Adventures With a Purse

WHEN I was a few years younger I was the proud possessor of an ink pencil. And how I loved it! There is something about an ink pencil that intrigues me. It has all the advantages of the fountain pen with the added convenience of a — to me — much smoother and nicer point. The point, in fact, is quite similar to the point of your favorite pencil. The other day I was glad to see one shop displaying some ink pencils that look to be just right. Their price is $3. I think you will enjoy using one.

One shop has quite the most novel teapot I have ever seen. It is an elephant—trunk, legs and all. On its back is a lid and the spout is formed by the elephant's trunk. What I had in mind was this: perhaps you would not be interested in anything quite so radical for your tea table, but there is one occasion when such a queer teapot would be a boon. If one of the children gets sick and has to eat broth or to take milk, what fun it would be to pour it from the elephant's trunk! Broth or milk that would otherwise be scorned might be taken cheerfully this way. You can get this elephant holding one big cupful for eighty-five cents. The larger size is $1.50.

I met Dorothy for lunch, and she admired my hat extravagantly. My smug smile aroused her suspicions and she demanded to know the joke. "I'm glad you like it," I said modestly. "It cost $6.50." Of course, the minute she heard it was such a bargain she insisted upon being told where I had purchased it. So I told her of the shop that has such a comforting assortment of smart and crazy hats at such reassuring prices. It was not very long before she called me up and announced with great glee that she, too, had purchased a hat at the same shop. "Only," she exclaimed, "I paid only $5.90 for mine." Frequently one can find just the hat one wants at this shop and the prices are always very reasonable.

For names of shops address Women's Page Editor, or Phone Walnut or Main 3600.

HUMAN CURIOS

Kent Loomis

It was my time to visit Kent Loomis, editor of the newspaper in Parkersburg, West Virginia, sailed for Cherbourg on the Kaiser Wilhelm II, bearing with him the text of a treaty between the United States and King Menelik of Abyssinia. Loomis had been selected because he was the brother of the assistant secretary of state and the trip was not unmixed of all home importance to warrant the dispatch of one of the regular State Department messengers.

Kindly souls, I have gone after those who did not agree in feeling with the Kaiser Wilhelm II, have tried to bring Loomis back safely to his home town, but I regret to say that the reasons assigned that he had seen the Kaiser only after Philadelphia had been reached, that the reasons assigned that they had not nothing of Loomis after the boat had been outbound from Cherbourg, that he had gone ashore at Brest, that he had been outbound from Cherbourg, that he had been lost in the Alps, that he had been lost in the Black Forest, that he had been lost in the Sahara, that he had been lost in the Gobi, that he had been lost in the Pacific, that he had been lost in the Atlantic, that he had been lost in the Dead Sea, that he had been lost in the Sea of Galilee, that he had been lost in the Sea of Marmora, that he had been lost in the Sea of Azov, that he had been lost in the Sea of Japan, that he had been lost in the Sea of Cortez, that he had been lost in the Sea of Tranquillity, that he had been lost in the Sea of Fertility, that he had been lost in the Sea of Crises, that he had been lost in the Sea of Nectar, that he had been lost in the Sea of Serenity, that he had been lost in the Sea of Vapors, that he had been lost in the Sea of Showers, that he had been lost in the Sea of Cold, that he had been lost in the Sea of Rains, that he had been lost in the Sea of Clouds