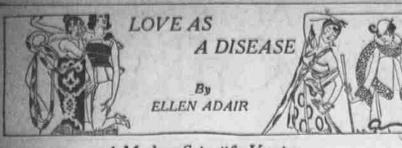
# WOMAN AND THE HOME-PRIZES OFFERED FOR ORIGINAL IDEAS AND SUGGESTIONS



A Modern Scientific Version

serts a third doctor. "I could never give

Solomon much credit for being wise-he

wisdom than a rabbit and no more moral

Certainly Solomon must have been a

most complete victim of anaphylaxis!

Under the influence of love, people will

the advanced stage came on.

sion inspire them.

dreadfully uncertain.

hard matter.

Modern scientists have come to regard , Men follow the path of least resistance love as a disease and nothing more nor in most things. "Married men have an immense ad-Our grandmothers' modest colffures Lenn vantage over the bachelor-in the cowould stand on end could these gentle operation of two minds lies wisdom," as-Indies but hear such cold-blooded analysis

of the gentle passion. In these days of eugenics and legal inhad 700 wives. When he went beyond his terference, Romance (the real old-fashioned Romance, be it understood, written own little family circle he had no more Indelibly with a capital R) is almost extinct. It has vanished with the vapors sense than a tomcat. I need only refer of the Jane Auston heroine, fluttered to the episode of the Queen of Sheba." away with the migraines of the carly Victorian maid.

10 "

A new Romance has taken its place, perhaps. But it is such a cool, calculating, noonday-glare sort of thing that the old charm has fled and the gilt been metaphorically rubbed off the gingerbread

"What is love?" the curious inquirer Balta.

"It is the light that never was on land or sea." says one sentimentalist. "It is an exaitation, and a poet's

dream." replies another. "Absurd and ridiculous nonsense!" ories

the modern scientist. "Love is nothing more nor less than a very common and ordinary disease!"

This is a disconcerting statement, to may the least of it. It knocks the bottom out of sentiment and turns life from poetry to prose.

According to Dr. Richard J. Tivnen, love which the average youth of a certain age than measles, but he holds out some hope that the malady can be cured by the surgeon's knifel. This is near comfort "This malady that people call love He takes all five very seriously, too. It surgeon's knife! This is poor comfort.

should be properly termed anaphylaxis," says another doctor, "and it is a condition of lack of resistance. Whenever women are in question, men are in a tion of love will ever have the popularity chronic state of anaphylaxis."

Tes, it is true that men do seem in- continue to fall in love in the good, oldclined to follow the Path of Least Re- fashioned way in spite of surgeons and mistance, or,-in ethical terms, they advecate the principle of Laisser Faire. I in love are doubtless sufficiently trying cannot quite see that this condition of without bringing in long-winded Latin theirs should be fastened upon by science as applicable to the gentle passion only.



# OLD-FASHIONED WORKERS AND NEW-FASHIONED KITCHENS

#### By MRS. CHRISTINE FREDERICK AUTHOR, THE NEW HOUSEKEEPING, ETC.

A certain well-known woman recently | class of really trained household workers

moved from her country home into a less who shall value the mechanical labor- her work, and was very successful modern furnished city house for the win- saver and not let the bread-mixer rust ter. Her country kitchen was modeled in the closet; to a worker who would on the most efficient lines with the new- prefer to de work quickly, in a conest labor-saving equipment. There was a venient area, and go out when finished, fireless cooker, a dishwasher, an enamel- rather than to take twice as long to do ed sink, aluminum utensils. Nothing was the same work and lump down in the lege, she found it profitable." kitchen appeals only to the new-fashioned worker. If we want the one, we must at the same time develop the other.

### **Prizes Offered Daily**

The Editor of the Woman's Page offers readers of the Evening Ledger a number of daily prizes for original ideas and helpful suggestions. These may deal with any subject which is of general interest to women, and include Ways of Making Estra Money, Entertainments and Parties, Sewing Devices, Management of Children, Stekroom Suggestions, La-bar-saving Devices, Household Helps, Renovation of Clothes, Home Decoration, Educational Hints and a wide variety of topics not indi-cated.

Cated. EVERY SUGGESTION PUB-LISHED WILL RECEIVE A PRIZE. Envelopes should be addressed to

#### Ellen Adair,

Editor of Woman's Page, Evening Ledger, Independence Square, / and should have the word "Sugges-tion" written in the top left-hand

# A prize of \$1 has been awarded to "Trained Nurse," 4849 Fairmount ave-nue, West Philadelphia, for the follow-ing suggestion: "The single fault of the new clock was

There can be doubt on that score. He that its bourly striking was too noisy for the sick room, so its owner unscrewed the back and folded a bit of woolen cloth should have been operated on long before around the striker, testing the gong sevcertainly act in the most extraordinary eral times before deciding on the number of layers of cloth required to produce just the desired softness of tone." fashion. I have known the mildest and

meekest of men become like ramping. roaring lions. Thus does the gentle pas-

A prize of S1 has been awarded to M. S. E., 5148 Hazel avenue, Philadel-phia, for the following recipe: "A simple and easily prepared dish is made in the following manner: Make a pint of strong, clear coffee, adding to this one pint of milk, a few drops of vanilla and one heaping toblespoonful of sugar. Conversely, I have known the most bombastle, bumptious men to become as quiet and unassertive as the proverbial mouse. The victim of Love-or, as we are now Chill, and when ready to serve pour into tall glasses which have been partly filled with vanilla ice cream. This is delicious told to call it, Anaphylaxis-is generally pretty hard to get along with in ordinary, humdrum, everyday life. Down in the either as a drink or served as a dessert. You can substitute chocolate for the cof-fee if you prefer. The chocolate is made by melting squares of bitter chocolate depths one minute, up in the heights the next, his movements and his moods are a can and mixing with it half a cupful of boiling water, a small lump of butter, a pinch of zinnamon and two tablespoon-fuls of sugar. Add this to one quart of The celerity and the frequency with

> A prize of \$1 has been awarded to "A Housekceper," 569 Barrett avenue, Bryn Mawr, Pa., for the following sug-Bryn N gestion

How to do justice to five all at once is a "I buy a week's supply of meat at a time, but I have no trouble in keeping I do not think that the scientific definiit fresh, even in warm weather. Here are the things my butcher told me. which its enthusiasts crave. People will Don't put meat on a plate-wrap it in a clean, open-mesh cloth (cheescloth is what I use) and put it on a rack where specialists. The ups and downs of being it can have a free circulation of air. Fresh air is essential to keeping meat, Don't wash your meat and put it directly on the ice. Ment must be kept in dry, cold air. Don't salt meat a long time before using, as this spoils the flavor, and, for the same reason, don't leave it in the original wrapping paper. Don't let your meat get very warm and then freeze it again. This might cause ptomaine poisoning, especially in the case of chicken. I always plan to use veal, and organs such as liver, kidneys or heart, the early part of the week, and keep the hardler

lamb and beef for the end of the week. A prize of \$1 has been awarded to Miss Beasie Wolf, 855 East Thompson street. Philadelphia, for the following: "Here are some suggestions for making ey: One girl, who was compelled to stay at home, took orders for sponge cake, angel food, salad dressing and tea

biscuit. "Another girl, whose enthusiasm for her camera was only equaled by her love for children, made it known that she would children, make it known that she would go to people's houses and take pictures of their children at play, and it often hap-pens that these are the most natural photographs. She also developed and printed them herself, and sold then for \$1 a doxen. She found a big demand for her work and was very successful.

"Another girl who lived in a college town, realizing the despair of the college girl sitting down in her room with a plic of torn garments strewn around her. offered to mend for the students. She also pressed evening dresses, and as there were



JOHN ERLEIGH SCHOOLMASTER A GRIPPING STORY OF LOVE, MYSTERY AND KIDNAPPING

> "What a sensible person you are, Den hame. But we'll put this gentleman in the fo'c'sle first. Poor devil, he's paid dearly enough for his sins."

They moved the body into the forepart of the vessel, laid it on a berth, closed the eyes and covered the dead man over reveyes and covered the deal mind of the event evently with a rug. Then Denham closed the door and they set to work to get rid of some of the water. It was not until they had thrown 29 buckets of it over-board that they remembered that boats of any size are usually provided with some form of pump. They searched and found it on the port side of the cockpit.

"That's better," said Lord Arthur, catching hold of the handle. "You go and see if you can find some food-cocca-I fancy hot cocoa or soup. I can manage

Tancy hot cocoa or soup. I can manage this by myself." Half an hour later the water was pumped out of every part of the boat and a kettle was singing on the top of the oilstove. Denham had found some dry clothes in an airtight locker and had changed into a thick white jersey and a pair of fannels. Lord Arthur Merlet had



### A Pretty Frock for the South

to perfection.

is quite certain that we shall look very

in keeping with that period. Ellino's

She has just got another new freek in

that lovely new shade called Belgias

blue. It is of faille, which, by the way,

is going to be the leading material is

day wear for the coming season. The

little frock is in the Empire style, the

material being cut up over the shoulder

into three straps which continue down

The little underbodice is of pale bine

ninon and a high, stand-up Empire col.

lar of the same material is attached

The full length kimono sleeves are par-

ticularly smart, and the skirt is shired

It must be lovely down in the South

fust now. I expect Ellinor will have a

lovely time. She will give me lots of

fashion news, for she does describe

things well, and, being right up to the

minute herself as to "styles" she is an

quarreled with his accomplice-perhaps

over the division of the spolls. But if

they had killed him why had they not

thrown the body overboard and come to

the back in the same manner.

into the short-walsted bodice,

excellent judge of clothes.

new one is very saucy and suits her

My friend Elinor has just received a greatly seen this spring in the texture delightful invitation for the South, and and the coloring of the new silks h she is setting off as soon as she can possibly get enough clothes ready. I am like the pictures of our grandmothers helping her all I can, and we go out on this effect being brought about by the shopping expeditions morning, noon and pert little soldiers' hats which are quite night.

Some of her things are really lovely, and I guite envy her.

This morning we picked up a ready-towear frock, and without any alteration at all, it fits wonderfully. It is of naturalcolored pongee silk and is one-piece, fastening in front with pongee-covered buttons and worked button-holes. The collar is of black satin, and Elinor intends to wear one of those high batiste neck ruffles with it. The skirt, which is wide and circular, is attached to the bodice by a seam which comes well below the normal waist line, and is piped with a parrow fold of black satin.

With this smart little rown, Elinor will wear a cute boat-shaped Scotch hat in black satin, and black patent leather shoes with light uppers. I forgot to mention the big patch pock-

ets on either side of the skirt. They are embroidered in heavy slik and look very attractive. I hear that the 1830 influence will be

and made his way out into the cockpit. Then he kneit down and began to open the locker. He knew that some one else was close to the boat, probably crouching under the curving side of her and within a yard of where he knelt. The man, whoever he was, would have less chance of escape if no alarm was raised until the occupants of the boat were both clear of the cabin.

the meeting place to take over the sold It was not reasonable for them to shar-don the vessel and take the boy with them. The money was waiting there for them. It would have been handed over to them if they had chosen to claim it and no questions would have been act He opened one locker after another, pulling out various articles and replacing them-giving Denham time to take up his position on the deck. Then he rose to his feet, shouted "Hello, Denham!" and sprang over the edge of the boat onto the sand. A dark form, crouching under the side of the vessel, bolted out like a rabbit from its hole and went flying along the spit toward the shore.

"Fire at him," shouled Lord Arthur. 'Fire at him," and as they started off in pursuit he took out his revolver.

"Steady, my lord," said Denham, grlp-ping him by the arm. "One can't go shoot-ing about like that-that won't do in England.' Lord Arthur flung off his ollskin, which

Lord Arthur hung off his oliskin, which was hampering his movements. "We's got him all right," he said: "he can't get off the island yet." "By the way he came," said Denham, breathlessly. "You take the right of the island, my lord-J'll take the left."

They sperated when they reached the shore, and Meriet ran swiftly into the wind-swept darkness, stumbling over thick tufts of grass and holes in the ground. They met again at the far end of the island. "Seen anything of him?" gasped Meriet.

"No, my lord-he's slipped us. Our amps gave us away." "What did you make of him?" "Shall chap, my lord-active as a cat

blue jersey and trousers-looked like a

ailor sallor." "At all like Vertigan?" "Might have been him, sir, but I don't think Mr. Vertigan could run like that." "Well," grumbled Meriet, "we've lost him."

"It's warmed us up, my lord, anyway." "Yes, it's done that, and no more. Shall we get back to the boat? I'd like some of that cocon. "I'd just like to take a drawing of these

footprints, my lord, while they're fresh. I'll join you in a few minutes."

Instead of that only a dead man had Instead of that only a dead man had come ashore. Then there was this fe-low who had come sneaking round he boat. Who was he and what did he want? Everything was in a hopeless con-fusion. Perhaps Murray or Russell could straighten things out but it did not may straighten things out, but it did not a very likely. A few minutes later Denham returned and Meriet was glad to see him. "Your cocoa is fizzling on the store" said Lord Arthur. "Now, then, to go back to the point where our meal was broken off. Have you found any bread?"

"T'll have a look, my lord. There's a locker in the foc'sle-the sort of place they might keep food."

(CONTINUED MONDAY.) Copyrighted, 1914, by the Associated Newspapers, Limited,

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) hard work won't hurt us-save us from 4 Guy Wimberley, son of Anne, the Marchioness of Wimberley, is at Harpires School, of which John Erleigh is head chill perhaps."

cluttered, everything had its special place, and the kitchen was a joy in green and white.

The kitchen to which they moved was nearly twice as large as its chief ornament was a large coal range. There were no modern devices, only a slate sink and bare floor. Everything was kept in closed cupboards, and it was fully 25 feet to the pantry. The mistress deplored the step-taking room, and made some remarks about how old-fashioned it was. The worker who was, in many respects above the average, looked around and said, with her eye on the ornate calendar on the back door, "Well, but this is a kitchen you can take right into your heart!"

Nothing more could be said. This worker liked a kitchen which was a combined sitting room and a cory place rather than a convenient place to work in. From her point of view, she preferred a loosely shaped room with everything awkwardly arranged to a small compact room in which kitchen operations were put first. Her comments were interesting sause it gave the point of view of the old-fashioned (and still very prevalent) worker to whom, in fact, the kitchen is her sole domain. She does not care so much about easy work as she does that the kitchen should have a certain sense of largeness and familiarity. She is the kind of worker who prefers to stay in the kitchen as much as possible and take her rest in the kitchen rather than to get through quickly and take her rest or recreation in her own room or else

So for the old-fashioned worker the ald fashioned kitchen still seems best. Efficiency leaves her untouched, but she bathes herself in sentiment. The new efficient sanitary ideal for the kitchen cannot proceed any more rapidly than these ideals are grasped and desired by the worker who is to use the kitchen. It seems therefore, almost unnecessary to struggie for these ideals of sanitation, no ashes, and stop-saving work until we have workers who appreciate these improvements.

The workers who appreciate these im-te workers who appreciate these im-te reason these ideals have been ching on with such great enthusiase that they have appealed to the mis-a first, and particularly to the woman in the with such great enthusiase that they have appealed to the mis-a first, and particularly to the woman in the work. In my constant a close har own work. In my constant arisnos with this problem I find the me who are most keenly in earnest to re most destrous of efficiency over the strant of going into their pocket-as for issue-axving equipment, are the my to hold the reins of housekeep-in their own ter survants is not their own terms the strant of not heir pocket-as who cannot entore these the who hold the reins of housekeep-in their own terms the strant is a to the strant of motion the strant is and their own terms the strant is and their own to install improvements the strant of heirs to install in the heir for a The reason these ideals have been entching on with such great enthusiasm is that they have appealed to the miswho does har own work. In my constant asperience with this problem I find the women who are most keenly in earnest, who are most destrous of efficiency even a the extent of going into their pocketthe for labor-saving equipment, are the ing in their own hands. The woman with

## The Luncheon Party

Dear Peggy-Of course, I know I've neglected you horribly of late, but really nothing very out of the ordinary has been given until yesterday, when Helen Miller announced her engagement and

then she gave the most faschating little lunch five been to in a long time. As you know, Helen's favorite color is lavender, so all the decorations were of that shade. Orchids and lilles of the val-ley composed the centrepieces, and at each remarks place was a little lavender satin guest's place was a little lavender satin vanity bag. Naturally, we were all ex-cited to see what was inside, so when we opened them we found the cutest little black cats with lavender ribbon around their necks to which a card was attached with his name and hers written on it. Imagine our surprise when we read that! And who do you think is the man? Don

Fisher! And now for the luncheon. Peggy, it was just wonderful-just read this and see if you don't think so, too:

Bouillon Oysters en Casserole.

Olives. Celery Roast Squab on Toast. Asparagus.

Potato Balls. Pineapple Balad. Crackers.

Nesserode Pudding. Fanoy Cakes. Coffee.

Of course, we were almost total wrecks after all that, but really it was just perfeat.

Please forgive me for not writing sconer and believe me always, OLIVIA.

#### Seen in the Stores

This is the time for the January white sales, and some of the shops are showing wonderful bargains in lingerie. One Chesinut strest store sells the pretitest lice and creps de chine cami-soles, trimmed with wide bands of moirs ribbon, for the incredible sum of 56 cents. Nightgowns are so varied and so dainty sells the Nightgowns are so varied and so dainty that it is almost impossible to describe them all, but one lacy style, with tiny Irish lace insets, is \$1.50. Dainty batiste envelope combinations with the narrowest edging of Valenciennes lace only cost 56 cents. Sateen comforts for the invalid in cheery Delft blue and pale pinks are selling for \$2.50.

A prize of 50 cents has been awarded to Miss Emily Lees, 4374 Manayunk avenne, Roxborough, Philadelphia, for the following suggestion: "To make marabout look like new

wash in warm suds, rinse thoroughly,

shake and dry on a windy day."

A prize of 50 cents has been awarded to E. T. B., 4916 Knox street, German-town, for the following suggestion: "Rubbers that have worn through at the heels will still afford ample protection from rain if the heels are cut out. Leave attraction before a new work at heave a strin about an inch wide along the back of the rubbers and a very good pair of sandals will be the result."

#### Across the Counter

Silver soup ladles in plain styles, are only \$1.75 now, and they are worth half as much again. They are quite heavy, and are good for everyday wear. Chafing dish utensils include the fork and spoon of orange-wood, with a han-

dle of copper or silver to match the dish. These cost \$3.25 apiece.

These cost \$3.25 apiece. A pretty accompaniment for the after-moon tea is the Japanese crepe tea set. This includes a cloth, bordered with Delft blue designs, and napkins to match. These cost \$1.50 a set. Now Milady has a white enamel waste basket for her white-tiled bathroom. The mouth the most \$2.75 and the bark term

small size costs \$2.75, and the large size ones, for laundry, are 19 aplece. A cretonne receptacie for sewing mate-

EVENING GOWN FOR THE YOUNG GIRL AN

matrier. John and Anne dre enpiped is of matrier Lord Arthur Meriet, unels of Guy Wimberley, warns John that there is y a plot to put the boy out of the way. Diok Meriet, a cousin, and in Hune for the in-heritance of the great Wimberley estates, is concerned in the plot. The other plot-ters are Vertigus, a science master at Harptree, who has a hold on John Erleigh, and Mra. Travers & Brieigh's state. Mra Tavers was descrited by the man she loved, and this man was accidentially killed by John Erleigh, Mrs. Travers does not know Mat her own brother killed the Later of her child, James. Jame Travers folls in love with Guy's stater Joan. In an automobile accident ha and his career as a pianist. Mra that if he exposes Erleigh, she will space for a trip home. The car breaks down. After walking half a mile Wimberley trips over an obstruction. When he avadeess he fluts himself is an eld barn. Hending over this is bottor Anderson and existent them to transport him availes nearbor is school. Doctor Anderson and arbiter the atragele Wimberley draws he rever, for a stragele Wimberley draws he school. Doctor Anderson and a assistant attempt to transport him and assistant attempt to transport him Lord Arthur discovers Vertigan wound-ed He says he was following two men who had altempted to kidnap Guy Wim-berley. Lord Arthur disbelieves the stary and demands from Erleigh that Vertigan be

master. John and Anne are engaged to be

Lord Arthur Meriet.

married.

demands from Kriciph that Vertigan be disminsed. The truth is that Doctor Auder-son, who attempted the kidwapping is in a plot of which Vertigan knows wothing. James Travers is deeply in love with Lady Joan Merict. Her mother and his mother agree that the children must not be encouraged. Without warning, Guy Wimberley dis-appears.

appears. Erleigh tells Anne that the boy has run away. After Lord Arthur's accusation against Mrs. Travers, Erleigh goes to Lon-

against Mrs. Travers, Brieigh goes to Lon-dom. Mrs. Travers denies all knowledge of the boy's whereabouts. Fifty thousand pounds is demanded for the return of Guy. Lady Anne agrees to way it. pay it. Lord Arthur and Denham take the money to an island and wait. A boat drifts to them. In it is a dead

CHAPTER XX. "It's Anderson," said Denham, kneel-ing down on the berth and looking into the face of the dead man. "I saw him that day-in the West Woods." "Anderson, eh?" said Lord Arthur slowly. "Then, this-is the boat we were waiting for?"

waiting for ?"

waiting for" "I'm afraid so, my lord. Let me pull him out and have a look at him." "Not yet, Denham-not yet-the rest of the boat-we must search it-at once." They made their way through the cabin door into the fo'c'sle. The light of the red iamp fell on the glittering engine, the two berths filled up with odds and ends, on a box of tools half under water, and some pleces of broken crockery. But there was no living soul to be seen. Lord Arthur forced open the skylight and climbed up on the deck. The cold wind hurled a shower of icy spray into his face. tals, with a mahogany stand, costs \$2.25.

his face. "Anne," he muttered. "Oh, Heaven." Denham thrust up his head through the

"I'd better start baling out the water, my lord," he said. "Til light the lamps and see if I can get the stove to burn."

my jord, he shut. In hast the induced and see if I can get the stove to burn." Lord Arthur made no reply. He was thinking of his sister-in-law, of the story he would have to take back to her. "You'll catch your death of cold there, my lord," Denham continued, "have pneu-monia very likely--you'd best come down -there's a lot to do down here." Lord Arthur roused himself, and, re-entering the fo'c'sle, closed the skylight. In a few minutes Denham had lighted a couple of hamps and arj oll stove, which he placed on the table. "You have a look at Anderson, my lord," he said. "Ferhaps a drop of brandy might put life into him. It would be better for us if he lived, my lord. "There's a good deal we'd like to learn from him."

Lord Arthur went to the corner, and The set of the set of the corner, and dragging the man out from the heap of the the heat of the set of the set

Lord Arthur made his way back to the stranded motorboat and, entering the cabin, poured back the cocca into a sauce-pan and held it over the stove to warm. A few minutes later he was sinning

changed into a thick white jersey and a pair of flannels. Lord Arthur Merlet had decided to do no more than remove his overcoat and put on a dry oliskin. "I've stood a good deal worse than this," he said in reply to Denham's en-treaties—"slept night after night in the rain. Look sharp with that cocca." "The detective filled us the ray ound The detective filled up the two cups with boiling water and added some con-densed milk and sugar. Then he began

to open a tin of sardines.

light that streamed from the open door of the cabin. It seemed to him that some-thing was moving along the edge of the

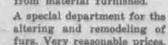
Denham. "Nothing, What are you talking about? I was saying I would have some bread, if there was any." "I thought you saw something outside there, my lord." "Nothing at all, Denham," said Merlet sharply, but at the same time he moved his foot and kicked his companion gently on the shin. "I felt a tinge of rheuma-tism, that was all. Have a lock for the bread, that's a good fellow." And then he added in a whisper, "Some one on the starboard, side. Get quickly out of foo'sle and lie on deck till I give you a hail."

Denham made his way to the locker at the end of the cabin. Meriet rose to his



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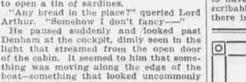


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cup of the welcome beverage and gazing thoughtfully out into the darkness. "Can't make head or tail of it," he multered; "and I doubt if any one else The events of that night, indeed, seemed to have woven themselves into an inde-scribable tangle. The dead man, lying there in the foc'sle, must certainly have



boat-something that looked uncommonly like a man's hand. "What's the matter, my lord?" queried

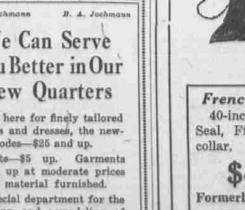
Denham.

hail.'

feet

"There are some lockers out in the cockpit," he said. "I'll run through them. One can't est sardines with cocoa and no bread."





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