EVER, EVER GREEN

By FANNIE HURST

Lola Laladay, a principal in an extravaganza, is so occupied with flirting with Lee, manager of the show, that she uses only one hand in swinging a trapeze to Al, an acrobat who loves her. The trapeze swerves, and Al fails to catch it after he has turned a double somersault in mid-air. He falls and is unconscious for a long time. Lola refuses to leave him.

CHAPTER IV

SHE sprang to his side with the doctor's retaining hand light on her arm.

FANNIE HURST

"Al, darling! Oh, my darling!"

She leaned to him as if she would lay her heart palpitating at his feet.

"You ain't mad at me, Al — you ain't, are you, darling; you ain't mad at me?"

Tears rained down her face and he made to touch them, but his arm could find no power to raise.

"No, no, pussy cat. I ain't mad. Why should I be mad?"

He lolled his head ever so slightly on the pink sateen property pillow and smiled.

"Sure I ain't mad. It was the spring-board that didn't work."

"Oh, my God." She could have swooned of heartache.

"It ain't so bad, Al. The Doc is going to fix you up fine—ain't you, Doc? Ain't you?"

"Quit your crying, Lo."

"It ain't so bad, Al. If—if you ain't mad at me we—we're going to stay here, darling, right here in Adalai like you wanted—like you wanted.

"No, no, Lo, I——"

"I seen the house when we walked to the show tonight. Just like you said, on the hill, and a little red roof and a little kid swinging his arms for a weathercock over the porch—just like you said, Al—you'll lemme stay, won't you, darling—you'll lemme—you'll lemme—please, Al—please!"

From his closed eyes came tears that he could not wipe away.

* * *

In Adalai spring comes shyly. A willow at the river, bending over at its imagery, like a woman stooping to immerse her hair, blooms suddenly over night in long lacy strands. A truant hides his shoes, sucks in his breath and shivers before the first plunge of the season.

In front of a little cottage on a hill a fairylike carpet of white dog-violets bloomed of a morning, and when Mrs. Al Delano opened her front door to the first kiss of spring she cried out suddenly as if something within her had thawed.

"Al, darling, look out in the front yard!"

"Where?"

"Here; lemme wheel your chair out, darling. Look, a whole batch of something or other spread out on the grass like a tablecloth drying. Here, lemme wheel you out."

"No, no, baby. It's fine here by the window with the sun on me."

"But, Al, ever since we been living here you been waiting and waiting for the spring to come. It's spring now for sure, darling. Smell! Here, darling. So!"

She flung wide the window beside his chair, and the frilled white curtain stirred.

"Smell!"

"M-m! Like some one was squirting a perfume atomizer."

He relaxed his great shoulders back against the pillows, his face inert but smiling.

"You'll be sporting that sunbonnet Ben brought you and hiking right out in the garden, now, won't you, baby?"

"Yeh. I'll show him we ain't such city bugs.

"It's Monday night and he'll be stopping in after aldermen's meeting. You better put out some bulbs to surprise him, baby."

"Sometimes I wish Ben didn't stop in Monday nights after those meetings, hon. They last so late and it—it keeps you awake so, waiting for him."

"Nonsense. Lemme boss your garden job, baby, right here from the window. What you going to put out first—daffydillies?"

She placed her cheek against his.

"Silly! Are you comfy, darling? Shall I put that new-fangled pillow Ben sent underneath your head?"

"No, only I guess you better shut the window. Lo; the nip ain't gone out of the air yet."

"Ain't you feeling well, darling?"

"Sure I am, babe! Only when a fellow sits on his throne all day his crown gets cold."

"Oh, darling—you—you mustn't joke like that."

She drew the rug closer across his loglike limbs, peering closer into his face.

"You ain't getting that numb-kind of paralyzed feeling any further up, are you, Al?"

"Sure I ain't, baby."

"Sure?"

"Sure."

"You—you look so limplike today, sweetness, and I thought you'd be so glad to see that it's spring. Sure it ain't hurting you any higher up? Doc says if——"

"Fit as a fiddle I feel."

She bent down to kiss him. His head lay in the full glory of a bar of sunshine that crossed his pillow.

"I'm going out now and dig up in the garden a little. Look out, Al, at the lilac bush; it's getting ready."

"Ain't it a beaut, Lo? I bet when it blooms it smells like sixty. We gotta wrap it up these chilly nights just like it was a baby. We gotta throw a sheet or something over it. Don't forget, Lo, to cover it at night."

"And then it'll look like a spook in the moonlight."

"I want it covered so it won't get nipped."

"Nothing you ever want me to remember will get nipped, darling."

"Poor little kiddo; I keep you jumping, don't I?"

"I'm going out now before I do the dishes and spade up like Ben learnt me. Maybe some of the girls will have time to run up for a minute to see us when the show plays its return a week from tonight. We want the little place to look swell, Al."

He was slow to release her hand.

"It'll seem funny to have the show playing in our town, won't it, Lo, and——"

She made a wide-mouthed grimace and pursed her fruitlike lips into a pucker.

"We should worry!"

"You don't mean that, Lo."

"Do!"

"Poor little kiddo! Poor little kiddo!"

His throat might have been furlined.

"You think I'm hankering, don't you? You think I'm hankering just because the show's coming here next week. Like fun I am!"

"You wouldn't squeal if you was, baby, but don't you think I know! Don't you think I know what livin' in this amen corner is——"

"Shh-h-h!"

"Don't you think I know what living with a hulk like me in a——"

"You—you're going to begin now to make me cry, ain't you? You—you're going to begin and remind me of what I done and make me wish I was dead and—and—oh, God, Al, if anybody ought to be hankering it's you, not me, I——"

"Shh-h-h, darling! You don't need to be ashamed of hankering. It would be funny if you didn't. A pretty skitty little thing like you. I ain't hankering, because the night the springboard didn't work was the luckiest stroke I ever had. Would I—I have got you if—if it hadn't gone back on me? Would I? Even for a hulk I ain't got nothing to hanker about, baby, it——"

"But I ain't neither, Al. Honest I ain't. Gee, this little house and you and Ben! Gee, I ain't hankering."

"There never was a friend like Ben, Lo, there never was."

"There never was, Al."

"And now he thinks the world and all of you, Lo, and laffs and laffs at your cute little ways. Honest, baby, sometimes I just think to myself if—if you could get that other hankering out of your head. I wouldn't mind nothing if I knew that you and him, after I—well, after I—well, you know what I mean, baby, after I——"

"Al—Al, you make me ashamed to listen. Please, darling, I can't stand it when you talk like that. Ain't you feeling right today? Ain't you?"

"I mean it, baby. There couldn't be nothing that would set me as easy about you as that. He's so strong, Lo. I like to see him all lit up like a Christmas tree when you begin cutting up with your cute little ways. He's so strong, Lo; and like a kid at the same time. He could be so good to you, baby. I'd feel so easy if I knew for sure that——"

"Al, please—please cut it. Please, darling!"

"Even when I hear him coming down the street on his way to the factories or when he stops by from the aldermen's meeting; even when I hear his footsteps coming down the street, it's like a soldier with new spurs on his boots was marching to stand by us. Ain't it so?"

He was slower still to release her hand.

"That's why, Lo, I—even if you can get the hankering out of your system I——"

"I ain't hankering, Al; honest, darling, I——"

"You don't mean that, Lo."

"Do! Do! Do! Lemme go, darling; lemme put some bulbs out. Lemme hurry, darling."

She broke from him with a great show of raillery.

"Tulips first." And she was out in the sunshine and down the steps two at a bound.

In the center of the lawn, delicate and fragrant as a fountain spray, the lilac bush was purpling in the sun.

By afternoon the sun had shifted so that the warm flood of light lay to the rear and streamed into the small square kitchen with its rows of utensils reflecting and gleaming. A few gray chickens prinked in the open doorway and on the window-sill a potted geranium lifted its head gratefully to the light. On that same window-sill a coffee pot, lid back, turned its black mouth to the sun. Mrs. Lola Delano swabbed out a great shining dishpan and hung it in its row along the wall. The pink was high in her face and her fingers would recoil.

"Ugh!"

"What, Lo?"

"Nothing, Al. I'll be in there right in a minute. The dishes is done. Shall I wheel you back here, hon?"

"No, no. I like to watch the kids coming from school."

She wrung out her dishcloth after the immemorial fashion of those to whom falls this ancient and greasy rite, slapped it open and hung it across the sill. Blonde tendrils of hair clung to her moist face.

"Comin', Al."

In the front room, quite in the attitude of the morning except that his head lay back against the pillows more completely relaxed, Mr. Al Delano gazed to the white ceiling. The clean litter of wood carvings lay scattered on the carpet, and on the table beside the implements of his handicraft. Otherwise the small room, with its sticks of decent oak furniture, hand-painted swinging lamp and great Japanese fan spread like a peacock tail before the cold fireplace, was spick and carefully ordered. A canary hopped in its cage, silent.

Mrs. Delano dragged a chair across the floor and beside the littered table.

"You—why ain't you working, Al?"

"I dunno, hon."

She placed a quick hand upon his brow.

"It's because you ain't feeling right, and you won't tell me. I'm going for Doc. Tell me, darling, are you having that numblike feeling up around your heart?"

"Sure I ain't, Lo. It's spring fever's got me. Even in my act I used to go dead like a tire when spring came."

"Take a little nap, darling. You ain't slept in daytime ever since you started the carving. Lemme pull down the shade and fix you for a nap, Al."

He was mildly reluctant.

"I gotta finish the grapevine design for them lids, Lo."

"Didn't Ben say the minute you get working too hard not another job does he send up from the factory?"

"Like it makes any difference. Poor old gink, he thinks I don't know that if he wasn't in back of us my little wood carving wouldn't keep us in shoe laces."

"Shh-h-h; here, lemme fix your pillow."

"What'll you do all alone this afternoon if I doze off, Lo? Put on your little hat, baby, the pink one that Ben likes, and stroll uptown past the office so he can see you. Don't stick around here so much, baby."

"No, I gotta clear out that trunk, Al. All winter it's been standing around and I wanna get at it and get it down in the cellar and out of the way."

"Kiss me, baby, and I'll take a little snooze. Spring fever's got me for sure."

She leaned over and kissed his cheeks where the hollows darkened them, lowered the shade and tiptoed out, closing the door after her.

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(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

CLASS TO GRADUATE

Southwark School Will Hold Special Exercises Tonight

Southwark School will graduate its January class with special exercises this evening in the South Philadelphia High School, Broad street and Snyder avenue.

Professor John Dennis Mahoney, of the West Philadelphia High School, will deliver the address. The salutatory, written by Rose Moscovitz, will be read by Jacob Mansky; the valedictory, by Irene Friedman, will be read by Rose Gelfond. Musical numbers will be given by Lillian Levin, Jenny Wolf, Jacob Gendeloff, Lena Ershafsky, Max Babis, the school orchestra and the class chorus.

Jacob Mansky is president of the graduating class. Dora Leiderman is vice president; Sarah Resnick, secretary; Ralph Lipkin, Irene Friedman and Rose Medvene are treasurers.

"Cinderella's Daughter"

By HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR

Copyright, 1920, by Public Ledger Co.

Synopsis

Virginia West, at boarding school, shows a talent for mimicry that is surprising. She and Kathleen Foster form a friendship based on different reasons, Kathleen's reason being entirely selfish. Both girls meet men at the same time and become engaged, but although Virginia goes through with hers, Kathleen breaks her engagement off. She has no intention of becoming a poor man's wife. Hardships come to Virginia, as Jimmy is taken sick and they are poor. Jimmy's death occurs before the birth of the baby, and for a time Virginia feels that there is nothing left to live for. Then Bill Lyons comes back into the lives of both Virginia and Kathleen. He is no longer poor and Kathleen makes plans to ensnare him again. In the meantime Virginia is determined to go to work, and remembering her one talent, she tries to get on the stage. An eccentric manager tries her out in his office and gives her a small part.

VIRGINIA's announcement that afternoon at tea affected Kathleen and Bill differently. Bill was amazed and taken back, and he sat back and viewed Virginia admiringly. She had seemed so weak and fragile yesterday, so incapable of doing anything for herself, and today she was vivid, colorful. She made Kathleen seem overblown, while she herself was a small mysterious bud just unfolding. Kathleen was inwardly furious. The thing that she had dreaded had come to pass. The prince was becoming interested in Cinderella and something must be done.

Kathleen had not been intimate with Virginia for nothing and she formed a little plan that she was sure would work. While they were having tea, Bill left them for a minute and went out to telephone and the minute he was gone Kathleen rested her elbows on the table and leaned toward Virginia.

"Swear that you won't tell a soul if I tell you something," she said mysteriously.

"Of course I won't."

Kathleen hesitated a moment. "I think Bill and I will have something to tell you before long."

The remark was too full of meaning to be misunderstood and Virginia was conscious of one feeling uppermost in her mind. She did not want Kathleen to marry Bill. The very thought was obnoxious to her. She loved Kathleen, loved her dearly in spite of certain things that she had done, but she did not want Bill to marry her.

"Why are you so surprised?" Kathleen was saying.

"Because you told me you would never marry him."

"Oh, yes, but things are all changed now. Bill has money and a good business, and I always did care for him."

And then Bill came back, threading his way through the small tables and the subject was dropped, but the radiance that had shone about Virginia when she had told them the news was gone and she was very quiet the rest of the afternoon.

Rehearsals for the new play, "The Probe," had been going on for three weeks when Virginia was added to the cast. Her part had been taken by an ingenue, blonde and colorless, who had failed to give the artistic touch that the small part had demanded. Virginia slipped into the character like a wraithe and the excitement of going to rehearsals, of meeting the cast, of the big dark theatre with its rows of empty seats acted on her like a tonic.

She had written to the Andersons determined to tell the truth no matter what happened, and Mrs. Anderson's letter back had been full of righteous denunciation. There had been much in it about Virginia's fitness to be Barbara's mother, there had been subtle hints as to what Jimmy would say if he could know that his wife was using his name lightly, and there were threats as to what would happen if Virginia persisted in this foolishness, subtle threats about the custody of the child. All of this worried Virginia, but she was so busy at the theatre that she had no time to sit down and think about her troubles, which was a blessing.

Virginia had changed subtly in the last few days. Independence had given her a strange charm, and she had lost her shrinking little-girl attitude, even while she retained her naive innocence. Another thought came to worry her when she had time to give it place in her mind and that was the thought of Kathleen and Bill. She wondered vaguely how Bill could trust Kathleen a second time with his love when he had been hurt so terribly by her treatment of him on that first occasion.

(Tomorrow—The opening of the play.)

Warden Scores Law Officers

Lancaster, Pa., Jan. 22.—In a statement today J. Carson Obetz, warden of the Lancaster county prison, accuses magistrates and constables with sending vagrants to jail in order to collect fees. He declared that, while the cells ought to be almost empty because of prohibition, they are filled with men who welcome arrest in order to have "jail comforts" during the winter months.

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Astringent—for oily skins and shiny noses.

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Lettuce—for cleansing in place of soap and water.

Motor—for skin protection before exposure.

Tissue—for wrinkles and crows feet.

Whitening—for freckles and for bleaching—and

Marinello Powder always as an ideal skin covering—guaranteed free from lead and arsenic.

At Drug and Department Stores

Adventures With a Purse

THE more I am about the shops, the more I appreciate a real bargain, for there seems to be few of them, and the prices continue to rise. And I always try to hurry up and tell you about the bargains so that you can take advantage of them. Today I saw some exceptionally low-priced nightgowns of white nainsook. Some are square necked, others round, while there are even some high necked and long sleeved. You will see some models trimmed with fine lace and inserts of embroidery which suggest hand-made work. Others have only embroidery, but any one of the models is the sort you would be glad to have yourself, or would be satisfied to purchase for a gift. The price of these nightgowns is $2.25.

There is another shop having a most interesting sale right now, a shop that makes a specialty of English sports clothes. I saw waists, formerly priced at $5, reduced to $2.90; kid gloves, originally valued at $3.50, and in several colors, both for men and women, repriced at $1.95. Woolen sports stockings were lowered to $3.35. There are all sorts of things you can pick up there at surprising prices, and I would strongly advise you to drop in.

"Have you a clean handkerchief?" I anxiously inquire of Mr. Peter, as he starts off in the morning, very slick and well brushed. Follows a frantic search through ten or more of his pockets and generally out comes a sorry, bedraggled thing that has probably been doing duty for some time. "What am I going to do with you?" I scold, as he meekly goes to his drawer for a fresh one. "That would have been a fine-looking handkerchief to wave a Chautauqua salute with, I said, trying to look very severe. All of which is why I was particularly interested in a sale of men's handkerchiefs, pure linen, for thirty-five cents each, or three for $1. They are nice handkerchiefs, and if the scene I have described suggests a kindred one in your own experience, I know that you will want to take advantage of this information.

Send a self-addressed, stamped envelope to the Editor of Woman's Page, or call Walnut 3000, for names of shops where articles mentioned in Adventures with a Purse may be purchased.

THE TRAINING YOU WANT IS THE TRAINING WE GIVE

Classes Starting Feb. 1 in

Dressmaking Millinery Basketry

Domestic Science English

For information address Education Secretary, 1809 Arch St., Y. W. C. A. Locust 1590.

FURS AND MYSTERY

Fifth Article of a Copyrighted Series

The Stone Marten substitutes are oposum and raccoon. Unfortunate, indeed, is the purchaser who pays the price of stone marten and is given a substitute, for genuine stone marten is a very costly and most durable fur.

The skins must all be imported, either from Europe, Asia or India. Those coming from Turkey, Bosnia, Hungary and Greece are the most beautiful, while in Russia, Germany, Greece, Turkey and Asia Minor they are caught in greatest numbers.

Though resembling the common weasel in contour and action, they are brown in color and are sometimes called the white-throated marten because of the marking on that portion of the animal.

Another species of this little carnivorous animal is the pine marten, a native of that part of North America wherein the pine trees grow over large areas, as it is in those trees that it obtains its chief source of food of birds' eggs and squirrels.

The color of the American marten is also of a deep brown shade, almost black in some cases, though some specimens are quite light with yellowish tinted throat and breast.

While ordinarily somewhat higher prices are paid for the darker shades, yet many people prefer the fur of the lighter hue; and it is but a matter of choice.

The handsome color and density of fur of the marten caught in the regions of the Hudson Bay so closely resembles sable that it is often sold as Hudson Bay Sable, but you will find that the reliable furrier will apprise you of this fact when you are shopping for fur apparel.

House of Wenger

Furs and Millinery

1229 Walnut Street

(To Be Continued.)

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GIRLS! BEAUTIFY YOUR HAIR WITH "DANDERINE"

Get a Small Bottle! Freshen Your Scalp! Stop Falling Hair! Remove Dandruff! Grow Lots of Wavy, Glossy, Beautiful Hair—You Can!

"DANDERINE" GROWS HAIR

Besides doubling the beauty of your hair at once, you will shortly find new hair, fine and downy at first, but really new hair growing all over the scalp. Costs little.

WANAMAKER'S WANAMAKER'S

Wanamaker's Down Stairs Store

Men's All-Wool Suits and All-Wool Overcoats at $29.50

Are Worth Looking Up!

Worth buying, too, for they are few and far between, these days. These are Wanamaker quality, through and through, cut as they should be cut and tailored as they should be tailored.

The suits are of long-wearing cheviots in brown, olive and gray mixtures, cut on semi-conservative lines, yet fitting snugly enough to appeal to young men. They are all single-breasted and are in sizes 34 to 40.

The overcoats are of the ulsterette type, double breasted, with convertible collars and half belts or belts all around. The coatings of which they are made are thick and warm and will withstand Winter's storms. The silk yokes and sleeve linings are but one of the many fine points of finish that mark these coats of high quality.

(Gallery, Market)

If You Plan to Step Out in a New Pair of Shoes

first step down a few steps into The Gallery Store for Men and look over the many attractive shoes between $7 and $12.

Well made but not expensive, of good leathers on smart lines; there are dark tan and black shoes on English lasts, and with medium or wide toes.

Special at $6.40 a Pair

Black leather Blucher shoes with medium or wide toes have heavy welted soles. They are very comfortable, protective, working shoes.

Plenty of Rubber Boots and Arctics for Men and Boys

(Gallery, Market)

3600 Men's Neckties 65c and 85c

Every tie is new and fresh and there seems to be no end of the variety—stripes, figures and plain colors abound. All are of the open-end four-in-hand shape and are of silks and silk mixtures.

Special at 25c—a little lot of bow ties and four-in-hand ties that show signs of handling.

Men's and Boys' Belts, Special at 35c and 60c

New belts, all of them, but with little imperfections that class them as "seconds." Of brown and black leathers; they have buckles or snaps and can be had in various widths and lengths.

(Gallery, Market)

In the Children's Sale of White

Nightgowns of soft, fine, white nainsook are prettily made and trimmed with lace, beading, embroidery and ribbon. Sizes 4 to 14 years. $1.50 and $1.65.

Princess slips of good white nainsook are daintily fashioned and prettily trimmed for girls of 6 to 16 years at $2 to $4.

(Central)

A New Idea in Women's Underthings

is the using of soft pink silk-and-cotton material, usually in lustrous figures.

There are

Bloomers at $2.

Camisoles at $2.

Lace-trimmed loose bloomers, $2.50 and $3.

Envelope chemises at $3 and $5.

Combinations at $3.85.

One-piece pajamas, $8.75.

Two-piece pajamas, with a mandarin coat, at $10.50.

Some of them are prettily hemstitched, trimmed with creamy lace or rosebuds and others are combined with blue satin ribbon.

(Central)

Skirts in Extra Sizes

(Waistbands 31 to 38)

In a Great Number of Styles at $5 to $25

with many prices between. A great deal of attention has been given to skirts for large women—that they have the proper lines and smoothness.

There are white wash skirts for house wear of serge, poplin and gabardine in black and dark street shades or attractive checks and plaids. Some are strictly tailored, some show flat, well-pressed box pleats.

(Market)

Velvet Bags Average Half Price

$1.50, $2, $3 & $3.50

The bags have covered or attractive metal tops and are nicely lined.

Finer Velvet Bags Reduced a Third

$5 to $10

Lovely bags are included, many with beautiful tops, linings and inner fittings.

(Central)

A New Shipment of China Silk, $1.25 a Yard

A good quality for lamp shades, foundations for evening frocks, linings, etc. In shades of rose, flesh, white, navy, Copenhagen and other light and dark colors. 27 inches wide.

Black Japanese Silk

that is waterproof (meaning that it will not show spots of water or perspiration and will wash) is $2.75 and $3 a yard. A good quality for dresses, waists, etc. 36 inches wide.

(Central)

New Skirtings at $1 a Yard

The skirtings that have attracted so much attention because of their wool appearance (they are really cotton, copied from the wool) have received reinforcements in the way of delightful plaids—and at the same price, too!

Blue, brown, tan, yellow, black, white, etc., combine variously to make these plaids especially nice for skirts and for schoolgirls' dresses.

36 inches wide.

(Central)

Women's Fur-Trimmed Coats Now Reduced to $39.50 to $97.50

With the exception of possibly 20 coats, the entire stock of fine coats is included in this group. Materials are Bolivia, silvertone, tinseltone, peachbloom, evora, camel's hair, polo cloth, etc., trimmed with racoon, opossum, nutria or sealene cape or shawl collars.

Every coat is well tailored and nicely silk lined.

Raincoats in Variety $7.50 to $29.50

Plenty of styles in sizes 14 to 44, of bombazine, cantonia, poplin, Schappe silk and novelty stripe and plaid silks.

(Market)

Bandeaux, Special at 25c

Neat, well-made bandeaux are these, in white and in pink with tape shoulder straps.

Good Corsets, Special at $1.50 and $2

Several models for slight and average figures are included. Some are of pink coutil and others are of white.

(Central)

Candlesticks Special, 60c

Complete little outfits for the boudoir—candlesticks, candles, shade supports and shades—are quite attractive, especially as the candlesticks are of mahogany-finish wood!

(Art Needlework, Central)

Women's Comfortable Shoes at $7.25 a Pair

Pliable black kidskin in two styles. One with black cloth button tops, welted soles and medium heels; the other style is an especially comfortable lace shoe with sensible wide toes and low heels.

Children's Heavy Shoes, Special at $4.50

Children's dark tan leather shoes are just the thing to withstand the necessarily strenuous exercises of these cold days—running, sledding, skating, sliding, etc. They are in lace style in sizes 11 to 2.

Girls' Shoes, Special at $3.75

Sizes 2½ to 6—black dull leather button shoes with sensible toes, have welted soles and low heels.

(Chestnut)