce painful inflammation. Don't bother with acids which may burn the flesh or injure your stockings. A. F. Pierce's have been on the market 16 years. They have been used and recommended by thousands of people. They afford a sure, certain relief from corns. They are always sold with a positive money-back guarantee. Your druggist will supply you with a green box at 25c. A. F. Pierce's Corn Plasters will stop the pain immediately and in a few hours the corns may be easily removed. Buy A. F. Pierce's Corn Plasters at your druggists, or by mail direct. Winthrop Sales Co., 116 West 32d St., New York City.—Adv.

Special Free Offer

To prove the wonderful superiority of Bismoline, the only bismuth talcum powder made. We will send a full-size box free postpaid to every physician, nurse or hospital upon request on own stationery or card. Lancaster, Pa., has over 100 doctors and druggists of which every one uses and recommends Bismoline as the one perfect healing talcum powder for every man, woman or child, summer or winter.

We Pay You

to try the first box. Have your druggist certify your purchase on his label; mail it to us and receive a 25c bottle of finest perfume made or a vanity box.

Le Fevre Bismoline Co., Lancaster, Pa.
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ASCO. ASCO. ASCO. ASCO.

"Give Me Liberty or Give Me Death"

This language of the immortal Patrick Henry comes to us THESE LIBERTY BOND DAYS with added force.

We quote the paragraph entire:

"Is life so dear or peace so sweet as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God. I know not what course others may take, but as for me give me Liberty or give me death."

This is the spirit of America and shall live because it is right.

Buy More Liberty Bonds with the Savings Made Possible Through Trading at American Stores.

Seasonable Merchandise At Big Savings

Fancy New Apricots	lb. 27c
Choice New Prunes	lb. 13c
Aunt Jemima's Pancake Flour	pkg. 14c
Pure Honey	tumbler 17c
Campbell's Soups, all kinds	can 10c
Seeded Raisins	pkg. 13c
Best Corn Meal	lb. 5½c
New Ritter's Catsup	bot. 12c
Pure W. D. Vinegar	bot. 12c
New Canned Beets	can 16c
Calif. Asparagus	can 16c
Best Soup Beans	lb. 15c
Best Barley	lb. 6c
Asco Beans, tomato sauce	can 15c
Macaroni	pkg. 10c & 12c
Fresh Noodles	pkg. 5c

Fancy Apples, 15c ¼ peck (3¼ lbs.)

We sell them by weight—the only way they should be sold. The quality is A-1, and the price 3c to 5c less than others are charging.

New Pink Salmon ½-lb. Can 15c

Choice quality, exceptional Value—a very economical meat substitute.

New Pack Peas Can 17c

Early June peas of unusual quality, sweet and tender.

Our Very Best Coffee, 22c lb

We say to you again as we have said thousands of times before—"The Best Cup you ever served." It matters not what you have been paying, this is the biggest value being sold in these United States, whether viewed from the standpoint of price or quality.

Oleomargarine, lb 30c, 36c

This pure butter substitute is sold in a great many of our Stores, and is being used more every day. It will pay every housekeeper to investigate. Absolutely pure, very nutritious and sold in dust-proof cartons.

The following prices in all our up-to-the-minute meat markets:

Delicious Fresh Sausage 35c lb.

Genuine Spring Lamb

Shoulders	Stewing Lamb	Racks
32c lb.	28c lb.	35c lb.

Fresh Beef Liver 18c lb. Country Style Scrapple, lb. 20c

Best Sour Krout 12c qt.

Everywhere in Philadelphia And Throughout Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware and Maryland

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