AT CUPID'S CALL

By MAY CHRISTIE

IV—Mary's Awakening!

"I'VE promised to marry Dick Calardin!" Eve's words fell like a thunderbolt on Mary's ears. For a breathless moment she stared incredulously at the fair-haired speaker.

MAY CHRISTIE

Then common sense came quickly to her rescue. Eve was referring to some other man! The fiance that she spoke of—why, it couldn't possibly be Dick! Dick, for the last five hours, had been making deliberate love to her, another woman! The young man couldn't possibly be such a rogue and scamp!

Eve's light, affected tones broke in on Mary's meditations.

"How on earth did you come to meet him?"

"Meet—whom?" stammered Mary, coming back to earth.

"Why, the man that I'm engaged to, Dick Calardin!" remarked Eve petulantly. "The man who was seeing you off just now—the rough diamond from the backwoods!"

The heart of Mary sank. Her lips felt dry and stiff as she made answer:

"Your guardian, Mr. Carrington Bellairs, sent me down on a business matter with his client."

Eve leaned forward, curiosity printed on every line of her pretty, shallow little face.

"What sort of business, might I ask?"

Mary assumed a small, distant air that might have made any girl less bold than Eve feel awkward.

"I can't possibly discuss business matters outside the office. If you want information the proper person to ask is your guardian, Mr. Carrington Bellairs."

Eve made a face, half mockery, half disgust. Really this upstart little secretary was too ridiculous, with her airs of mystery! She must be put in her proper place—and soon. She had been flirting, too, with the highly eligible Dick Calardin! Why, hadn't Eve but recently seen her gazing into the young man's eyes and holding hands with him in a protracted, sentimental parting!

And now this humble Mary Drew was actually trying to snub her!

With a pretty, impulsive gesture—one of Eve's principal assets in the great game of camouflage—she leaned forward and touched Mary's knee with her ringed left hand. The light from above glinted on the diamonds of her engagement ring.

"My dear, I'm awfully sorry!" Her voice was cooing and sweet. "I'm an utter fool over business! And quite naturally you wouldn't wish to tell me office secrets! I apologize! But I'm so crazily fond of Dick Calardin that everything concerned with him must necessarily interest me!"

Mary was quite naturally intuitive. She guessed that Eve was not sincere. She guessed—and rightly, too—that this pretty ward of Carrington Bellairs was an extremely sophisticated and designing young woman, shallow and self-absorbed. That money and social position were her gods. And that to gain her own particular ends she was capable of much.

The news of Eve's engagement to young Calardin had been a blow. But Mary wasn't of the stuff that's easily crushed. In her spirit was a glorious resiliency that wouldn't be broken or defeated.

She didn't speak now, but her pretty, softly-shining eyes met Eve's with outward calmness.

Eve realized that she'd been premature in announcing her engagement. For said engagement hadn't definitely taken place. It would eventuate, of course, in time—she told herself. No man, much less the simple type of Dick Calardin, could resist Eve long.

Mary—unless cautioned—might ruin everything by blurting out Eve's words to either Carrington Bellairs or Dick Calardin.

"And the fat would certainly be in the fire then," thought Eve, biting her lips with irritation.

Mary noticed her action and wondered exactly what was passing in Eve's mind.

"Miss Drew!" Again did Eve touch Mary's knee. "I'm really frightfully worried. It's all because I'm crazy over Dick. And our engagement must be kept a secret in the meantime. My guardian, Carrington Bellairs, would never give his consent to what he'd call a stupid 'entanglement.'"

Mary's smoke-blue eyes opened wide.

"Mr. Calardin struck me as a—a forceful, energetic man," she said, in her clear, attractive tones. "I'm sure he'll make a definite path through life—prove himself capable of a great career. What stupid 'entanglement' could there possibly be, then, in an engagement with a man like Mr. Calardin?"

Eve made a tiny face. Her made-up eyes narrowed in a way that wasn't pleasing. Her "cute," pert features suddenly seemed to grow as old as Egypt.

Tomorrow—What Makes the World Go Round?

YOU COULD MAKE THESE

Here are some attractive little Easter favors to use on Easter Day or at the party that you are planning to have next week. The gentleman carrying the umbrella and the place card, and the busy bunny with her bag of jelly beans, were cut out of decorated paper and pasted on stiff cardboard. The bunny in the high collar is fastened to a paper drinking cup filled with candy or nuts. The grown-ups might prefer the daffodil standing on a wired stem and concealing a tiny paper cup in its flower, or the pink and white striped hatbox which holds Easter eggs instead of a hat

"FIFTY-FIFTY"

By HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR

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The marriage of Jerry Page and Frances Carter began on a fifty-fifty basis, for Frances was making good money and insisted upon paying half the bills. However, it didn't work out well at all for when the Harlowes moved into the same apartment house Clarissa was a typical clinging vine and played up to Jerry with a kind of kittenish softness that was very flattering to his masculinity. It was then that Frances discovered that she had been too much the pal and not enough the woman for Jerry and she set about rectifying her mistake. But although she made herself extremely attractive to other men, above all to Jim Harlowe, she did not seem able to make any impression on Jerry at all.

CHAPTER XXXIV

Character Contrasts

CLARISSA was not the type of woman to lie awake and agonize. She could fall asleep after crying like a worn-out child, but Frances was different. Frances would lie awake for hours after Jerry was asleep trying to think out things, trying to decide what to do next. She would never have descended to a quarrel, her pride would never have allowed her to mention that things were not all right.

The morning after the little visit to the Harlowes she got up tired out, as usual, and very quiet. The routine of the days stretched endlessly away into the future. She could imagine morning after morning of the same steady torture with Jerry perusing the newspaper opposite her, of this wide gulf that existed between them, of living constantly outside herself and trying to be something that she wasn't at all.

Downstairs it was different.

Clarissa woke up and found herself on the davenport where she had gone to sleep after her quarrel with Jim. Although she had cried herself to sleep last night, this morning she was angry. She took it out in slamming things in the kitchen, of sweeping around like a tragedy queen and she did not answer when Jim spoke to her.

No, he must come to her first, and there must be a full and complete apology. In fact, Clarissa wanted something that would definitely assure her that Jim had not meant what he said about Frances. She wanted something satisfyingly derogatory to gloat over; she wanted a remark that would put Frances definitely out of the running. She wanted Jim meek and supplicating at her feet, but apparently Jim had no intention of doing anything of the kind.

Clarissa purposely ate no breakfast.

Jim ate with the disgustingly healthy appetite of the normal man, passing his cup a second time for coffee and not noticing that Clarissa was not eating.

After several cold monosyllable responses to his tentative efforts at conversation, he desisted altogether, but he was none the less cheerful. He even had the effrontery to come over, tip Clarissa's head back and kiss her lightly before he left for the office.

Clarissa felt baffled; all her old-time methods had failed to work and now she was helpless. She did not know what to do to bring Jim to heel.

Upstairs Jerry left for the office with his usual formula.

"Well, good-by, old girl," and Frances, with a heavy heart, went into her little den and sat down at the typewriter. Hers was not the kind of work that is bettered with suffering. She had to maintain a light, breezy column, she was not writing sob stuff, and somehow the clever phrases would not come when her heart was so heavy. Nothing seemed worth while, she was not working toward any goal, she was just wandering aimlessly through her days hardly caring what happened.

Outside Annie was busy about the housework. She was humming a little tune which stopped abruptly as she went to answer the doorbell. Then Frances heard her heavy feet coming along the hall and her none-too-gentle knock at the door.

"A letter for you, Mrs. Page."

"All right, Annie, bring it in."

And then Annie was in the room handing her a letter.

Even as Frances took the square, heavy business envelope with its black letters in one corner, she knew somehow that it was portentous. Her fingers trembled a little as she tore it open and her heart seemed to be beating suffocatingly in her throat.

Tomorrow—The worst thing that could happen

Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

Wants Game Suggestions

Dear Cynthia—I am seventeen years of age, and while reading your column the other night I came across a letter about playing kissing games at parties. That is all bunk. You said you had sent a list of games to be played to the one who had written the letter.

Would you please send such a list in the self-addressed envelope?

You certainly have a wonderful column, and I am thanking you in advance. GOLDEN LOCKS.

Games will be mailed to you this week by the Editor of Woman's Page.

Help Them if Possible

Dear Cynthia—I am a young girl in my teens. I met a fellow who asked me to make it right with a girl he loves. He had a quarrel with her and he wants me to speak to her about it. I like him myself. Would it be right to get into it?

BROWN EYES.

If you can help the young man by a kind word or two to the girl about him do so, but do not get into discussion of it with him or with the girl, and do not carry from one to the other what each says. Simply tell the girl that he's sorry and wants to make up and if she says she will tell him she is willing, and then let it go at that.

Don't talk to either about the cause of the trouble, let them talk that out themselves.

Thinks Ideas Are Narrow

Dear Cynthia—It was my misfortune not to see "Wondering's" letter, but I read "Smiles" and several other answers to it. Such narrowmindedness as shown by "Smiles" is a pity to behold. I am not a dance hound myself by any means, nor do I approve of frequenting a popular dance hall too often, but there are few things I enjoy more than a good dance, and besides being a good exercise in itself it diverts the mind from one's work or studies or troubles. From her letter I judge that "Smiles" does not dance. How then is she qualified to pass judgment on a subject she knows nothing about? She says a dancer cannot be respected. I certainly would be thankful if she would present her reasons. Any sensible person knows that such a statement is pure ignorant foolishness and narrowmindedness. Any evilminded person can take an evil meaning from many things in this world that are perfectly proper and correct.

Cynthia's advice to "Smiles" is good, and I hope that "Smiles" will soon get some sense or she will be in danger of losing some of her many friends because of her failing for reaching an unwarranted conclusion before employing a proper amount of gray matter and broadmindedness. KELLY.

A Clear-Headed Letter

Dear Cynthia—I have patiently watched the answers to the assertion of the young lady who claims to prefer the society of young men who either can not or will not dance.

Once before, Cynthia, I wrote to this column and frankly stated my opinion of those fellows who apparently crave nothing better than the distinction of being good dancers. There are many of them and this letter will not be inconsistent with my initial one.

The profession of this young lady was prompted without serious consideration as to the scope of her remarks. Personally, I am inclined to doubt her broadmindedness, and I think most of the fair-minded readers will agree with me in this respect.

There is no possibility of my identity being disclosed, so I shall tell a few things about myself, simply to prove that one can dance and have still a desire, or rather a determination, to succeed.

At the age of fourteen I reluctantly left school, but immediately entered evening grammar school, from which I graduated. I then entered evening high school and studied here for three years. My work interfered with my attending this schol and made it necessary that I discontinue my studies there. I then enrolled with a prominent correspondence school and have studied at home for the last three years. At the present time I am taking two correspondence courses which make it necessary that I study at least four evenings per week and not for an hour or so each evening, but for a week's average of fifteen hours.

I am intensely interested in most sports, especially football, canoeing—not by moonlight—and racing, swimming, basketball and several others, including wrestling. I find time occasionally to play the banjo, and am I to be considered morally deficient, because I dance?

Dancing is a most innocent and beneficial form of diversion, and it cannot honestly be condemned. FRANK.

GRAY AND VERMILION CLEVERLY COMBINED

By CORINNE LOWE

We sometimes have a clear vision of what the poet meant when he spoke of the glory that was Greece. For Greece, as far as our classical reading has taken us, was without taffeta costumes. Really, you know, it is appalling to be a fashion writer and to be confronted with at least a thousand new models of taffeta or part taffeta. Your taffeta adjectives just give out. Consequently, we absolutely refuse to say anything about the above costume beyond the necessary diagram of its parts. The corsage is made of vermilion taffeta, and the skirt, of plaited gray crepe de chine, is bordered with bands of the same silk. The sash, of gray crepe de chine, is embroidered in vermilion silk.

DID YOU EVER WATCH THE GIRL AT THE KEYBOARD?

Nothing Disturbs the Smooth Serenity of Her "Hello, Hello," and Even Her Sympathy With a Bereaved Friend Must Be Sandwiched In

THE girl at the telephone board in the railroad station looked up with an inquiring smile.

"3106?" she repeated after some one.

She held out her hand for the nickel, dropped it in a box, wrote down the number and pulled out a plug.

"Greendale three-one-o-six, operator," she remarked looking down at the receiver, which seemed to sprout out of the second button of her waist. "Hello, hello, No. 2 for Ontario, please; hello, hello, what is your number, please?—hello, hello?"

A woman came up on the outside of the counter and drummed impatiently with her fingers.

"I can't get that number," she said, severely.

"I'll try them again," replied the operator, calmly. "Hello, hello—listen, operator, I don't get any answer on that Chestnut number, five-two-nyun-one J—Hello, hello number four for Greendale, please—hello, hello?"

Always that running accompaniment of "hello-hello," which doesn't seem to get any answer, but is very musical if the operator has a pleasant voice.

ANOTHER operator came in to relieve the one at the board.

"Well," exclaimed the first one, "What's the matter with you today? You're about fifteen minutes ahead of time—hello, hello—two-one-three-nyun, operator—hello, hello—I like your new hat—hello, hello."

It goes on all day long; the same thing.

Nothing is allowed to interrupt the monotony of that "hello, hello," which always ends with an upward lilt.

A friend arrived at the counter before the fifteen minutes were up, while both operators were there together.

Her eyes were red-rimmed, and her mouth had that drawn expression which comes from continued suffering.

"Oh, when do you go, Bessie, dear?" asked the girl at the keyboard, reaching up to take her hand sympathetically.

"My train leaves in about fifteen minutes," answered Bessie, trying to keep up her plucky smile. "I just wanted to say good-by."

The girl at the board deserted her keys and plugs for a minute as she rose to put both arms about Bessie's shoulders.

"Bless your heart!" she said fervently, as she kissed her.

AND then Bessie hurried away, and the operator picked up her plugs again.

"She's going on an eight-hour trip home," she explained. "To her mother's funeral—hello, hello—ten cents, please—I'll try them again—hello, hello—her mother died very suddenly—hello, hello—isn't it awful?"

"Barclay three-nyun-nyun-one-double-u? Just a minute, as soon as I have a booth—hello, hello—poor Bessie, that's a terrible trip for her—hello, hello?"

Even bereavement and sorrow have to be pushed aside for that never-ceasing hello.

It's only when the fifteen minutes are up and somebody else takes her place for a while that the girl at the keyboard gets a chance to let her emotions and her thoughts take charge of her as if she were a regular human being.

All the rest of the time she seems just a voice saying "Hello, hello," and repeating your number after you.

AS FAR as you know, she is.

But the next time you miss a train and have to wait a long time for the next one, go in and sit in the waiting room near her.

You'll find that she has, after all, a personality which is quite as pleasing as the lilt of her voice when she says "hello, hello?"

Two Minutes of Optimism

By HERMAN J. STICH

Let's Get Together

WHEN we were schoolboys we read the poem of the six wise, blind men of Indostan who one day paid a visit to an elephant.

You remember that the first put his hand against the elephant's broad and sturdy side and said: "This elephant is very like a wall." The second, feeling of the tusk, said: "This wonder of an elephant is very like a spear." The third, taking the squirming trunk within his hands, said: "The elephant seems very like a snake." The fourth, who happened to feel him about the knee, said: "It is clear enough, the elephant is very like a tree." The fifth, who touched his ear said: "Even the blindest man can see that this elephant is very like a fan." And the sixth, who was struck by the elephant's swinging tail and caught it, said: "The elephant is very like a rope!"

These six men, being men, thereafter steadily and steadfastly insisted each that he knew all about elephants, and nobody could tell him anything about them!

Now, each, of course, was partly in the right and all were in the wrong. And the point of the poem is, that every one of us is influenced in our views and judgments and acts by observation, experience, environment and circumstances.

There was a time, and not so long ago, when some of our leading statesmen declared that the black race was ordained by God to be a race of serfs and slaves, and that it was sacrilegious to hold otherwise. It took a four years' bloody war to make them change their minds.

Political parties, all of whom presumably desire the welfare of our country, are constantly bitterly antagonistic and revile and vituperate against the man or men who will not see or do things according to a particular light.

Religious denominations with common aims—charity, kindness, forgiveness—have ever been at swords' ends. Christians have even burned their fellowmen at the stake in the name of the God of Love they all worshiped and served.

Each of us happens upon a different part of the elephant and each of us promptly thinks he knows it all—and damns the fellow who dares to differ!

There was an old minister who was making his way along the road through a heavy mist when suddenly he saw something that looked like a monster. He whipped out a gun he happened to be carrying and was about to shoot, when coming nearer he saw it was a man. And when he came nearer still and they got close together, he saw it was his own brother!

So it is today.

The workingman and the man he works for, the Republican and the Democrat, the Gentile and the Jew, the Catholic and the Protestant, the Christian and the Mohammedan—all are separated by a dense fog of anger, hatred, greed, pride or prejudice—each holds he knows all about the elephant and each sees his fellowman as a monster whom he would destroy.

What we need is to come nearer to one another—to get close together—so that we may understand.

Then we shall see one another not as monsters, but as brothers of one great family, all of whom want nothing more than to live their lives in peace, contentment and happiness.

THE WOMAN'S EXCHANGE

Learning to Bake

To the Editor of the Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—I am coming to you for advice again.

Can you tell me of any place not far from where I live where I could learn to make good cakes and pastry? It is my ambition to learn. I am a fair cook and can bake pretty well, but not so extra. I would like to learn, so that I can make a little money out of it.

MRS. E. T.

The Germantown Branch of the Y. W. C. A. at 5820 Germantown avenue, would be the nearest place to your home where you could learn what you wish to know. They have a course in cooking there on Monday afternoons and Monday evenings, which includes pastry and cake making.

To California

To the Editor of the Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—You are such a help to each and every one of us. May I take the opportunity to ask you several questions which are so important to me?

Could you please tell me the fare and Pullman rates from Philadelphia to Los Angeles, Calif.? Also, tell me the time it takes to get there? How far is Hollywood, Calif., from Los Angeles? Is it a separate town or a suburb of Los Angeles? How far is San Francisco, Calif., from Los Angeles? Does the train make connections at Chicago going out and then does it pass through St. Paul, Minn.? Would it be possible to get a stop-off at St. Paul?

A young lady who has a lot of dramatic stage experience would like to know how she would go about getting in with a stock company or something of the sort in the West. A VOICE.

The fare from Philadelphia to Los Angeles is $117.05 and the charges for a lower berth would be about $34 extra. These rates are for the direct route, which is from Philadelphia to Chicago and from there straight out West. Going this way the journey would take five days, for very good connections can be made. If you wanted to go up to St. Paul from Chicago and go on out to Los Angeles from there your fare would be about $20 extra and about $10 more for a lower berth. It would take at least a day longer to go this way. You could arrange no stopover at St. Paul, but would have to buy a ticket here and a ticket there.

Hollywood is a suburb six miles outside of Los Angeles. This city is 343 miles southeast of San Francisco.

You go about getting a stage position in the West in exactly the same way as you do in the East. Apply to a stage manager or to a theatrical agency.

WHAT'S WHAT

By HELEN DECIE

Many brides who would prefer a violet-and-white Easter wedding eschew violet because purple, a mourning color, and also the symbol of mortification, is supposed to be unlucky at a bridal feast. Rose weddings are for June, so the springtime bride chooses to have a blossom wedding, with all the delicate blossom colors; herself in the conventional blossom-white, her bridesmaids in peach-blossom pink, and her little pages and flower girls in harebell blue and daffodil yellow. At a country wedding or an elaborate city wedding, the house and church may be decorated with peach, cherry and apple blossoms and with floral bells. An Easter wedding is any wedding celebrated during the Easter season—which season extends through the whole month of April.

As noted in a former "What's What" paragraph, wedding invitations should be sent out at least two weeks in advance. For relatives and friends, wedding breakfast and "at-home" cards are inclosed with the invitation.

Making More Money

"Personality Caps"

Her name isn't "Mrs. Jones," but that's what we will have to call her because, now that the necessity for making money by doing home work of her own has passed, she doesn't care to have people know that there was a time when the dinners would have been slim and the house unheated had it not been for the expertness of her fingers. After all, it's the success of the idea that counts—and "Mrs. Jones" is perfectly willing to admit that the sledding might have been pretty rough if she hadn't taken up the idea of the "personality caps."

The whole thing started at a church bazaar to which Mrs. Jones donated several extremely pretty boudoir caps, made up according to her own ideas and distinctly off the beaten track followed by the manufacturers of such articles. The caps sold almost instantly, but Mrs. Jones thought nothing more of it until, shortly after the crash which threatened the complete ruin of her home, she received a note from the purchaser of one of the caps at the fair, inquiring whether it would be possible for her to make several more for a daughter who was soon to be married. Mrs. Jones' first impulse was to decline the offer. Then the thought came to her: "Why not make up a few of the caps on individual orders, fitting them especially to the personality of the person for whom they are intended?" Accordingly, she requested a photograph of the bride-to-be and, with the picture as an inspiration, made half a dozen boudoir caps and instilled into each of them the individuality of the girl who was to wear them.

Her charge for the work was so high that, as she says, she "was afraid the bill wouldn't be paid." But back came a check, almost by return mail, accompanied by four other photographs of forthcoming brides who insisted upon having "some of those very unusual caps" in their trousseaux. The whole thing worked like an endless chain. Each customer brought four or five others and, long before the financial crisis passed, Mrs. Jones had more orders than she could possibly hope to fill.

Adventures With a Purse

THERE was a time, when in fact I was a little girl, when the proper gift for little people on Easter was nice, hard-boiled eggs, brightly dyed with gay colors. But nowadays it seems that novelty candies are much more acceptable. And no wonder. For instance, there is the rabbit family. Who could resist them? They come in a nice square box, with green shredded paper for a comfortable nest, and there are papa and mamma rabbits and six little baby rabbits, all of pure chocolate. This nice Easter box can be bought for forty cents.

Speaking of Easter reminds me of gloves. I suppose there is no real reason to assume that the minute the Easter season approaches every one dashes right out and buys a new pair of gloves to wear with a new Easter outfit. But, just the same, I know that some people do. And another thing, I believe that most any one—even the woman who does not really need gloves this minute—will be interested in this glove sale. One shop has just a tableful of odds and ends of gloves in broken sizes. Among them are some white kid gloves, some of grey suede with black stitching, some black kids, some of washable kid and a few pairs of chamois gauntlets with inserts of leather. All have been repriced to ninety-five cents a pair.

Another shop has just a large cardboard box filled with odds and ends of neckwear. I was particularly impressed with the long straight collars of white satin, well lined and perfectly tailored. These bore their original prices of $1.50 each and have now been repriced to fifty cents. If you need a nice white satin collar, here is certainly an opportunity to buy one.

For names of shops address Woman's Page Editor or phone Walnut or Main 3000.

The Question Corner

Today's Inquiries

1. When a small screen is needed, in what inexpensive way can this be made?
2. Instead of a leather belt, what encircles the waist of an attractive tan sweater?
3. Describe a new table lamp which at the same time carries out an old-fashioned idea and a modern one.
4. In what way can the growth of a geranium plant be improved, so that, in a short time, the leaves have a much fresher, greener appearance?
5. Should a longer sleeve be desired in a serge dress, in what pretty fashion can this be arranged?
6. What makes a quaint bit of ornament for the fish-bowl?

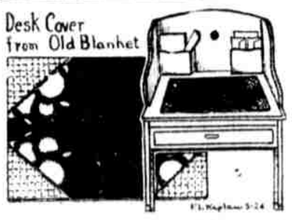
Yesterday's Answers

1. The walls of a small hall will look larger if they are finished in long, narrow panels.
2. Rub vaseline over the metal parts of an umbrella to prevent them from rusting.
3. A dainty centerpiece for the Easter table is a glass bowl with a gilt flower holder filled with pink and white sweet peas and long ends of smilax, with four little yellow chickens nestling around it.
4. A new shade of the glass bowl type, for an electric light, is made with two surfaces, and space between into which to slip a cover of cretonne.
5. Coronada is a soft material like tweed, only softer and lighter.
6. To get the effect of a coque feather drooping off the edge of a hat without paying the price of it, use an end of fluffy, thick fur or marabou instead.

A Seed Catalogue

Have you received a new seed catalogue? Get one—from a reliable firm—for it will help you in planting your garden and prevent you from overlooking something you may otherwise forget, say specialists of the United States Department of Agriculture.

Things You'll Love to Make



Last week I told you how to make charming cushions from old blankets. Today I show a DESK COVER to match one of the cushions. (A table cover can be made in the same way.) Cut an oblong to fit the top of the desk. Dye it a dark color that will look well with the color scheme of the room. Cut triangles seven inches on each side to fit each corner. Dye these a much lighter shade. Stitch the lines with silk or worsted. Cut the fruits of gayly colored silks. Applique the baskets and fruit to the oblong cover. Line the cover with silk or sateen and it is ready to grace any pretty table or desk. FLORA.

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Imported ENGLISH TWEED or Home Spun SUITS
We are asking an almost unheard-of price, when you consider the tailoring and materials.
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Your Own Materials Smartly Tailored
To Your Measure
WARSHAV
1307 Walnut St.

Breakfast—
A Duty or a Pleasure?
There's real joy in the morning meal, and genuine preparation for the work hours that follow, when the menu includes
Grape-Nuts
The full nutriment of wheat and malted barley in this unique food provides unusual nourishment without burdening the stomach.
Ready to serve from the package with cream or good milk. Sweet with the natural sugar of the grains, self-developed in the making.
If your breakfast isn't a pleasure, try Grape-Nuts
"There's a Reason"
Made by Postum Cereal Co., Inc., Battle Creek, Mich.

THAT "BUSINESS BRAIN"
will not function when the stomach is overloaded with indigestible, starchy foods. That's the reason that breakfast and noonday lunch should consist of Shredded Wheat Biscuit. It supplies the maximum of nutriment and leaves the brain clear and vibrant, ready for any task. Don't dig your grave with your teeth. Avoid hardened arteries and auto-intoxication—these come from too much meat.
Two Biscuits with hot milk make a warm, nourishing meal for a few cents.

Making Fine Cake is a Fine Art
MEDLAR Baby Sponge Cake is the crystallized result—the true perfection of the experience that is only gained by long years of application to an ideal.
For fifty years the Medlar Biscuit Company has been supplying the particular people of Philadelphia with a better cake—Try Medlar Baby Sponge Cake to-day—You'll like it—You can't help it—Your dealer has it. Ask him how good it is—he knows. Baby Sponge size—six slices.
This Dessert will win you.
An excellent cottage pudding can be made by slicing Medlar Baby Sponge Cake and covering with a vanilla, strawberry or lemon sauce—Convince yourself—Try it tonight for dinner.
MEDLAR BISCUIT COMPANY