

And So They Were Married

By HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR

START THIS STORY TODAY

LIFE downtown is as different from life uptown in New York as day is from night, to use the time-worn simile. Uptown it is like a little village, or to be more exact, a number of little villages, each with its own little community center.

For instance, the block where Ruth and Scott had decided to live had no row of residences to recommend it as a home street. Business buildings had crept in and towered over the few remaining three and four stories, there were no children in the street, and at night an almost entire quiet reigned save for the distant roar of the noisier streets, the clung of the L, and the occasional fire engine which is so much more prevalent downtown.

Ruth had to walk over to Third avenue to market, and she rarely saw the same faces there; they were always changing. This was because there wasn't a great deal of retail trade, because there were comparatively few families who could afford to trade at the one enterprising shop of the neighborhood. Most of the East Siders preferred the push carts or the tiny independent fruit and vegetable establishments where prices were never stable and things could be bid for.

The first morning that Ruth woke up in her new place she lay awake for a long time looking about her. Her legs still ached and the muscles in her arms were sore, but the apartment was adorable.

The windows stretched almost from the floor to the ceiling and there were window seats which had been freshly scrubbed and glistening panes which looked out on the houses in the back street and several yards which although not decorative, were not unpleasant.

The living-room was the piece de resistance. It had a generous skylight in addition to the big old-fashioned windows, their furniture did not look so out of place as it had in the new apartment house uptown; it toned in with everything. The big old-fashioned day-enport that Ruth had always been ashamed of seemed just the thing down here.

Ruth sat up in bed and craned her neck to see into the front room. The shade was pulled across the skylight so that only a dim light came down from above, a light breeze was blowing in the curtains of a daring black and blue and orange which Ruth had picked up for a bargain because the pattern had not been stamped straight.

Everything looked different somehow. Ruth decided with a sudden inspiration that the place actually had atmosphere. It wasn't like other people's apartments.

One of the things that had hurt her most was the doing away with her dining room. At first she had refused to do this and had insisted upon trying to crowd her furniture into the one big room. It made everything look like a hodgepodge, however, and she was forced to admit it herself, and so they had sold their dining-room table and their china closet to an auction room and at the same place had picked up a settle chair which could be transformed into a table at a moment's notice. Scott had painted it a dull yellow, and it did look charming.

The parting with the dining-room had been an epoch with Ruth. She had always eaten at a dining-room table in a room set apart for eating. It was a matter of custom with her, and it spelled comfortable civilization, although she couldn't for the world have told why. To give up her dining-room meant giving up what other people counted a necessity. Of course, when one began to reason it out there was no real reason why it should be necessary to have a separate room to eat in. It was one of those things that, accepted, can never be exactly explained, it is custom, that's all; the American custom of imitation.

It was deliciously exciting to slide out of bed, and to bathe in the big tub, and to slip into fresh things and to pull the settle table up into the window, and to whisk out a clean cloth, and to go out into the alcove and get things ready for Scott's breakfast. Ruth hadn't had such a good time in ages.

(Tomorrow—A surprise from uptown.)

Straw and Satin Combined in Hats

A Daily Fashion Talk by Florence Rose



The hats in today's drawing have sufficient variety in design to suit the most particular person. Satin, georgette, taffeta and linen are used in their construction.

THIS has been a remarkable season in the millinery world. I am not, as one might suppose, referring either to the shapes, styles or the business done in millinery, but to the fact that the women are still wearing summer hats, and there seems no movement, so far as can be seen now, to get them to cease wearing summer hats.

There should not, of course, be anything unusual in women wearing summer hats in July. If they were ever going to wear them, now would seem to be the time, but the last few years, along about the first of July, the fall hats of velvet and felt began to make their appearance, and by August 1 almost every woman had her fall bonnet.

It has, every one will admit, looked very silly, especially when the fall hat was worn with the filmy summer dress. But it has seemed to be the fashion, and as we are more or less like sheep and the rest flocked along.

Materials have been used a great deal for hats this summer. In Paris, where a few women started the ball rolling, there is a shortage of straw, the hats are mostly of satin, taffeta, georgette and linen. I recently saw a stunning hat brought over from the other side. It was of black satin and trimmed around the crown with the straggle sort of ostrich. This, too, was black. The shape of the hat was most unusual, similar to a hat. The hat at the right of the drawing is much on the same lines as the hat which I saw.

This hat depicted is in combination of satin and straw. The upper brim and the under brim facing are of satin and the edges and ornamentation around the crown are of straw.

In the center is a hat of leghorn, with upper and under brim facing of navy blue taffeta. The bow is also of taffeta. At the left is a hat of georgette and satin. The points around the head side are of satin. A wreath of flowers encircles the crown and a small bow of ribbons finishes the wreath at the left side.

Inquiries are solicited and may be addressed care of this newspaper.

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Sully Twins Do Y. M. C. A. Work
George Sully, Jr., and William Sully, twin sons of Mr. and Mrs. George Sully, of 5151 Wayne avenue, Germantown, have recently been discharged from the army and both are now engaged in Y. M. C. A. work in New York city.

CAMDEN LETTERMEN TO MARCH LABOR DAY

New Jersey Will Help Entertain at Convention to Be Held in Philadelphia

Camden letter carriers are planning to make a 100 per cent showing at the big letter carriers' parade to be held Labor Day here in connection with the annual convention of the National Association of Letter Carriers.

The president of the New Jersey State Letter Carriers' Association, Walter P. Ellis, of Camden, claims that New Jersey will add several thousand carriers to the parade in which, President Ellis said, 10,000 will march. Elaborate preparations have been suggested for the New Jersey carriers to carry out for the entertainment of many of the delegates that will attend the convention.

It is expected that the Camden carriers will head the New Jersey division in the parade with the banner which was presented to them by Mrs. David Baird, of Camden, twenty years ago. Postmaster Harry Knight, of Camden, and Mr. Ellis will march at the head of the Camden men.

There is a possibility, said Mr. Ellis, of Camden showing courtesy to a north Jersey city, perhaps Newark, by giving the carriers of that city the first place in the line. If this is done Camden will take a back position to allow many other cities of the state to precede.

SOLDIER OUTING DELAYED
Ship Chartered by Jewish Welfare Board Hits Rock Off Salem, N. J.

The steamer Sylvan Dell, which has been chartered by the Jewish welfare board and the war camp community service for a river outing for 500 service men to be given Sunday afternoon, July 20, struck a rock off Salem, N. J.

According to the statement issued by the steamship officials, it will not be repaired in time for the trip Sunday, and inasmuch as another steamer cannot be substituted the Jewish welfare board has been forced to cancel the arrangements made for this date.

Bather than disappoint the service men and J. W. B. girls who have already been invited, the entertainment department of the Jewish welfare board is planning another outing for this date.

ITS SMALL GAS CONSUMPTION IS REALLY SURPRISING... THE Lovekin AUTOMATIC GAS WATER HEATER

JEFF DAVIS, HOBOES' KING, QUILTS "SOCIETY" FOR HOME

Monarch of Knights of the Road Steps Down From Throne, Discards His Crown and Goes Back to Waiting Family

Jeff Davis, "king of the hobo," has abdicated!

After many years as ruler of the vagrant and "bum," he has stepped down from the throne and from now on will be just plain Jeff Davis—another triumph for the onward march of democracy.

There will be no rejoicing in the ranks of his followers, for whatever respect they get was greatly abetted by his services; there will be no rejoicing on the part of government officials, for Jeff was an aid to them in many campaigns against lawlessness. But there will be great rejoicing by a little woman and two kids somewhere in Cincinnati, living scantily in a "five-dollar room." Yes, Jeff's family will be happy when they get the news.

"I'm tru wit society," said Jeff today, his eyes shining with earnestness. "and I'm tru knocking around all over the world, and I'm tru working for everybody else but myself, as I have for the last twenty years—now I'm going back to my wife and the kids—there's two of 'em—and I'm going to get a job and be like everybody else. Why should they starve along in a little 'five-dollar room' while I mosey around by myself?"

Naturally this attitude toward work and settling down is essentially antagonistic to the platform of the "Knights of the Road," so it is quite in keeping with the abdication announcement. And Jeff really means it.

Jeff spoke at length and in eulogistic terms of what Jeff has done, but his praise is founded on fact. He has fought an unending battle against "rings" in cities all over the country; he has aided all of the labor and other campaigns of the government, making thousands of speeches and raising millions of dollars, and, greatest of all, he has brought happiness to hundreds of homes by sending back boys who have run away, showing them the folly of their course.

"I have averaged 1000 boys a year," he said.

The days of the bothersome coffee pot are over! The unpleasant task of emptying coffee grounds and soaking coffee pot are past! With Hires Instant Soluble Coffee you can have a clear, fragrant cup of golden brown coffee in a minute—and with no bother.

Exit the Coffee Pot

Delicious, Fragrant Coffee in a Minute

Originally Hires Instant Soluble Coffee was made for our boys in France who had to have good coffee, but who had no facilities for making it. Sixty-six and two-thirds per cent of all the french coffee contracted for by the American Army was Hires Instant Soluble Coffee.

Because Hires Instant Soluble Coffee is instantly soluble in hot water, day or night. And if you prefer your coffee cold you can have it. For Hires Instant Soluble Coffee dissolves instantly in ice water. What is more, by an exclusive process, you are getting twice as much juice from the coffee bean as when you boil or percolate coffee.

So there is no waste. You don't have to throw away two or three cups that are generally left in the pot.

A small can of Hires Instant Soluble Coffee is equivalent to a pound of the best Mocha and Java coffee. The low price is due to the fact that with our exclusive process we extract 100 per cent more juice from the bean than you can in making coffee in the old way. Get it at all stores.—Ad.

"You are sort of a runaway boy yourself, Jeff," was suggested. "You bet; but the works is all off now." Jeff became soured on his career and the gratitude of the public in general when he ran afoul of what he calls a "frame-up" in Atlantic City a short time ago. He said that he was arrested for attempting to break up a cocaine "ring" there and narrowly escaped a prison sentence, besides being assaulted while in his cell.

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Who Is This Gentleman

Who So Disports Himself at Avon-by-the-Sea?

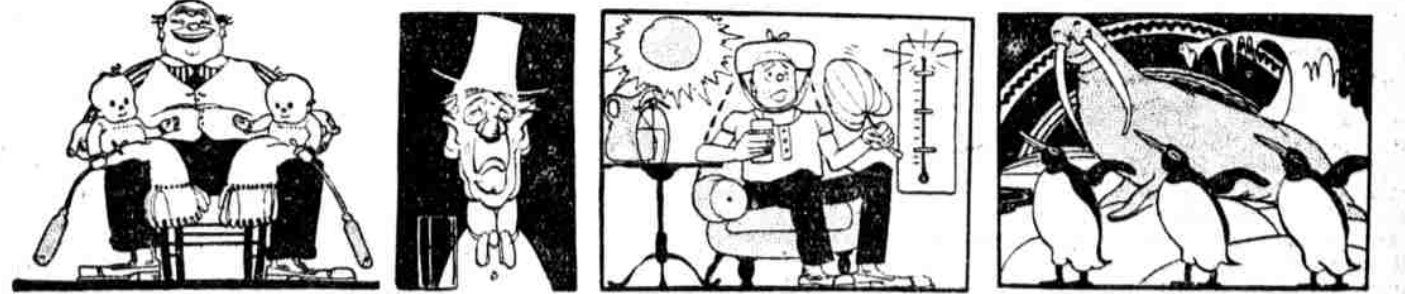


None less than Charles D. Mitchell as he conceives himself to seem in an abbreviated bathing suit!

HE IS the same Mitchell whose works in crayon depict so humanly the great, big, little truths of everyday life on the back page of The Magazine Section of the Sunday Public Ledger.

Humor, according to that great and lovable figure, Mark Twain, is truth, and tens of thousands, if not hundreds of thousands, of readers of The Magazine Section of the Sunday Public Ledger will tell you that Mitchell's crayon creations catch truth and humor, too (with a little bit of pathos now and then), and portray them so vividly that no Sunday can be complete without Mitchell and the children of his brain in your home.

What Mitchell Does in Crayon H. E. Johnstone Matches With Pen



NOT to be familiar with "I'll Say So" is intellectually unforgivable. We are constrained to believe that Johnstone would agree with this assertion with one of those familiar "I'll Say Sos"—a phrase on the tip of every one's tongue. You'll find this whimsical feature also on the back page of The Magazine Section of the Sunday Public Ledger—"twinned," as it were, with its pictorial affinity—Mitchell's sketches.

That back page, containing, as it now does, these two inimitable features every Sunday in the year, has come to be looked for, watched for and waited for with bated breath!

We, therefore, suggest, as a measure of forehandedness, that the first thing you do when you finish reading this word is to call up your newsdealer or the Circulation Department of the Public Ledger and reserve your copy of next Sunday's issue NOW, so you will be certain to enjoy the se exhilarating features of The Magazine Section.

PUBLIC LEDGER

CYRUS H. K. CURTIS, Publisher

Horlick's Malted Milk Safe Milk For Infants & Invalids. A Nutritious Diet for All Ages. Quick Lunch; Home or Office. Avoid Imitations and Substitutes.

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Special While They Last!! All of Our \$6 Newark White Washable Kid Boots for Women & Misses \$3.85 More Than 1/3 Off. TOMORROW morning we shall place on sale, while they last, hundreds of pairs of our regular \$6 NEWARK White Washable Kid boots for women and misses, at the one price of \$3.85 the pair. Next year these shoes will cost \$10 everywhere. Take our advice and buy for future as well as immediate needs. Reduced from \$6 to \$3.85. Newark Shoe Stores Co. LARGEST RETAILERS OF SHOES IN THE WORLD. 297 STORES IN 97 CITIES.