

Two Minutes of Optimism

By HERMAN J. STICH

Think!

"Of course a man must have some education," a well-known business man said to me not long ago. "But I should judge that after a man has been graduated from our common schools he's got a foundation as strong as any you can find among our so-called 'big' business men—assuming, of course, that he continues reading, studying and keeping up with the times. After that we don't care so much about college training or 'degrees' as his ability to THINK. I'll care so much any day on an uneducated man who can THINK rather than on a 'rah' product, whose thought works sluggish."

This is the thought age. Time was when we left our thinking, as we do the cobbling of our shoes and the baking of our buns—to others.

That time is gone, gone for good, gone with our ghosts and hobgoblins, our evil spirits and superstitions, our financial bugbears and spooky bogies.

People have harnessed their gray matter, they have set their cerebral wheels whirling, they no longer starve with bread in their mouths—they THINK.

More people than ever before are making their brains earn their lodging and keep.

Homeswives used to potter, skimp and scold—today the domestic establishment is run in terms of chemicals, calories, economies, system and pure food laws.

The soldier used to await the word to charge to kingdom come—today he is debating the pros and cons of a league to enforce peace.

Patrons are pondering over sunken treasure and devices to remove the gold from sea water.

Fuddlers have risen above the three-meal-a-day level to thinking about microfarads and hotter electric blast furnaces.

It is only a few years since farmers sowed by the moon, reaped by the grace of God, lived and died in penury and want. The twentieth century agriculturist is a pattern of Luther Burbank, who owns his runabout and a bank account, is self-respecting and respected.

Most everybody's thinking—the preacher and the listener, the schoolgirl and the schoolmarm, the merchant and the manufacturer, the contractor and the laborer, the executive and his stenographer—from top to bottom, from side to side, throughout the length and breadth of humanity people are thinking—thinking, not like the dentist who drilled away at his patient's incisor while he himself grew daily more savage from a tingling molar—but thinking to better their condition, thinking to quit the rut, thinking to get out of the byways of life and get on to its highways.

More people are thinking today, but people can think more and still more of them can think.

The most efficient man is the man with an idea—he thinks, he is the fittest, and he is, therefore, ordained to survive, which under modern conditions means to keep up, attain and enjoy.

If you have little and you would have more—THINK!—and you may have much.

If you have much and you would hold what you have—THINK!—or you will soon have little.

WHAT'S WHAT

By HELEN DECIE



If you will phone me, I will tell it to you. The price I will tell you now—seventy-five cents a jar.

To some of us the luxury of caressing soft silk for underwear will always be alluring. While to still others the thought of the delicate pink of a new underthing turned to a faded and uninteresting yellow through constant washing will always speak against the wisdom of choosing silk. To this second "other" I address an adventure that tells of canopies of sheer, fine white material, edged with Irish lace and insertion, topped with ribbon shoulder straps. This canopy, as it peeps through the delicate material of a fine blouse, is one of which you would justly be proud. And it is within reach of your purse, for its price is a modest \$1.95.

I was attracted to these hair pins as I passed the counter and, after picking one up and examining it, I came to the conclusion that I would tell you about them, in case you are interested. They are aluminum-backed studded with flashing brilliants of particularly convincing brightness, and are in the shape of an arrow, measuring probably two and a half or three inches in length. Not only did they impress me as being nice for a pin for the blouse or frock, but also they suggested ornaments for a chic little turban. The price of one is \$1.25.

For names of shops address Woman's Page Editor or phone Walnut or Main 3900.

The Woman's Exchange

To "F. S."

Your letter has been referred to the editor of the sporting page.

For Perspiring Hands To the Editor of Woman's Page: Dear Madam—I am a daily reader of your column and have seen that you have given others good advice. I am annoyed by perspiring hands. Would you kindly recommend a remedy against this?

It is very difficult to find a lasting remedy for this trouble. Bathing the hands in violet ammonia after some time they are washed often makes them drier, and alcohol also helps. I suggest only temporary relief, but if used regularly, they will stop the perspiring for a time, at least.

Reporting a Deserter To the Editor of Woman's Page: Dear Madam—Is there a reward for reporting a man who deserted in the late war? Where should he be reported? MRS. C. D.

During the war there was a reward of \$50 for the person who reported a deserter, but the present time there is no reward attached to this. Deserters are reported to the Department of Justice, in the Federal Building.

Adventures With a Purse I COULDN'T begin to recommend any particular kind of hand lotion or cream. For one thing, I am not a good judge, and for another thing, what will be just right for one person's skin will not be nearly so good for some one else's. But I shall tell you about what I have in mind, and you may judge for yourself. At least you will agree that it sounds sort of nice. "It" comes in a jar. One rubs it into the hands before they are dry, forming a milky soft paste. Not only will it soften the hands, removing all traces of any chapped condition, but it also bleaches them, and makes them white and firm. The very name is attractive.



LITTLE Miss Muffet Sat on a tuft And threw her curds away For right there beside her She suddenly spied her Bond-Bread-and-milk for the day.

Koll's Bond Bread

DREAMLAND ADVENTURES

"Bad Doctor Bat" By DADDY

CHAPTER IV

The Man in the Cave

GRAY BACK, the rat, scurried through the forest as fast as he could to join Dr. Bat's party. He couldn't go as swiftly as usual because Judge Owl was hanging to his tail and being towed along behind. And hanging to Judge Owl's feathers was Peggy and hanging to Peggy's dress was Billy, both of them made tiny, and both of them being helped along by the drags of Judge Owl's tail. They had tried to tell their shoulders with pine needles.

Gray Back traveled a long way, going across broad halls and plunging through narrow passages. Finally he came to a huge chamber that looked like a ballroom.

In the big room were dozens and dozens of rats and mice, all of them sitting as still as could be and all of them looking up toward the ceiling. "Squeak!" cried Dr. Bat. "Now let go my tail!" squeaked Gray Back.

"Silence!" hissed a queer voice from away up among the dark shadows of the roof. "Silence! Our feast hasn't yet begun!"

Peggy and Billy couldn't understand that kind of talk. They had never heard of a party feast going to sleep. "Huh!" grunted Judge Owl. "Who dares tell me to keep silent when I want to speak?" Judge Owl flattered up toward the roof to see, and Peggy and Billy followed. They perched beside Judge Owl on one of the ledges. For a moment they couldn't see anything in the dark shadows, and then of a sudden Peggy became aware that she was looking directly into a pair of bright, cruel eyes. But to her amazement there was nobody below the eyes. The beady orbs appeared to be hanging in the air.

Billy's eyes looked farther than Peggy's and he gave a gasp of surprise. "It is hanging upside down from the roof," he said. "It is a mouse."

"Huh!" grunted Judge Owl. "It is a bat."

"Of course it is a bat," hissed the voice they had heard before. "It is Dr. Bat. If you please, who are you, who have come to my party without being invited?"

Peggy and Billy were taken aback at that. It made them feel uncomfortable to be told they hadn't been invited to the party. But Judge Owl wasn't taken aback—he didn't seem to care whether he had been invited or not.

"Huh!" he chuckled. "I've been to bat parties before. You'd better be polite, or I'll have a bat party of my own. Bat aren't bad to eat when one can't get anything better."

That seemed to take the guesswork out of Dr. Bat and he made haste to put on better manners.

"Oh, hello, Judge Owl," he hissed. "I didn't know you at first. Of course you can come to my party, but you must be very quiet so our feast can go to sleep."

"Huh!" grunted Judge Owl. "What is your feast—a mouse or a frog or something?"

Dr. Bat blinked his frog, cruel eyes and leaned over toward them.

"No," he hissed. "It's a bigger feast than that—the biggest bat feast you ever heard of."

At that moment a swift black figure darted through the air and came to a halt in front of Dr. Bat.

"The feast is fast asleep," hissed the black figure, who proved to be another bat.

"Then come quickly!" hissed Dr. Bat. "I must operate on him before he awakens!"

Dr. Bat dropped from the roof, spreading his rubber-like wings and flapping away. And once the air was filled with other bats, whirring, rustling, rising. They swept Judge Owl, Peggy

OF PEACOCK BLUE WITH SILVER LACE



By CORINNE LOWE

One is sure that when Tennyson's Maud came out to the garden that fateful night the satin she wore was peacock blue. That is, it was unless Maud was too much in love to consider such trifling matters as what became her. For Maud, we are assured, had violet eyes, and the poet's phrase about her head "sunning over with curls" is just another way of saying, "medium blond." And to the blond of radiant tints nothing in this world was ever quite so becoming as peacock blue and violet eyes. For it is made of peacock blue satin trimmed with silver lace.

And Billy along with them through a long hallway and into a smaller chamber. And below them scampered and scurried and squeaked the dozens of rats and mice. In the smaller chamber Dr. Bat flew back and forth swiftly, silently, looking down at a still figure on the floor. With a shriek, Judge Owl saw that the still figure was a sleeping man. What was Dr. Bat going to do to him?

What do you think Dr. Bat is going to do?

Why do you think he means by talking of operating on the man?

And why does he call the man a party feast? Can you guess what is going to happen in the next chapter?

Right Food a Big Factor in keeping one sturdy and fit to do things

Grape-Nuts

is a wheat and barley food that is scientifically made for a definite purpose.

It has delicious taste; is easy to digest; and contains all the building values of the grains that make for health and comfort.

"There's a Reason" for Grape-Nuts

Made by Postum Cereal Company, Inc. Battle Creek, Mich.



Advertisement for Heckers Buckwheat. The original old-timer with the old-fashioned buckwheat tang and taste. Heckers BUCKWHEAT THE HECKER CEREAL CO NEW YORK

Advertisement for Danderine. Danderine is "Beauty-Tonic". Immediately after a "Danderine" massage, your hair takes on new life, lustre and wondrous beauty, appearing twice as heavy and plentiful, because each hair seems to fluff and thicken. Don't let your hair stay lifeless, colorless, plain or scrappy. Yes, you, want lots of long, strong hair, shining with beauty. A 35-cent bottle of delightful "Danderine" freshens your scalp, checks dandruff and falling hair. This stimulating "beauty-tonic" gives to thin, dull, fading hair that youthful brightness and abundant thickness. All drug stores sell "Danderine".

WANAMAKER'S DOWN STAIRS STORE WANAMAKER'S

Of First Importance to Every Man! Tomorrow Morning a Sale of Men's All-Wool Plaid-back Overcoats, \$34 Men's All-Wool Business Suits, \$25

Wanamaker's Down Stairs Store

Only one thing that we regret about this sale—the limited quantities; so it's wise to get here as early in the day as possible.

Overcoats, \$34

Of thick, warm all-wool coatings in gray or brown tones—rough and woolly on the outer surface, plaid on the inside.

All are double breasted and have belted backs, convertible collars and deep, warm pockets. They're cut plenty loose through the body, the way men like them.

Small points of tailoring have been carefully looked to—buttons are good, buttonholes are hand made, collars are hand felted.

Nothing has been skimmed or cheapened about these coats. They're thorough-going and sound. Exactly the sort of overcoats you would have paid nearly double for earlier in the season.

Sizes 34 to 44.

Suits, \$25

About the soundest investment for \$25 that we know of. When such good suits can be had for that sum a man is doing himself an injustice not to have one.

Of brown and gray mixed chevots and dark blue unfinished worsteds—every thread all-wool. All heavyweight materials and all in the patterns that appeal to men of taste—definite hairline stripes, small checks and good mixed colorings.

Coats are single breasted, with two or three buttons.

Fittings in all regular sizes 34 to 44, and also for men who are stouter or taller than the average.

The Gallery Store for Men

(You can come directly here from Market Street or from the Subway.)



New Blouses of Black

New silk blouses, made in more than a dozen ways, are here for the woman who wears black.

Creme de chine blouses start at \$4.90 for a simple model with a convertible collar and go to \$11.25 for a blouse of heavy material with a frilled collar.

Tub silk waists, some quite youthful and charming, \$5.25 to \$8.90.

Georgette crepe blouses are \$5.90 to \$12.75. The crepe in even the least expensive of these blouses is of an extra heavy grade. Some are frilled and some are trimmed with soutache braid.

Peau de soie is a favorite material with many elderly women. Two good models in this serviceable silk are \$5.90 and \$7.50.

A good satin blouse, with a Peter Pan collar, is \$5.90.

(Market)

Women's High Shoes, \$9

Brown kidskin, black calfskin, black kidskin.

They lace exceptionally high and are made for winter weather. The soles are thick enough for cold days and carefully welted; Cuban heels.

Women's Black Kidskin Oxfords, \$8.40

Comfortable kidskin oxfords with wide or narrow toes. The heels are medium and the soles welted.

Black spats are \$2 a pair.

Leather Boudoir Slippers \$2.40 a Pair

In black or tan with turned soles and low heels. A pompon is on each one.

(Chestnut)



Men's Hats Special, \$2.25

Good-looking hats of the sort that men will wear well into the Springtime. Of smart green and gray tweeds and mixtures and wool felts, the last mostly in browns.

(Gallery, Market)

Center Aisle Opportunities

496 Good Rugs, \$2.85

Velvets and Axminsters, in 27x54 inch size. The Axminsters are in mottled effects, the velvets in conventional patterns. All were originally higher in price.

Tooth Brushes, 18c

Hair Brushes, 50c and 65c

Both are "seconds," (but mighty good ones) of a well-known standard quality. This is the good opportunity to get a supply.

Hot-Water Bottles, 65c

Rubber Gloves, 25c

They are "seconds" but the imperfections are slight.

Hot-water bottles of red rubber are 2-quart size. Gloves of red rubber are in odd sizes.

Bath Soap, 75c a Dozen

Wanamaker bath soap in generous round cakes. 7c a cake.

Fresh Neckwear, 50c and \$1

Half price for surprisingly pretty collars and vests of daintiest nets and laces. At 50c—collars and vests; at \$1—lovely vests.

Children's Drawers, 25c to 50c

Drawer Bodies, 45c

Sizes 2 to 12 years in these White Sale drawers. 25c kinds are well made, of good muslin with tucks and hemstitched hems. 45c ones have scalloped embroidery. 50c kinds have narrow lace edges.

The drawer bodies of sturdy white material are well made and reinforced, and have taped buttons. 2 to 6 years.

Women's Smart Fiber Sweaters, \$7.50

A good-looking Tuxedo style of a soft, lustrous fiber that looks like silk. In bottle green, brown, turquoise, black, navy and white with turn-back cuffs, necks and belt.

White Sale Petticoats, \$1

A shipment of five hundred just arrived in time for Friday.

Black sateen with flowered flounces; flowered sateen or plain sateen in navy, black, purple, brown, green, white and lavender. Well made with elastic at the waists and ruffled flounces.

Checked Gingham Aprons, 50c

Good blue-and-white checked gingham in circular style with a deep ruffle all around.

House Dresses, Special at \$2 and \$2.25

\$2 kinds are of plain blue chambray in straight-line style, neatly smocked.

\$2.25 dresses are of clean-looking plaid gingham in belted style with white pique collars and cuffs.

White Sale Nightgowns, 85c

Two good styles of soft white muslin with neat embroidery-trimmed tops.

White Sale Crepe Nightgowns, \$2

Standard cotton crepe gowns of the finer sort, striped or corded and adorned with colored stitching.

White Sale Corsets \$1.50, \$2, \$2.50 and \$3

About fifteen good models of white or pink coutil or hocco. Topless, low and medium bust models for slight and full figures.



All Furs at a Third Less

Every set and collar and cozy muff in the Down Stairs Store is now marked at a third less than its original price.

This means a genuine saving on the best furs procurable. Wanamaker furs are perfect furs, fashionable furs. They are carefully selected and every pelt is called by its true name.

So sure may you be of the quality that you could shop here with your eyes shut.

Fox

Scarfs, taupe, brown or black, \$20 to \$31.50.

Sets, taupe and brown, \$63.25 to \$83.25.

Kit fox animal boas, brown, taupe or pearl dyed, \$14.50.

Jap cross fox sets, \$42.25.

Wolf

Scarfs, in taupe and brown, \$23.25 to \$31.50.

Sets, taupe and brown, \$60 and \$66.50.

Gray Furs

Australian opossum collars, \$30 to \$56.50; round muffs, \$26.50.

Natural squirrel collars, \$22.50 to \$43.25; round muffs, \$33.50 to \$53.25.

Mole collars, \$18 to \$56.50.

Natural racoon collars, \$19 to \$37.50; muffs, \$20 to \$33.25.

Other Furs

Nearseal (sheared coney) collars, \$20 to \$36.50; stoles, \$66.50 to \$106.50.

Pieced Hudson seal (sheared muskrat) stoles, \$38.25; muffs, \$13.25.

Skunk scarfs, \$36.50 to \$51.50; muffs, \$36.50 to \$43.25.

Fashionable Animal Boas

Natural opossum, \$10 and \$18.

Natural squirrel, \$13.25 and \$26.50.

Sable dyed squirrel, \$13.25 and \$26.50.

Fitch, \$16.50 to \$33.25.

Kolinsky, \$16.50 and \$30.

Baum marten, \$38 and \$40.

(Market)