AT CUPID'S CALL

By MAY CHRISTIE

XXIII—Eve's Wiles

WHEN Mars Drew and Dick Calardin had driven from the club in some one else's car they didn't realize that the aforesaid car was the property of one Julian Vandaveer!

True, Vandaveer had tried to stop them—had dashed out to the pavement's edge and gesticulated madly after the receding vehicle!

But Mars Drew alone had seen his action. And MAY CHRISTIE Mary was in much too blissful a condition to give proper weight to his behavior.

The car had journeyed quite a mile before she'd even mention the affair to Dick Calardin. And he had dismissed it summarily with the comment:

"Confound the fellow's impudence!"

Neither occupant had realized that they were running off with the pet property of Julian Vandaveer!

That angry man had hastened instantly to the proprietor of the place. It then transported that jealous car of similar design had been stolen from a neighboring garage, and was even now awaiting the good pleasure of Dick Calardin.

"Been a mistake, sir!" the chauffeur of the second vehicle had said, touching his cap respectfully to Julian Vandaveer. "We know Mr. Calardin well at our garage. Pays up regular, he does. You needn't worry. He's a mighty careful driver, too; knows how to treat a car. Your machine'll be quite safe with him."

Vandaveer had growingly replied:

"How the dickens am I to get home, and the lady who is with me?"

"I'll wait for you, with pleasure, sir," the chauffeur had replied. The evening wouldn't be entirely fruitless after all.

So Vandaveer, still ruffled, had returned to the merry mob inside.

Eve was now giving an exhibition dance. And gradually, as Vandaveer watched the girl, his ill mood dissipated.

From a business point of view it would be worth while to exploit her. Girls like Eve Rodgester didn't grow on every bush. She had style—and looks—and a sharp tongue—and, better still—constant "nerve." Her hard-named quality was naturally what counted most.

He—Julian Vandaveer—had lots of it himself. He had always found it a tremendous asset. Women too frequently showed the white feather. He hadn't time for silly, hysterical women.

But this girl Rochester was surely different!

Her "vamp"-like qualities, too, were just precisely what he needed in his career of professional "crook." Eve as his partner certainly would prove a "draw."

She had breeding, too—but not too much to queer his game. He liked her insolent ways. He could understand that sort of thing. Rudeness was comprehensible—it kept undesirables in their proper place.

She was in need of money—like himself. She had very frankly told him so. She had taken on a "night club secretaryship"—at some trifling sum. Why, it was quite absurd!

Eve—with her looks and insolence and "nerve"—could, if he helped her, rake in thousands. New York was full of credulous, wealthy idiots, whom Eve could wheedle and cajole.

Just watch her now, her exhibition dance concluded. The girl was literally surrounded by a mob of men. Rich, eligible men they seemed to be—fat, prosperous, bald, of middle age. Eve wasn't the type to be romantic.

She'd easily lure the flies into her skillfully woven web. All that she needed for a fit "career" was guidance. He—Julian Vandaveer—would play the part of guide.

"My dear, I'm horribly jealous!" He brushed close to her. "Do get rid of those admirers and have a little chat with me!"

Miss Eve tossed a pert head. This was a situation that she loved. Where adulation was concerned, the more the merrier.

"Why, Mr. Vandaveer, do you forget I'm a humble, paid dependent of this place? I've got to earn my salary!" She flung her small white hands out in an expressive gesture that she considered very French and "chic." "I can't devote my time to any special man! I'm a public personage—worse luck!"

He caught her by the arm with a grip that actually hurt. But Eve didn't mind—although she gave a small, affected squeal. The primitive in man appealed to her. She loved it. Anything more chivalrous she despised.

"Oh, very well—since you insist. But if I lose my job I'll know to whom to apply for another one!"

Tomorrow—A Partnership

THROUGH A WOMAN'S EYES

By JEAN NEWTON

"A Nice Loving Little Wife"

Georgette Cohan, not yet seventeen, is married and going to settle down. What do you think of that, girls? Already started in "big time" with her mother, there alone having the entree to a stage career, she prefers to be just a "nice loving little wife."

And we haven't mentioned Georgette's papa! All she has to do is say the word and Daddy would write and produce a play for her to star in with just the particular kind of a heroine she would like to be! Did any girl ever have such a chance?

How many sheltered daughters are there who could imagine themselves so, just floating on the brightly lighted way and giving it all up at sixteen to be "a nice loving little wife"? "Certainly," I heard one girl say. "I would have made him wait a few years until I had had my fill of it. I wouldn't give it up right at the start."

Taken right into big time by mother and with father offering her a putter full of all the heroines she ever wanted to be, what can Georgette Cohan know of the heartrending disappointments, the sordid experiences, the terrible disillusionment that line the rocky and treacherous road to the top that few attain in the land of the footlights? What can she, who was cradled on the heights, know of the ruts and snags, the barriers often insurmountable, the sharp and sudden precipices of the way up? And still she gives it up at the beginning just to be "a nice loving little wife"!

Why didn't she make him wait a while—why not try, as many do, to move both for a time? Well, Georgette told a little bird that is a friend of mine that she hadn't the slightest wish to, that she found "nothing in it."

There's something, chafing little sisters who see the white lights through all their glamour, that makes a pipeful. Nothing in it for the daughter of George M. Cohan! It's the old, old story of novelty and excitement soon worn off and leaving nothing but the hard work of the job. And when it comes to being "a nice loving little wife," why how can anybody ever think of making a comparison?

MRS. WILSON SAYS GARDENING IS HEALTHY AND PROFITABLE

Two Crops Soon Will Bring Ample Supply of Vegetables to Table—Radishes and Lettuce Can Be Cooked Attractively

By MRS. M. A. WILSON

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THE garden [illegible] to grow double crops.

Ground that has [illegible] of peas can be planted [illegible] or string beans and peas have to be [illegible] lowed later by cabbage [illegible]

As soon as [illegible] beets and carrots [illegible] high time that the [illegible] of the garden be made ready for the late crop.

Plant some plants [illegible] of May preferably [illegible] and another [illegible] rows, placing the [illegible] inches apart. [illegible] simply [illegible] ant crop for late [illegible]

Parsley [illegible] and chervil may be started [illegible] or parts [illegible] beans [illegible] the first of May [illegible] a big finish [illegible] and rainy, it is best [illegible] the beans will not grow. [illegible] few days [illegible] you seek [illegible] a large bowl [illegible] warm shed. [illegible] pole varieties [illegible] Select those [illegible] remember that [illegible] pole variety to one of the [illegible]

Chinese cabbage [illegible] of our gardeners and they will be agreeably surprised. This plant [illegible] late in July. Sell [illegible] the lettuce. The ground must be [illegible] organic [illegible] and the home gardener will find [illegible] advantage to sow [illegible] just a small space for the lettuce. This assures [illegible] greens for the table. [illegible] is sufficient for the average home. It need not be allowed to [illegible] the space is valuable, rather [illegible] plant has four or six leaves, it can be harvested for the table. Keep a [illegible] supply of these succulent greens on the table fresh from the garden. They contain abundant life-giving [illegible] which are so necessary for our physical well being.

Try serving radishes for a vegetable as well as for an appetizer. Wash and pare the radishes and then cover with boiling water and cook until tender. Drain and then season and cover with cream sauce. Sprinkle with grated cheese.

Radishes may be cooked [illegible] and then served au gratin. Slice the cold cooked radishes and marinate in highly seasoned French dressing. Add a little finely chopped onion and serve on crisp leaves of lettuce.

Flemish Young Pea Pods

With sharp scissors trim the blossom and stem end, then cut into pieces about three-fourths of an inch thick. Wash well and then cover with boiling water and cook until tender. Drain and then season and add two tablespoons of butter. Serve as a vegetable.

Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

Suggests Razor for Birthday Present

Dear Cynthia—Do you think it would be nice to give a young fellow a gold-plated safety razor for his birthday? I have been going with him for six months. BLUEBIRD.

A cigarette case or silver match safe would be rather nicer.

Do as Mother Says

Dear Cynthia—I have been a steady reader of your column for some time, although this is the first time that I am seeking advice.

I am a girl of sixteen, in high school, and considered pretty.

Last summer I met a handsome boy from Philadelphia. It was love at first sight. I live in Atlantic City, and during the winter he paid several visits to my home. Now he has asked me to come to his home for a day and meet his family.

Dear Cynthia, do you think it any harm for me to go to his home without a chaperone?

Mother likes this fellow very well.

BATHING GIRL.

If your mother says you may go it would be perfectly proper to do so, provided there are women in his family. Also tell the young boy you would like to meet his family, but you would not like to go there without an invitation from his mother or sister. His asking you is not sufficient.

She Loves Another

Dear Cynthia—Can you help me in my problem? I am a woman past thirty-five, have been married some years, and have no fault to find with my husband.

About a year ago I became acquainted with a married man and had occasion to see him in a business way about twice a week during the entire year. We both realize now that we have learned to care a great deal for each other. He has declared his love for me many times and I know that I love him dearly. I have never met or seen him anywhere but in his office when I went on business. I have ceased my visits there, and will not allow him to visit me so as to avoid wrong. Still I have an almost uncontrollable desire to see him, and think of him constantly. I am very unhappy. My one and only desire is to forget that I ever knew him. How can it be done? Any advice you can offer will be appreciated by D. M. C.

You have taken the best way to cut off all friendship and meetings and occupy yourself as much as possible. If possible get interested in some people who need help and fill your thoughts with their troubles and problems.

Would Be Agreeable

Dear Cynthia—I am a young girl of seventeen. Now, here comes my problem: I would like very much to gain a good disposition, that of being obliging and thinking more of other people than of myself. Cynthia, I am an only child, and my mother and father try to give me everything I ask for, which is very selfish of me. Now, dear Cynthia, how can I be obliging to other people? It always seems whenever any one asks me to do anything I always act very disagreeable, and I would like to get out of this habit, as it will never get me anywhere.

Cynthia, I did not realize how quarrelsome and selfish I was until the only boy I love became angry at me for seven months, and it seems he will never speak to me again. So, dear Cynthia, how can I be agreeable and more pleasing?

Another question, please, dear Cynthia. Whenever I see any one on the street, should I say "Hello," whether they speak or not? If a person does not answer when you speak, isn't it ill bred? Hoping I have not taken up too much space in your wonderful column. From

SPOILED.

You are the only one who can make yourself obliging. There is no remedy to suggest except the making up of your own mind to be obliging. Help others when you can and determine to stop being disagreeable. Of course, at first you will forget many times, but even if you only remember once a day and overcome yourself you will be building up the right kind of character and will be much happier and more loved.

Always speak to persons you know on the street. It is closer to say, "How are you?" than "Hello." Why did you sign "Spoiled" instead of "Betty?"

Move to Another Place

Dear Cynthia—This is the first time I have ever written you for advice. I am twenty-one years old and, like a lot of other poor mortals, have my troubles. I have actually been an orphan all my life, and I have never had any one to advise me or tell me right from wrong. Now, to get to my story. Last September I was properly introduced to a young man twenty-seven years of age. After we had kept company for four months he told me I needed some one to take care of me and that he had made all arrangements for me to board at his home with his mother and sister, which I finally consented to do. Everything ran along splendidly, but all of a sudden this chap changed like the weather. He never asks me to go out any more, and he tells me his business not so fine. Well, dear Cynthia, I would never interfere with any man's welfare, but when a girl gets the story six days out of the week and then again on Sunday, what is she to do? I am actually heartbroken, and I fear I made a mistake in going with his folks, but I had no one to tell me and I thought it was perfectly legitimate. Please, as a friend advise me through your column, as you have others. I shall be patiently watching for a reply, as I am

HEARTBROKEN.

You will [illegible] be more independent. Make arrangements to board somewhere else. Give as a reason you want to be greater your business place [illegible] a position, I suppose. Do [illegible] know that his change of manner has made you do this, but move [illegible] You made a mistake in going in the beginning. Have plenty of friends, [illegible] dependent.

EMBROIDERED BLOUSE HAS NEW HIGH COLLAR

By CORINNE LOWE

Like the Red Queen, many of the new spring blouses cry, "Off with her head!" Yet these high collars of today are such gentle executions. Could anything, for example, be more mild-mannered than the funnel-shaped collar which distinguishes today's blouse? A great many others, too, open up the front and thus obtain the effect without any of the discomfort of the choker. In other respects this charming blouse may serve as a fashion text. It is made of white crepe de chine, embroidered sumptuously in gold and black, and trimmed with self-covered buttons. Such a blouse as this obtains extra prestige when worn with one of the new suits, many of which call for a fancy waist coat.

The Woman's Exchange

It Should Be Done

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—I am writing to you again for advice, and would like to know if I should send a wedding invitation to my bridesmaid and best man.

X. Y. Z.

Even though they of course know all about the wedding and have already received their own special invitation, you should send them both one of the formal ones.

A Doctor for This

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Being a steady reader of your column, I would be very happy and thankful to you if you would answer my question. I am a girl of thirteen years. I am thought rather a pretty girl, with fair complexion and auburn hair. I have red lips and dark eyes. But I am rather unfortunate in being troubled with warts. Can you tell me what to do about this? M. L.

I would not advise you to attempt to remove these yourself. You should go to your physician, who will be able to do it for you without any trouble.

To Be Married Soon

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—As you have helped me before, I am coming to you again for advice. I am to be married in two weeks, and would like to know the following:

1. I am to be married in a dark blue canton crepe dress trimmed with champagne embroidery, a dark blue hat, black slippers and stockings. As the dress has very short sleeves, I will have to wear long gloves. Is it proper to wear champagne silk gloves above the elbow, or should I wear long kid gloves? I do not care for the latter with a silk dress.

2. Is it necessary to invite the mother of the bridesmaid to the reception; also her two sisters? Would it be improper not to invite them? Should I send them an invitation to the church?

AN EASTER BRIDE.

It would be correct to wear either silk or kid gloves with the dress that you describe. If you have a large reception, by all means invite the mother of the bridesmaid and her sisters. It would be rude not to. But, if you are having just the two families and the bridal party, it would not be necessary to invite them, unless they are extremely intimate friends of yours and your family. In either case send them an invitation to the church. I hope this will be a very happy occasion for you.

"FIFTY-FIFTY"

By HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR

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Frances Page made a mistake in her fifty-fifty idea of marriage. She did not take into account the fact that every man likes to be at the head of his household, and she harped too much on the money end of things. It was through bitter experience and the losing of her position on the Chronicle that Frances learned the truth, and when success finally came to her and she sold her first short story, the Chronicle wrote to her offering her old position back.

CHAPTER LIII

Discovery!

THEN suddenly she knew.

She found herself looking straight into John Temple's eyes. They were curious eyes, light gray flecked with sharp points of black. It was only for a moment that she looked into them, and neither of them spoke, but in that instant of time she knew the truth.

Her hands grew cold as she interlaced them in her lap, she felt hypnotized, unable to look away. When he finally spoke, his voice came as from a great distance, but he was speaking casually, calmly, again he was the editor, remote and far away from her, and unconsciously she drew a long breath and relaxed a little.

"Are you coming back to us?"

She shook her head quickly, and as quickly wondered how she had happened to make up her mind.

"No."

"Going to devote all your time to writing stories?"

"I think so, all that I can spare from my husband."

He smiled, one of his cold, brilliant smiles. "You knew why I stopped your column?"

"No."

"Because I didn't want you to become commonplace, and I knew that without a great hurt to your pride, something that would wake you up and make you think, you would never give out what was in you. And I was right. I am not disappointed in you, you will remember that."

"I will remember the standard you have set for me."

She rose suddenly to her feet and held out her hand, and as his fingers closed over hers, he said evenly:

"I know you will."

That was all. Afterward, Frances remembered that she hadn't thanked him, that the interview had been hopelessly inadequate, and yet after that one moment in which she had faced the truth, it seemed superfluous to thank him for what he had done.

John Temple cared for her and the knowledge of it had swept her away from the safe little moorings of her life with Jerry. She saw what the love of a man like John Temple would mean. She knew that with him she would never have to explain anything, for he would always understand, with him she would be utterly and entirely herself, not in any way a part of him and yet there would be no lack of love. She had seen that in the moment his eyes had blazed into hers. And she realized why. John Temple saw the woman in her, not the wife. To him she was an individual, and his interest in her was unselfish because her life was not bound up with his in any way, and never would be. She loved Jerry, not so selfishly perhaps as he loved her, and yet there was more or less of selfishness about it. She wanted the dear familiar things that Jerry meant, the close intimacy of their life together. She and Jerry belonged, that was it and belonging meant more than anything else in the world. That was why marriage, in spite of everything, endured and would endure always.

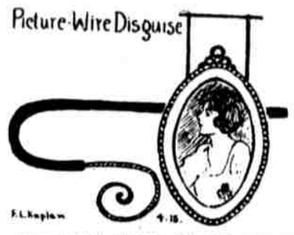
But John Temple's feeling for her, his belief in her meant something too. Always she would know that he was watching her work and that she must measure up to his standard even if she never saw him again.

When Jerry came home that night he found Frances in a ruffled pink apron, very busily domestic. The white heights of ambition seemed very remote from her then, for she was all woman, sweet, desirable and very, very dependent.

Tomorrow—The Happy Ending

Things You'll Love to Make

Picture-Wire Disguise



Haven't you always felt that picture wire, though a necessity, mars the beauty of the picture, frame and room. This can be overcome by the use of PICTURE-WIRE DISGUISE. Make very narrow casings of cretonne, silk or ribbon to match the decorations of the room. Run the picture wire through the casing. Cut it into the desired lengths and use it in the same manner as you would plain wire. Of course two straight wires are considered the smartest way to hang pictures. Therefore, use that method with this PICTURE-WIRE DISGUISE. FLORA

DREAMLAND ADVENTURES

Toddie Pupkins Goes Flying

By DADDY

JUDGE OWL had some trouble in alighting on the tree where he usually perched to tell his evening story to Peggy and Billy. This was because the wind was blowing very hard.

"Whoo! Whoo! This wind is strong," hooted Judge Owl. "But strong as it is, it isn't so strong as the gale on which Toddie Pupkins went flying.

"Toddie Pupkins had always thought it would be nice to be able to fly like the birds. It seemed such a lot of fun to go skimming through the air.

"'Woof! Woof! I'd be a happy dog if I could go riding this wind,' barked Toddie one breezy day when he had climbed to the top of a steep hill.

"Just then Toddie noticed something strange coming bouncing up the hill. It wasn't an animal, and if it was a bird it was surely a queer one. It had a round body striped with white and red, and was hopping along on one leg. That leg seemed to be the only leg it had.

"'My goodness, I'd better scoot,' said Toddie to himself, as the strange thing came darting toward him.

"But he didn't scoot fast enough. The hopping creature landed right behind him and gave him a stinging kick with its one leg.

"That kick drove away Toddie's fears and put him in a fighting mood. He didn't propose to be kicked by a queer one-legged thing he had never harmed. So Toddie whirled around and grabbed the creature's one leg, just as it was raised to give him a second kick.

"Then Toddie got a surprise. The strange creature was neither a bird nor a beast. It was just the runaway parasol of Jimmie's sister Gertrude.

"'Woof! I must take this parasol back to Gertrude, for if she loses it she will feel very unhappy,' barked Toddie.

"So he took hold of the parasol by the leg which had kicked him—which was its handle—and started to carry it down the hill. Just then, however, the wind grew stronger, blowing with the force of a gale. It caught the parasol, whirling it high in the air. And Toddie Pupkins, hanging on with all the power of his two sturdy jaws, was whirled into the air with the parasol.

"Toddie expected to come right down again and wasn't afraid. Then a still stronger blast of wind swept over the hill and it whirled the parasol higher and higher. And with the parasol went Toddie, who didn't dare let go.

"In less time than it takes to tell Toddie found his wish had come true—he was riding the wind. Away sailed the parasol off the top of the hill, away over the treetops, away up among the soaring birds.

"At first Toddie was thrilled. It was fun to fly. Then Toddie began to wonder what would happen if his jaws got tired and he had to let go. Woof! What a bump he would get! Supposing the parasol never came down—what would happen to him? And supposing it came down too fast—what would he do? Toddie was sorry he had ever wished to fly.

"Suddenly something tickled his legs and stomach. What could it be, up there in the air, a wandering cloud or a playful hawk? Toddie kicked, and the kick sent him up into the air again. Then from a corner of his eye he saw what had tickled him. It was the branches of a tall tree.

"On Toddie flew, going he knew not where. Then of a sudden he felt his feet swish through something wet. Was it a rain cloud? No, it was the lake at the foot of the high hill. He was being carried out over its broad surface. Then Toddie was worried. The lake was so big that if he got too far from shore he couldn't swim back. He was tempted to let go the parasol, and try to swim from where he was. But if he let the parasol go it would be lost and Gertrude would be brokenhearted.

"So Toddie hung on. Then he remembered about watching a boat being steered with a rudder. Why couldn't he use his own tail and body for a rudder and steer the parasol to shore? And that is just what Toddie did. He steered the parasol to shore, and as he landed on the beach, who do you think were there? Jimmie and his sister Gertrude! My, Gertrude was glad to get her parasol back, but she wasn't nearly so glad as Toddie was to get his feet on solid ground again. He wanted no more flying.

"Tomorrow I'll tell you how Toddie won his collar."

THEY TOOK THEIR PLAY MORE SERIOUSLY THAN WORK

And Robert Louis Stevenson Thought That "They Had Kept Their Souls Alive by Their Honest Statement of the Fact"

"TO KNOW what you prefer," said Robert Louis Stevenson, "instead of humbly saying amen to what the world tells you you ought to prefer, is to have kept your soul alive."

He made this remark apropos of a meeting with a group of boating men whom he met during his "inland voyage" in a canoe through France and Belgium.

They had told him that during the day they were all employed in commerce, "but in the evening, voyezvous, nous sommes serieux"—we are serious.

They had kept their souls alive, according to Stevenson, for instead of pretending that they took their business seriously and their play lightly, they freely and fearlessly admitted that the serious concern of their lives was their boating.

And don't you know lots of persons who have allowed their souls to shrivel up in this respect?

Take the girl, for instance, who has been a member of a very gay set before her marriage.

She would love to sit quietly at home in the evening with her husband in their nice new house, if she stopped to think about it.

But the other girls have married men who like to be on the go all the time, and to keep up with them she must go, too.

And all the time her inner self is bored to death.

"WHAT will people say?" is the rule by which so many, many of us guide our lives.

We go to lunch with some one at a hotel or restaurant and pick up the menu to decide what we shall order.

"Fried country sausage," it looks so good, but, no; our hostess is mentioning chicken, crab ravigote salad.

With a last longing look at the fried country sausage we humbly say amen to the chicken.

Some of us have a deep appreciation of jazzy, light, trashy music; we prefer musical shows and comedies to dramas and problem plays.

But the world we live in goes dramatically, ecstatically, in for opera, heavy plays with tense moments and Shakespeare.

And so, humbly saying amen to what the world tells us we ought to prefer we stifle our "low" taste, keep our feet still when dance music starts, and go meekly to "Macbeth."

THERE are some whose world tells them to be Bohemian, to be original, to be new and different.

The girl who belongs to this world pursues a career at top speed, and declaims against the confining institution of marriage.

"How can women endure it?" she wants to know. "Why, there's nothing original about it, nothing creative, nothing free! Their very souls are cramped, held down to grouchy husbands, dirty, noisy children, sordid, petty responsibilities!"

She doesn't know what she prefers; she gives up her career fast enough when the right man comes along with a proposal in his pocket. She realizes that it is love which nourishes the soul and that hers is just beginning to live again.

WE CANNOT all be so refreshingly original, so delightfully individual as Robert Louis Stevenson; most of us can never even approach his prestige.

But we all can be like his boating friends and keep our souls alive by knowing what we prefer instead of humbly saying amen to what the world tells us we ought to prefer.

Perhaps we shall not be known to succeeding generations for it, but at least we shall save ourselves from being merely copies of everybody else in this generation.

WHEN Harriet Neil's husband was accused of embezzlement

She Ran Away

And people thought she was either helping his theft or deserting him when he needed her most. They did not know that she was

"A One-Man Woman"

whose one thought was to prove Barry's innocence in spite of all odds. The life of hardship and humiliation and suspense which she lived in a cheap boarding house during his trial is the story of this gripping new serial by

HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR

which begins

On Monday Evening

JERSEY Corn Flakes
The Original Thick Corn Flakes
are not only delicious but always appropriate, always ready to serve.
JERSEY
"Learn the Jersey Difference"
THE JERSEY CEREAL FOOD CO.
CERESAL, PA.
Also makers of Jersey whole-wheat pancake flour.
Ask your grocer
2013-A

See your home as others see it! Scars and scratches here and there may be overlooked by YOU. But, not by critical VISITORS. It's easy to keep all woodwork and furniture bright and fresh looking with "LAVA-VAR." "LAVA-VAR" restores the original color and lustre. Dries over night. Won't turn white.

F-S Quality Mixed Paints, Varnishes and Enamels give finest results with least labor in applying.

At Your Dealer's, All Colors and Clear
FELTON, SIBLEY & CO., Inc.
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Manufacturers of Colors, Paints and Varnishes Since 1863
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"Save the surface and you save all."

LAVA-VAR
Floor Finish
"Dries Hard as Lava"

Real, old-fashioned Butterscotch Made with Franklin Golden Syrup

The kind that's just chock full of melt-in-your-mouth goodness! Made with Franklin Golden Syrup, it has in it the delicious flavor of sweet sugar cane.

Franklin Golden Syrup is a welcome spread for bread and biscuits. You never grow tired of its appetizing taste. And Franklin Golden Syrup is good for you—a real body-building food.

There's a big, happy family which makes Franklin Golden Syrup—a family numbering over ten thousand members. They are constantly working to keep the good name Franklin the highest standard of quality.

The Franklin Sugar Refining Company
"A Franklin Cane Sugar for every use"
Granulated, Dainty Lumps, Powdered, Confectioners, Brown, Golden Syrup.

Adventures With a Purse

DO YOU [illegible] what silk broadcloth is? It is so soft and pretty and has a fine cord like [illegible] more expensive. With the price of silk broadcloth generally somewhere around $3. But [illegible] up is having a sale of [illegible] for $1.95. I should think four yards would make a beautiful skirt for the summer.

With so many of the frocks having short sleeves the need for long gloves has been greater, and as a result their prices have been higher. For this reason a glove sale takes on a new interest. There are the fabric gloves of a well-known and well-advertised make. They come in brown, tan, as well as grey and white. They would, I think, extend just below the elbow. Their price is $1.25 a pair—a very good bargain.

For names of shops address Woman's Page Editor or phone Walnut or Main 5000.