A MOTHER, FIVE CHILDREN AND A WAR GARDEN—DISTINCTIVE EARRINGS—CYNTHIA'S LETTERS

THE WAR HISTORY WRITTEN IN ONE WOMAN'S KITCHEN

It Began in a Garden That Was Started Last Spring—There Were Five Children to Be Taken Care of, Too—This Mother Wove the War Into Her Life

IN OUR youth we have a habit of going to bed dreaming of how we will live up to the big moment when it comes. In fact we never quite grow up about this.

On the whole we all think a good bit of our own worthwhileness. Yet, wartime has come—like an honest confession it is good for the soul to sit down and frankly wonder how we have lived up to it—not in money, not in things we liked to do, but in honest effort and toil that counted cost in desperate weariness of the body.

Read this letter that has come to the page and you will understand what I mean:

Dear Madam—I was very much interested reading your page to hear how one woman had won a prize through the National War Garden Commission for canning vegetables. If any prizes are given for canning and war work as well as doing all for a family of six, I think perhaps I may be entitled to one. Never before have I worked so hard, from 5:45 a. m until 9:30 and 10 p. m., with sometimes, but not always, a half hour on my back before noon.

My husband and I are buying the two lots adjoining our property, and every square yard has been put to use. I thought I would die before all the planting was done last spring. But now, after a very busy summer, I have shelf after shelf of vegetables and fruits put up—all vegetables raised on our own farm. Fruits I bought with the exception of grapes, of which we had an abundance. I gave away two butcher's baskets of delicious white grapes to neighbors, who sat at ease on their porches watching us work. I have delicious corn we raised and lima beans. The tomatoes, the squash, the cabbage, the Swiss chard, the pumpkins, the beets and the cauliflower! Oh, the string beans and the navy beans! And, oh, the work!

However, I have the satisfaction of knowing that I did my best, raised a war garden and bought Liberty Bonds. A READER.

OF COURSE, things affect us in different ways. Here is a woman who did not stop to talk about the war—I'll wager she was too tired. But, oh, how she wove the war into her very life. She didn't want reward because at this late date our reader is only discovering such things as prizes were given for efforts such as hers.

This woman—she is a patriot of the highest kind—did not stop to talk until the work was all done. "Oh, the work!" How much those three little words tell the story of the summer. There were five little children to be fed and clothed and kept clean and happy, and reading this mother's letter we know they were all that, for women do not help their husbands bury property and neglect their children. And there was the farm and the canning.

Deathless history was written this summer in kitchens. When the Government spoke this woman answered. Hers was not to hunt around the block for excuses. She must have known what the stock ones were, "How can I take care of the children and have a war garden too?" "I can't get any help." "How could I undertake a war garden?" and "You have to think of yourself a little." But where there is a will there is a way. There was never a truer word spoken. This woman had the will and you can see for yourself she found the way.

An Irish Wild Flower

(A Barefoot Child by a Castle)
She felt, I think, but as a wild flower can,
Through her bright fluttering rags, the dark, the cold
Some farthest star remembering what man
Forgets, had warmed her little head with gold.

Above her, hollow-eyed, long blind to tears,
Leafcloaked, a skeleton of stone arose
O castle shadow of a thousand years,
Where you have fallen is this the thing that grows?
—Sarah Morgan Bryan Piatt.

Adventures With a Purse

THE shops are displaying so many lovely earrings just now that it is next to impossible to select just one pair from the alluring array. Come long drop earrings and round pearl ones, those with stones of many colors, and those of metal with no stones. But from among them all one pair, which somehow stood out from all the rest, although not by any means flashy, consisted of a cluster of the tiniest seed pearls. The cluster is smaller by a very little than a ten-cent piece, and separating two rows of the pearl is a line of black. Of course, it is the contrast between the bit of black and the little glowing pearls that gives these earrings an "air," and, of course, it is their price—only fifty cents—which puts them in reach of even the slenderest purse.

Time was when the arrival of a brand-new baby was heralded by the short but essentially to the point announcement, "It's a boy." But now friend baby must be ushered into this world with much pomp and ceremony, and the announcement of his arrival is no longer entrusted to the brief message as to whether "he is a her or she is a him." And so we find wee little stationery, white with pink edges, with information to be filled in concerning baby's name and weight. But, indeed, this stationery is quite irresistible. Twenty-four sheets and envelopes can be secured for seventy-five cents, and if you personally have no use for a box of this, keep it in mind as a baby gift for a friend.

A silk petticoat gives a snug little snuggerous feeling that I vow can not be brought about by any other garment. There's something about the swish of silk skirts that carries with it a charmingly superior feeling. Most certainly you will want one at least for best to wear with your winter suit. Listen then to a petticoat tale: Taffeta they are, with fancy ruffles decorated with little bands of plaiting. As for shades, well, I can assure you that be your suit red, gray, green or any of the prismatic hues, you will find a mate for it in this bevy of rippling skirts. As for price, take $3.50 with you and the petticoat of your choice will be yours.

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.

MAIN LINE AMBULANCE DRIVER

Miss Marion Keating Johnson, of Rosemont, is ambulance driver of the Bryn Mawr Emergency Hospital, covering the greater part of the Main Line section in her ambulance drives

NO USE IN DREADING GRIP, SAYS GIRL IN AMBULANCE

Marion Keating Johnson, One of Main Line Heroines of Epidemic, Stops Between Trips to Tell of Her Experiences

MORE than one woman has won her spurs in the last few weeks, during the stress and horror of the influenza epidemic, and not infrequently have they been won with a quiet gallantry, which has been an inspiration to countless others to go also and give their best.

Miss Marion Keating Johnson, of Rosemont, has been serving for the last two weeks as an ambulance driver for the Bryn Mawr Emergency Hospital, covering the greater part of the Main Line. She is the only woman ambulance driver in that section.

Miss Johnson organized a motor corps as an auxiliary to the Main Line branch of the Red Cross, and when the headquarters at the former Lancaster Inn at Morris and Montgomery avenues, in Bryn Mawr, were turned into an emergency hospital the motor corps was attached to it.

There are about twelve regular members in the corps and at present about ten volunteers. Miss Johnson is, however, the only one who is doing ambulance service.

There is something pleasantly commonplace in a woman in uniform today. The uniforms are no longer crisply new, nor is the work; and, likewise, people who "know women down to the ground" have given up making remarks on uniforms being worn for show and prophesying that "none of it will last long."

Miss Johnson drove her ambulance round to the back door of the hospital yesterday afternoon and climbed out to take a turn while the stretcher was being carried into the hospital, and before she got out again on another emergency call.

She had been driving steadily to and from the hospital all day. It was late, and probably she was tired, but ambulance drivers can't get tired whenever they feel like it, any more than doctors or nurses.

Her car, a big black ambulance, with red lettering on it, had, she said, begun its career as a supply truck, and had been given to her just before the epidemic; it likewise rose magnificently to the occasion and very likely its engine was throbbing with a pleasant sense of its usefulness, while it submitted in silence to various flattering comments.

Miss Johnson had said very little about the part she herself is playing in the struggle against the spread of the epidemic.

"You do see pretty dreadful things," she said mildly, and did not expand on a theme which has been developed with clubbing variations. "I'm not afraid of getting it. I had a cold or something a little while ago, which was probably a light case of the "flu." Any way, if it wasn't, it doesn't do much good hiding from it—it'll get you if it takes a fancy to you, and in the meantime you might as well be doing what you can to help the people who are working themselves to death.

"The girls out here have been doing wonderfully; the other members of the motor corps take supplies and carry the visiting nurses around, and things like that; and others help with the cleaning, anything they can possibly do. When we first opened about 160 girls from the college volunteered and worked like beavers.

"We brought in about six new cases today," added Miss Johnson, folding the bright red ambulance blanket neatly. "They're getting fewer. I've got another in Narberth now, and I have to hurry."

Ten minutes' breathing space having seemed to possess all the magic of the proverbial cup of tea, Miss Johnson prepared to go on.

"It's quite an experience being a professional ambulance driver," she remarked in parting. "In a few weeks I'll be driving supplies around peacefully—and from a certain standpoint it can't be too soon."

THE DAILY NOVELETTE

Love and Liberty Bonds

By Mary Cummings

MRS. F. laid down her knitting and Mr. F. dropped his newspaper when their twin daughters, Rose and Lily, just home from college that afternoon, made the startling announcement that they were to spend their vacation making clothes for the Red Cross.

"We have brought the patterns home from college with us," said Rose enthusiastically. "They are very simple and I think we can at first make a dozen jackets and skirts during the summer if we hustle."

Convinced that the girls were determined about their new plans, Mrs. F. suggested consulting Mrs. S., the family dressmaker, who had won the title of Aunt Liza by her kindness and sunny disposition.

"After we finish our sewing," interrupted Lily, "we intend to earn the price of a Liberty Bond. We have not yet decided how we will earn the money but undoubtedly an inspiration will come to us before then."

Mr. F. was delighted to find his daughters so patriotic and had sat silently wondering what other plans the girls might have in mind. Finally the idea came to him, why not he provide the Liberty Bond. Accordingly he suggested that to the one doing the best work he would give a Liberty Bond as a prize and Aunt Liza would be the judge. Delighted beyond words the girls readily accepted the proposition. Then fearing some time might be lost they started off high in spirits to make an evening call on Aunt Liza.

Heartily approving of their plans Mrs. S promised to purchase suitable material bright and early next morning. The girls arrived about 10:30 and worked untiringly all day, only stopping long enough to partake of a light lunch at noon. Friday afternoon Aunt Liza told the girls that as Saturday was her market day she would leave the key hanging in the back entry so they could let themselves in, "but I shall be home early," she added. "Don't hurry," said Rose, "we have machine stitching enough to keep us busy all day." "Well I won't be long," continued Aunt Liza, "as I will be anxious to see how you are progressing."

Frank S. had been given his last leave of absence before starting for France. "Mother market day, too," said Frank to himself. "Well, I'll ride up home and surprise her when she returns. Why there's the twins; bet a cent they are going to see mother. I'll have a chance to see my Rose unexpectedly."

Arriving home, Frank was bewildered to see the pile of sewing, "and what on earth kind of dresses are they? Some new creation I suppose for Rose or Lily." Frank jumped as he heard steps in the back entry. Grabbing up his bag, he made a rush for the wardrobe and by the time the girls reached the sewing room he was congratulating himself on making such a hasty exit so successfully.

"Here's one of Frank's old hats," said Rose. "I wonder how it came here? Suppose Aunt Liza was looking things over," answered Lily as she settled herself down to her sewing. "Yesterday she said he was probably on his way across now as he had had his last leave of absence." "Oh, see Lily what a fine fellow I would make in Frank's hat." "Its lucky for you he's not here, Rose, or he could make you pay a forfeit for putting his hat on." "I wouldn't mind that," laughingly responded Rose. "It would not be the first time." Seeing the look of horror on her sister's face, she continued, "before I went back to college after our spring vacation he asked to kiss me good-by and I let him because I love him." "Do you really, Rose," questioned the astonished Lily.

Frightened at first and then horrified to think that he must have heard their conversation, the two girls stood speechless. Frank stepped from his hiding place and walking directly to Rose he placed both arms around her as he said, "Sweetheart, you have just answered the question that has been troubling me for months—that you really love me." Completely forgetting that Lily was present he kissed her and succeeded in obtaining her promise to be his sweetheart forever.

Lily ran to meet Aunt Liza, who had just reached the turn of the road, and joyfully imparted the good news of her son's arrival. Frank and Rose met them at the door and, beaming with happiness, Frank presented the future Mrs. S. "I've expected it for a long time past," said Mrs. S. as she lovingly kissed them both.

That evening Frank's mother told him of the girls sewing for the Red Cross, and that Mr. F. had promised the one that did the best work a $100 Liberty Bond. "They have chosen me to be the judge," added Aunt Liza, "and it is going to be mighty hard to decide, as they both sew equally well and one is as willing as the other."

"Well, mother," answered Frank, "I am glad you mentioned that. Don't be worried any longer about the settling of the prize as I shall see that Rose is provided with a bond and the other can go to Lily."

Accordingly, on Sunday evening, as he bade Rose good-by, he pressed a check for $100 into her hand and gently kissing her, he whispered, "Let us seal our bonds of love, sweetheart, with Bonds of Liberty, and when the dawn of peace shall come I will return to claim you for my bride."

Tomorrow's Complete Novelette—"KNIT, KNIT, KNIT."

Yesterday's Answers

1. The witches' art gallery for the Halloween party is made by fixing up any corner of the room with yellow cheesecloth walls and pasting on this small black "cut-outs" of cats, witches, swastikas, owls, crescents, etc. Each guest, blindfolded, is given a pointer and told to pick out his or her fortune on the wall. A witch sits in the corner with a yellow-bound blank book, in which is written what each symbol means. These fortunes can be made up by the hostess.
2. Three American girls were signally honored by the French Government by being allowed to carry important mail on near the front during a heavy engagement recently.
3. The church wedding invitation usually reads "requests the honor of your presence," while the home invitation reads "requests the pleasure."
4. The menu commonly used at the wedding breakfast provides for croquettes, salad, ice cream, cake and small cups of coffee.
5. Salt will remove black from a saucepan.
6. A rubber mat in front of the kitchen sink rests the feet and saves the floor from stains.

AN AFTERNOON DRESS OF SOFT BLUE VELVET

Blue velvet and embroidered chiffon done in shades of blue make this gown as lovely as it is. The little vest is of white satin

The Woman's Exchange

Today's Inquiries

1. Give the menu for an old-fashioned Halloween supper.
2. How can birthday candles be novelly held in the cake?
3. Give the recipe for delicious date sandwiches.
4. What novel materials are the stores now showing for drapery?
5. When the hand is burned while cooking, what will prevent blistering or hurt?
6. What will sweeten rancid lard?

Balloon Halloween Costume

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Could you please tell me how the balloon costume is made that was mentioned not so long ago on the Woman's Page? Also, would you kindly send the dictionary for the camouflage Halloween party mentioned? ALICE.

The balloon costume is usually made in white. It can be in white satine or in a softer material, such as net or cheesecloth. The skirt is full and short and is decorated with rounds of brightly colored goods cut like tiny balloons. The more and the brighter the colors the better. The waist is just a plain short-sleeved bodice. The sleeves are edged with the "fake" balloons, too. On the wrists are tied ribbons to which are attached small balloons on strings.

The suggestions for the party have been mailed to you.

Clothes Are Offered

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Now I see from your Woman's Page, which I never miss reading, that there are persons right around us who are in need of things, and no doubt you can dispose of these things where they are most needed.

I have a perfectly good raincoat, size 36; two coats, one serge, the other broadcloth, size 36; one serge dress, good lady's woolen shirt, size 34; one gentleman's vest, and a number of other things. There has been no sickness in our house and the things are all clean, so there is no danger for any one. I expect to have more things a little later, and will be happy to give them to needy ones, as we have no family that can use them up and we are strangers in the town. (Mrs.) M. D.

We have printed this letter, because it would be so much nicer to have the things go to needy ones who can wear these sizes. Letters addressed to Mrs. M. D. will be forwarded to her. We are very grateful to our reader for her kind offer.

Things to Know

Whole cloves put into the pan in which prunes are cooking give them a new flavor.

Wipe French ivory toilet sets with alcohol or peroxide instead of water. This will prevent their turning yellow.

In order to avoid blackening the finger nails when blackening the stove, rub soap under them before beginning the task.

THAT trim, tailored effect so fashionable now can be very easily marred by ill-fitting underapparel!

The woman who wears "Mérode" or "Harvard Mills" Underwear retains her smart, attractive appearance because these undergarments are cut and made to fit. They are pre-shrunk so that they retain their shape through many tubbings, and each garment is hand-finished. They have style and wear-ability.

"Mérode" and "Harvard Mills" (Hand-finished) Underwear

Patent Flatlock seams prevent a double thickness of material anywhere.

Union suits, vests, drawers and tights—in all sizes and fabrics. High, medium or low neck; long sleeves, elbow length or no sleeves at all; knee or ankle length. Priced at 50 cents to $6.75 a garment.

The same care is taken in the making of "Mérode" and "Harvard Mills" Underwear for children as for women.

Sold at the leading stores. Buy it by name.

WINSHIP, BOIT & CO. (*Harvard Knitting Mill*) Wakefield, Mass.

PLEASE TELL ME WHAT TO DO

By CYNTHIA

$35 or $40 Plenty

Dear Cynthia—I see in your column that every one who needs advice may come to you, so I am coming and hope you will answer as soon as possible.

I am a young man 24 years of age and about to be married. Now, what I would like to know is this, as I am strange in this part of the country, how much money would I need to furnish a home? I mean a little home just for two. I do not mean to buy very fine furniture, but I want to get something fair. And could a fellow keep a home for two for $35 to $40 a week? Which is the best month to be married in, from this month until January? FROM A STRANGER.

Why not rent an apartment? They are less expensive to furnish and more convenient than a house. They can be furnished as much in house as a house, as they are built with four, five and six rooms, including kitchen and bath. In West Philadelphia and South Philadelphia you can find lovely little apartments for $25 to $40 a month you should be able to furnish nicely with about $250. There are places where by paying so much each month you can furnish without having to put down a lump sum. If you have the lump sum saved, however, it would be wiser to buy outright and not have to drain off so much each week or month for installments.

You and your wife should live very comfortably on what you make. You will have to plan carefully to make your money go the best way, but you should be able to live well, save and have a little recreation, too, with your salary. Both November and December are considered lucky months for marriage according to the old rhyme.

"If you marry, wed in bleak November,
Only joy will come, remember.
When December's snows fall fast,
Marry and true love will last."

Which Shall It Be?

Dear Cynthia—I have been invited to a Halloween party on October 26. One boy friend asked me to go with him, but his boy friend wanted to take me. The boy that asked me told his boy friend he was going to take me, but I would much rather go with his boy friend. I have not given him my word that I would go with him.

What would you advise me to do so that I would be able to go with his boy friend without getting him angry with me? How would you advise me to dress so as to be attractive? C. R. B.

If you did not promise the first young man to go with him you are free to go with whomever you please. However, since the first boy is taking it for granted you are going with him, it seems a little unkind to disappoint him; that is, if he is not just acting bold about it.

Any of the following costumes are pretty: Gypsy, skating girl, old-fashioned girl, Little Bo-Peep, farmerette, French peasant or Liberty Loan girl. Copy your costumes from the posters or find pictures in the public library.

Test Her Sincerity

Dear Cynthia—I am a young man twenty-one years of age. Last June I was engaged to a girl two years my junior. Owing to the war I hesitated about marriage. As "he who hesitates is lost," so I lost. The engagement was broken on the grounds that I was too grouchy.

A few weeks ago I received a message inviting me to her home, saying she wished to see me. I, fool-like, went. It now seems that I can go on as if nothing had happened. But I can't trust her now, as I think she will do the same thing again, and all the time I am thinking she and her family are laughing "up their sleeves" at me for coming back.

Do you think they are? Shall I take another chance or not? Was I foolish for going back? Please tell me what to do. T. S.

A girl and her family do not always "laugh up their sleeves" when a man comes back. So I would not stay away on that account. The big thing is do you love the girl and do you feel she loves you? Persons often make mistakes they are very sorry for. Perhaps breaking her engagement was a mistake this girl now deeply regrets, and it is this very sort of a misstep that prevents a person from committing the same error again. Why not test the young lady's friendship for a while if you feel uncertain? Be friends, but do not become engaged to each other until you are sure of her.

A Maid and Two Men

The Story of the Girl Who Was Left Behind

By HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR

Copyright, 1918, by Public Ledger Co.

LVII

TWO days later matters were somewhat straight again. The wedding presents had all gone back. If Mrs. Brander had said anything about the return of the expensive cake basket Ruth knew nothing of it, although her experience with Mrs. Bascom had been more than disagreeable. Mrs. Bascom had called formally and as Mrs. Rowland was still prostrated with a headache, Ruth had been forced to see her mother's guest alone. When Mrs. Bascom finally left, Ruth was ready to cry with rage and humiliation. Mrs. Bascom had been frigidly polite, but she had left no doubt at all in Ruth's mind as to how she felt about the chest of silver that had been engraved. Not until it came time to leave did she tell Ruth that as matters stood she had been able to dispose of it as a gift to people who happened to have the same initial.

"Of course," she explained carefully, "we hadn't expected to give them anything as extravagant, but under the circumstances it was better to give the present to them than to keep it ourselves."

Mrs. Griffith had been different. She had urged Ruth to keep the silver toilet set. "Just to remind you of me, you poor child," she had said kindly. "And don't say another thing about it."

Martha was the only one in the house who treated Ruth with any shade of cordiality. Mrs. Rowland had shut herself in her room, and Bobby went about the house quietly, avoiding Ruth as much as possible. One night Ruth went into his room and sat on the edge of his bed for a few minutes. Bobby lay under the covers regarding her with true brotherly frankness.

"Bobby, why won't you be friends with me?" Ruth asked finally.

Bobby twisted and squirmed uncomfortably.

"Aw, I am friends with you."

"No, you're not. You act as though you're angry with me; are you?"

Thus frankly questioned Bobby said truthfully, "Jack is a good fellow, all the fellows think so."

"And you think I should have married him because he's a good fellow?"

"Aw, I don't know. But, gee! he was good to you, and to throw him over like that."

"But I didn't, dear. I didn't throw him over."

Bobby's eyes opened widely in surprise.

"No, indeed, I didn't. He threw me over."

Bobby sat up in bed, the better to digest this startling piece of news. "He threw you over?" He repeated incredulously. "I don't believe it. Why, Jack's a good fellow."

"Of course, he is, but he didn't want me, Bobby, when he found out I didn't love him."

"Why didn't you love him? You said you did once. I heard you."

"Oh, I know I did, Bobby. I thought I did then."

Bobby regarded her for a long minute. This was a new viewpoint of things. Women were strange, anyway, and then he argued to himself, Ruth was his sister.

"And you found you didn't love him, after all?"

"Yes, dear," said Ruth, meekly.

"Gee, that's funny," Bobby observed slowly.

Ruth said nothing at all.

"But he oughtn't to have thrown you over; I don't like that!" Bobby's tone was angrily indignant.

"Oh, but there wasn't anything else to do, dear. Don't you see?"

Bobby tried very hard to see. He felt the dignity of his position and he was eager to maintain it.

"Well," he said finally, very gravely, and then explosively in the next breath, "Gee, girls are funny! You never know what they're going to do next."

"And we don't either. Then, you men ought to feel sorry for us, and not be angry."

Bobby swelled his chest bravely at this appeal to his manhood. "I wasn't angry, honest I wasn't, Ruth. Gee! don't cry like that, Ruth. You're all right, I think so, and I'll make the fellows take your part; you see if I don't."

Ruth, half crying and half laughing, buried her head in the pillow. Her nerves were all on edge and the gloominess of the house had added to the general unhappiness of things. Bobby's sudden melting had touched her deeply. She had never been so close to her little brother, this boy who so deeply resented any show of affection, and who was just beginning to talk of "the fellows" in a typically masculine manner.

Bobby patted her head roughly in an effort to understand the feminine refuge in tears. His boyish resentment at her treatment of Jack and his loyalty to his sex had been battered down as they have from time immemorial at the appeal of a woman's weakness. Bobby was no longer the male who judged, but the male who pitied and protected. It was his duty to protect his sister, and his privilege to be asked for understanding. Bobby sat like a small Trojan upright against the pillows, the fire of knighthood flaming in his eyes as he awkwardly stroked Ruth's hair. There was no doubt of the fact that he was on Ruth's side.

(Tomorrow Mrs. Rowland takes a stand and another dream of Ruth's is spoiled.)

MANDO REMOVES SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

The removal of a hair growth from under the arms or the neck can be very easily accomplished by using this excellent powder. Sold by drug stores.

BOYS AND GIRLS

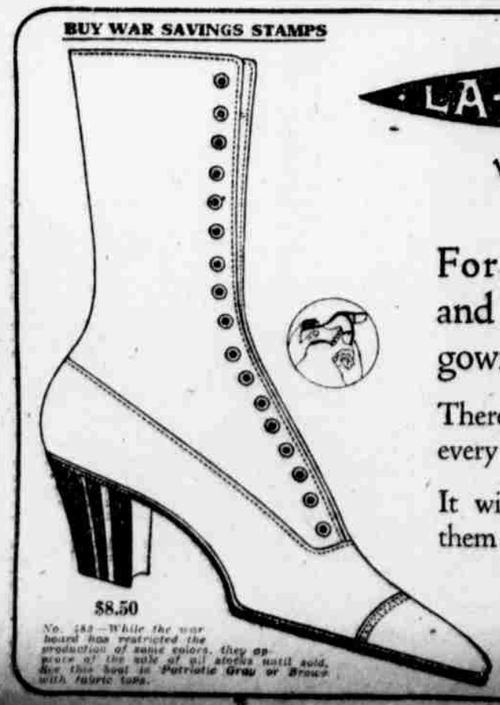
Help Clear Away Skin and Scalp Troubles with Cuticura

The Soap to Cleanse and Purify The Ointment to Soothe and Heal

These fragrant, super-creamy emollients relieve and help to clear the skin of irritation, redness and roughness, the scalp of irritation and dandruff, and the hands of chaps. In purity, delicate medication, refreshing fragrance, convenience and economy, Cuticura Soap and Ointment meet with the approval of the most discriminating. Ideal for everyday toilet uses.

For sample each by mail address postcard "Cuticura Dept. 28, Boston." Sold everywhere. Soap 25c. Ointment 25 & 50c.

BUY WAR SAVINGS STAMPS



$8.50

No. 188—While the war board has restricted the production of same colors, they appear of the sole of all stocks until sold. Our this boot in Patriotic Gray or Brown with fabric tops.

LA FRANCE

Win-The-War-Styles

For the tailored maid and her more elaborately gowned sister.

There is a La France model for every occasion.

It will be a pleasure to show them to you.

'Tis a Feat to Fit Feet

Dalsimer

1204-06-08 Market Street

Safe Milk for Infants and Invalids

HORLICK'S THE ORIGINAL MALTED MILK

Rich milk, malted grain, in powder form. For infants, invalids and growing children. Pure nutrition, upbuilding the whole body. Invigorates nursing mothers and the aged. More nutritious than tea, coffee, etc. Instantly prepared. Requires no cooking. Substitutes Cost YOU Same Price

C. J. Heppe & Son, Philadelphia Representatives

A Player-Piano should be purchased for a lifetime—and it should be AEOLIAN-MADE

TOO MANY Player-Pianos are like style garments—built to sell, not to serve. It's not so much the price, or the finish, or the style, but the quality and the reputation of the maker that mean most in making such a purchase of a player-piano.

The Aeolian Company—pioneers in the making of player-actions, and internationally famous for the universally high standards of their products—have now been able, through extraordinary factory efficiency, to produce a moderate priced player-piano embodying their wonderful exclusive control devices and bearing their unlimited guarantee. It is the Francesca.

This fine instrument sells for only $525—less than is asked for inferior imitations. Here is a player-piano that will last you a lifetime.

The FRANCESCA PLAYER-PIANO (AEOLIAN-MADE) $525

In purchasing we will gladly accommodate you through our rental-payment plan, which applies all the rent toward the purchase. We will also take your plain piano in exchange as part payment. Call or write for full particulars and catalogues.

C. J. HEPPE & SON

1117-1119 CHESTNUT ST.

1718 THOMPSON STS.