ANDING DOWN A GLORIOUS EXAMPLE : WOMEN AT CAMPING : CYNTHIA'S COLUMN : RECIPES

TO A LITTLE BOY SCOUT WHO DIED FOR HIS FRANCE

He Flashed a Proud Smile to the Germans as They Shot Him. A Deed That Ought to Be Enshrined in the Heart of Every Lad

SOMEWHERE over there is a grave a little smaller than the soldier's grave. Surely the wasted trees of France keep tender guard over it. Surely the sun itself must come each day for a while at least to light with gold this bit of ground that is its own field of honor. A little French boy scout sleeps there.

France found out about the grave in a letter discovered on a dead German.

"A traitor has just been shot," it read, "a little French lad belonging to one of those gymnastic societies which wear the tricolor button. The little fellow, in his infatuation, wished to be a hero.

"A German column was passing a wooded defile and the boy was caught and asked whether the French were about. He refused to give information. Fifty yards further on fire was opened from the cover of the wood.

"The prisoner was asked in French if he had known that the enemy was in the forest and he did not deny it. He went with firm step to a telegraph post and stood up against it, with a green vineyard behind him, and received the volley of the firing party with a proud smile on his face.

"Infatuated boy!"

LITTLE unknown hero, we do not know where you are sleeping. It does not matter much. The angels mind the graves of such as you.

We do not know where you are sleeping, but the deed you did goes straight through our heart. Little boys to some are those who hitch on the back of trolley cars, who steal apples and torment their teachers' days—careless fellows who snap their fingers in the face of ordered things. But you have shown us something different. Perhaps in a by-gone day you, too, climbed the farmer's tree and unthinkingly ran away. But there was nothing unthinking in the proud smile you flashed to the enemy of France. You knew! You understood!

IF I were a boy I would build a little shrine in my memory to the Boy Scout who died for France. How proud the Boy Scouts of America must be of him, their brother knight. But all boys, whether they are fortunate enough or not to be scouts, can profit by the glorious thing this other boy did. When they are tempted to be mean, when the finest thing to do is not the thing they want to do, this grave, a little smaller than the others, can serve as a spur.

Rest to you, little soldier of France. From the blue skies that hold you now, look down and help the other fellows to do the right thing, as you did it.

Alice Kent and the Day's Work

The Story of a Business Girl Who Would Not Fail

By MARTHA KEELER

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XLI

MR. MANLEY was busy with a customer when I arrived at the Corner Bookstore Tuesday afternoon, as I stood by the counter waiting until he should be at liberty; however, he soon noticed I was there and broke off in the midst of his conversation with the customer to bid me make myself at home, adding as an afterthought that I might like to take a look at some new books that had just been unpacked. After greeting the clerks I did so and was deep in the life and letters of one of my favorite authors when, hearing some one speak my name, I looked up to see Mr. Manley only a few steps distant. "Ready for you now," said he, leading the way down the aisle to his office.

But we were no sooner seated than somebody came in with a special delivery letter which required immediate attention and then Mr. Manley was wanted on the telephone; so that it was some time before he could talk to me. But when he began it was so suddenly it made me start: "You look better than you did last Saturday. I guess you followed my advice and got your lungs full of fresh air."

I smiled assent. "But it wasn't so much the fresh air that helped as what you said. About school, you know."

At this he threw back his head and laughed. "That's not the kind of talk I hear at home. Our youngsters would rather be whipped any day than go to school."

It flashed over me that Mr. Manley had a false idea of me, so I promptly set him right. "Oh, I don't like studying, if that's what you mean. I like to read, when I can pick out the books and don't have to give a synopsis at the end. But I hate arithmetic—and physics—and learning dates in history."

"And yet want to go to school?" persisted Mr. Manley.

"Well, it appears that unless I graduate from somewhere," I gave a deep sigh, "I can't ever get a job. At the Y. W. C. A. they keep telling me that I must be better educated if I expect a position that pays much. And my teacher in Lethury said that if I went to high school here one year, she knew I could graduate."

"That would be finishing pretty young," commented Mr. Manley. "You talk sensibly enough, but you look like a mere child."

"It's only because I haven't got my growth," I asserted with some warmth. "I'll be sixteen at the end of January."

"Even so," the man replied. "Many of our boys and girls are much older when they graduate. I'm on the school board and I know."

"You see, it makes it worse," said I, "to be small besides being ignorant. But I'll be taller in a year, and if I have a diploma from high school I can let down my dresses and stand a better chance of some one's hiring me."

"Then the only difficulty now," Mr. Manley answered, a twinkle in his eye, "is to find a family who want a small" he stressed the word, glancing across at me to see how I took it—"willing girl, who is fond of children and handy with housework, to live with them from now till June, work for her board and go to school. As I understand it, you've been trying to find such a place."

"Oh, yes indeed. I've gone to ever so many folks. The Y. W. C. A. promised to look out for me. And I was going to ask if I could put up a notice in the library; only the day I went there the library was closed for cleaning and the sign said they wouldn't be open for a week. Meantime you kindly offered to talk it over with Mrs. Manley."

"And so I did," Mr. Manley hastened to assure me. "And she suggested that I bring you home with me this evening to supper."

"Oh!" I cried, so delighted that I quite forgot to "cultivate repose of manner"—an exercise which Aunt Jane forever urged on me—"won't that be fine?"

MOTHER HUBBARD
OLD MOTHER HUBBARD WILL
HAVE A NEW CUPBOARD
WITH FOOD PILED UP HIGH ON EACH SHELF
SHE'LL HAVE ALL SHE'LL NEED ALL
HER HOUSEHOLD TO FEED
SHE'LL CAN IT OR DRY IT HERSELF.

SOLDIERS AREN'T THE ONLY ONES WHO KNOW HOW:

The young lady in the picture knows what's what in vacation time. She takes hers out in camping. Her bed, as can be seen, is a sort of a glorified piece of canvas with a tentlike top to it. And one must eat, of course. The cooking kit is shown at the right of the picture. A coffee-pot and truly everything but the kitchen stove fits into one large accommodating pail that has a khaki cover

OUTDOOR LIFE TEMPTS GIRLS AS WELL AS SOLDIER BOYS

Tantalizing Letters From Camp Make 1918 Summer Lassies Invest in Tents and Have Little Cantonment All Their Own

IT IS always possible to blame a thing on the war. And in this case the blame goes where it belongs. Roughly speaking, more than 1,500,000 young men of our America are either in camps here or abroad. And they do write the most tantalizing letters home.

What is a girl to do but buy a little tent and plan to have a little cantonment all her own somewhere in Pennsylvania? And this is one way the sporting goods and tent sections of the department stores have of accounting for an unusual press of business in their realms at this time. Women have heard so much about the splendors of outdoor life from their men that they simply must try it, too.

For the girl who wants the most compact little all-in-one place ever the stores are showing a tent that is really nothing more than a bed, with a very reliable top and floor to finish it off. One crawls in, and the true camper recognizes the possibility of sleeping at the wrong end in order to have an occasional peek at the stars. For girls who prefer something more luxurious and dressy in the way of a "tent" there is the little portable house. This is a thing of joy, with windows and a door; life in the woods to the full and at the same time a place of fortification against invasion of mosquitoes and similiar unavoidable visitors. Between these two articles which extend sleeping accommodations come tents of all sizes and all prices.

But no matter how or where they sleep, all of these new campers have to eat. And not only the new campers, but the old ones, too, are investing in the kitchen kit. This can truly be said to hold everything but the kitchen stove. The containing vessel is a large-sized pail, into which fit pans of all sizes, knives, forks, spoons and last, but not least, a coffee pot. Another article of camp furniture that is proving useful is the thermos kit. This contains a thermos bottle which fits into a metal box, where there is room enough for a good-sized meal. Fishermen, picnickers and those who have to carry their lunch in the workaday world are making this popular as well as those who spend days at a time in the outdoors.

Over and above these things there are the newest approved fishing rods, bait baskets and the rest of the things that lure a body to a camp. All in all, a trip through the outdoor section of the stores is a strong temptation these days. It has a way of making you run back and ask the "boss" when your vacation starts.

Creamed Onions and Tops

Select small onions no larger than your finger in size. Cut off the uneven ends of the tops, leaving about three inches of the green part above the onion. Boil until tender in salted water and serve with a simple white sauce on toast as asparagus is served.

The tops are very good served alone, cut into pieces, boiled until tender and served with white sauce.

Young beets may be cooked with their tops and stems and all served together also. Serve buttered or with vinegar as preferred.

Adventures With a Purse

FOUND TODAY

1. An aluminum mit for laundering in the bathroom.
2. One of those new round-neck collarless blouses in pink and white voile.
3. An exquisite cretonne picture frame.

THE woman who loves silk underwear and fluffy blouses will never allow them to go to the wash. It is only natural that she will want to wash them out herself. An ingenious mind has thought of a help for her who does her laundry work in the bathroom washstand, in the form of an aluminum mit. It is ridged like a washboard and is just large enough to fit over the left hand, leaving the right hand to scrub diligently away at the offending dirt. The price is only fifty cents.

While it is undeniably true that the new waists with the round necks and no collars are rather difficult for the average woman to wear, it is just as true that if they are becoming they are most unusually attractive. One of the shops is displaying a blouse of white voile with a corded stripe of pink. The round plain neck is finished with a three-inch band of white organdie, with a row of tiny pearl buttons in front and over each shoulder. The price is $2.95.

Personally, I love pretty cretonne. I never can resist a bit of gay cretonne for a table cover or bureau scarf or pillow cover if I can possibly find a place for it. If you like it, too, I know you will want to hear about some picture frames of cretonne being displayed in one of the shops. In size they are probably five inches long and eight inches high. They are covered entirely with cretonne of exquisite designs and colorings, and have an oval space for a photograph. One of these frames would give your dresser such a bright summery look.

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.

Use All Kinds of Vegetables

Use all vegetables, whatever you grow in your own garden or what you can buy in the market. Vegetables should be plentiful this summer, for all over the country people have made war gardens. You can't afford to miss using vegetables; they mean vigor and health for you. Use what you can while they are fresh and at their best, and if you have more than you can use now can, dry or preserve them in other ways for winter use.

That Practical Sports Silk Suit

A Daily Fashion Talk by Florence Rose

This all-round practical suit is of an oyster white sports silk that resembles shantung. The jacket is of the new length and is very smart worn with the fronts folded back, as is the proper thing at this time of the year. Pearl buttons trim the collar, cuffs and belt

SUITS like the one illustrated today are designated by the makers as "Sports Suits," but to my way of thinking it is not only good for those who play, but is an excellent model for the woman who desires a practical suit for the summertime and who never even gets a minute to play.

Certainly with a suit like this and an attractive blouse one could dress early in the morning and feel quite content with her apparel until almost dinner time. It always seems to me that such a suit may be easily made suitable for general wear and may just as easily be confined to sports wear by the changing of three articles of apparel that are worn with the suit.

Take the suit as it is illustrated. The hat is strictly of the sports type, the blouse is the same and the shoes the regulation low-heel variety. But can't you see just how this suit would look if the blouse was of georgette crepe, with a frilly pleated jabot, a hat of straw of georgette, plain but on the semidress type, shoes of the pomp style or the low oxford with the Cuban heel? By these sleight-of-hand changes, as it were, the entire outfit takes on an appropriateness for general wear.

There are several features regarding this model that make it a most interesting one. It is, in the first place, a well-tailored suit. It is cool because it is of a sports silk which resembles shantung. The jacket is the new length and can be worn as is shown with the fronts folded back, which is considered quite correct at present, or may be buttoned at the neck if desired. The belt, cuffs and patch pockets are trimmed with pearl buttons. The skirt is a plain two-piece one. The original model was in oyster white, but it is also made in gray, pink, green, blue and yellow.

Copyright, 1918, by Florence Rose

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 want her own personal advice on materials, colors and styles suitable for you. PATTERNS CANNOT BE SUPPLIED. Address Miss Rose, in care of the EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER'S woman's page. Send self-addressed stamped envelope for reply, as all inquiries are answered by mail.

THE WOMAN'S EXCHANGE

TODAY'S INQUIRIES

1. Who was Elizabeth Blackwell?
2. What is a "culotte"?
3. Describe the game of "land fishing."
4. What makes an excellent and unusual brush for walls?
5. How can onion juice be extracted without making the eyes smart?
6. If bubbles show on goods that have been camped forty-eight hours, what should be done with them?

Wants Secretarial Course

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—I am considering giving up teaching and taking a secretarial course, but the best place to obtain the knowledge is a question with me. So I am appealing to you for help. Do you think it a good move and will you please suggest a good school?

Am putting in stamp in case you do not want to publish names. L. M. D.

Undoubtedly at this time there are better opportunities for women in the business world than in the field of teaching, and a good woman secretary is surely a person of importance in the business world. There are no limits to the heights to which an earnest woman equipped with common sense and a certain amount of brains can scale in business now. You can judge for yourself whether your move would be a good one. What do you say? I am sending you the names of schools particularly noted for secretarial courses.

Some Sleuth Work

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—May I come to your column for help? I wish to learn the name and address of the lady who stood on Arch and Broad streets Saturday, April 20, at the Liberty Bond parade. She wore a dark hat, little pulled over her face, had a wide ribbon band of same, with a big bow in front; had a sore or something the matter with her little finger on left hand. Will you please ask the column readers if they know her and if they won't write to me, as I think that through her I may find a relative I have not seen for years.

I am a stranger here and get very lonely, and wish to see some one I used to know. Thanking you in advance. MRS. G. G.

Mrs. G. G.'s address is held here. If any reader happened to see the lady being sought for we will be pleased to forward it. I am sorry you are lonely, Mrs. G. G. How about going to one of the Red Cross workrooms? I am sure you will meet some pleasant persons there who will be friendly.

No Longer Discouraged

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—I wish to thank you for your kind help in helping my little boy. I have written personal letters to the kind persons who helped me and so am writing to you, too, to thank you.

One of the Red Cross workers was here to see me and told me they would help me all they could. Everything has been done that could possibly be done to hurry my allotment's arrival, but so far it has not made its appearance.

Still I have hopes of it coming soon and have hopes of all our troubles ending soon. I hold my own and the dear old U. S. A. I went to see Mrs. C. and took her the clothes. How that little woman keeps up her courage is more than I can see. I imagine she is not thirty-one years old and has eight children! I am only sorry I have had two, but my woes seem small into nothing when I think of her.

Thanking you for help.

NO LONGER DISCOURAGED.

Your letter sounds all cheered up. When the allotments come in, in the meantime keep up courage and I am sure every-

YESTERDAY'S ANSWERS

1. Madame Botchkareva, the founder of the Russian women's battalion of death, recently came to America.
2. A cobweb game is one that can be played at the evening lawn party. Strong string or tape is tangled around bushes, from tree to tree, etc. The guests are each given an end of string on the front porch and they then go down on the lawn and "find the other end." It leads to all sorts of mix-ups in the semidarkness. At the end of each string is the name of a boy or girl who is the finder's partner for the first game.
3. The all-silk table lamp is a novelty that can be made at home. A wire frame for this can be bought in the store and the silk shirred on, base and all.
4. White sauce without wheat flour can be made as follows: Add two tablespoonfuls of vegetable cooking oil or margarine to one and a half tablespoonfuls of corn starch or rice or potato flour. Then add one-half teaspoonful of salt, one-eighth teaspoonful of pepper and gradually stir in a pint of milk, being careful not to let the sauce lump. Let come to a boiling point.
5. When preserving eggs in salt use the coarse barrel salt, as this will not harden. The salt should be dried out in the oven and the eggs then put down.
6. The foundation formula for French salad dressing is as follows: Three tablespoonfuls of olive oil, one tablespoonful of vinegar, a half tablespoonful of salt, one-quarter teaspoonful of pepper, a dash of cayenne and a dash of paprika.

Young Man Wants Puppy for Pal

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Is there some one who wants to give away a young dog or a puppy to make where it would have the best of a home? I know a young man who has lost his left arm and jaw to take a watchman's job on a lonely island where such a dog would be a great deal of company and pleasure. He would prefer a large breed of dog. He is trying to find a dog he can bring up for company. He is very fond of animals. He asked me if I couldn't get him a pet, as I had such great success getting a kitten through the column. I am more than pleased with the two little Persian kits. They are darlings and I thank you so much for sending Mrs. F.'s address. I went for the two kittens. I hope you can get the dog through your columns too. Thanking you,

MRS. H. G. C.

Surely there is a good strong puppy dog somewhere in or around our city that would like to go and be the best pal of the young man who must spend his time as watchman on a lonely island. Any letter offering such a dog will be speeded to you, Mrs. H. G. C. We are glad the little Persian kits have found a loving mistress.

A Veritable Postage Stamp

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—This seems like taking advantage of a generous and patient nature, but my intentions are of the best. I want to ask you to please let me have the addresses of the syndicates which you sent "A Would-Be Writer," "A. B. A." and "A Reader."

I, too, aspire to write. The one great drawback is how and where to begin. Who knows but that you are my fairy godmother and with a magic wand a la syndicate addresses you might open the door of the journalistic realm to me? From my earliest schooldays writing has been my one great aim, and I am sure it is the one thing I can and will do, notwithstanding the disappointments and heartaches in the guise of pink rejection slips and "how wonderfully you write, but we can't accept your work" letters.

I once heard that a postage stamp was an excellent example of a fixed purpose, and when it comes to "sticking" to my ambition I am a veritable postage stamp.

Will you please lend me your help in "sticking"? Gratefully yours,

AMBITIOUS.

Three cheers for you, "Ambitious." Your letter is of such general interest that it is to be answered in the leading article at the top of the Woman's Page some night this week. In the meantime the syndicate addresses will be mailed to you.

See Good Doctor

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Would you kindly let me know about this? What are the symptoms of bronchial pneumonia and how many days does it take to come to its worst stage, and does one get well after the worst is over?

WORRIED SISTER.

I would see a doctor immediately about the person in whose behalf you are inquiring. It is dangerous to take the word of any one but a reputable physician in a case like this. In this column I am sorry not to be able to take the responsibility of answering questions of a medical nature.

Letters and questions submitted to this department must be written on one side of the paper only and signed with the name of the writer. Special queries like those given below are invited. It is understood that the editor does not necessarily indorse the sentiment expressed. All communications for this department should be addressed as follows: THE WOMAN'S EXCHANGE, Evening Public Ledger, Philadelphia, Pa.

A Way to Buy Thrift Stamps

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—How many readers save the drippings and fat and buy thrift stamps?

My family never eats fat on any meat, so I render all the pieces. I also skim fat off gravy if there is an excess, then the bacon drippings and fat from poultry, and I need never buy lard for frying. I also keep a kettle for fish fat or any fat that is not clean and make soap.

Cracker dust I never buy, as I save bread scraps and crumbs and run them through a food chopper and use them instead for breading meats, fish, etc. They are better. I have always saved wherever possible, and it just comes natural.

MOTHER OF A SOLDIER.

Not only does this suggestion encourage the saving of fat, which is extremely important these wartimes, but it recommends putting money saved into thrift stamps. Putting away a little at a time like this can turn us into a nation of bondholders. I wish some other readers would write and tell us how they manage to save a few extra pennies to invest in thrift stamps. It would help each one to know how the other one does it.

Hominy Turnover

One pint cooked pearl hominy.
One cupful milk.
One teaspoonful salt.
Two well-beaten eggs.

Mix all together. Turn this into a frying pan in which a tablespoon of fat has been melted. Stir until hot throughout. Let it cook until golden brown on the bottom, then fold like an omelet and serve on a hot platter.

Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

Cynthia is a real woman who knows and understands girls. In this department she stands ready to help them with the intimate problems somehow easier to confide in in a letter than in any other way. If you are worried or perplexed write to "Cynthia," in care of the woman's page, Evening Public Ledger.

Girl Scorns Civilian

Dear Cynthia—I note that you only invite girls to write to you, and yet some men have ventured in. May I have a little corner to tell my tale of woe? I am twenty-five years of age and when war was declared I tried to enlist. The doctors refused me on account of defective vision. Later I was drafted and again refused when I went for examination. I have tried several times to enter the service since, but have always been refused. Now, I can't go around explaining this all the time to strangers when I first meet them.

And this is a sample of what has happened to me twice in the last two months: I was introduced to a nice girl at a party and we danced together once. She talked soldiers all the time. When I said good-night to her I said I hoped she would let me call (we had been introduced by a mutual friend), and she stiffened up and said she only had "men in uniform" call on her.

Do you not think this is a most unkind and unfair stand for a girl to take? The other happening was on the same order.

DISCOURAGED.

Certainly you and your problem are welcome to the column. Your case is not uncommon, I believe. Some of our young women have gone so hard into patriotism of a kind and war work, too, they have no time for those who are not actively engaged in the service. They do not consider the unfairness of their attitude, for it is unfair and unkind. There is one thing to help you, however. If a girl can be so quick to judge you because you are not in uniform she is probably not the person you would want to have for a friend in any case.

So put these two out of your mind is my advice. Perhaps you will be able to get a Government position which will not require perfect vision. I honor you for your efforts and so should others.

Soldier Has No Relatives

Dear Cynthia—In addressing this letter to you I desire to beg a small favor of you through the medium of your valuable column. I am a young fellow of twenty years and have no relations at all and what few friends I have are all in England, so that I want to ask you if you could find a respectable person to correspond with me occasionally? It makes a man feel kind of lonesome when he sees the rest of the boys getting letters and packages and yet there are none for him. In return I will always answer the letters, both here and "over there," where I expect to be shortly. A. C.

I appreciate your loneliness, soldier man, and happen to know a very nice and respectable person and have turned your letter over to him. So you will not be without letters after this.

Charlie Has Another Friend

Dear Cynthia—I have been reading your columns daily. I have just read Charlie's letter, which interested me. I think if Charlie intends to marry a girl and at the same time save money and enjoy simple pleasures he must not grow impatient, as I am sure he will meet the right little girl, though one is not so easily found.

If he meets her and finds she enjoys the pleasures he shows her let him get her to understand his meaning and plans, and if she cares enough for him she will gladly help Charlie in his efforts to save money for their mutual advantage and she will not think of calling him a cheap skate.

Those girls who leave you for the automobile chap just because they can have better, or what they think are better, times are hardly ever satisfied when it comes to marrying, and if they do marry they are not apt to be happy.

If they go with the automobile chap it may not be that they like him better, only for the automobile, as I know of such cases in my own home town.

So if Charlie meets the girl and comes to an understanding he will readily know with what pleasures the girl will be satisfied and then there will be no opportunities for him to be called a cheap skate.

Somebody else give their opinion or let the editor give hers. BROWN EYES.

Several have given their opinions and the editor is sure Charlie will be delighted to hear there are so many sensible girls.

Let Him Come

Dear Cynthia—A boy has been coming to see me a lot and I liked him at first. Now I do not like him as much and like some one else better. What shall I do?

CAROLINE.

As long as you are not engaged to the first boy there is certainly no reason why you should feel worried at likings another boy better. Like them all, little girl, and be friends with them all. Then when the right one comes you will be able to choose wisely.

WILBUR'S COCOA
"ALL FOOD, NO WASTE"
War Time FROZEN PUDDING
For the hot day it makes a wonderful dessert that has a real food value. Its particularly nice for the kiddies, but the grown-ups will enjoy it quite as well. How to make it among
Wilbur's War-Time Recipes as well as numerous other dainty, delicious and economical desserts. Your copy's waiting. It's free.
Send for it today
H. O. WILBUR & SONS, Inc. Philadelphia

The Angel

Way over there in France somewhere,
Somewhere beneath God's sky,
While bullets pour and cannons roar
And glorious banners fly,
Our brave boys fight there day and night
And for their country die.

And over there in France somewhere
Where lies the road to fame,
To glory, immortality,
One day an angel came,
With soft words on her smiling lips,
And Kindness was her name.

And when our wounded soldiers fell
That angel's gentle touch
Their hearts were filled with gratitude,
Their happiness was such
They kissed the very ground she trod
And wept with joy and prayed to God.

And asked, "Are you an angel from Another universe?"
Then with a sigh she made reply,
"No, I'm a Red Cross nurse."

—Jorge Godoy.

June Clearance Sale In All Departments
Smart Waists $8 & $10 Values $2 to $5
White Skirts Wonderful values $5.25 to $9.00
New Sleeveless Tweed-O-Wool SUITS $15.00
Summer Dresses In white and colors As low as $10
Our Clearance Sale of Children's Apparel Begins Monday
BLAYLOCK & BLYNN, Inc 1528 Chestnut St.

J. M. Gidding & Co.
564 566 568 Fifth Avenue AT 46TH ST. N.Y.
1422 Walnut Street
June Sales
Special groups of Fashionable Apparel at Important Price Reductions—including:
SUITS—GOWNS
DRESSES—COATS
WRAPS—BLOUSES—HATS
AT VERY GREAT SAVINGS

DALSIMER STANDARD SHOES

Bare-foot Sandals
Tan Lotus Calf, with flexible, durable sole.
2 to 5, $1.75
5 to 8, $2.00
8½ to 11, $2.50
11½ to 2, $3.00

Off for a good time and they need good shoes.

Keds
White and Tan Oxfords and Shoes. Best grade of canvas, leather inner sole and the best Goodyear rubber sole and spring heel.
Oxfords, 5 to 11, $1.50
11½ to 2, $1.75
2½ to 7, $2.00
High Shoes, 5 to 11, $1.75
11½ to 2, $2.00
2½ to 7, $2.25

Palm Beach Summer Scout Shoe
Buff. Light in weight. Textan fiber sole and heel. Can be resoled.
9 to 13½, $3.00

Dalsimer Sandals and Play Shoes for playground, beach and camp are the well-made ones at low prices for quality. These shoes are just the kind your Kiddies need now and require to give the growing foot room for proper development.

Our Children's Department is a complete store in itself.

English Play Oxford
Tan Lotus Calf, with flexible, durable sole.
5 to 8, $2.25
8½ to 11, $2.00
11½ to 2, $2.50

'TIS A FEAT TO FIT FEET

HELP THE KIDDIES SAVE THEIR "LITTLE BIT" HELPS

W.S.S. Pledge Day, June 28

Dalsimer
The Big Shoe Store
1204-06-08 MARKET STREET

W.S.S. Pledge Day, June 28

DOUBLE WEAR HOSIERY