

THE GLAD SURRENDER

By HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR

Laurel's Unhappiness Increases

Granville Burton, a wealthy man who had been married before and has two children, marries Laurel Stone, a newspaper woman. He takes Laurel out of her independent environment and gives her everything in the world but one thing, love. Laurel discovers from Granville's sister-in-law that he has always wanted a son.

Laurel had known clearly beforehand that she had been waiting for something she would realize instantly that it had been for this very minute. There was something then, something tangible, something definite with which the armor that Granville Burton wore to protectively could be pierced. He had longed for a son.

Laurel looked out pensively over the garden that blazed in the hot July sun. As far as her eye could reach there was beauty. Far off, sparkling in the strong light, was the sound, a silver expanse. Beautiful homes stretched to left and right and here in the sun parlor of her own home, The Cedars, scarcely more than a bride she was consciously unhappy. Harriet was looking at her with keenly interested eyes, but there was nothing in the lovely face before her that gave an inkling of Laurel's real feelings. She looked pensive, but that was all. Her bringing up had given her that reserve.

"It must be rather awful to have a child like that for a long time," Laurel said after a time.

"Oh, I don't know," Harriet returned. "Gran is so sufficient unto himself, he hasn't seemed to need anything personal in his life. It isn't like the wish of a man who could be deeply hurt by the fact that he did not have something he wanted very badly."

The laughter of the children floated into them and in a moment Dulcie appeared, looking like a sprite in a dark blue smock and rompers.

"Mother, it's 11 o'clock. May we go in bathing now?"

Laurel smiled. "Yes, dear, tell Miss Burke, will you? And Dulcie do what Miss Burke tells you, will you? You were naughty yesterday."

"Well, I must run along," Harriet said after a few minutes. "Arthur won't bother you, will he, Laurel, if he stays and goes in with the children? And—"

"Oh, I don't know," Harriet returned. "Dulcie is just like her father in some respects," Laurel returned, "and not a bit like him in others."

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Harriet walked off across the garden a gay splash of color, and Laurel sat still a moment watching her. Finally she sighed faintly and went into the house. Inside, a cool vista of rooms stretched away dimly. The rooms were built around an enormous entrance hall and a gallery ran around the top. A curving staircase led up to the next floor. Flowers freshly cut filled bowls and vases, chintzes blew in airily at the windows. It was a home to be dreamed about, a home in which no one could think of a woman being unhappy.

Upstairs in her own rooms Laurel stood a moment looking about. A nest of French windows opening on a balcony overlooked the sound. Long curtains of blue and white Japanese tveling fluttered at the windows. The bed was a low couch piled with blue and white cushions, the floor was strewn with blue and white rugs and there was a small fireplace for cool days before which a huge white bearskin had been flung. Granville's rooms were next to hers and the children slept at the other end of the long corridor near Miss Burke.

Quite suddenly Laurel decided to go to the city. She had a quick desire to see Winona and the old crowd. The idea enchanted her and in a minute she was slipping out of her morning costume and into a sheer blouse with feilly ruffles that made her look very young, a white silk suit and a wide hat piled with blue guttaens. Under the nodding brim her eyes looked more intensely blue than ever.

It was a luxury to order the car and to sit back while she was whisked off down the drive and out into the open road. In spite of the July heat the trip to the city was pleasant and they were treading the narrow downtown streets shortly afterward.

Laurel burst into the city room like a vision to find Winona out. She fancied that Benton treated her stiffly. There was nothing of the old comradely attitude about him. He stood unconcernedly when she came over to his desk, and although Laurel fought for a personal foothold, he was entirely conventional. It was Laurel's first experience as Mrs. Granville Burton and it made her want to cry.

She scribbled a note and left it on Winona's desk reminding her of her promise to come to the City for her vacation. Then she went down in the dirty elevator to the long blue car with Granville's initials in silver on the door.

(Tomorrow, Laurel acts on impulse and is sorry.)

How to Find the Cream You Need

Stand in a good light, examine your face carefully in a mirror, and then—

Study This Chart

Acne Cream—for pimples and blackheads.

Astringent Cream—for oily skin and shiny nose.

Combination Cream—for dry and sallow skin.

Foundation Cream—for use before face powder.

Lettuce Cream—for cleansing in place of soap and water.

Motor Cream—for skin protection, before exposure.

Tissue Cream—for wrinkles and crows' feet.

Whitening Cream—for freckles and bleaching.

MINISTER WOULD TAKE JOB

Rev. Fletcher Clark Wants to Aid City as Inspector

WILL ENTERTAIN STUDENTS

Fathers' Association Plans "University Night" for Penn Men



ASCOS. ASCOS. ASCOS. ASCOS. ASCOS. ASCOS.

We Are Doing More Today to Cut Down and Hold Down Living Costs Than Any Other Agency

Our customers know best just what we are accomplishing in this line. A gentleman remarked to another, in our hearing, while the writer was in one of our stores: "These stores are doing a lot to make the dollars stretch." We say it, not boasting, but just a statement of the facts—Quality considered, your living costs less, is consistently lower in an American Store than anywhere else, and it must continue to be so.

Our Stores Are Noted for Fresh Eggs and Quality Butter

"Gold Seal" Fresh Eggs carton 70c

FRESH EGGS doz 65c

"Louella" Butter lb 75c Richland Butter lb 69c

Lenten Needs

"Asco" Buckwheat, pkg. 12c

Calif. Prunes, lb. 20c, 24c, 28c

California Peaches, lb. 30c

Sour Krout (extra big can) 13c

Golden Pumpkin, big can 10c

Seeded Raisins, pkg. 25c

National Oats pkg 9c

Van Camp's Soups

Tomato Chicken Vegetable 10c

Canned Vegetables

Tomatoes Corn String Beans 11c

"Asco" Cake pkg 14c

Victor Raisin Bread loaf 12c

Our Teas and Coffee Never Fail to Give Complete and Entire Satisfaction

"Asco" Blend Teas lb 45c

"Asco" Blend Coffee lb 42c

These Prices Effective in All Our Meat Markets

QUALITY BEEF

RUMP ROUND SIRLOIN Steak lb 35c

CHUCK POT or ROLLED Roast lb 21c

WANAMAKER'S WANAMAKER'S

Wanamaker's Down Stairs Store

New Picot-Edge Ribbons Are Welcome!

Three-eighths to 2 1/2 inches—the fashionable widths for the waists or necks of frocks, for sweaters, millinery and such.

Some of these are very unusual, combining two colors; some are two-tone and others are plain. You will find plenty to choose from beginning at 20c and going to \$1 a yard.

Bead Necklaces Special at 65c

Twelve good colors—various greens (from a very light to a dark jade green), many blues, pink and yellow in what is known as the opera length, from 28 to 30 inches. Some of the beads are a bit imperfect, but it's only upon close examination that they are noticed.

Camisoles in Lovely Shades at \$2.50

Light blue Rose Peach Turquoise Lavender Yellow

Women's Vests, 35c Three for \$1

are of Swiss ribbed cotton in bodice or regular style. "Seconds," pink or white.

Spring Time Is Romper Time in Baby Land

And, oh, the rompers! Cunning affairs, some of them with straight knees (no elastic) that make them resemble little suits. Others are quite babyish with dear bits of handwork.

Spring Brings New Fabric Gloves for Women

Chamois hse gloves of good quality are preferred to any other kind by many women.

Good Gingham at 39c a Yard

Among the many stripes there are those that are especially suitable for small boys' blouses, women's petticoats, girls' frocks, etc., and there is one plain color—blue such as nurses wear.

Taffeta Is Full of Spring

and the result is delightful and surprising things. Little ruffles, wider ruffles, panels, new sleeves, interesting vestees and, sometimes, buttons. The colors are sure to include navy, taupe, sand and brown.

Spring Calls Out the Jersey Suits Another Lot at \$25

They go out so quickly that we welcome a new lot of jersey suits wholeheartedly. You will like them, too; they are well tailored and smart.

Serge and Poplin Clearly Show They're Glad That Winter's Going

The suits are so typically Spring's own; quite proper and subdued in back down to the waistline, but then—they can contain themselves no longer and out they go in ripples and flares, with many buttons to accentuate the lines that give the suits character and smartness.

Women's Coats for Spring Weather!

The first sunny days will set feminine minds buzzing on the subject of Spring clothes. The coat is the first thing to buy, and coats are ready.



Girls! Your hair needs a little "Danderine"—that's all! When it becomes lifeless, thin or loses its lustre; when ugly dandruff appears, or your hair falls out, a 35-cent bottle of delightful, dependable "Danderine" from any store, will save your hair, also double its beauty. You can have nice, thick hair, too.



Even the youthful frock that is sketched is a coquette, for all its simplicity! The sleeves are short, bowing to Fashion, and the soft side pieces over the hips start out to be straight panels and then yield to the temptation of the quaint and puff out a ruffle.

The collar, in back, too, is different. The dress is of crepe de chine in taupe, black and navy. \$25.

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