# "WHEN IS AN OLD MAID?" IS QUERY PUT TO M'LISS

## Spinsterhood May Be an Attitude of Mind Rather Than a Matter of Years—There Are Male and Married Ones, Too

I THOUGHT she had vanished long ago—the old maid. I had rather imagined that this much-maligned, seldom-extolled creature had faded imperceptibly away; that she was as extinct as the horsehair sofa and tatted tidy.

But no! A correspondent reminds me that she still lives—and perhaps suffers. Though, judging from the tenor of the following communication, she can inflict pain as well as bear it. My correspondent writes:

Dear M'Liss—Will you advise me a little on the question I am about to ask you?

Whom should a man belong to mostly, his wife or his old maid sister? It seems to me that in these days the man you marry has to take his old maid sister's say before he takes his wife's. Also please tell me at what age is a woman an old maid? PHILADELPHIA WIFE.

First of all, "Philadelphia Wife," let us consider the period of life at which it can be safely said that a woman glides into—or perhaps it would be more accurate to say is pushed into—spinsterhood.

Just as the line of the sea recedes with the years and in time ten feet of beach may become 20 or 30, so also has the age of girlhood been extended, and whereas 50 years ago women who arrived at the quarter of a century mark became "lilies" (to use the French expression indicative of poor females who were considered too old to be eligible for matrimony), nowadays one can speak of a 35-year-older as a girl and be guilty of no insincerity in the remark.

Personally, I believe spinsterhood to be an attitude of mind rather than a time or condition of life. It denotes a certain "setness" of ideas and habits, a lack of pliancy and adaptability, the possession of which qualities is as sure a mark of youth as pink cheeks and glowing orbs.

It has ever been the custom to suppose that no woman exists or has existed so unattractive as not to have at least one man offer to lead her to the hymeneal altar. I disbelieve this. There are women so unyielding, one might almost say so granite, in their outlook on life that no man could find the inclination or the courage to proposed the important leap.

But these husbandless ladies who keep cats, drink much tea and become thoroughly expert on how other people's children should be raised are not the only old maids in the world. Ah, no! This would be an Elysium, indeed, if that were true.

As a matter of fact, many wives are in reality old maids, because, fortuitously for them, they marry young, before their "setness" has had a chance to reveal itself as a deterrent to aspiring men.

Likewise, there are male old maids. Your so-called "confirmed old bachelor" belongs in this category. He is as set as a block of pigiron, and only the fire of a complete reincarnation could serve to melt him.

Summing up the discussion, then, I find that we have three distinct types of old maids—the married ones and the male and female unmarried ones. But do not make the mistake of believing that every unmarried woman no longer young is an old maid. This is a grievous libel.

As to the other query: To whom should a man belong mostly, his wife or his old maid sister? I should answer most emphatically, "To neither." He should belong exclusively and wholly to himself. Otherwise he becomes a worm not fit to walk upright.

The day of serfdom has passed, "Philadelphia Wife." I believe in rights for men as well as for women. But had you asked me, "The society of whom should a man prefer, that of his wife or of his old maid sister? I should have answered unhesitatingly, His wife's. But whether he does or not depends in large measure on her. Don't you agree with me?

* * *

### Greater Sacrifice Maketh No Man Than This

The proprietor of a popular candy shop tells me that the decrease in his sales of sweetmeats during Lent is concrete testimony to the fact that mortification and abnegation are still practiced in the penitential season by the majority.

But real penance is achieved only by divorcing yourself from the most cherished of all your possessions. Consider the instance of a man I know who, after carefully nurturing a wee mustache for months, had the fearful conviction borne in on him that the good of his soul necessitated the giving up of the dear thing. With one fell swoop of the cruel blade the work of many months was cut down.

If such an act is not worthy of canonization, I ask you what is?

M'LISS.

* * *

### Letters to the Editor of the Woman's Page

**Address all communications to M'Liss, care of the Evening Ledger. Write on one side of the paper only.**

Dear M'Liss—Will you kindly send me a list of gifts ranging from $5 up to $10 in price that would be suitable to present to a high school situated about 16 miles from Philadelphia? We want something useful and at the same time original. I would like to hear from you as soon as possible. When I wrote to you before I must comment on your speedy response to my inquiry. I was greatly pleased and felt free to ask you this time about something which is very important to the senior class. C. E. G.

Ivyland, Pa.

I believe the following suggestions are within the price limit you set:

A rare tree of an unusual species. I have not consulted a horticulturist, because you ask for an immediate reply, but I believe the unusual Japanese umbrella kind will grow in this climate. It could be planted in the school yard and bear an inscription regarding its presentation. This might originate a pretty custom for succeeding senior classes to follow.

A comfortable chair for the rest room.

A settle bearing a metal plate with the facts of the presentation. You could not, of course, get an expensive grade of wood.

Two or three much-desired books that the school library does not contain.

A well-chosen picture.

A bible or book stand.

A cabinet with a first aid to the injured equipment.

A medicine chest containing simple remedies, these to be suggested by a physician.

I have assumed that the high school is equipped with astronomical instruments, chemical appliances and other paraphernalia necessary in the average high school curriculum. If, however, it is not equipped with these there are perhaps many utilitarian articles such as globes, atlases, charts, magnifying glasses, etc., which the school would appreciate.

# VICTIM OF PARESIS HAS A HOBBY FOR DIVORCE; FRIEND TELLS OF CASE

By WILLIAM BRADY, M. D.

MR. XYZ has been "treating with a nerve specialist," a friend writes: "His symptoms are: (1) stubbornness—he never was so before this trouble began. The trouble started suddenly a year ago—he ran away with some funds belonging to his employer, and though he went only 10 miles from home, he insisted he was never coming back. (2) He has taken a marked antipathy for his family and all his old friends. (3) He refuses to take medicine, declaring that he is as sound as a dollar. (4) He deceives everybody, and without reason, about the most trivial things.

"He is 44 years old, has always been a man of good health, but drank considerably all his life, and is a heavy smoker.

"He doesn't want to mix with people he has always mixed with. He has spells of despondency and crying, but usually is planning stupendous affairs and seems to think he has control of some mysterious but unlimited resources. He declares he can buy and sell Rockefeller, for instance. His eyes look glassy, and he looks down all the time. He is inclined to say and do indecent, shocking things (though he has always been a clean-minded man) and is easily influenced by a despicable class of people who tell him they will do great things for him—people whose only desire is to get control of his business.

"His hobby is divorce—he talks continually of getting a divorce from his wife, the truest woman in the world. He declares he will commit suicide rather than live with her, and he accuses her of the most inconceivable crimes. He is squandering his resources, disgracing his family and driving his wife to the grave. For God's sake, what can be done?"

A better description of paresis, or "softening of the brain" as it is vulgarly known, could scarcely be written. There is but one thing to do, in the man's own interest and in the interest of his family. His wife should apply to the judge of a court of record for a commission in lunacy to examine the man. Then he may be committed to a hospital and properly treated.

### QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

#### Neuritis of Facial Nerve

Please describe facial neuritis. I have had it in my system for three years, but have never had the facial part.

Answer—Inflammation of the nerve supplying one side of the face. It is characterized by weakness or paralysis of the muscles on one side of face, comes on suddenly as a rule, and the patient may be unaware of it until some one remarks about the "swelling" of one side of the face—really absence of the usual folds and wrinkles of expression. With electricity and general treatment recovery occurs after several weeks. If you haven't had the facial part you are probably mixed on your terms.

#### Myxoedema

What is myxoedema? What are the symptoms? Is it curable?

Answer—The result of absence or inadequacy of secretion of the thyroid gland. Symptoms are mental hebetude, physical laziness, overweight, lack of perspiration, dry, thick skin, puffy eyes, pads of fat on collarbone, slow pulse, subnormal temperature, sensitiveness to cold, drowsiness, thick lips, scanty or absent menstruation in women. It is curable by glandular therapy.

### Mohair Again

Mohair is "revived" for spring wear. It is so stiff and lustrous that it is an ideal fabric for the new cape collar and bouffant jacket. Mulberry is a new color, especially suited to the peculiar weave of mohair. Boiling green, navy blue and plaids make effective frocks. A smart importation is a frock of green Georgette, to which bands of green mohair are applied to the skirt. The close-fitting bodice is basque style, fastening down the front with large pearl buttons. Long Georgette sleeves with a white cuff add chic.

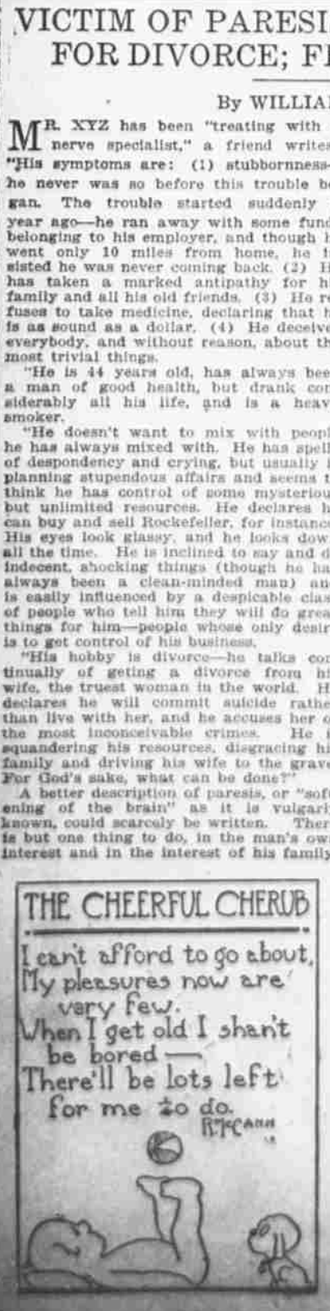
### Half-Mourning Blouse

A new idea in blouses is a half mourning waist of black and white linen. Simulated shoulder straps are worked over the shoulders in chain stitch embroidery, with the complete illusion of buckles also worked out in thread. The collar is very wide, and plaited across the back.

### Help From on High

"Stars of a summer night,
Far in your azure height,"
You filled my soul with bliss.
When Bess looked up to where you gleam,
I realized my fervent dream—
The chance for my first kiss.

—Punch Bowl.




## SEEN IN THE SHOPS

PREPAREDNESS FIRST—THE CARTRIDGE SUIT

WHITE broadcloth is as fashionable now as it ever was, as proof consider this good-looking coatsuit of navy taffeta with its white broadcloth shawl collar, cuffs and pipings. The name of the suit comes from the way in which the belt is treated—made of simulated cartridge plaits at either side. These plaits are also introduced at the flare cuffs, to very good effect. The military lines are contradicted by the flaring, bouffant frill at the bottom of the jacket. The sash is edged with white broadcloth pipings.

The full, short skirt is edged with the white, like the sash, and in every way conforms to the decorations on the coat. Price, $49.50.

A Tam o'Shanter toque of lisere straw has a wide black satin fold in self-color around the crown. An iridescent bird perches jauntily on the top of the crown. In any color, the price is $18.50.

The name of the shop where these articles may be purchased will be supplied by the Editor of the Woman's Page, EVENING LEDGER, 608 Chestnut street. The request must be accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope and must mention the date on which the article appeared.

# KILTIES KISS ALL GIRLS GOOD-BY IN LEAVING FOR THE TRENCHES

## Ellen Adair Tells of Sad and Merry Scenes in Scotch Station as "Sandy" Leaves for the Battle Front

By ELLEN ADAIR

Written Specially for the EVENING LEDGER.

EDINBURGH, March 14.

When Sandy MacTavish comes back to Inverary
Marching to the pipers' military strain——

The chorus rings to the roof of the Caledonian Railroad station in Edinburgh. For hundreds of Sandy MacTavishes, who never will come back again, are leaving on the big troop-train for the firing line. Above the noise of the engines, escaping steam and the voice of the singers, comes the faint skirling of pipes.

"The Campbells Are Coming" echoes through the station. And the old familiar strains bring tears to the eyes of the older folk, who remember them in happier times. There's always a pathos and a hidden heartache in the music of the Scottish pipes.

Out of Edinburgh's streets into the railroad station marches a curious little party, led by a kilted soldier, rifle in one hand, the other linked in the arm of an old man, bent with years. Immediately behind comes a string of relatives and friends. In the rear, a younger brother is struggling under the weight of a tightly packed kit-bag—and all are singing.

For the returning soldier must be cheered on his way. Such is the creed of Scotland. "Sandy MacTavish" once more makes the smoke-clouded roof ring. Other parties bound for the same destination enter the station. Voices are reinforced, and strange "hoochs" punctuate the different songs.

SANDY IN A SCRAP.

At the barriers beside the big train the soldier stops. "No one but ticket-holders admitted," says the man at the gates.

"But this is the auld man," says the big soldier, amazed: "d'ye mean to say he's no' to get seein' the train away, and him with special leave from the night shift, too! Ye big stupid, stand aside, and let's pass!"

"Ticket holders only," says the guard laconically, barring the way.

A dramatic pause. Then: "If my auld faither's no' good enough to get into the station, then I'm no' good enough to go to France," says the big soldier angrily. "You just haud your tongue. This is a question of principle, no' of discipline."

The situation appears helpless. For when the Scotchman talks of "principle," then be sure he's as dour and dogged and immovable as the Castle Rock.

A sudden rift in the lute. Into the trembling hand of the "auld man" a ticket is thrust by a kindly spectator. "This'll carry you as far as the next station," says a voice, "and you'll be allowed on the platform now."

Through the barriers tramps a now triumphant and smiling soldier, the "auld man" proudly at his side. "Diddled them that time, didn't we, faither?" he chuckles. "They're mighty fly, but no' fly enough!"

Here comes another soldier, one arm carrying his equipment, the other round the waist of a pink-cheeked girl. "I'll aye be lookin' for your letters, Annie," he says, "and when I come back—"

Annie presses his arm. Her rosy face smiles up bravely, and for a brief moment she forgets the fear away down in her patriotic heart. In her glistening eyes one can picture the coming back—the little home—the big stalwart husband—peace after war, happiness after pain.

The minutes—such precious last minutes—quickly pass. A little kiddie carrying his father's rifle staggers proudly along beside another soldier. There's a quiet-faced woman, too, a tartan shawl about her and in the shawl a tiny figure that stares with eyes of innocent wonderment at the scene. "She'll be a big girl when you come back," says the woman slowly; "kiss daddy good-by, baby."

Seated on his kit-bag and cheerily polishing his rifle, sits Happy Harry, the delight of his regiment. He's only a little private, with red hair, freckles and such an impudent little snub nose, but the men all love him, for nothing ever daunts him, and troubles slide from his genial nature like water from a duck's back. "Listen to Happy Harry singing," cries someone, "it does your heart good to hear him. He never can hit the tune, but I'm thinking no music's better than his voice."

And sure enough, the voice of Happy Harry rises, triumphant and raucous, above the babel of voices.

(Poor happy Harry! His eyes are closed forever now, and his cheery voice is stilled to a big last silence, 'Somewhere in France.'

The train is ready to leave when a curious pair wind their way toward the barriers. Such a splendid Highland soldier, with the odor of clean, rain-swept pinewoods clinging to his uniform, his eyes like the blue of the seas around his native shores.

A little old woman is clinging to his arm, and at every noise she starts timorously. For they come from the lonely Island of Lewis, away in the west of Scotland, and today is the first time she has ever seen a railroad station or a railroad train. She talks half in Gaelic, half in English, and she's so old that her voice is thin and cracked.

"It's dreary that I'll be without you," she is saying. "Yet never lonely, for my heart is with you all the time. And I'm so near the journey's end myself that if you're called first, I'll only follow all the sooner—"

The guard is flashing his lamp now and the train is on the eve of starting, when "Hurry up there, or you'll miss the train!" goes the warning about. The men all climb aboard. Then a huge figure drops from the train, with the cry: "Hold on a minute, guard! I'm goin' to kiss all the lasses before I go—I'll likely never get anither chance to kiss a Scottish girl again."

The speaker swings himself to the barriers, a handsome young kiltie, and right and left imprints kisses on the faces of all the girls nearest him. Curiously enough, not a single one protests! I saw some of them even return the salute with interest.

KISSES ALL THE GIRLS.

Young girls felt themselves whirled aloft and kissed before the eyes of their startled relatives. Older girls were embraced with as much ardor as were the young and blooming. It took the united efforts of the railway guard, train attendants and onlookers to convince the gay soldier that the 10:30 p. m. was really waiting for his stalwart presence. Laughingly, he hung out of the window and waved farewells. * * *

A shrill shriek from the engine—a thunder of hurrahs—a strange tightening of the throat, and the 10:30 was really off. There was a sudden quietness in the station. A gray, desolate lok was on the faces of those mothers who would not weep—fathers, suddenly grown bent and tired, walked, strangely stern-faced, toward the exit—and girls, with tear-stained faces, were fingering rings and keepsakes.

The last to leave the station was the little Highland mother, who had come that day from the Island of Lewis to see her son go off. She walked out proudly, with her head up and her eyes shining. So might the Spartan mothers have walked. Then I saw her draw something stealthily from the folds of her shabby old gown, and, bending, kiss it passionately. It was "his" photograph. "Never lonely, for my heart is with you all the time," she was murmuring softly.

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The Century Flower Shop
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THE ORIGINAL
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# GOOD FORM

*Good form queries should be addressed to Deborah Rush, written on one side of the paper and signed with full name and address, though initials ONLY will be published upon request.*

THE letter signed M. R. shows us the unfortunate complications which arise from tale-bearing and dishonorable actions, for the writing of a letter and signing the same with a name which is not one's own, especially with the intention of deceiving the recipient of the letter, is not only dishonorable but criminal, as that sort of thing is plain forgery. In answering the letter, I would say I think you have listened too much to gossip and idle talk. Why let others write explanations for you. I should advise you to drop the whole thing and, above all, not discuss this evidently very ungentlemanly person with any of these so-called friends. People who run from one to another with tales making mischief are not to be trusted.

If, on the other hand, the young man in question is perhaps hurt by false stories having been carried to him, if you have really been good friends I would write him a little note, saying that there is evidently some misunderstanding which has been brought about by gossip and untruths, and you would be glad if he would give you an opportunity to straighten the matter out by talking with you about it. Do not get any one else to write or see him; do it yourself. Some times with the best intentions in the world persons who try to fix up misunderstandings between others make matters worse. If the young man pays no attention to your letter, he is not worth worrying about.

A man asking you to go out with him five or six times cannot be said to be in love with you (I think this is what you mean by your question); he probably likes rather than dislikes you, but I would not thing very much of it.

It is a mistake to let your imagination and appreciation of a casual politeness on the part of a man put sentimental meanings into his actions. If girls only knew how often they lose a very good friend by being always on the lookout for a lover they would perhaps pause before trying to see love in every ordinary saying.

### A Misunderstanding

*Dear Deborah Rush*—Please aid me in my little trouble. I have had a little misunderstanding with a friend of mine. I have learned through other girls that a young man was talking about me, but I don't think it is the truth.

Some one sent him a letter telling him what he had said and another letter inclosed to which my name was signed, and I did not write it at all. The young man has stopped speaking to me and looks at me with a terrible expression. Another friend of mine wrote to him, telling him I did not send it, but that did not encourage him any. Kindly advise me what to do. Tell me if I should speak first or he, as he knows I am innocent. Please tell me if a young man cares for me if he asks me to go out five or six times. Thanking you for your kindness and trusting to hear from you through your column tomorrow evening or in the near future. M. R.

Your letter is answered in the first paragraph.

### April Fool Stunts

*Dear Deborah Rush*—Will you kindly publish some new April foot stunts, which girls can impose on boys and girls, especially the former. I thank you in advance. Yours respectfully, T. M.

A letter has been written to you with several sugestions.

### Cafe Going Unchaperoned

*Dear Deborah Rush*—Will you tell me if it is proper for two sisters of 20 and 21 to go to a cafe with two men, provided one of them is engaged to one of the men. E. M. F.

It is rather unconventional, as both sisters are pretty young, and it would not be considered quite in good form. DEBORAH RUSH.

### Gorgeous Trimmings

Passementerie is a favorite trimming on evening gowns. It is seen to good advantage on charming frocks of airy tulle; a touch here and there on the bodice, shoulder straps or the skirt lends poise to the whole. Opalescent bands are stunning, when combined with white or pale pastel shades of tulle. Another smart color scheme for the older women is gaining much favor, namely, gold cloth and rhinestone or jet. The latter is most becoming to the matronly type. Incidentally, many of the smartest matrons are wearing shades of orchid and mauve this season, trimmed with bands of silver cloth.

### Culinary Tip

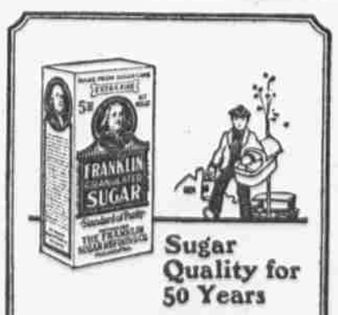
If you find your butter hard at the psychological moment in cake-baking, don't put it on the stove, or in a pan of hot water. The outside will soften and the inside will remain hard. The best way to do the trick is to pour hot water over the butter, and work it with a spoon or fork until it is like velvet.

### Spring Skirts

Skirts reach to the shoetops, no longer, no shorter.

They measure two and a half to three yards around the bottom.

They are cut circular, or have from two to three gores.



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Its cleanliness and quality will please you, too. Get it in cartons or cotton bags. They keep Franklin Sugar as clean and dry and good as when it left the refinery. Look for the name and picture of Franklin. In 2 and 5 lb. cartons and in 2, 5, 10, 25 and 50 lb. cotton bags.
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# Marion Harland's Corner

All communication addressed to Marion Harland should enclose a stamped and addressed envelope and a clipping of the article in which you are interested. Persons wishing to aid in the charitable work of the H. H. C. should write Marion Harland, in care of this paper, for addresses of those they would like to help, and, having received them, communicate direct with those parties.

### Baby Boy for Adoption

"I SHOULD be grateful to you if you would help me to find some one who wishes to adopt a beautiful six-weeks-old baby boy, who comes of a refined family. If my address is required I will send a stamped and self-addressed envelope for reply. MARIE."

It is not practicable to bring you into communication with those who might forward your wishes unless you put your full address into our hands. Names and private addresses are never printed by us, and after the first publication of the note stating your wish transactions which may ensue are by private mail. Another clause of your letter expresses a desire that the whole matter shall be "strictly confidential." You may be assured that what follows will be conducted by mail and at your own pleasure. The Corner is discreet, when discretion is expedient, but our principal mode of communication with our public is through the printed section devoted to us.

### Names for Baby

"I am a young woman who hopes to become a mother before many weeks have passed away. Will you kindly suggest to me a boy's name which begins with 'I' or a girl's name that begins with a 'P,' or both? What outfit should one prepare for a spring-time baby? Or, if I am not too late in my application, could I get the benefit of Katherine W.'s offer of embroidery patterns? If I am, please keep my name upon your books for anything some other kind person may offer. I hope I am not trespassing upon the generosity of the Corner? I may be able in my turn to be of service to somebody else some day. C. A. F."

We can offer sundry scriptural names beginning with "I." For instance Isaac, Isaiah, Ichabod, Israel. I take it you do not want one of this class. Then there are Ignatius, Inigo, Ira and Ivan. This last is not an ill-sounding name. The girl's name beginning with "P" is a pleasanter task. Scripture names here are not amiss. Persis and Priscilla are pretty. From other sources we have Pauline, Phyllis, Pearl or Perle, Pansy and others as euphonious. Katherine W.'s store of patterns is exhausted. I register your desire for a supply for your especial use. I sadly fear that an inventory of a baby's outfit would be too late to be of service to you if you intend to make it up yourself. I recommend, instead, that you consult the saleswoman in charge of layettes in a store. She can give you the newest ideas respecting the pretty things, tell you exactly what you ought to have if you don't mind expense, and how well you can get along if you must count pennies and be sparing of greenbacks. In order to be of use to you along these lines, we should have had a longer notice. But comparatively few expectant mothers do all the fine sewing and dainty embroidery our mothers bestowed upon their outfits. We shall be glad to hear from women whose nurseries are still in active use and full occupation with regard to this matter.

### About Copying Letters

"A long while ago some one asked about copying letters. I have not seen a reply yet, so venture to offer a brief description of one method which has been mentioned to me. The company just wants a price for a pen, paper, etc., which it requires you to buy from it before you begin work. Then the letters would take a few minutes (say 20 or 30) to copy, for which you receive a small sum per 1000 copies, providing they are suitably copied. It would not be profitable even if one devoted most of one's time to it. I. H."

There is a frank friendliness in the reply of our versatile member. Her generous nature always stands for helpfulness and good will. The method of copying she indicates is unfamiliar to me. Copying letters signifies nowadays shorthand dictation and typewriting, or a typewriter and a copy set up before the operator.

### Copy of a Poem

"Will you kindly inform me where I can get the poem by George M. Cohan entitled 'Life Is a Funny Proposition After All'? Will you please print it? I will send a stamp for it. Mrs. B. C."

The lines are so well known you may confidently expect to receive a copy. Request and address are registered.

### Copies on Request

"I am sending the poem 'The Man Upon the Floor,' which was asked for by F. N. M. I haven't the other poem in my possession. Will some one please send me the world of the song, 'Cole Younger'? I have a great number of songs and recitations that I will gladly copy for any one who wants them. I am only a 11-year-old girl, so can't be of much help to the bountiful Corner, but I will do the best I can. A. S."

The poem, written in a wonderfully clear and practiced hand for a 17-year-old, is at the call of F. N. M. I imagine that she has already had a copy, for we have sent her address to more than one person. The request of A. S. for "Cole Younger" is referred. She merits consideration and a reciprocation of her good offices.

### Seeks Missing Relatives

"Will you please try to locate Mrs. Martha C. Saul, my sister, and also John Castater, my nephew? I do not recollect if he has a middle letter in his name or not. Her husband's name is Samuel Saul. "JANE C."

The petition is passed along the line. The Corner is gaining repute as a benevolent sleuth in the matter of reuniting long-severed friends and relatives who have tried other methods of communication in vain. The loss of an address through carelessness or accident is the cause of incalculable inconvenience and oftentimes of actual sorrow.

HANSCOM'S
NEW
Real California System
CAFETERIA
Now Open at
929 Market Street
(Second Floor)
The advantages should appeal to you.

Millinery - Suits - Dresses
That Mirror Fashion's Newest Thoughts
These dainty, correct models will appeal to the woman or miss seeking newness combined with the essential charm of appearance.
BLAYLOCK & BLYNN, Inc. 1528 Chestnut St.
Furs Stored, Altered and Repaired.

Add Up Your Dry Cleaners' Bills
Quite a tidy sum if you are at all particular about keeping your dresses, waists, gloves, etc., fresh, clean and dainty.
Why not save about seven-eighths of that expense by doing your own dry cleaning at home?
*Putnam Dry-Cleaner*, used with gasoline as soap is used with water, will clean and renovate the most delicate fabrics without injury. Is simple, easy and effective, and you have article ready for use again almost immediately.
Full directions with every bottle.
Your Druggist sells *Putnam Dry-Cleaner*—25c and 50c bottles. If he can't supply you, write us—we will send bottle, postpaid, for 25c. Monroe Drug Co., Quincy, Ill.
*Don't accept substitutes—demand the genuine.*

PUTNAM DRY-CLEANER

Full English Sport Oxfords

In back or tan
A favorite spring model and sets a very high standard. Note well the English last and low broad heel. For wear with or without spats.
Claflin, 1107 Chestnut
*Other Spring Models Now Displayed*