

LOVE DOES NOT GO HAND IN HAND WITH HER CAREER! A GIRL THINKS OF LOVE: WHAT LACE WILL DO: READERS' LETTERS: TESTED RECIPES

LOVE DOES NOT GO HAND IN HAND WITH HER CAREER!

An Answer Given to a Reader Who Asks if a "Girl Can Get Anywhere With a Man's Arm Around Her."

Reasons Why She Can't... I discussed whether or not you would be able to get anywhere with his arm around a girl. Now a man reads shyly approaches us with the request that we please turn that sentence around and tell how a girl can get to a young lady to get where she is going with her arm around a young man.

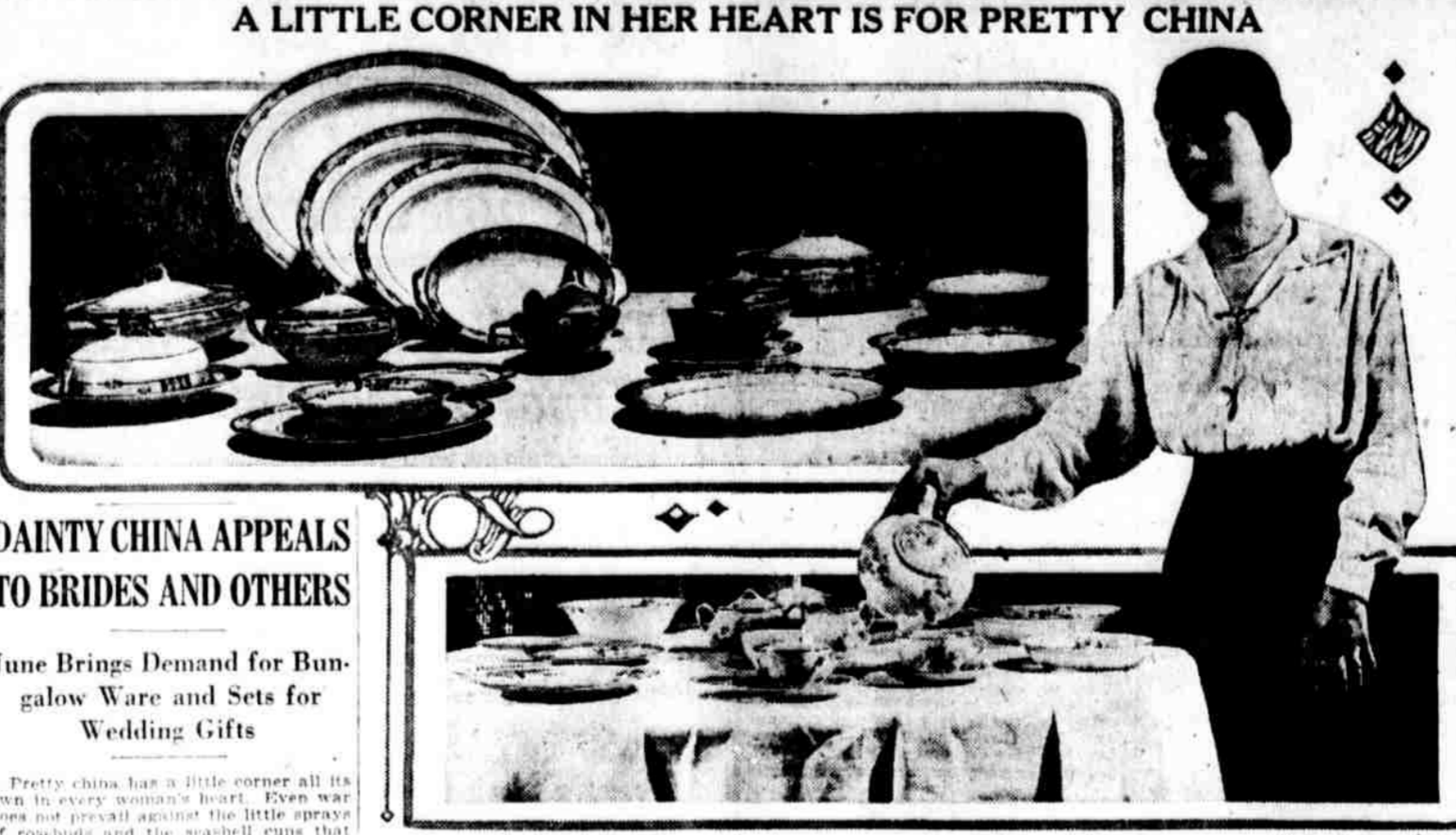
Alice Kent and the Day's Work

The Story of a Business Girl Who Would Not Fail

By MARTHA KEELER

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THE two-family frame dwelling house of discolored hue which occupied the premises of North avenue indicated in the newspaper advertisement was fully two miles from the city park and, judging by the exterior, was over a century removed from the standards of the Modry home on South Union street.



DAINTY CHINA APPEALS TO BRIDES AND OTHERS

June Brings Demand for Bungalow Ware and Sets for Wedding Gifts

DAINTY china has a little corner all its own in every woman's wardrobe. It does not prevail against the little sprays of rosebuds and the seashell cups that have been around a woman's fancy ever since the age of four she poured her first cup of cranberry tea.

From her first tea party up woman has loved dainty china. And every woman, from the little bride to her sister who keeps the motor-rod tea place, knows the subtle value of a spray of roses on an appetite.

Palm Beach Cloth Motorcoats

A Daily Fashion Talk by Florence Rose

It is invariably noticeable that the women who always seem to be well-dressed and do so at small expense are those who select a color that is becoming and adhere to it, using for variation colors that are closely allied to it.



This motorcoat is of natural color Palm Beach cloth, although it is equally pretty in battleship gray. The collar may be worn buttoned up to the neck or thrown back into revers.

My Dog

I found him in a shell hole, Crouching down beside his master, Who he must have known was dead.

He'll was popping all about us, So we stayed there through the night, Got to sort of like each other, Through the misery of that night.

He has fleas; I have cotices; He speaks French; I "no compare"; So the rule of fifty-fifty goes Between my dog and me.

You wouldn't say he's handsome, He's been wounded several times; But when we boys go over, Over with us Frenchie climbs.

And when the Boche is passing, And we want to test the air, We try it on my dog first, But he doesn't seem to care.

He gets no blisse medals, No Distinguished Service bar, But just our admiration, Doubled by each honored scar.

And when the war is over, And to our homes we go, My dog is going back with me— What's mine is his, you know.

Sgt. F. C. MCCARTHY, In the Stars and Stripes, the official daily of the American Expeditionary Forces.

To Beautify the Ankles

If the flesh of the ankles is to be reduced, apply camphorated oil, rubbing it in, while the skin is soft and the pores open from a bath, with strong, vigorous strokes. Then bind the ankles tightly with linen that has been soaked in oil. This bandage should be drawn as close as possible, but care must be taken to avoid stopping the circulation.

When the ankles are too slender for beauty, after taking the hot foot bath, massage their surface gently with cod liver or sweet almond oil and bind them lightly in linen soaked in the same solution. If you are not satisfied with the shape of your ankles, follow this method carefully and see if the results are not well worth the effort.

Books Wanted for Jewish Soldiers

A call for reading matter has come from the Jewish boys in the army and navy. To this end an appeal has been made for patriotic persons to send books to the Jewish Welfare Board in New York City.

Pulks Broken Corks

When opening a bottle of catsup or vanilla, very often the cork will break and go down in the neck of the bottle. Just take a little green four-leaf clover, run down in the neck of bottle. It never fails to bring up the cork.

Wooden Beads as Trimming

Wooden beads are very much used now, and appear around the edge of the crown of a dark blue hat, of georgette and straw—a green crown and a georgette veil. The wooden beads are light, cylindrical, and are fastened not more than half an inch apart.

Ask Florence Rose

If you want to know where the costume sketched in today's dress talk can be secured, write to Miss Rose if you have a letter, or send a stamped envelope for reply, as all inquiries are answered by mail.

Tested Wartime Recipes

- War Garden Combination Salad: Radishes, Green onions. Lettuce. Clean the vegetables well in cold water. Slice the green onions and radishes over the lettuce and serve with French dressing. French Dressing, Cooked: Five tablespoons oil, half pint strong vinegar, two teaspoonful mustard and one teaspoonful salt, half teaspoonful of dry mustard, one spoonful of pepper, a pinch of cayenne and four eggs well beaten. Put vinegar on stove in a double boiler, let it come to a scald, add the rest of the ingredients and stir till it thickens.

Crepe de Chine and Gingham

In waists, as in dresses, combinations are used. A beige crepe de chine blouse made with a high collar of brown and yellow plaid gingham is most attractive. A wide ruffle in the front of the blouse is piped with the gingham and the turned-back cuffs are made of the same cotton.

THE WOMAN'S EXCHANGE

TODAY'S INQUIRIES

- 1. Name three races that are good fun at children's parties? 2. Who is Lady Balthazar? 3. What is the fifteenth wedding anniversary? 4. How can children help the Red Cross in a particular way at this time? 5. When one has no tie flatter, what is a very serviceable substitute? 6. How can a wash tub or boiler be used for a canner?

Where to Go for Vacation

To the Editor of Woman's Page: Dear Madam—I am a stenographer who has had a pretty busy year and who feels that the much needed change of scene during her vacation. I usually spend my vacations at home, but this year I feel that I must go away somewhere. The question that confronts me is whether to go to the mountains or to the seashore or to the country where I could spend moderate prices. I would like a room to myself and just fresh food and where I could have lots of fresh air. The week that I wish to go away is the first week of July. The hotels and boarding houses advertised are so expensive, and with the high prices on one's vacation, these times they are impossible. I know you can help me. I think your ideas and suggestions are wonderful. Will you please answer in Friday's paper? PEAKL

Japanese Lawn Party

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Another Movie Fan

To the Editor of Woman's Page: Dear Madam—Will you kindly let me have Douglas Fairbanks' home in Hollywood, Cal. Thanking you beforehand. D. L. Address Douglas Fairbanks at Hollywood, Cal.

A Special Sale of the New Sleeveless

THIS sleeveless summer suit, in all the bright shades, is the newest and most practical of outdoor modes. It is damp-proof and non-crushable; just the ideal kind of a garment for pastime purposes for the "car" or motor boat or "shore."



Blaylock & Blynn, Inc. 1528 Chestnut St.

Hunting a Husband

By MARY DOUGLAS (Copyright)

CHAPTER LXXXIV Aboard the Blue Jay

MR. ARNOLD has invited us to spend the day on his yacht. The big car was waiting for us, I sank back into the luxurious seat naturally. I watched the flying bits of landscape, the white winding road, and the blue waters seen from sudden hills. After two weeks this is so natural to me, I am perfectly at home. I have almost forgotten that there was a Sara Lane that had to be careful.

A girl who polished her own shoes. And must scrimp and save for a new dress. To whom luxury was a forbidden thing. And now it is so perfectly natural. It is second nature, in two short weeks time, to ring for a maid. To have every comfort, convenience, elegance, at command. Maybe I shall never need to go back to that other Sara Lane. That Sara Lane who has lived and struggled for twenty-five long years.

For George Arnold has everything. He is a Pittsburgh millionaire. That mythical thing to me—two weeks ago. My thrills came to an end. We were at the yacht club. The little terrace was waiting for us. We saw Mr. Arnold's yacht, the Blue Jay, for the first time. It lay like the petal of a water-lily on the waves.

As we came nearer, it was even more beautiful. Intricate. George Arnold waited for us on the bridge. As I stepped aboard, could not help a little thrill of excitement. In some way I knew I was the guest of honor. He was doing it all for me.

He took us over the Blue Jay, and smiled at my delight. I was so comfortable. A tiny button, concealed at the side, was the signal for the steward. As we came nearer, it was even more beautiful. Intricate. George Arnold waited for us on the bridge. As I stepped aboard, could not help a little thrill of excitement. In some way I knew I was the guest of honor. He was doing it all for me.

There was a sitting-room with deep blue rugs. A davenport and other chairs of that dark blue velvet. Windows, curtained, that gave on the winding waters. A dining-room with its appointments. And tiny bedrooms. To me it seemed a floating palace.

Then we sat on the wide awinged deck. The wicker chairs held out comfortable arms. A tiny button, concealed at the side, was the signal for the steward. As we came nearer, it was even more beautiful. Intricate. George Arnold waited for us on the bridge. As I stepped aboard, could not help a little thrill of excitement. In some way I knew I was the guest of honor. He was doing it all for me.

It was a long, idle, sunny day. Yet, though we all were there, I found myself much alone with George Arnold. We talked and strolled together. Alone, he showed me the music room. The music room with its piano and its white fluted columns.

I paused before a picture in an open frame. A picture of a sad-eyed girl; George Arnold said, "That was my sister!"

A long, idle, sunny day. A day I would not forget. I could scarcely believe that we had staked back to the yacht club, that it was late afternoon. As the tender came chug-chugging toward us, George Arnold leaped on the polished rail. He spoke low, so only I could hear.

"Miss Lane, would you come out to my yacht tomorrow? Take tea with me alone?" He paused at the question. He watched me with searching eyes. When I had said, "Yes," I felt I had told my secret. I had given my life into his hands.

And as we crossed the intervening waters to the land, I saw only the golden light in the clouds, not the gray of evening creeping on.

Tomorrow—Finding Out the Truth.

Bathing the Baby In warm weather, the baby should be bathed at least once a day, the additional ones being sponge baths if they are necessary.

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Combines the qualities of a delicious drink with the nutritive value of the most perfect food. It helps solve the food problem and high cost of living.

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