# THE HUSBAND HATER

By HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR
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*Jean Northrup, brought up in luxury, is forced by her father's death and her own fear of poverty into a marriage with her guardian, Mark Brand, a man she hates at sight. She goes West with him and is very unhappy until a friendship develops between the Brands and Dick Mason, a young engineer. Everything goes well until Dick falls in love with Jean and asks her to run away with him, and Jean, horrified and disgusted, refuses. Mark overhears, and despairing of ever winning Jean's love, offers to let her go away from him. Jean goes East to visit Cicely Knowles, an old school friend, but life in the city with its pettiness and unrest soon palls on her. She meets an interesting woman, however, in Carol Baker, the novelist, who is a real friend.*

## A Straight Talk

"No, I'm not happily married," Jean said evenly, looking straight into Carol Baker's eyes. "I wonder if you could help me."

Carol was a very wise woman. She did not come over to Jean and take her hands and ask for any confidences. She stayed where she was and said calmly, "Help you how, child?"

"When I came away," Jean went on, "I came away for good. I thought I would visit Cicely for a time until I got my bearings, and then I would get work of some kind. If you could help me to get something to do, I should be so grateful."

"Had you anything in mind?"

Jean shook her head. "No, but there must be something I could do. So many women work for a living. I ought to be able to do something."

"Does your husband know about this plan of yours?"

Jean flushed scarlet and her sensitive lips quivered. "Of course not. He sends me money and of course he doesn't realize that it hurts me to have to accept it. I want to play fair. I don't want to take everything and give nothing, that's why I simply must get something to do. You see that, don't you?"

"I think I understand. You want to get work, anything so long as it brings in money, so that you can return his [illegible] to him some day and tell him not to send any more."

"Oh," Jean's eyes were miserable; Carol had but to look into them to know that what she said was true.

"I don't want to interfere in the slightest with your private affairs, my dear, but you have given me your confidence to a certain extent, and I must tell you what I think. Why don't you have a talk with your husband?"

Jean shuddered. "Oh, you don't understand. I couldn't do that. I don't want to talk with him. I feel all my [illegible] slipping away from me when I [illegible] near him. He is so big and overpowering and I feel so small and helpless. You think I am talking wildly, [illegible] I didn't want to marry him. At [illegible] I thought I couldn't, but I was so afraid to be poor and father died and [illegible] all alone. I've never told any one [illegible] before; that's why I'm talking [illegible] wildly now. But I just had to tell someone, I had to!"

"And so you married him because you were afraid of being poor," Carol said slowly.

Again Jean flushed, but it was true. [illegible] resolved to hear the truth.

"And so you married this man and [illegible] afterward that you would [illegible] face poverty than live with him. [illegible]"

"Yes," the word came in a whisper. [illegible] you came to New York with his co[illegible]

"Yes."

[illegible]

Tomorrow—Jean Faces the Truth

# DREAMLAND ADVENTURES

*Judge Owl's Busy Day*
By DADDY

CHAPTER III
Judge Owl's Bath

J[illegible]

[illegible]

"Now, Harry!" An old witch owl [illegible]," screamed Dinah.

Now Harry didn't like witches any more than Dinah and Gretchen did, but he was very much in love with Dinah and he wanted her to think he was a hero. So he pretended to be brave, although he didn't feel a bit that way.

[illegible]

"I guess I'd better go home and get my gun," stammered Harry.

[illegible] Dinah, bringing a hunting gun from a closet. "Now fix that old witch before it can come here and get us."

Harry knew that he couldn't delay any longer, so he slowly edged toward the sun room, holding the gun in front of him.

Judge Owl heard him coming and knew what he was coming for. Judge Owl didn't want to be shot so he flew from the perch to the opposite side of the room, where he hid behind a tall bush.

Happy Harry, pushed by Dinah and Gretchen, made his way step by step into the sun-room, holding the gun so that he could blaze away instantly at the perch above the door.

But when he got inside the door the perch was bare.

"Gracious, the witch owl has vanished," cried Dinah.

"No, it hasn't. It is in that bush," screamed Gretchen, pointing at Judge Owl.

Happy Harry whirled around. Judge Owl saw that he couldn't hide so in his wise way he did something that no one expected him to do. He flew right at Happy Harry.

"Ow, wow!" yelled Harry, lifting up his gun. But before Harry could aim Judge Owl had flown past the end of the barrel and his strong claws had grabbed Harry by the hair. Judge Owl knew that when he was on Harry's head the colored boy wouldn't dare to shoot.

"Yow, yow, yow! Save me!" yelled Harry, and he began to thrash around with the gun.

"Yip, yow! the witch has got him!" screamed Dinah and she fled from the room, with Gretchen pushing her from behind.

Judge Owl clung hard to keep from being thrown off Harry's head, and the harder he clung the more he pulled Harry's hair, and the more Harry yelled. Around and around in a circle whirled Harry, around and around until, splash, kersplosh! down he went into the water, carrying Judge Owl with him.

"Whoo-oo—" Judge Owl started to whoop, when with a gurgle he went down, down, out of sight.

"Drown the witch owl!" shrieked Dinah and Gretchen to Happy Harry. And Happy Harry, thrashing about and trying to save himself, grabbed Judge Owl by the feathers, forcing him farther under. Only bubbles came up from where Judge Owl had gone down, and things looked bad for him, when there came a bang at the door.

What do you think that bang at the door was? Do you think it is going to help save Judge Owl from drowning?

# CORAL-COLORED SATIN AND TURQUOISE BLUE

By CORINNE LOWE

Not the least of the romance of that well-loved play, "Romance," was founded on the clothes—those delightful wide skirts that bloomed like tulips on the narrow stem of the tight-fitting bodice. To a great extent the mid-Victorian note is sounded in the ballroom of today, and not only the French, but the American designers have concentrated upon dance frocks inspired by that era of romantic clothes. There is often executed, however, a variation in the form of a train. Thus we see the above charming dance frock of coral-colored satin developing its wide skirt into a trailing rear drapery. This effective evening gown is embroidered in turquoise silk and brilliants, motifs of which are found on the underskirt of smoke-colored tulle which peeps out in front.

# THE DAILY NOVELETTE

*The Willoughbys' Black Cat*
By L. B. LANGDALE

The very first member of the Willoughby family to whom Carlotta Willoughby introduced Barry Cole on the occasion of his initial call at her home was the Willoughby cat, a sleek, coal-black animal, amiable, plump and of contented mien.

"We think a lot of her," said Carlotta, apologetically, "especially mother, who raised her from a kitten. If anything should ever happen to her, why, it would break mother's heart."

Barry had listened [illegible] as one does when the girl one wants to marry talks on any subject whatever, and had patted the arched back of the cat with a gentle hand. "I love animals," he murmured, "and this one has a personality all her own."

"Hasn't she?" exclaimed Carlotta. "I could pick her out of a million others! Even if it wasn't for that little white spot under her darling chin."

Now, it must be confessed that Barry Cole, in company with many other young men of his age and disposition, had no deep, innate love for cats. Dogs, now—well, that was different. Or horses. But cats—selfish, [illegible] ing-about-the-country, night-disturbers! Barry didn't like cats!

Under the circumstances, however, realizing it was a case of love-me-love-my-cat, Barry, on his subsequent calls on Carlotta, never failed to inquire solicitously after [illegible]. When, one cold, threatening evening, he arrived with his long meditated offer of marriage hovering on his lips, he was met by a [illegible] Carlotta at the very doorway with the news that the precious cat was lost. Barry swallowed his chagrin and the proposal simultaneously and rose adequately to the occasion.

"What a darn shame!" he told her, and took advantage of the moment to hold her hand considerably longer than usual, patting it sympathetically. "Anything I can do?"

"Why—I don't know," Carlotta hesitated. "Mother's nearly wild. It's such an awful night for the poor thing to be out in. We've hunted the neighborhood until dark. But—would you be willing to take a notice down to the office of the News, so that it will get in the first edition in the morning? That would be such a comfort to mother!"

The result was that Barry, his evening with Carlotta considerably abbreviated, took himself back down town, his hands plunged deep in his pockets, his collar turned up against the penetrating wind. And on the way he conceived his idea.

To find that cat would certainly make him solid with the Willoughbys. On the other hand, he couldn't imagine himself finding the creature. By George, she'd freeze to death tonight, anyhow. But—and herein lay his scheme—all black cats looked alike. Suppose, now, for instance, he returned just any old cat? Mrs. Willoughby's grief would be assuaged. Carlotta would be correspondingly grateful. Result—wedding bells and a honeymoon for two!

The following day Barry took a vacation from work. He didn't expect his job was going to be altogether easy, particularly when he dimly recalled that there had been a spot of white somewhere or other on the true Willoughby cat. But it proved much harder than he had anticipated.

A round of the animal stores discovered all sorts of cats he had never known existed, white Angoras with pink eyes, tailless Manxes, weird colored creatures of every description, but few of the common garden variety of everyday black felines boasting a single white splotch on their otherwise unspotted escutcheons.

Late that afternoon as Barry pursued his way home, quite unexpectedly he saw up an alley that which he hoped signified the end of his search—a plump black cat asleep on a doorstep. Hastily he grabbed her up, discovered to his joy that a dirty spot on her neck would probably come out white, slipped her under his coat, and, with the nonchalance of a new convert to anarchism carrying his first bomb, made his way to the Willoughby's.

"I've got her!" he cried to Carlotta. "I've got her. Found her miles across town, an hour ago: Knew her at once!"

But Carlotta's reception of his news was very disappointing. Putting a hand over her eyes, she sank weakly on the seat of the hall hatrack.

"Don't!" she murmured. "Not another one! There have been seventeen already, in answer to our ad!"

Then she led him out to see for himself. Sure enough, a black array of felines filled the Willoughby kitchen, while Mrs. Willoughby with tragic countenance walked among them.

Barry was in the very act of setting the eighteenth applicant down to join the rest when he straightened suddenly. Was it possible? Could fate so favor him? Through the window, across the snowy lawn, he had glimpsed a streak, a dashing streak of black.

"Just a moment," he said hastily. With the cat in his arms he turned toward the door, opened it, and, as something dashed between his legs, he dropped his own burden outside, then closed the door.

"Trying to get away from me!" he exclaimed. "Clawed me! But, look, doesn't that prove I got the right one? Tried to put her out and she wouldn't go! Ran right back! And look at her!"

For the newcomer stood, hair on end, tail lashing, as one who stands on home soil and, unmistakably owner thereof, resents the invader.

That evening Barry got all that was coming to him and more than he deserved. As Carlotta whispered "Yes" to his tender question, "Will you marry me?" it seemed to him that he heard wedding bells tinkling gently.

Possibly, however, it was the Willoughby doorbell. For, presently, in from the hall floated a voice. "Did your cat come back? We were away over night and she must have got locked in our cellar. I let her out and saw her streak it across here—"

Carlotta raised her head from Barry's shoulder. "Barry, I thought you said—"

"Listen, darling," interrupted Barry earnestly. "Will you look at diamond rings with me in the morning?"

And Carlotta, for sheer joy at the invitation, forgot—temporarily—all about cats.

Next Complete Novelette—
"A Neat Little Bargain for Sue"

# THROUGH A WOMAN'S EYES

By JEAN NEWTON

### *Mentioning the Money*

They really couldn't afford the price of the tickets, but the others didn't say anything about it, and they didn't want to be the ones to mention the money—so they went along.

Which reminds me of the story of the old Scotchman who, on hearing the minister refer to money as the "root of all evil," said: "Ay, but it's grand to hae the wee bit of siller in your hand when ye gang an errand!"

After all, it is the "filthy lucre" that we live by, that most of us work for, and that none of us can do without. In proportion as we have it we have the comforts and many of the pleasures of life. And though one's position in life may not be dependent on money, some money is necessary to uphold any position.

Then, too, money carries with an obligation and a responsibility. Without the labor of other people who produce what our money buys it would be absolutely valueless to us. In return we owe it to the community to put what we have to the best uses.

So, why all the hemming and hawing and hedging, why the taboo on the subject, why the "embarrassment" about "mentioning the money"?

There are, of course, instances where the monetary element is best left out of the conversation. Such, for example, as reference before guests to the cost of what they are eating, asking people how much they earn or spend, dilating on one's possessions to people not so well off, and other such instances that should be governed by consideration for others and a sense of the fitness of things.

But there is nothing about money itself that makes it a topic unfit for polite conversation and there is nothing vulgar or undignified in the frank statement, "That is more than I can afford."

### *Silk Frocks*

Silk is again to the fore for the formal dress. It may be of taffeta (Paris simply cannot get through a season without taffeta), or of [illegible] of Shantung, or of any one of the alluring sports silks which are so often combined with a different weave and color. One of the newest fancies is to have the dress in Spanish cut-out work done in colored silks, and then mounted over a slip of soft silk or linen whose color is identical with that of the embroidery. This scheme intensifies the color of the decorations and gives a little dash of seasoning to the gray, white or tan of the dress material.

### *A New Hat*

One of the latest ideas is the hat of shavings—in appearance like a rough straw. It is not durable, but that might be an asset in these days when only the slightest excuse is wanted for the acquisition of a new head covering.

### *Clothespins*

[illegible]


# Jaeger Woolware

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100% VIRGIN WOOL

## For Sportswear

Just the things that you need to enjoy these frosty days. For skating, tramping, golf: at home or away, these Jaeger articles add the right touch of style and comfort.

Warm sweaters in heather worsteds at $17.50.

Fascinating alpaca, mohair and camel hair sweaters from $22.00 to $27.00.

Knitted tams and hats from $6.75 to $12.00.

Heavy scarfs of silky soft yarns from $8.00 to $15.00.

Gloves and gauntlets too, for your outfit, as well as ribbed heather and camel hair hose.

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Dr. Jaeger's Co.

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PHILADELPHIA

# The Blum Store

*The Store of Personal Service*

1310 Chestnut Street

# *Pre-Inventory & Final Clearance Sale*

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THE Reductions seem incredible—but if you will come into the store and inspect them carefully, you will find them genuine—and thus fully representative of The Blum Store Clearance Policy!

Our Superb Importations from Paris and our equally desirable American adaptations, are all marked at 'way below cost, and in many cases less than half of what they cost us! To Shop Early will be wise!

## *Extraordinary Fur Values!*

*Two Specimen Values from Amongst Dozens*

900.00 Hudson Seal Wrap **379.50**

250.00 Marmot Coat **115.00**

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*All Sales Final : No C. O. D. : No Approvals.*

THE BLUM STORE—*A New Organization With an Old Name*

This is what healed my skin trouble

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"Now I don't have to avoid people because of embarrassing skin trouble, or lie awake hours at night, tormented by intense itching. Resinol Ointment did it! After the first application of this soothing ointment, I felt such blessed relief. In a short time the inflammation was reduced and the itching stopped. Now my trouble is entirely gone. I used Resinol Soap as directed with it and have found Resinol Shaving Stick to be the best on the market for a clean, easy shave." *Resinol sold at all druggists.*

WANAMAKER'S | WANAMAKER'S

# Wanamaker's Down Stairs Store

## Brushed Wool Scarfs 22 Inches Wide $8.75

So wide and so warm that they are almost like coats!

Each scarf is thick and soft and has a belt and two pockets.

It measures two yards long and has deep, heavy fringe at each end. In browns and gray.

Other brushed wool scarfs in a rainbow of gay, cheery colorings, $3.75 to $6.50.

(Central)

## Net Flouncings A-Flutter $2 a Yard

Each little ruffle seems to be quivering with excitement, for graduation is drawing very near and the girls are all talking about their frocks.

**Among the Pretty Kinds**

(All about 25 inches wide)

Ecru or white ruffled net;

Ecru net with lace edging the ruffles;

Point d'esprit with pink, blue, white or yellow ribbon finishing each flyaway ruffle.

Wider flouncings, 34 inches to 42, are mostly of white net, $2.25 a yard.

(Central)

## Boys' Shoes Special at $2.90 (Sizes 10 to 13½)

Black or tan leather shoes with wide toes are made with thick welted soles.

**Special at $4.90**

(Sizes 1 to 5½)

Sturdy shoes of black and tan leather are in blucher and have wide toes. The soles are made to resist Winter weather.

(Gallery, Market)

## Center Aisle Opportunties

### *Fascinating Ribbons 10c Yard*

Half and much less than half for ½ to 1 inch ribbons in dozens of different kinds and colors. Fringed ribbons, tapestry ribbons, brocaded ones, many with contrasting picot edge or gold stitching. Almost every piece different. Both all-silk and fiber silk in the lot.

### *Plain and Flowered Petticoats, 75c*

Just 300 odd ones in the lot, mostly plain blue and purple or gaily flowered effects. They will go flying.

### *Bungalow Aprons Extra Special at $1*

Light-colored percale trimmed with plain blue or good gingham in plaids and checks trimmed with ric-rac braid. Round or square necks and short sleeves.

### *Women's Flannelet Pajamas Repriced, $1.85*

Save $1.15 on each one at the new price of $1.85. Two-piece style in light pink, blue or lavender with circular designs.

### *Eiderdown Dressing Sacques $2.50*

Broken assortment of rose, lavender and purple dressing sacques made of warm eiderdown trimmed with silk.

Also $2.50 for flannelet kimonos with scalloped collars and sleeves.

### *Children's Warm Sleeping Garments $1*

Cozy little affairs for these cold nights. Outing flannel in pink or blue stripes and plain white, made with feet, round necks and pocket; 2 to 6 year sizes.

### *Women's Black Cotton Stockings 18c Three Pair for 50c*

Good sturdy ones with seamed backs and well reinforced. They are "seconds," but good ones.

### *Bandeaux, 25c*

Good white bandeaux that fasten in front or in back and have tape shoulder straps.

## SPECIAL

## Men's Fiber Silk Half Hose 35c Pair

(3 Pair for $1)

Seamless black fiber half hose are in sizes 9½ to 11½.

**Men's Union Suits Half Price at $1.50**

There are all sizes from 34 to 46, inclusive. The union suits are of gray ribbed cotton, ankle-length, with long sleeves.

(Gallery, Market)

## Capes and Dolmans Call for Long Gloves

Longer gloves are decidedly the mode with these short-sleeve or sleeveless wraps.

White glace lambskin gloves, daintily French, are in three lengths.

8-button length, $3.75 pair.
12-button length, $4.50 pair.
16-button length, $5.75 pair.

(Central)

## Hats of Springtime

Suitable for wearing right now, yet they carry an air of freshness and lightness about them that is clearly of the new season.

Glistening candy cloth, the frothiest of straw braids and Batavia cloth are the favored materials, with taffeta and satin as aids to all of them.

As for trimming, it may be braid or wool embroidery, fruit, flowers or feathers. Colorings are as gay and bright as Spring skies.

$8, $9.50 to $12.50.

(Market)

## Girls' White Frocks for Graduation $15 to $18.50

Ruffles (oh, many of them!) and tucks and ribbon! Most of the frocks are of chiffon and are altogether [illegible] in their charming [illegible]. Sizes 10 to 16 years.

Some white [illegible] dresses at $16.50 have just arrived.

(Market)

$15 $15

## Still They Come— These Smart and Inexpensive New Frocks

## $10.75, $12, $15, $16.50

Dozens and dozens of pretty dresses of navy blue serge and tricotine and of blue and brown velours and silvertones. They're

—braided in black and touched with gold thread;
—stitched in colored silks;
—embroidered in gay wools;
—beaded or touched off with wide [illegible] sashes.

**Silk Frocks, Too, at $15 and $16.50**

$15 dresses are of taffeta, in navy blue or black, with sprays of embroidery adorning bodices [illegible].

$16.50 dresses are of black or navy [illegible] with embroidered skirts; or of Georgette crepe beaded with iridescent beads, black beads or bugles.

**All Sizes for Women and Young Women**

are to be had in these delightful dresses, and there are styles suitable for women of all types.

(Market)

### *Terry Cloth 65c a Yard*

Good quality [illegible] inches wide, is in rose, green and blue. Think of the pretty draperies it will make!

[illegible] with a glossy [illegible] 36 inches wide at 25c a yard.

### *Pillows, Pillows! $1.50 to $6.75*

"What a many pillows!" a little boy said, looking in upon a nursery pillow fight for the first time. Only these are not to be lightly thrown around, although they are made well enough to stand it!

At $1.50 the pillows are covered with stenciled cotton crash. Velour pillows begin at $3.75 and go up to $6.75 for large round pillows with tapestry in the centers.

(Central)

## Creamy Tan Is a Spring Color in Women's Coats

Becoming and soft, [illegible] is very kind to the complexion and promises to be highly fashionable this Spring.

The coats are of polo cloth in several interesting styles, among them:

—a full-length coat, with a convertible collar and loose belt, $22.50;

—a sports coat with a shawl collar of sealene fur, $25;

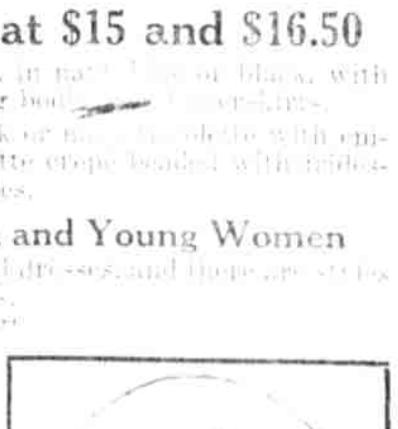
—a sports model with raglan shoulders and an inverted pleat down the back, $35.

(Market)

## Women's Messaline Petticoats, $5.50

Some are changeable and others are in plain colors, but all are excellent quality messaline with pretty little ruffles on the flounces. Some of the petticoats have contrasting upturned hems.

(Central)



## *FURS Half Price*

It is a joy to select from furs like these! Every pelt is in perfect condition, full-furred and soft.

Skunk scarfs are $22.50 to $36.75.

Muffs, $27.50 to $32.50.

Dyed skunk scarfs are $27.50 to $43.50. Muffs, $27.50.

(Market)