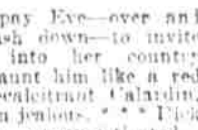


AT CUPID'S CALL

By MAY CHRISTIE

XXV—The Breakdown

CALARDIN seemed immensely taken with that insipid, milk-and-water creature, Mary Drew, thought Eve, as she considered Vandaveer's offer to pay her \$500. She would introduce him to her guardian, Captain Garrison, but quite evidently, she was not quite so sure of her own being. Mary was an angel, a little person, Eve felt sure. No doubt by this time she'd told Dick Eve's news about a supposed engagement. And Dick was naturally annoyed.



MAY CHRISTIE

Well, it might pay Eve—ever and above the hard cash down—to invite Julian Vandaveer into her country home. She could flout him like a red rag before the redoubtable Calardin, and maybe make him jealous. "Dick was rather simple, unsophisticated—quite of the jealous type." "Oh, I can fix it—if you want me to," she languidly remarked, reaching for her fan. "I'll phone you on your club tomorrow. Don't let me hear you holding out her hand in delicate dismissal."

"But—won't you let me run you home when the show comes? said Vandaveer, surprised at Miss Eve's independence.

"Oh, I'm all right. Don't worry. There are heaps of cars outside—and men to drive them."

"Wait a minute," Vandaveer caught her arm. "That fellow, Dick Calardin—didn't you say he was stopping at some country inn quite near your uncle's place?"

"Yes, he is."

"Vandaveer looked a little awkward."

"Well, not exactly," she said, frowning a little. "It happens that I've run off with my car on a number of occasions. But I'm not, I can't afford to lose it. Oh, don't look so thunderstruck—it was a mistake. He's hired one for the evening—the same driver."

sign—eight-cylinder, and all. The chap was so slightly keen on getting away with the little Drew girl that he didn't stop to see what he was doing. That's about all, if you like. He gave a short, unpleasant laugh.

A thrill of anger shot through Eve. She hated Mary Drew, the little "beauty." Well, she would teach her something before she'd finish. No girl could snatch Eve's "beauty" with impunity.

But outwardly Eve showed no sign of these pleasant thoughts.

"That's all right," she said, "I believe in you," she cried, laughing with apparent good humor. "You'd better hurry off and rescue your good car, that's my advice."

She turned to an unfortunate partner, and glided off to the music of the jazz band.

Out in the lonely country roads, beneath the shadow of the trees, Mary Drew and her companion stared at the uninvited car. Dick spoke and just at that moment the red light on the back of the car spluttered and died out. Dick could not get it to burn again.

"We're in an awkward hole, and no mistake. It's dangerous to be 'stalled' on the high road with no lights showing. Some of these big motorcars will light up an igniter in warning. It gives a long drawn, melancholy sound, like a lost soul crying."

"If you'd run to the nearest house and get a new light for the back of the car I'd be eternally grateful." I can see the front up with this torch. You see, it's impossible to leave it, for this weather here must be perfect. I'll show you. He turned apologetically to Mary.

"The motor goes immediately to the station."

"Of course, I'll go—I'm not a bit afraid. And I'll get a man to hurry to the nearest garage and bring some men along."

Dick smiled at her enthusiasm. He hadn't counted on the evening energy of these villagers, particularly after those hours.

Tomorrow—A Strange Rescue

The drain pipe and trap beneath the box should be cleaned weekly. The pipe is quite easy to clean, although troublesome to the trap. When you remove the accumulation, you will realize that this should have been done weekly.

Use a pan sufficiently large to catch the drip for at least twelve hours. Grease the drain pans carefully and mold and bring rashes and other insects.

Never cover the ice in the ice chamber. Many thrifty housewives feel that by this method they save ice. They do save it—but at the expense of the perpetration for the rest of the box. See that the doors close securely and then cover the top, if necessary.

Suitable containers for food are really necessary if you wish to obtain the full use of the storage chambers. Odd dishes, pans and plates waste space. Those containers need not be purchased if you have a set of bowls and some plates that will fit together and nest. However, keep them for this purpose alone and place them in the icebox when empty. They will be cold when the food is placed in them. They will be warm when the temperature of the box rises materially.

The ice compartment should be kept well filled. Allowing the ice to run low causes the icebox to heat up, and so, from developing. It is from 45 degrees and upward that these troublesome developments take place.

Milk, soups, meats, etc. should be kept in the refrigerator. It is in a box where the temperature is permitted to go above 45 degrees. Place a thermometer in the middle shelf of your icebox and note just the degrees that it will register.

Next in importance—is your refrigerator an ice-eater? If it is well constructed and properly insulated, the temperature should be from 35 to 45 degrees. If it is not, it should melt very slowly. An icebox that eats up the ice quickly and consumes from 150 to 200 pounds of ice a week will cost during the four months of real winter weather from \$15 to \$24 for ice, while a high-grade refrigerator with perfect insulation, sitting in the same place with its well-fitting doors that shut tightly, saves 25% to 50% out of this total cost.

Now all this really sums down to insulation—the packing between the ice and food chambers and the door walls of the icebox.

The interior of the refrigerator is equally important, for unless it can be kept cool automatically during the day, there is great danger of bacterial poisoning. Standing the pans in a neat row, but not only in the same place, but also in less cooling. Keep the pans in an airy, cool and light place, and the ice will melt more slowly.

For certain kinds of refrigerators, there are very easy to keep them cool and to keep them cool. It is a question of the kind of cloth which has been serving out of warm water.

MRS. WILSON GIVES WARNING ABOUT REFRIGERATORS

Containers for Ice and Food Must Be Well Made in Order to Be Sanitary—If Weekly Cleaning Is Necessary

By MRS. M. A. WILSON

WARM spring days recall to the housewife that the ice man is on his daily rounds once more and that the refrigerator must now do woman duty in caring for and protecting foods against deterioration.

This container of foods should be of the modern and approved construction. This is necessary to safeguard the health of the family. So, if you are using a small, poorly made, or an old, dilapidated icebox, it will behoove you to set about at once and discard this menace to health and life. Obtain a refrigerator that will maintain a temperature which will prevent bacteria developing in the foods that are placed in its care.

Before selecting a refrigerator you should have a definite statement from the manufacturer and his agent just how his special icebox is designed to maintain the low temperature. For it may greatly surprise you to find out that refrigerators have a temperature between 50 and 60 degrees in very hot weather. The nearer the freezing point the temperature registers, the better the food will keep. Usually, the 45 degree mark will prevent the development of bacteria from developing. It is from 45 degrees and upward that these troublesome developments take place.

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THROUGH A WOMAN'S EYES

By JEAN NEWTON

"Don't Hurt My Mother"

"Do anything you want to me, but don't hurt my mother," said the girl, looking at her mother with a look of intense warning. "I'll do anything you want, but don't hurt my mother," she said, looking at her mother with a look of intense warning.

She who had had the more serious hurt her mother than the man who had the slighting remark and the girl who had been doing something she had wanted to do because it would hurt her mother. Yet she had been so afraid when the shame she had in mind that that weary head resulted in bringing the result from some one else.

This daughter must have been a woman when she forfeited her respectability, for she had known that her mother would be then brought her further grief and sorrow in the knowledge that her daughter, the child for whom she had worked and prayed and dreamed and often wept, was leading a life of shame and misery.

And who is that is blamed? Always the mother. This woman must have known it. Yet when the man whose name had stolen her life accused her in the knowledge of knowing about it, she had been using a word that was

Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

Advices "Walter W."

You do not want your letter published, do you? Well, she would teach her something before she'd finish. No girl could snatch Eve's "beauty" with impunity.

To "Marlan F. L."

If you are lonesome, join a girls' club. Have you ever looked into the Girl Scout's Reserve Camp, the Girl's or Girls' Friendly Clubs? And there are many others. The Girl Scouts are non-sectarian. They are attached to churches of all denominations—Catholic, Protestant and Jewish—and to recreation grounds. Girl Reserves are attached to the Y. W. C. A., and the Girl's Friendly are usually clubs attached to the Episcopal churches. Then there is the League of Women Workers, which has headquarters at 1525 Locust street, or Miss Goldman at 1305 Arch street, would gladly direct you to some organization which would fill your needs. Don't sit back and be lonely. Make an effort and you'll find there will be plenty of friends.

Perhaps This May Fix You

Dear Cynthia—I am considering good-looking every one having a heavy, maroon complexion and soulful green eyes. But, Cynthia, oh, can you help me with my legs? I am in deep distress. I weigh only ninety-eight pounds and my bust measure is ten inches. Now, my legs are the trouble. They are at a stylish length above the bend of the knee causes great comment because of their being so thin. They are 20 1/2 inches at the ankles and 15 1/2 inches at the calves. Can you, oh, can you help me? I am really in a terrible state of suffering, being an orphan and everything, though at the same time a great admirer of you. I would be glad to send you my photograph if you wish to see something new. Thanks for your admiration.

"A ONE-MAN WOMAN"

By HAZEL DEVO BATCHELOR

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The door opened, and with a little cry she started forward. Then as suddenly she stopped, all the blood gone out of her face and the happiness out of her heart. Something was wrong. "Harry," she said in a frightened whisper, "Harry, what is it?"

He stood against the door, breathing heavily. His face was gray and his eyes would stare every force to renew the old, unutterable love you claim to possess."

However, you must allow for a multitude of eccentricities and exercise indulgence to the utmost whenever you are in intimate contact with those social hybrids among whom you class me as one. No, my dear Verna, it is not always worth while to cultivate the acquaintance of one who speaks about everybody else with a critical air, for such a one will do you a world of harm round his head. And almost always with such, low affairs go astray by the momentary weakness of the conventional dictum. Ask Gurgles—she knows!"

McWIZBURGH.

BRILLIANT TRIMMING ON BLUE SERGE FROCK



The neck draws no line this spring. Anything may be worn about the neck. The greatest danger for hurt comes from the neck with joy and contentment. It is the unhappy woman who has a neck which is not only a source of trouble, but a source of danger to the family and saving for the loss of food.

In regard to these small letters, I do not mean to throw them away or to waste them—for it is a good plan to include the use of letters from the day before in making the evening and salads.

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THE VERY LATEST STYLES



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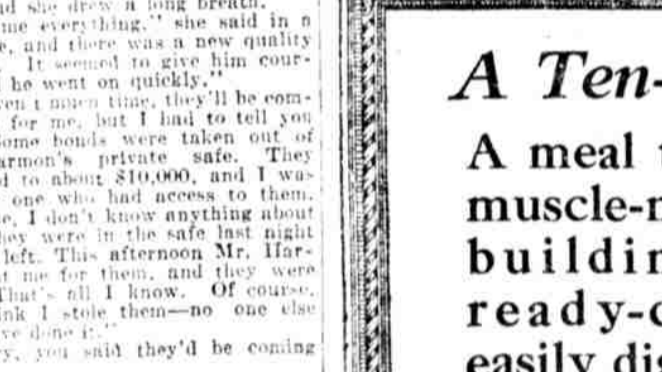
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DREAMLAND ADVENTURES

Tuffy Thomas Tells of DADDY

"DID you ever see a cat in swimming?" asked Judge Owl, as he came flapping out of the dusk to tell Peggy and Billy their bedtime story.

"No, we never saw a cat in swimming," answered Peggy and Billy promptly.

"And for a very good reason," added Judge Owl. "Cats do not like to go in swimming nor to take an all-over bath. They just wash themselves a bit at a time."

"But I'm going to tell you about the swim of Tuffy Thomas, the cat, and the bath that made him dirty instead of clean."

"Tuffy Thomas was a proud and haughty Marmoset cat. He was a tidy cat, too, and kept his fur spotless and smooth. Because he was so neat and acted so proud, his mistress thought him a very fine cat, with no bad habits."

"But Tuffy Thomas had one bad habit—he used to go bird-hunting on the sly. He often sneaked away from home in the early morning when his mistress was asleep and woe to the poor bird he caught napping."

"He killed and ate so many birds on these hunting trips that finally Robbie Robin and Reddy Woodpecker put their heads together and planned how they could punish him. After a lot of chattering they hit upon a fine scheme. The first part of this scheme was for Robbie Robin to make believe he had a broken wing, so Tuffy Thomas would chase him."

"Robbie Robin was a good actor, and he looked just as though he had been badly hurt when Tuffy Thomas came sneaking through the woods. Tuffy Thomas licked his chops when he saw Robbie Robin."

"Ah, there is a bird with a broken wing. He will be easy to catch, and I will have a fine feast," purred Tuffy Thomas to himself. So Tuffy Thomas climbed the tree in which Robbie Robin was hiding. And he followed Robbie Robin out on a long limb. Robbie Robin made believe he was badly scared and shrieked and screamed. He begged Tuffy Thomas to spare him, but Tuffy Thomas just licked his chops again, thinking what a nice breakfast he was going to have."

"Robbie Robin kept away to the end of the limb, and Tuffy Thomas followed. Present the limb began to bend beneath Tuffy's weight and he looked down. There below him was a pond. Tuffy Thomas began to be afraid he might fall into that pond. But right before him was Robbie Robin. Another step and he could snatch the bird. So Tuffy Thomas went on, and the branch bent farther down. Robbie Robin gave a teasing laugh, flapped the supposedly broken wing and flew away."

"Tuffy Thomas saw he had been fooled and he started to creep back. But he didn't creep far, for he got a sharp peck. There was Reddy Woodpecker attacking him in the rear. Tuffy Thomas tried to turn to grab Reddy, but his body and down he went into the pond."

"My! but his ho! Tuffy Thomas was surprised and vexed at that. He swam for shore as fast as he could, but before he got shore he ran into more trouble. There was a mud pond, and when Tuffy Thomas began to wade out he found himself sticking in the mud. To make matters worse Robbie Robin and Reddy Woodpecker fluttered about him, pecking at his ears and giving him sharp digs in the back. Tuffy Thomas fought back, but the more he fought the deeper he got into the mud. Soon he was so spattered he looked like a barn cat."

"At last a boy came along, and saw Tuffy's trouble. He took a long stick and lifted Tuffy out of the mud. Then Tuffy went streaking for home. He climbed into the window out of which he had sneaked in running away to go hunting. He jumped on the bed, muddied fur and all, and gave his mistress an awful fright. And, my, she gave Tuffy an awful scolding for tracking mud all over her clean bed. She drove Tuffy out of the house, and she wouldn't let him back all day—not until he had cleaned himself up. When he had done that he surely was tired and hungry. An that is what he got for going bird-hunting on the sly."

"Tomorrow I will tell you how sly Tuffy got in the catnip bed."

Photo by Old Masters, Central News.

She likes a veil, this lady of the striped satin and crepe street dress, but she prefers having it loose and long so that the border will surely be seen. And she doesn't care a snap for a waist line when she can have a wrapped princess effect that is much newer. Her long gloves are kid and very tight, but for fear her close-fitting sleeves would be too warm, she opened them just above the elbow and keeps them fastened by means of straps.

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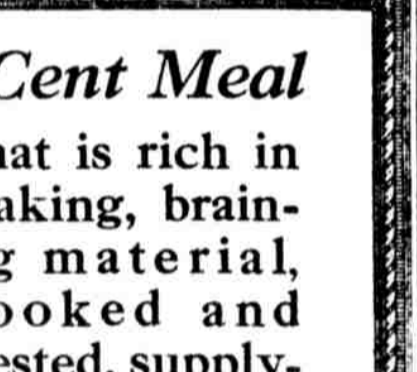
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'OH, YES, INDEED!' SAYS ONE; 'NO, WE DON'T,' SAYS ANOTHER

They Both Work at the Same Place, but Somehow They Have Acquired Different Information, Yet Each Is Entirely Confident

"WELL, do you send out people to teach this work?" inquired a prospective customer, "or do they have to come here?"

"Oh, we send them out, but you would have to speak to Miss King about that. She isn't here just now, she'll be in tomorrow morning, and she knows all about it. But we send them out, oh, to distant places, and they teach the work of a teacher exactly how to do it. Yes, Miss King can tell you."

Why is it that Miss King is always out when you want her most? You call her the next day. If you happen to be the customer—and we'll suppose you are—and ask for Miss King. There is quite a delay—the person who answers you seems never to have heard of Miss King; in fact, seems to doubt that there is such a person.

"Just a minute," she says, reproachfully, and puts down the receiver.

TIME passes, and you visualize her looking in every corner of every room in the building for this elusive Miss King.

Finally you hear those noises which indicate the approach of some one toward the telephone.

Miss King, you think will have a firm, strong, efficient voice, as if she felt so secure of her subject that she feared no stray question that you might bring into the conversation.

But it is a wavery, sweet voice that queries "Hello?" at last, and you suppose it is some one else who never heard of Miss King.

"Is Miss King there?" you ask impatiently, and the voice assures you confidently that you are talking to her. You repeat your question of the day before.

"Oh, no," replies the person who knows all about it. "We don't send them out, but we teach any one who comes here."

And all the plans that you had had made the day before are ruined and you have to build new ones.

THE new bracelets are simply fascinating. I could hardly wait to get back from the shop to tell you about them. They consist of black ribbon bands with a silver clasp, just like the narrow bands of ribbon used on wrist watches. Only in the place where the buckle just slightly smaller than a watch. It is aluminum backed and encrusted with clear, sparkling brilliants. There are a number of designs—butterfly, square and the like—and, indeed, they are among the prettiest ornaments for the arm I have ever seen. There are two prices—\$1.18 and \$2.35.

The Bulgarian bands will delight you for they would make stunning collars and cuffs or trimming for a summer dress. The material is coffee-colored, and there is a band about two inches wide elaborately embroidered with squares or dots in blues, reds and greens in the Bulgarian embroidery effect. These bands are edged with lace or net. Until you see it you cannot imagine how very effective this banding is. It comes at \$1.50 and \$3 a yard.

For names of shops address Woman's Page Editor or phone Walnut or Main 3900.

Things You'll Love to Make

IT HAPPENS every day. Some one tells you with authority in her tones that, oh, my, yes, they do this or that all the time; in fact, they have orders ahead and it would be well to give your order for a week ahead of the time you want the work finished.

And when you call up to give your order some one else answers you and reveals that such work has never been done inside that building—yes, and calls in witnesses to prove her statement.

What can you do—except froth at the mouth?

If it's true, why doesn't everybody in the place know it? If it isn't, why doesn't everybody tell the same story?

SOMEWHERE there's a lack of teamwork, and perhaps it is in the person of that clerk who jumps at conclusions.

She has seen people going out with the proper outfit for giving a lesson.

She doesn't know that they are going to teach, but she knows they are going away on the train, and she sup-

No dinner is too elaborate—no meal too simple for

SUNSWEEET CALIFORNIA'S NATURE-FLAVORED Gried APRICOTS

—your grocer has them

Away go the blues ~

Chased by a steaming, cheering cup of Tetley's full-flavored, stimulating Green Label Tea! There's something about a cup of Tetley's that plays hobs with the blues. Picks you right up!

TETLEY'S TEA Makes Good Tea a Certainty

Of course, the blending is the secret. But we've been blending tea for over 100 years. So we couldn't help but know something about it!

JOSEPH TETLEY & CO., Inc. 119 So. Front St., Philadelphia, Pa. Bell Phone, Lombard 3484

A Ten-Cent Meal

A meal that is rich in muscle-making, brain-building material, ready-cooked and easily digested, supplying all the strength needed for work or play:

Shredded Wheat

with milk, sliced bananas, berries or other fruits. If you don't like milk pour hot salted water over the biscuits, drain off quickly and eat with butter. A nourishing, satisfying meal for not over ten cents. The richest man in the world could not buy anything more wholesome or nutritious.

The Question Corner

Today's Inquiries

- With what amusing requirement are the freshman girls students at the Oregon Agricultural College obliged to comply?
- How can a lampshade be made glow with an unusually bright, soft glow?
- In what way is a small mirror given an effective position in a room?
- Which fabrics have become spotted with tar or with automobile grease, how can this be removed in a simple manner? long for the small girl or boy who has just learned to walk?
- Describe an oddly shaped pillow that has a quiet charm about it.

Saturday's Answers

- If there is not enough figured cretonne left for a valance, screen or curtains use a puffing of plain material in the predominating color and edge the cretonne with tiny ruffles of the same color.
- A solution of kerosene added to the hot water with which picture glass is to be washed will give it a better shine.
- Small troubles are saved by means of an automatic bobbin-winder on some of the new electric sewing machines.
- When a man's studs or easter gloves work out in the fingers turn the fingers inside out, add some other stuffing and sew up the glove. Add a strap inside and use it for a shoe polisher.
- Stain-eating slippers for this season are equipped with smart-looking buckles which are long and narrow and restie at the very tip of the vamp.
- Robbed hair, which does not permit the use of hatpins, has made the newest hats softer, lighter, closer fitting and smaller than they used to be.