AT CUPID'S CALL

By MAY CHRISTIE

VIII—EVE'S "CAREER"

EVE leaned back luxuriously in the New York taxi and cast a coquettish eye upon her escort, Julian Vandeveer.

"Whew! I'm so glad and thankful to be back in town. The country bores me stiff. I felt I couldn't stand it for another moment. Oh, how I hate the cows and chickens and the simple life!" Thus spoke Eve.

MAY CHRISTIE

Julian Vandeveer eyed her quizzically.

"And the rustic, backwoods lover—how is he?"

Eve made a little face.

"I'm terribly fed up with him. He's such an—an idealist. I have to strain every nerve to live up to him—and the effort wears me out. Julian, dear, believe me, I'm a wreck."

Julian smiled.

"A very pretty wreck," commented he. He flung a careless arm about Eve's waist and drew her closer to him. "I haven't seen you for six days, my dear. What about giving me a kiss?"

Eve sat up and favored her amorous cavalier with a glance that was intended to be severe.

"Julian, you know I hate to be pawed about. You men are all the same. You weary me."

"Oh, do I, indeed?" said Julian huffily, preparing to withdraw the encircling arm and moving a trifle away from Eve. "If that is so, perhaps you won't care to dine with me tonight?"

"Dear, foolish boy! I'm simply crazy over you—you know it," crooned Eve with sincerity. "There isn't any one in the whole of this big city that I'd sooner spend an evening with. Why, Julian"—here the crafty Eve decided that flattery must be applied with a lavish hand—"there isn't any one that doesn't seem dull and stupid to me in comparison with you. You literally spoil me for all other men." She put up a little hand and touched his cheek. "Dear Julian!"

He caught her in his arms and kissed her.

After a few breathless moments, Eve extricated herself.

"Now, tell me all the news," said Julian. "You—you're so clever, Eve!"

"Oh, no, I'm not!" replied that young woman candidly. "If I were truly brainy I wouldn't be in the position that I'm in today! I should be writing books or plays or making a big hit on the stage—or something of that sort, you know."

"You're clever enough for me, little girl!" responded Julian ardently. He made some show of returning to the kissing game. But Eve, the dexterous, switched his thoughts into fresh channels.

"What about this job you said that you were going to land for me? I'm dying to hear all about it! You do think of the cleverest, most unusual sort of things, Julian dear!"

"The dancing club secretaryship, you mean?" He glanced sideways at his pretty, pert companion. He had his own axe to grind. "Well, how would you care to take it on?"

"What—what would my duties be?" faltered Eve, assuming a sudden coyness and simplicity that was foreign to her nature. "Oh, Julian, dear, I'm not a pushing-forward sort of girl—I shrink from all publicity—"

"Rats!" interrupted Julian, rudely. "You're the exact type for the particular job in hand! Don't be an idiot, Eve!"

Eve's temper—always of the slumbering volcanic kind—showed every symptom of disturbance. But the determined young woman crushed it down. Julian should later pay—financially—for his churlishness. She would see to that!

"Tell me about the work!" she pleaded artlessly.

Julian unbent.

"I'm not exactly certain of the usual duties of a dancing club secretary, but I do happen to know the requirements of this special job. They want a lady"—he began to tick the essentials off on the gloved fingers of his left hand—"who is pretty, charming and refined, who dances exquisitely, who under all circumstances will be an ornament to the place, and who can converse easily and naturally with all clients, habitues and newcomers. She must dress well, look well, feel well and talk well. She must be amusing, witty, bright. She must make the shy feel bold, the stupid clever. The grumpy, grouchy man she must transform into a merry soul. She must warm up the place by her radiant, sympathetic presence. She must be the magnet to the needle."

Eve stopped him with a laugh.

"Tomorrow—Eve's Rosy Dream.

Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

Sister Hurts Feelings

Dear Cynthia—This is the first time I have ever sought your advice, but I have been a daily reader of your column for a very long time.

I am a girl in my teens and I attend high school, being in my third year. Now, I have a sister, and I really think she is jealous of me. Not of looks, by all means, but of wit. However, my sister inclined to be sneery, showed me up "very nicely" the other evening. This isn't the first time it has happened. Other times I have been so t-hearted and forgotten, but this I cannot do. If I was out of high school I would not hesitate to run away, as I can't put up with this nagging very much longer.

Now, dear Cynthia, can't you and some of your readers give me some advice, as I am very despondent?

A VERY DESPONDENT GIRL.

Learn not to be so sensitive. Sisters often have little tiffs, and a few thoughtless words should not upset you so. Sometimes wit (so-called) hurts others. Is your wit always free from sharpness? Maybe you hurt your sister's feelings, too. Try being kind always yourself and you will find others will be kind to you.

Rather Approves of "Wondering"

Dear Cynthia—This is to "Wondering."

Possibly you are looking for a fellow who doesn't dance or probably one who only dances occastonally. Well, I play at the dances, both private and public. I could tell lots that I have seen that would disgust most people with dancing. I, for one, dance very little. I do not care for it. But I would certainly be pleased to meet "Wondering." I am a lover of all athletics and sports of all kinds, as I participated in them for four years in college. If "Wondering" would be so kind as to enlighten me who she might be I would be very pleased. I quite agree with her that a "Jazz hound" is an awful specimen of a man, with his cutaway vest, jazz tie and the rest of the things that go to make one up. Dancing does not help the health, nor is it good exercise. The character of some nice girl is sometimes lowered simply because she insists upon going around with these "jazz hounds." I sincerely hope that "Wondering" finds the right fellow and that he treats her right, as her views are certainly in the right light. Hoping to hear from you real soon, I remain.

EXPECTING.

She's for Dancing

Dear Cynthia—I am quite interested in the discussion on dancing. Kindly print this in your very interesting column. Thank you.

Oh, "Smiles," how can you have the audacity to call yourself that? If I were you I'd take "Acorn's" advice and call myself "Tears." It's more appropriate, don't you think so, Cynthia? I dance, and am very crazy about it. I love it. All my friends do also. All, that is, except one fellow, who does not dance at all. And believe me, "Wondering" and "Smiles," he sure is a bore. I don't know what he would talk about if there was no weather or baseball. His whole conversation consists of "nice weather we're having; good for playing baseball," etc., etc., until one is bored stiff. The poor fellow finds no interest in anything except sports, hence the dullness. I like sports myself, but for the love of mercy, I wouldn't be bored by discussing nothing but that. Take my advice, boys and girls who do not dance are either very bad-looking or subnormal. Hark ye who do not dance, and take a dancing lesson now. In about two weeks let me know how you are getting along, through Cynthia. "There is neither good nor bad, but thinking makes it so." Let's be clean-minded and think the best of everything. PEP.

They Have Quarreled

Dear Cynthia—Since you have helped so many, I would appreciate it if you could only help me. I am a girl who is in love with a very nice gentleman. I'm sure that he was very much in love me at first, but, dear Cynthia, we had a misunderstanding, partly my fault, and I deeply regret it. We are now angry, and I am always sad and blue. Sometimes he passes by and speaks to my girl friends as if to make me jealous. I'm always by the window trying so hard to see him. If I go to a dance or a party I am never happy because I cannot enjoy myself without him. I'm always thinking of him. I tried so hard to forget him by taking up a course in school, but, O, dear Cynthia, I have failed in every branch. I tried again, and never succeeded in passing because my mind and thoughts are always occupied with him. Please tell me what to do. I'm getting thinner, for I never rest. O, dear Cynthia, please help me, for I love him so, but I wouldn't for the world let him know. I never had a happy moment since I became mad at him. I cry—that is all I do—because I love him with all my heart. Please answer soon, for I am worn out for love of him.

H. F. M.

Surely if the misunderstanding was partly your fault you should be willing to acknowledge it and apologize for your part in it. Write the young man a little note telling him that you think it was partly your fault, and you are sorry for having been rude, or whatever you were, and want to be friends again.

But do not show any sentiment or affection if he comes to see you. Simply be good friends, and if he does care for you he will tell you so very soon. Try to be normal about it, and occupy your mind with other things.

THE WELL-PLANNED GUEST ROOM

Hospitality should be its keynote, and the furnishings should be neither too fussy for a man nor too plain for a woman

A CHEST of drawers, similar to the one shown in the illustration, will serve for the variant use of the man or woman guest. If the room space permits a chiffonier with shaving mirror on it, it might be a good supplementary piece. For the convenience of the woman guest a pair of electric candles is a most desirable dressing table adjunct. They should be fitted with disk-shaped shades forming a screen only.

There really is nothing for which a guest is more grateful than good light. A good light to read or write by, a good light to dress by, a drop cord and button bulb, or a night stand lamp within reach of the sleeper's hand, are things for which to rise up and thank a thoughtful provider.

The obvious foundation furnishings of the guest's room are beds, dresser and chairs. In one corner of the room a small twofold screen in front of a little stand, upon which the visitor's wardrobe may be placed, is helpful.

Electric appliances add greatly to comfort, and by using duo sockets an appliance such as a curling iron may be installed without curtailing light. What feminine guest would not be gratified if she found at her disposal a small electric flat iron and a little square paddle board for the hasty laundering of a handkerchief or neckpiece? If possible, have a telephone at the bedside. See that a writing table and fresh writing materials are in evidence, and don't neglect to supply a little sewing with a supply of needles and thread. A neatly appointed beauty box has its unfailing appeal.

Your guest will want to lie down during the daytime and would not for the world lie about on that lovely day bed cover, so if possible have in the room either a chaise longue or lounge. They are so fresh and nice covered in flowered linen chintz, especially with a pretty little padded silk couvre-pied thrown across the foot. The place for this piece is near a window, and it might have a floor lamp of "junior" height near by. Be sure to have a clock in the room, preferably one that does not chime, and on a little table near the chaise longue might be a couple of smartly bound books and a thermos and glass.

Sleeping pillows may be kept in the closet and cunning little dressed-up fluffs put at the bed head for ornamental effect only. Those in the picture are made of bright jade taffeta to match the flowers on the cover. The carpets is deep damson, and the cover, which is of silver poplin, has a band of damson ribbon on it. The little ruchings are of jade pink. The little lamp is of green and pink veiled with silver. The curtains are of silver poplin lined with jade pink. Cords of damson silk suspend the pictures and mirrors to the pale silver gray wall. The furniture is enameled a light neutral oyster green. A pillow of "Jac" rose and silver damask is propped at the head of the chaise longue.

"FIFTY-FIFTY"

By HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR

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Frances Page made a failure of the fifty-fifty idea of marriage because she put too much emphasis on the money side of it. She did not realize that Jerry would have been proud of her ability to write if she had not constantly harped on the fact that she was paying half the household expenses, and when she actually lost her job and was dependent on Jerry for everything, he was apparently contented, but she was miserable because it seemed that she had failed all around. She made up a polite little lie to tell her friends so that they would not suspect the fact that she had been ignominiously fired. But she told this to Mildred Graham, a woman who had made a success of marriage and a profession as well, Mildred did not believe it.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

You Must Go to Work!

FRANCES flushed.

"Don't you believe me?"

"Certainly not. I know you too well."

"What do you believe then?"

Mildred looked at Frances keenly, hesitated a moment, and then said brutally, "Well, Frances, if the truth be told, I think you've been fired."

The sharp words went through Frances like a knife, but she did not look away from the accusation in Mildred's eyes. In a way she was glad that Mildred knew.

"It's the truth then?"

"Yes, it's the truth."

"And now—that you've made about all the mistakes you can, it's time you began all over again," Mildred said practically.

"What do you mean? Oh, Mildred, if I thought I could. Do you know that Elsie and I went to hear you sing the other night? You've made good, and George is madly in love with you. Why can't I make good and keep Jerry in love with me too?"

"You can."

"But how?"

"You can write, can't you?"

"I used to think I could, but lately I haven't had any desire to work. I've lost my grip on myself; you don't know what it is to fail as I have."

"Yes, but you didn't fail because you can't write, you failed because you were miserably unhappy with Jerry and realized that you had only yourself to blame. Jerry resented the practical side of you, a clever woman must make her husband believe her profession a fad. You made nearly as much money as he did, and you never let him forget it. A man likes to swagger about, and strut proudly before women. Jerry couldn't do this with you, and consequently he did some strutting before the little Harlowe woman, who rounded her blue eyes to O's and made him believe that she thought him perfect."

"That's true," and Frances laughed in spite of herself. "Oh, Mildred, isn't life complex?"

"Not a bit of it," scoffed Mildred. "Simple as a child's primer, if you don't let it get the best of you."

"How you've changed from the girl you used to be before you met George! Why, I can remember when you looked upon men as inferior, when you thought them hopelessly conceited and overbearing simply because they have had the whip hand for so many years."

"Oh, yes, it's easy enough to talk, and think your career is the only thing, and swear you don't care anything for men, and that you can get along quite well without them. I used to do my share of all that talking and when I suggested to you that you and Jerry go fifty-fifty I was serious and sincere, but I didn't know what I was talking about. I tell you, Frances, that love between a man and a woman is the oldest thing in the world, and it always works around in the same way. When I fell in love with George, I just knew in a very short time what a little fool I had been."

"And yet haven't you seen men and women who are apparently happy, leading a contented enough life, he going his way and she going hers?"

"Yes, I have, but something is lacking in a couple like that. Where's the romance, where's the glamour? We want both of them in our lives, Frances, we need color, and you've simply got to make up your mind to go back to writing."

Tomorrow—Clarissa Gives Frances an Idea

The Woman's Exchange

All About a Party

To the Editor of the Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—I will be sixteen years of age in a short time. Will you please advise me about a few things, as I am going to give a "sweet sixteen" party?

How shall we word the invitations? In receiving gifts what should I say? Should I open the packages as soon as I receive them? Will you please tell me a pretty way of setting the table? The party will be an Easter one. Should I stand at the door and greet the guests? I. C.

Your mother should send out the invitations. They may read, "Mrs. William T. Brown requests the pleasure of your company at a sweet sixteen party in honor of her daughter Mary, on such and such an evening," followed by the date. Put "R. S. V. P." in the left-hand corner.

When you receive the gifts, simply thank each person in a natural manner, and open them as you get them, unless it interferes with greeting your guests. Do not stand at the door, but meet them in the hall or living room when they come.

You can decorate your table in the prettiest manner, as the party is to be around Easter. Have a white crepe paper cloth, with little yellow chickens cut out and pasted around the border. You can make the cleverest little combined favors and place cards by attaching a small cotton chicken to a papier mache nut dish and fastening the place card in his bill. Then have some gay daffodils in the center of the table and carry out the color scheme of yellow and white in your refreshments as much as possible. For instance, your candles can be yellow and the birthday cake can be iced with orange icing.

The Marriage Colors

To the Editor of the Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Will you please put in the paper the lines on the different colors that one gets married, such as married in white, etc.? G. H. J.

This is the little verse that you wanted:

"Married in white you have chosen aright,
Married in blue, your love will be true.
Married in brown, you'll live out of town.
Married in green, you'll wish to be seen.
Married in red, you'll wish yourself dead.
Married in black, you had better turn back.
Married in yellow, you have the wrong fellow.
Married in gray is a widow's way."

Which shall you choose?

WHAT'S WHAT

By HELEN DECIE

Whether the teaser's victim is his sister or any other young girl, he is not playing fair, for very few girls are able or willing to retort in kind. Because boys guy one another regularly, and none of the fellows has any feeling about it except the desire to return tit-for-tat, is no reason why girls should be treated to a similar roast. Girls have no talent for guying, and no practice in that boyish art. So, when a young man who is pastmaster in the game of "hunting the Angora" goes in for teasing his sister or her friends he is simply getting in wrong. It isn't done, and only an unusually raw freshie, in or out of college, would attempt the unsportsmanlike game.

Once in a while, of course, Mr. Fresh meets more than his match. A quick-witted girl who has compelled her own brothers to keep their goat-hunting to themselves and their chums, can tease the teaser until he is punished into humiliated silence.

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

A FRENCHMAN TAKES HIS WIFE INTO HIS SHOP

And Their Marriage Is a Real Partnership in Every Way—It Wouldn't Hurt Americans to Try a Little More of This

THE American living in Paris rushed into the plumber's shop for assistance to a broken pipe.

"Ah, madame!" she cried, "Do not tell me your husband is out."

"But I will attend to it myself, madame," replied the French woman, calmly shouldering a bag of tools.

And she marched into the house, mended the broken pipe and went her way as if it were all in the day's work.

And so it was.

In France they become partners in every way when they marry.

The Frenchman who falls in love considers his sweetheart's business ability and worth of her talents along commercial lines quite as seriously as he does her beauty, her amiability and her home-making qualities.

As soon as they are married she goes right into his shop or his business or his trade.

We thought it was wonderful, during the war, that the French women kept on with their husbands' business until their little shops were demolished by enemy shells.

But, after all, wonderful as all French women were in the war, this part of it was "all in the day's work"; they always had taken part in their husbands' work.

IT SEEMS funny to us, a queer, foreign way of doing things.

But it wouldn't be a bad idea at all for some of our American marriages to try a large dose of this partnership idea.

It might solve a great many problems.

If, for instance, a man would discuss his business anxieties with his wife when he came home with his face all tied up in a knot, instead of saying vaguely, "Oh, it's just something—you wouldn't understand, anyhow," she could sympathize better and he would feel so relieved.

It's always a help to tell somebody about your troubles, even if you don't get any solution.

But probably when they were first married and he came home quiet and serious, she said:

"Poor darling, he's been worrying about that nasty old business, hasn't he? What's the trouble?"

And he roused himself and patted her hand and said, "Now, don't you worry your pretty head about anything like that—what have you been doing all this long, lonely day?"

And of course any self-respecting bride would much rather have a pretty head than a brainy one, and so the matter dropped easily and quite noiselessly out of existence.

By the time the business worries had reached importance enough to make lines in his face she had forgotten all about her vow that she would always be interested in everything he ever did.

OF COURSE it wouldn't make for much happiness to be so business-like in courtship as to say: "Here, you paint, and I'm an architect, let's get married"; or "I need a mathematician in my family, my business requires it—will you marry me?"

And it would be rather awkward for a lawyer, for example, to start in teaching his wife his "trade," or for a brakeman on the 8:15 local to train his wife in the solemn duties of keeping her balance all the way through a rocking train, while she glances from left to right and back again with worried, pursed lips, counting passengers.

A brakeman's cap would be extremely unbecoming anyhow.

But it shouldn't be necessary to keep business and home so entirely and distinctly separate.

There's no reason why a man should step out of his business character just as if he were stepping out of overalls as soon as he comes within sight of his home.

And a man who is contemplating matrimony would be wise if he looked ahead just a bit and wondered whether the lovely face that has smiled a favorable answer to his proposal will be just as capable of smiling when he proposes a change of policy at the office.

Or whether it will be capable of just smiling, and that's all, when he even mentions so sordid a matter as business.

Adventures With a Purse

I THINK the most unusual and individual looking neck ribbons I have ever seen I ran across today. The ribbon itself is a nice black moire. But it is of its ornament I want to speak. You know the white-enameled door-knockers and book ends that represent flower baskets filled with gayly colored blossoms? Well, this ornament is just such a basket, being, perhaps, three inches wide and two inches deep, and is brimful of happy colored blossoms. And on the ribbon are two slides, each with one or two flowers also. Such a neck chain makes a very effective bit of color.

They are in the window, and if you wanted to peek at them to decide first whether you wanted one, you would not even have to enter the shop. And I think they will be in the window for several days. They are little electric lamps, artistic both in shape and coloring. The base is a tan, rounded standard of good lines, and the cone-shaped parchment shade is beautifully colored. This is the sort of lamp you would like for your desk or for a little table in the corner of a room. I understand that the original prices were as high as $15, but now the price is $5—and a good bargain, too.

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THE DAILY NOVELETTE

Especially Cigars

By H. L. Langdale

"Now, Tom," admonished Madge, italicizing each word with an emphatic forefinger poked into her husband's over coat, "remember the Bronsons are coming to dinner tonight. Don't forget to bring home some flowers and cigars—especially the cigars."

With a last pat and wifely kiss, she pushed him into the vestibule, closed the door on his "sure thing, honey, good-by" and hurried back to the kitchen to begin preparations for the evening.

Tom and Madge Pritchard were newcomers in the Lakewood colony, and this was to be their very first attempt at regular entertaining. Mr. Bronson was some sort of partner in a large firm of architects and a man that Tom, as an expert draftsman, "ought to know," according to Madge. Mrs. Bronson, portly, exquisitely dressed, as regularly massaged as Madge was shampooed, sifted and organized whatever of society Lakewood boasted. If Tom was not to fall short in Mr. Bronson's eyes, neither did Madge intend to be found wanting in the estimation of his wife.

And to that end she had planned this dinner with care.

She hoped Tom would remember the cigars. Time was, in his bachelor days, and, she hoped, time would be in the future, when his pockets contained plenty of nice, brightly banded smokes as a matter of course.

But this year, what with the high cost of living and contributions to a fund known intimately as the "Pritchard super-six foundation," cigars had become things associated only with anniversaries, a Sunday afternoon walk or the occasional cashing of commission checks.

Promptly at 6:25 the Bronson sedan drew up at the Pritchard curb. Madge, pretty and slim and softly gowned in crepe de chine, was waiting to greet her guests.

"My husband is late, as usual," she apologized gracefully. "Commuting is so unreliable."

But Tom came in just then with a tale of open bridges and delayed traffic, and Madge slipped away.

Dinner was half over. So far, everything had been perfect. Salad course was next, then dessert, then coffee and cigars in the living room, by the open fire. Horrors! Had Tom remembered?

Catching his eye, she managed to convey, by a lift of the eyebrows and an inconspicuous two-fingered gesture as one who removes a cigar from his mouth, the query. They had been married long enough for Tom to be fairly well trained in the delicate, honest art of signal and interpretation. Once he would have slid down the napkin, half risen, and said: "Something the matter, dear?" But tonight utter blankness swept his countenance, succeeded by an expression of intimate dismay. Madge gave him, under the circumstances, the sweetest possible smile and continued what she was saying to Mrs. Bronson. But beneath the rippling surface talk, her thoughts flowed deeply. Tom would keep. But what to do about the cigars?

While sniffing praises for the salad an idea occurred to her. Only a block below was a small but grocery, part stationery store, an unfrequented spot on Lakewood's residential street, but quite frequently a godsend to an unexpectedly visited housekeeper. She would start the salad, then, under pretext of duty in the kitchen, run down to the store, get the best cigars they carried, put them in the humidor in the living room, and reappear from the kitchen as if she had been there all the time. The whole affair would take less than five minutes, a time she might conceivably be detained in preparation for the next course.

In the brightly lighted living room, about the table sparkling with shining silver and snowless linen, Madge's guests toying with their cherry-topped salad, awaited her return to their midst—and waited—and waited.

"Madge!" Tom raised his voice slightly.

There was no reply.

Meanwhile, Madge had accomplished her errand and was nearly home. Suddenly, ricocheting across the street, skidded a loaded automobile, bumping, with a grinding of brakes and startled cries from the inmates, into another car drawn up at the curb.

Instantly appeared people from everywhere—casual pedestrians, occupants of both automobiles and, unusually timely, Lakewood's one constable. Caught in the medley, it was several minutes before Madge could make her escape, and then only after giving her name as the one witness to the accident.

Wildly hoping her absence had not been noticed, Madge arrived breathlessly in front of her veranda—a veranda which seemed filled with people, although in reality there were only three. The light, streaming from the door behind, revealed Mr. and Mrs. Bronson, bareheaded, and Tom with a napkin dangling in his hand.

Madge, in an agony of shame at being caught in the act of returning from running away from her own dinner party, little realized what a pretty picture she made as she stood below, her cheeks becomingly flushed, her breath coming a bit quickly between parted lips.

How to explain herself? Plausible stories sprang to her lips, explanations untrue, but surely permissible under the circumstances.

Then, suddenly, with half a smile, "Here they are, Tom," she said, holding out a slim hand filled with cigars.

Some hours later, Tom, forgiven and penitently committed to drowning himself, if, by Jupiter, he ever forgot anything again, explained how he had gone to the kitchen in search of her. Then had come a crash, and, well—she knew the rest.

Coincidently with this conversation, Mr. Bronson was remarking to his wife: "Pritchard seems an A-1 sort of chap—fine mind, although, I guess his wife wishes he'd improve his memory!" Bronson laughed.

"I think," returned his wife, complacently, "that his little wife is going to be an addition to our community." Then added, epigrammatically, "she has that invaluable social asset—the sixth sense which saves a situation."

"You mean," interrogated her husband, "she wasn't phased when we caught her getting the cigars?"

"Exactly!" said his wife.

Next Complete Novelette—The Eternal Question

Does This Fit You?

Persons born between January 20 and February 19, when the sun is in Aquarius, are broad judges of human nature and can be relied upon to estimate a person's honesty almost at first sight. They are good "mixers," lovers of public entertainments, theatres, fairs, public ceremonies, absorb information easily and from every possible source. They are clever at mimicry, and see the funny side of life. Are well adapted to mercantile or political pursuits.

Persons born between February 19 and March 21, the Pisces sign, have a quiet, loving disposition and make loyal friends. Honesty and purity are theirs and a lack of self-esteem which causes them to be easily deceived by others. They should guard against habits of carelessness, recklessness and inattention and the habit of scolding.

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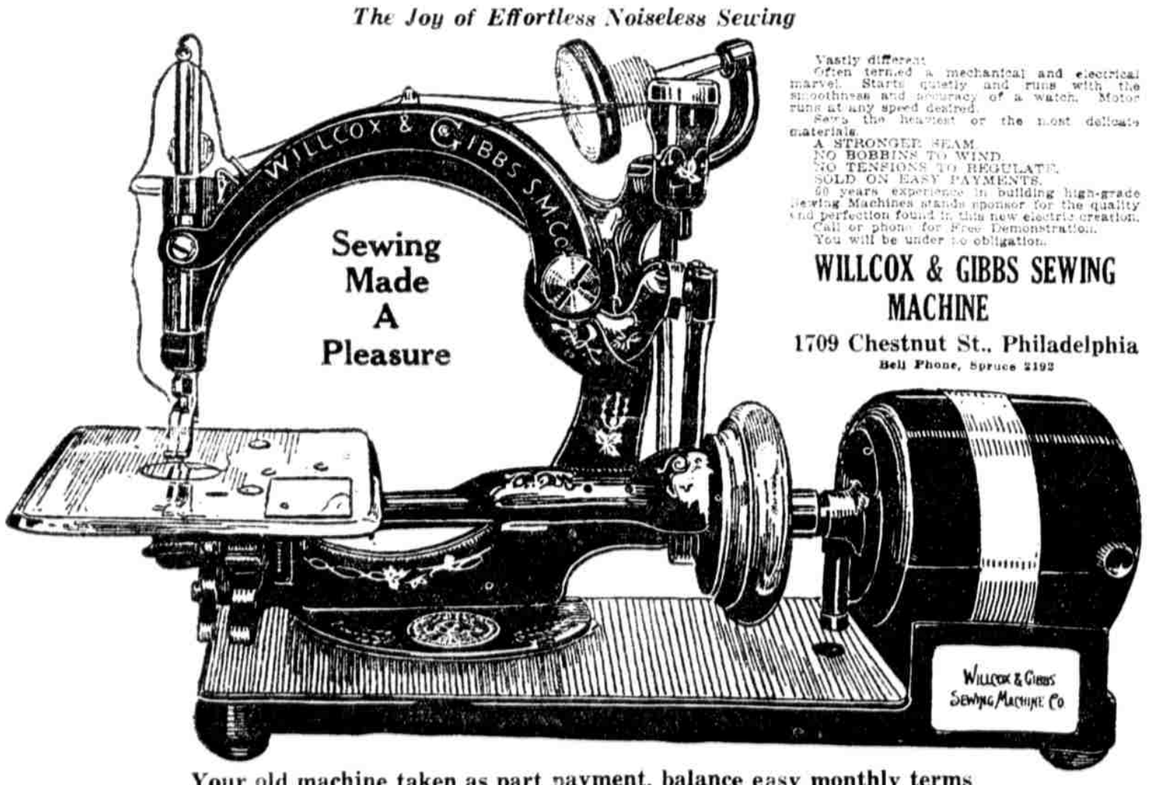

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Courtesy Service

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AMERICAN STORES CO.

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Another Record Broken!

Last week, we sold over the counters of our stores more Louella Butter than we had ever sold before in any one week in the entire history of our business!

You will be able to grasp some idea of what an enormous quantity of butter that was, when we tell you that it takes seventy-five thousand cows, milked twice daily, to furnish the cream required to fill the butter needs of our Stores!

From the Churn to Your Table

The answer to the tremendous popularity of Louella Butter is our Producer-to-Consumer Plan, which enables us to bring to you direct from the churn—sweet and pure.

The Finest Butter in America!

Louella Butter lb 57c

"Taste it!"

The Butter pride of the most exacting housekeepers in four States — golden purity and wonderfully delicious flavor!

Richland Butter lb 54c

Pure creamery print butter—big value.

"Asco" Stores all over Phila. and throughout Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware and Maryland

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