

And So They Were Married

By HAZEL DEYO BACHELOR
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START THIS STORY TODAY

RUTH went home with her head filled with ideas of the wedding. She bought a magazine at the newsstand in the subway and sat with her head buried in it studying styles, long fascinating to be a bridesmaid in spring and how nice of Natalie to ask her when she was married and it wasn't the thing to have a married woman as a bridesmaid!

Ruth burst into the apartment, a song on her lips, and almost ran up the stairs. The girl at the desk called something after her, but she paid no attention. Upstairs a figure sat on the steps waiting for her. It was Helen Townsend.

Ruth, instead of feeling as she used to with Helen, now felt a certain reserve that, try as she would, she could not overcome. It may have been because Helen had become unaccountably different—a successful business woman so often is—but at any rate matters between the two girls were not on the easy, friendly basis they once were when neither girl had known anything but the same kind of an existence.

Ruth was hot from running upstairs, and she hated any one to discover her before she had had time to freshen up. That was one reason why she made such an effort to get home before Scott did. Now she was forced to unlock the door, to try to be eagerly welcoming and to usher Helen into the apartment which she could never count on looking tidy under Mrs. Jones's management.

"I suppose Natalie has asked you about the wedding. We're to walk together. Isn't that splendid?"

"I suppose it's because we're both married," Ruth said thoughtfully.

Helen was silent and Ruth remembered. "Oh, Helen, dear, forgive me; I'm so thoughtless."

"Why, it's nothing, nothing at all. Ruth, really, I ought not to mind, you know, but somehow I never can forget, and I don't want to in a way. It's all such a precious memory."

Moments like these drew the girls close together, but only momentarily, until different things in their daily lives intruded themselves again.

"But that isn't why I came over to-night. I have other news for you. How do you like your job?"

"It's all right." Ruth went over to straighten the davenport and to put up the pillows. She had no intention of talking business with Helen. Things were better when they remained on a social basis.

But Helen walked after Ruth, took her arm and turned her around. "See here, I really want to know," she said.

Ruth laughed and playfully pulled her arm away.

"Why?"

"Because if you don't like it I have something better for you. I must confess, Ruth, that I didn't approve of your going into business at all. I never thought you were the type, but if you like office work I know of an opening that is better than the one you have now."

"Of course, I like it," Ruth said smoothly, "but I heard of an opening today that I am considering."

Until that minute she hadn't considered it at all, and she wasn't telling the truth when she said she liked office work. She hated it. She longed to be able to sleep as long as she wanted in the morning and to have plenty of time to linger over her breakfast. Nothing mattered so much as this living hit or miss, this scrambling from one thing to another, this having no real leisure for anything. Why couldn't people mind their business and leave her alone? Why was she always being interfered with? For she certainly was.

"What is the position?" she asked carelessly.

"It's in a magazine office. I think the salary is \$22, and it's real magazine work."

Ruth's heart leaped.

"Do you think you'd like it as well as this other position?" Helen asked.

"I don't know. This position would require my studying for a time before I could take it. It would be secretarial work."

"Well, you could see Miss Fenton, anyway, and talk things over."
"Yes, I will. What magazine is it?"
"The Up-to-Date."
"What is Miss Fenton like?" Some-how Ruth did not relish working for a woman. Even though Mr. Browning entirely ignored her, at least he was a man and was fair. Women did not like competition.
"That's the only drawback," Helen confessed. "You may not be crazy about Miss Fenton, but the work will do you good, and you'll learn a lot there. I wish you would try it."
"What's the matter with Miss Fenton?"
"Oh, she's all right, but she's inclined to be sharp of tongue. When you interview her you want to be tactful and retiring. She always wants to impress people with her importance. But Crawford Layton is on the magazine, too. He's really the head of everything. It's a wonderful opportunity to work with him, Ruth. That's why I want you to try to stand Miss Fenton's cattiness."

In the next installment Ruth interviews Miss Fenton, of the Up-to-Date.

The Woman's Exchange

Municipal Sitting Rooms

To the Editor of Woman's Page:
Dear Madam—I read with interest in April 16th's issue of your paper the article on municipal parlors or sitting rooms for the girl who boards or whose home conditions are such that she cannot entertain her friends there. It sounds like a splendid idea. How could we make it a fact for Philadelphia?

E. B.
In the town in Kansas where the municipal sitting room now exists it was begun as a war measure. It seems to me a city parlor or rather a series of them for Philadelphia could be the outgrowth of some "war measure" war measures we have had.

The Question Box

Today's Inquiries

1. How old is the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution?
2. When a tablecloth wears out on the edges, how can it be utilized?
3. How can the usefulness of a scrubbing brush be prolonged?
4. Describe an unusually attractive towel which can be added to the decoration of the dining room.
5. What treatment will refine the skin without harming it?
6. When last year's hat is faded and cannot be "renewed," how can it be trimmed to hide the deficiency?

Saturday's Answers

1. Natcher blue takes its name from the artist Natcher, who was extremely fond of this particular shade of blue.
2. When a small hat is to be furnished with emerald table, etc., the use of plain wallpaper is better.
3. A new idea in marking linens is to use the monogram that is on one's stationery.
4. When essential is new, before using it fill it with water, in which there is a little soda. Place in the oven. It should remain there until the water is nearly boiling. This lessens the chances of its cracking.
5. If irons are rubbed with nauton fat and wrapped in brown paper before they are put away they will not rust.
6. Threads on the carpets can be easily swept up with a broom that has been dampened.

The high schools, or, in fact, some of the larger, more modern grammar schools, would make excellent centers. Surely, after we spend all the money we do to educate our young people, it is worth while following up this education with surroundings that make for wholesomeness and living up to the ideals taught. I have always felt that giving the girls and boys a fair chance to be wholesomely happy is one of the best ways any city could in the end serve itself, and I hope the day will come when every city will see its own welfare through this light.

Use Hot Water and Facial Soap

To the Editor of Woman's Page:
Dear Madam—Will you kindly publish in your EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER a cure for blackheads that grow under the skin around the lower part of the nose? These blackheads keep the skin itching continuously. In time they leave large holes in the side of a person's face.
R. B. J.

Bathe your face every night in hot water and a good facial soap. Make a thick lather and rub the soap well into your face before removing it with cooler water. Rinse your face with cold water, and rub a little cold cream into your skin to keep it from getting too dry. About once a week, steam your face with a cloth wet with just as hot water as you can stand, being careful not to do it so often that the treatment will make the skin tender. Rubbing a piece of ice over your face after the treatment with facial soap will help to refine the skin and make the pores smaller, thereby preventing the return of the blackheads; or apply a thick coat of zinc ointment, let it remain for an hour or so, and take it off with cold cream.

Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

To Doris
Will you please send a self-addressed envelope for your answer?

Going to Marry a "Vamp"

My Dear Cynthia—In reply to A Vamp and also to the West Philadelphia girls:
First dear little "A Vamp" of seven teen summers, don't forget every fellow tries to make a girl believe that she is the one and only and that next night he tells another girl the same story. I don't doubt but what fellows (some fellows) are "poor fish," as you say, but it's a long way from nine out of ten.

I don't know "Adventure" but I know that he as well as myself would not or never have eaten out of any girl's hand of seventeen summers.
I am not a untimely "idiot," but "vamps" are the best company as far as I am concerned. And when I gather together my fortune I'm going to marry a vamp if I have to find one of the "West Philadelphia girls."
"VAMPLESS"

The Lieutenant's Ideal Girl

Dear Cynthia—A few words, if I may, in answer to that delightful letter from "Almost Nineteen." My hat is off to you, little lady. If more of our young girls held the same views on the subject as you then I am quite sure there would be more happiness in this old world.
As in your case I can only tell what

kind of a girl I admire, although it's just possible other fellows of my sex may agree with me. A girl who permits kissing is in my estimation merely a flirt and should be treated accordingly. She more often than not finds it exceedingly difficult to marry the right sort of man simply because love cannot exist without respect.

A decent fellow, much as he may desire to impress some particular girl, generally holds himself in check because of his respect for her high ideals. As long as she can keep him in a state of expectation for the delightful things the future may hold for him, then everything is fine and dandy, but just let this respect disappear and romance and love will go down for the count.

So much for that. Another very important thing is conversation. If these foolish little girls would only realize that we men like to hear and talk of something else besides the latest dance, fashions, gossip and silly chatter, they would have more of the right kind of person showing their attention. Personally I like a girl who can talk of and discuss intelligently the topics of the day, books, music, etc., a girl who can sympathize with a fellow in his various moods (low can); who can be a pal and a friend in every respect of the word.

This is the sort of a relationship that breeds true love, respect and admiration. Build a home on such a foundation and it is not hard to figure out what the result will be.

These views will probably bring forth sneers and laughter from the "flappers" and "parlor experts," who chase happiness in the form of bubbles up and down Chestnut street, but the sooner they learn that bubbles break the better off they will be.

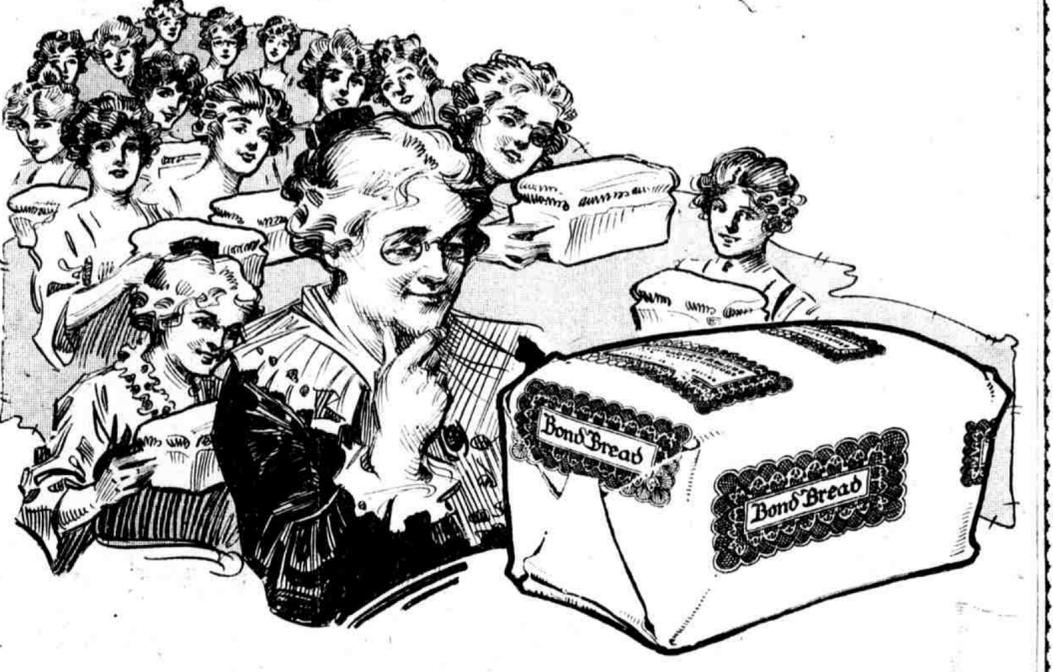
Miss "Almost Nineteen," I'm on your side first, last and always, and may your wonderful ideals bring you the happiness you richly deserve. I only wish there were more in this world who shared your views. Who's next in this little debate? Keep the ball a-rolling. LIETT. B., Twenty-three.

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"My family doesn't ask me to bake bread any more—because Bond Bread is quite as delicious and nutritious as the best bread I ever baked.

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Fancy Prunes lb 22 ^c	Pride of Farm Catsup big bot 15 ^c	Choice Peas can 14 ^c	Oleomargarine lb 30 ^c -36 ^c

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