INTERESTS FOR WOMEN—EMBROIDERED JERSEY DRESSES—WHAT READERS WRITE

ST DON'TS FOR CHILDREN ARE BASED ON SELFISHNESS

The True Story of a Little Boy Whose Mother Shook Him Every Fifteen Minutes as a Matter of Principle—This Happened on the Train Because the Four-Year-Old Squirmed

A GREAT many people on the train the other day were both amused and horrified at a young woman. She had a little boy and she shook him regularly every fifteen minutes just on general principles.

The little boy's gravest offense was wiggling. And so with each shake would come "sit STILL." The youngster was about four—a little, boxed-hair, cuddly sort of a gray-eyed boy that one might be tempted to let squirm around a little if it made him only happier. The mother was young and well dressed. It got to be quite a joke among the passengers—that is, among those who weren't too incensed to laugh. As regular as clockwork she would stop reading her book and shake that wondering boy.

WE LAUGHED and got mad in turn, because it was so fearfully silly for any one to punish a child on general principles; and yet it occurred to me as we sped through the October sunshine that more children are brought up in this way than in any other. For instance, if you would take a census of the vocabularies of all mothers, it is safe to say the word "don't" would take the prize for being in the lead in 75 per cent of them. Whole families are raised on the "don't" plan. Looking around, it's a marvel to wonder we're all here and we've any initiative left at all.

The trouble is, though, now that we're here in the land of do-as-you-please, we've forgotten the painful process of arrival. It would be interesting to apply the "don't" system to parents. For instance, if one of us had dared to go to the lady with the child-shaking propensities and demand that she stop reading, I have not the slightest doubt that an uproar in the train would have resulted. Yet, it is thoroughly possible that that young woman had no more the right to read than her little boy had to squirm, and not half as much. Perhaps she should have been at home doing her fall housecleaning or darning stockings. Yet, who is there to say "don't" read; "don't" go to your mother's house over the week-end and save yourself the trouble of cooking the Sunday dinner?

EVEN this surmise is unfair in its comparison with the little boy. To squirm is not to sin. What healthy youngster of four can sit through a two-hour train ride without moving around a little? I wonder how the little chap explained away the shakings in his small mind. When they were administered he looked bewildered, then resigned as though he thought that was the way things were in the world and he had to put up with them. Little boys had to be "shook" just so often for some reason or other, and that was all there was to it. What a splendid way to break a child's spirit and train him to be a doormat for others to walk over later on in life!

If only women would try the "do" system instead of the "don't." That little chap could have looked at pictures or he could have been made to count cows or white fences. A child has the right to be happy. If that mother had no substitute amusement to offer for wiggling around the seat, the boy should have been allowed to squirm. Unless a boy is doing something wrong he should not be confronted with "don't." Twenty-five per cent of the "don'ts" are based on the selfishness of mothers.

Nocturne

When evening hangs her lamp
above the hill
And calls her children to her
waiting hearth,
Where pain is shed away and
love and wrath,
And every tired head lies white
and still—

Dear heart, will you not light a
lamp for me,
And gather up the meaning of
the lands,
Silent and luminous within your
hands,
Where peace abides and mirth and
mystery?

That I may sit with you beside the
fire,
And ponder on the thing no man
can guess,
Your soul's great majesty and
gentleness,
Until the last sad tongue of flame
expire.

—Theodore Maynard, in "Folly and Other Poems."

Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

Ask Clergyman

Dear Cynthia—I am about to be married and know nothing of how to go about it. How to act and how much money will be enough to see me through. I wish you would advise me the cheapest way possible. I am a Roman Catholic and I have no friend or near relative to teach me what to do, please state in full detail and your advice will be greatly appreciated.
CHESTER STRANGER.

Since you are a Catholic and must make arrangements with your parish priest at least two weeks ahead of the day you intend to marry, unless there is some good reason why you must be married sooner, go to him and tell him your difficulties. He will advise you and tell you just what to do.

You have to obtain a license from the court and that will cost you $1, and it is usual to give the priest or officiating clergyman at the wedding a fee of some kind. The priest will tell you about that if you will talk simply with him and tell him what means you have. He will advise you how much you would need to go on a little trip if you want to go away. If you do not want to go away, but intend going to your new home after the wedding, your expenses need not be at all great. You could do it under $10. You will find the father very kind and helpful if you go to him and talk with him.

Cannot Tell Troop Movements

Dear Cynthia—Could you please tell me if the Sixty-second Pioneer Infantry of Camp Wadsworth, South Carolina, has gone over there? Please let me know as soon as you can.
BOB A.

It would not be possible for us to tell anyone about troop movements in the column. If you have a relative in that camp and are not sure about where he is, write to the adjutant general, Washington, D. C., and ask for information in regard to the particular individual you are anxious about.

To E. M. W.

Dear Cynthia—You have given so many people information that I know you will be able to answer my questions.

I am a high school graduate and am now taking up a secretarial course in a Philadelphia college. Although I have not very much time to devote to war work, nevertheless I think I could give up a few hours a week this winter and more later on. I would like to join the Emergency Aid or the Women's Service League. Could you give me any information about either of these? Do you have to pay when joining, or do you only have to buy your own uniform?
E. M. W.

To join the junior corps of the National League for Women's Service and wear the uniform it is necessary to give six hours a week of service. And there is a probation period of fifty hours of service to be worked off in any number of weeks. The juniors, who include girls from fourteen to twenty-eight, help other organizations such as the Red Cross, Navy League, etc., doing clerical work, and in fact anything. The dues are a dollar a year, twenty-five cents for the pin and you buy your own uniform. If you cannot give six hours a week join the main or senior branch of the league. You may not wear the uniform unless you give six hours a week to this either, but you may volunteer as much time as you can. For those who cannot give these hours in the daytime or during the week there are service sessions on Thursday evening at the service house, 1702 Walnut street, and also on Saturday afternoons. Apply there to join.

The six-hour uniform ruling holds good with the Emergency Aid, too. But you can join and serve as much as you can without wearing a uniform. The dues range from $1 a year up. You must be recommended by two persons in order to join. You pay for your own uniform. Apply 1428 Walnut street to join.

Other than the dues it does not cost to join these organizations.

Answered Above

Dear Cynthia—How can a girl, still going to high school, enlist in the Emergency Aid or any other branch of service besides the Red Cross, as I already belong to that?
ELEANOR.

The answer to E. M. W. answers your first inquiry. The Emergency Aid has a junior corps, too, known as the Emergency Aid sides and subject to the rules of the general division of the Emergency Aid.

THE DAILY NOVELETTE

A Better Understanding

By Susan F. Hayford

MRS. HOPKINS folded the shirt she had been ironing and sat down by the window to meditate. For the last twenty-four hours she had been thrilled with a daring and persistent desire, dering, after thirty-five years working and saving to buy additional acres and swell the bank account at the Center.

"If it hadn't been for the good wholesome victuals I've giv'n him all these years, he wouldn't have had the strength to raise them extra crops, an' I'm tired o' this savin' anyway," she soliloquized, rocking vigorously the while. The thought of the two yellow-backed bills that her husband had brought in the night before, and put in the old pink china teapot, had called forth visions of a long-felt desire, and after half an hour of rocking and pleating the hem of her apron, she reached a full decision.

"It ain't right, my always working, an' I'm just goin' to take $20 and spend every cent," and to emphasize it, she arose and pushed the flatirons to the back of the stove.

Seated in the train next morning, Mrs. Hopkins's face wore a troubled look. "There wasn't a thing in th' house but a piece of apple pie, an' a little ham, and it's my bakin' day, too." Such thoughts kept pecking her conscience all the morning, and, threading her way among the crowds, she thought of the homecoming at noon of Mr. Hopkins, to an empty house and larder.

Never before had she left home clandestinely to squander her husband's money; seldom had he ever crossed the threshold coming in from the farm at noon, to find an uncooked dinner, and her theories of independence, new-born, were forgotten.

Her first intention had been a great black fur, that enticed her from a shop window. It was just twenty dollars, and after a little hesitation she entered the store, only to change her mind and come out again.

"I'll get something that Amos can enjoy, too," she said to herself as the savory smell from a restaurant reminded her again of the cold dinner at home, and she turned toward a department store that displayed a window of beautiful glass domes.

"Sarah White's boasting that she has th' only one in town. I guess we can have one, too, an' Amos will be pleased," she thought as she went in the door. There a great poster drew her attention, and she paused to look at the dying soldier, his face transfigured with the glory of his sacrifice, and underneath the words: "Suppose it was your boy?" The query sent a shadow across her face, and then the same warm little glow came to her heart, that of late had often been there—her boy was safe—he would not suffer, and perhaps give his life in agony, it was some little comfort for the years that had been lonely, since his childish prattle ceased one dreadful day.

True, there had been moments when she had even felt a pang of envy for those other mothers in the town that had sent their sons away so bravely and were so proud, but then she concluded, they had done their duty, she and Amos had always bought a bond.

She started on to make her purchase, but something in those simple words arrested her.

"Suppose it were Dicky?" The thought appalled her, and she stood unmindful of the crowds, misty-eyed, as she saw the chubby face of that little boy of twenty years ago come running to her in his childish glee or woe; she remembered the day that he hammered his tiny finger, and the grimy hand that he had held up for her to heal. "Muvver, cure it, please," he stammered between the sobs.

The glass dome seemed suddenly childish and out of place, and for the first time that day she recalled a decision that did not trouble her.

As she alighted from the train that evening it was dark and no one in sight but the ticket agent and a dark figure in a buggy by the platform.

"Git right in, Maria, thought you'd be on this train," called a familiar voice.

"Oh, Amos!" she cried, getting in, then there was silence the rest of the way home, Mrs. Hopkins trying to find the best way of confessing her unusual trip, and then would he understand, she wondered.

When they were in the kitchen she spoke.

"I was just plumb tired and cross yesterday, Amos, an' I thought I'd take $20 t'day an' spend just foolish, then I sort o' felt wrong, an' I paid it on a Liberty Bond for—for Dicky," she concluded hastily, with a little choke. Suddenly an arm stole about her shoulders and a rough cheek was laid against her own.

"Must er seen that same picture I see in th' bank today when I went to put th' money in, somehow it made me buy another bond, right off."

Mrs. Hopkins looked at the familiar objects about her in the homely, little kitchen and then at the man by her side, but still not trusting her voice for anything but commonplaces, she hastily turned to the stove and opened the draft.

"I declare," she said, "you ain't had a bite o' supper, I'll make some nice griddle cakes."

Tomorrow's Complete Novelette—"SAMANTHY'S BIT."

Thawing Green Tomatoes

If green tomatoes that have been "touched" by the frost are dropped while still cold into cool water and allowed to stand for a while they are less likely to spoil rapidly than if allowed to warm up more quickly.

THIS JERSEY FROCK IS QUITE FANCIFUL

The jersey dress shown today is unusual in cut, yet adheres to the simple style—the skirt in plain and narrow. The apron of embroidered georgette is edged with fringe

Adventures With a Purse

FOUND TODAY

1. A tempting display of especially smart and lovely neck fixings.
2. Pretzels for the kiddies, made in the shape of fish.
3. Real luscious figs.

THE thrifty wife woman knows just knows where to shop. "I go to Dash's for my gowns," she will tell you in confidence, "and to Blank's for my linens." For neckwear now, she would need but to see the display I found today and she would add a new name to her shopping list. Here is one of the new round collars, of pleated crepe de chine, and formed of large scallops. And here is another collar of finest white organdie with smart tucks. Here, too, is a set edged with dainty lace, and a crisp collar of lawn. The woman who appreciates the "value of dress distinction" and the finish afforded by the right neck fixings will do well to examine this display, where prices begin as low as fifty cents.

A pretzel was ever a pretzel, to be sure, and a fish could not be mistaken for a bear, but if you saw a pretzel fish you'd probably think that Mr. Burbank had been experimenting again. But then, if you tasted one, you'd want to write him a personal letter of thanks. But there, what I really want to say is that I found some delicious pretzels today, which are made to resemble fish, and which combine all of the salty crispness of a pretzel with the novelty of the different form. The "kiddies" particularly will love these, and since they weigh light, a pound, which can be had for twenty-five cents, should answer many times the eternal question: "Got anything to eat, Mother?"

Do you like figs?—the real fat, luscious kind, all nice and sticky and "gooey," which fairly melt in the mouth? I found some, which have been specially prepared in sugar and corn sirup, and which are priced at forty cents a glass. They're so good, I felt like going off in a corner and eating every one myself.

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.

Oregon Girls in Forest Patrol

Oregon college girls spent an unusual vacation this summer in the great forests of their own State, where they worked as members of a forest patrol and cooking in a lumber camp.

The girls in the forest patrol were the first to undertake that work in Oregon at least, and only one young woman attempted the task of cooking for lumberjacks. She was paid $90 a month as cook and domestic supervisor for a large camp. A number of girls worked as an agricultural unit.

Clerical work, jobs in canning factories and box factories, and newspaper work also claimed the services of large numbers of the college girls.

DELICIOUS DESSERTS MADE WITHOUT SUGAR

Baked Dried Peaches With Honey and a "Nuts and Prune Concoction"

The sugar problem still continues to be a main one in the patriotic housewife's kitchen. Young Billy and Kitty and their father are calling for desserts and the sugar bowl has only enough in it to do for cereals and coffee the rest of the week.

Here are dessert recipes, reprinted from Good Housekeeping, that will help. None requires any sugar at all and the ingredients are all within easy reach:

Baked Dried Peaches

One pound dried peaches, one-quarter cupful sirup or honey, one-quarter teaspoonful cinnamon, one tablespoonful margarin, two cupfuls cold water.

Soak the peaches overnight. Place in a deep dish, sprinkle with the cinnamon, and pour over them the sirup or honey. Cover with the cold water. Bake until nearly fender, add the margarin, and complete the baking.

Prune and Banana Dessert

One cupful chopped, cooked prunes, one cupful chopped walnut meats, four tablespoonfuls rice flour, one cupful corn sirup, one teaspoonful baking powder, two eggs.

Mix together the eggs, well beaten, and the sirup. Sift together the flour and baking powder, mix them with the nuts and prunes, and add to the first mixture. Bake in well-greased and flour gem pans one-half hour and serve cold with banana custard.

Banana Custard

One and one-quarter cupfuls milk, one egg, one tablespoonful rice flour, one-quarter cupful honey, two ripe bananas, one-eighth teaspoonful salt, one-half teaspoonful vanilla.

Heat one cupful of the milk and add the flour moistened in the rest of the milk. Cook till slightly thickened. Add the honey, the salt, the vanilla, the egg well beaten, and the bananas cut in small pieces.

Cocoa Cookies

One egg, one-half cupful corn sirup, one cupful cocoanut, one cupful seeded raisins, four tablespoonfuls cocoa, four tablespoonfuls sifted rice flour, one teaspoonful vanilla.

Beat the egg until light; add the sirup, cocoanut, cocoa and vanilla, then raisins which have been mixed with the flour. Drop from a teaspoon on buttered tins. Bake in a moderate oven about twenty minutes. These cookies burn easily, so take good care in the baking.

Apple Dainty

Grate sweet apple and drain. Beat the whites of two eggs until stiff and then beat in the grated apple, using two tablespoonfuls for each egg. Pile lightly in a serving glass and garnish with nuts (pecans) and candied cherries. If the apples are not very sweet and full of flavor, you will improve the dish by beating in a little powdered sugar which has been mixed with a few drops of lemon juice.

A Maid and Two Men

The Story of the Girl Who Was Left Behind

By HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR

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LXV

HELEN came to slowly and smiled into Ruth's eyes with an apparent failure to remember what had happened.

She raised herself on the pillow and looked down in wonderment on the pink silk coverlet that covered her, at the frilly negligee that wrapped her round about, put her hand up to her hair that had tumbled over her shoulders, and then suddenly remembered, and fell back. Ruth had never come in contact with a big emotion before. Even the news of Scott's disaster had not affected her as this was affecting Helen, and she felt afraid of doing the wrong thing, conscious that there was nothing that she could do to help Helen in her grief excepting to remain with her.

But Helen did not cry this time. That part of her grief was spent. Only her eyes bright and unnatural and the two spots of color on her cheeks showed the intensity of her feelings, and Ruth was terrified for her.

Then the little doctor bustled in and took charge, and his bluff heartiness reassured Ruth almost immediately. When she finally stole out of the room, Helen's lids were forcibly drooping, her tired mind was already refusing to go on with its weary round of thought, the doctor had given her a mild sedative and for a time Helen was to be out of her agony. She would probably sleep through the night anyway.

As Ruth was getting into her things in the hall, she heard Mrs. Brander talking over the telephone. The door that led into the little reception room was partly open and Ruth could not have avoided hearing the conversation if she had tried.

"It solves a great many difficulties," Mrs. Brander was saying. "Her father and I never approved. Yes, we are fortunate to have had no bad results, no complications."

Ruth shuddered. If only Helen had been as fortunate as little Lucile Graham whose baby had come only last week, and who was wildly enthusiastic over her possession. At the time, Ruth had been glad that nothing of the kind was to happen to Helen, now she realized that the women who had the war babies had a consolation too deep for realization to carry them through possible experiences like this.

"Yes just some simple things," Mrs. Brander was saying, "there is such charming mourning these days and Helen ought to look well in black. All right; I'll leave everything to you; of course you know these emotional young girls, I don't suppose I can get her down to be fitted for a few days anyway."

Ruth stood still arrested at the absolute cold-bloodedness with which Helen's mother was discussing her daughter's horrible experience with apparently the dressmaker. As she stood rooted to the spot Mrs. Brander rang off and came out into the hall.

"O, are you going, Ruth?" She vouchsafed.

Ruth looked at her steadily. Then she spoke. "Of course I couldn't help overhearing, Mrs. Brander," she said coldly. "I did not believe until just now that there were such women in the world as you are. I don't know what you will think after I have finished with what I have to say, and I don't care. But I want to tell you that I know that there is a judgment meted out to people like you. You aren't capable of any emotions and you have tried to bring up Helen to be just like you. But she isn't like you, and now that Jim is gone, she isn't going to stay here at home. I know what I'm talking about and you know it too. I'm ashamed to have overheard what I did, because I shall never forget it, and I shall never forget the glimpse that it gave me of you. If you had any mother instincts you would be in there seeing if there were anything you could do for Helen, instead of gossiping over the telephone with a dressmaker and making arrangements for fashionable mourning. You care for nothing but appearances; I don't believe you could ever suffer, there isn't enough to you. But mark my words you'll wake up some day, and you'll have a mighty hard awakening."

Ruth who had said the first thing that had come into her mind had allowed her thoughts to tumble out into words that if she had considered at all she would not have spoken. Mrs. Brander's fair cold face was white with anger. She was too well-bred even to flush, and it struck Ruth at the time almost ludicrously. But Ruth was too angry to care and at Mrs. Brander's "Well, upon my word, Ruth, you are impertinent," she shrugged her shoulders, furiously opened the door into the hall and rushed down the corridor eager to get out into the air.

Cold realization smote her at last as she emerged into the streets. It was almost dark and she walked along the quiet block rapidly. Jim was gone, Jim whom Helen had adored; war did such things, and they must be endured. Hadn't she preached that philosophy to Lucile Graham, and to Marjorie Bowman and to many others? But how different it was when it meant some one very near and dear. Her own sorrow and unhappiness even if it had brought Scott's death could not be as bad as Helen's, for Helen had been blessedly nearer to Jim than she had been to Scott and there would always be memories to sere and burn, even after time had done what it could to make her forget.

(Tomorrow's story tells of how Helen felt about Jim's death in action.)

Things to Know

If an earthen bowl is warmed before cake ingredients are mixed in it, the warm surface will greatly aid in mixing them quickly and well.

Thin-skinned oranges sliced very thin with a sharp knife make a dainty breakfast or luncheon dish. The slices can be eaten "by hand."

A delicious salad for an emergency can be made by placing a slice of canned pineapple on lettuce leaves. Mayonnaise or whipped cream is sufficient further adornment but a few walnuts and a little ball of cream cheese greatly adds. One slice of pineapple to each plate is the rule.

Oatmeal Fruit Drop Cookies

One-half cupful sugar, one tablespoonful fat, one-quarter cupful corn sirup, one-half teaspoonful salt, two eggs beaten until light, two and one-half cupfuls rolled oats (ground), one-half cupful dates or raisins cut in small pieces and one teaspoonful vanilla. Mix in order given. Drop by the spoonful on greased baking sheet and bake.

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THE WOMAN'S EXCHANGE

TODAY'S INQUIRIES

1. What distinction has Julia Reve-King, the composer?
2. Where is there a demand for women who can translate Spanish rapidly and accurately?
3. Are mothers of young children being recruited for war industries?
4. What are the proper ingredients for a good face lotion?
5. How can a pair of kid gloves that are too small in the wrist be stretched?
6. What material is most used in the new winter hats?

A Boarding School Room

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—I am a girl seventeen years of age and I expect to leave for boarding school very soon. Could you tell me in the future through your column in the Ledger some odd but attractive way in which to furnish my room? My roommate and I will be the only girls at this school from Philadelphia. Last year our room was considered the cutest of all, and so you know how every schoolgirl is. All the other girls modeled their room after ours. This year we wish to have an entirely different sort of a room. Should pennants be used in the room? If so, how many? Would you kindly give me a hint as to the price and where to find the articles which you mention?

You might have a gingham room. Use white dimity valance for the windows, edged with a band of pink, blue, green or yellow gingham. A valance, you probably know, is the frame of curtains with a little ruffle running across the top of the window frame and with the pieces at the sides gathered a little and hanging down to the floor. Plain curtains are hung inside next to the window. Have a bedspread of white dimity edged with wide bands of the gingham in the same way, and bureau scarfs to match. Pennants are pretty in a room, but posters are newer. Any of the Liberty Loan or recruiting posters would be very novel and attractive on the walls of a boarding school room. I know one girl who made a border of attractive magazine covers around the top of the wall above the picture molding. A wicker flower stand to hold plants would be very pretty and a large yellow flower bowl or one in some color to harmonize with the room. You can make bureau scarfs, curtains and bureau scarfs and covers, gingham that will serve your purpose can be had for about thirty-five cents a yard and dimity for about twenty-five. The flower bowl costs $1.50 or more, the wicker basket about $5. You can get these things in any large department store. If you use the border of a magazine pictures do not use the pennants.

To Vote With "Adventures With Purse"

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—On Friday evening, October 25, in the "Adventures with a Purse" a deordorant. Will you kindly let me know where it can be purchased, and also in what quantity? Recently I wrote to you in reference to purchasing a pair of earrings. I sent for them and I must say whoever on the EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER looks through the shops has excellent taste, as they were beyond my expectations. They were really beautiful.
PLEASED READER.

Sailor Hunts News of Pal

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Please, if not too much trouble, let me know as to the fate of the crew of the steamship Lucia, that I read had been sunk. This information might have been in your paper, but I missed it because of going to the hospital. Please excuse this writing, because I have to lay flat on my back. My best friend was on said ship.
U. S. NAVAL HOSPITAL.

There were only four of the crew lost and I am sending the names of these to you. I sincerely hope your friend was not among them. And I hope you will not have to lie flat on your back very long.

Government Work Everywhere

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—I wonder if you can help me settle an argument: Is there any kind of Government building or Government work outside of the shipyards through the State of Washington or California? I do not know any other means of finding out besides asking you. Please answer through your columns.
JACK.

There is more Government work in the States of California and Washington than shipbuilding. You can get more definite information about this through the United States Civil Service commissioners, Postoffice Building, Ninth and Market streets.

Clean-Up Week

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—1. How can grease stains be taken from a blue jersey dress?

2. How can khaki spats be cleaned?

3. What can be used for dyeing white shoes into black?

4. What style of skirt is being worn?

5. I have an overcoat which I forgot to put moth balls in when I put it away last season, now some parts of the overcoat are worn out by the moths. How can it be repaired?
A. A.

1. Get the druggist to mix one part alcohol, one part chloroform and one part benzine and sponge the stains with this. Draw a circle of French chalk around the stains and work from that outside circle in, in order to keep the grease from spreading. This mixture must not be used near fire. If you would rather not use it ask the druggist for carbon tetrachloride and follow same directions.

2. I have known girls to have success washing khaki spats in one of the flaked soaps for delicate washing on the market. Follow directions on package. You can also take the spots from spats with the fluids spoken of above and then brush them well with fuller's earth.

3. There is blacking dye that comes for shoes that can be bought in the shops.

4. Straight, rather narrow skirts are being worn and some are pleated.

5. A tailor can repair the moth holes so they will not show badly.

YESTERDAY'S ANSWERS

1. Women who can speak Italian and are trained in social service work are being sent to Italy by the Red Cross to help with the refugees and children and to conduct soup kitchens and canteens, and for other war relief work.
2. Miss Virginia Potter is the only woman member of the advisory trades committee which supervised the activities of the eighty-six business, trade and professional committees comprised in the Rainbow Division.
3. The Junior Red Cross is one year old.
4. The general rule in the army and navy is that envelopes addressed to officers should be written as follows, to a lieutenant: Mr. J. G. Smith, lieutenant, Eleventh Regiment, etc.
5. If the clasp of a glove will not fasten, tap it lightly with a hammer so that it spreads a little and it will fit into the hole intended for it.
6. The newest style of sleeves is called the "bishop" sleeve, and is made rather full at the wrist, and gathered into a straight band at the hand.