AT CUPID'S CALL

By MAY CHRISTIE

Interrogation

"AND SO, Mary, you care about that fellow?" Carrington Bellairs, still suave, nodded after Dick's vanished figure when the door had closed.

MAY CHRISTIE

"I — I — you haven't got the right to ask," faltered the girl, surprised over the unexpectedness of the attack.

"No—I know I haven't — beyond the right that caring for you gives!"

"Mr. Bellairs, I told you it was all impossible! I told you not to speak about that sort of thing again."

"You made it harder for me, Miss Drew. You don't understand how a girl like yourself gradually twines about a man's heart, as well as about his business. You may think I'm a hard man—but, oh! how you could change me——"

The clock struck half-past 9. Mary stooped down and gathered up Dick's roses. Their perfume rose to her senses like some sweet narcotic, wafting her off to those enchanted lands where Dick and she would live and love.

"Mr. Bellairs, I hope that you'll excuse me! But I must get right off to bed, to be fit for a long day's work tomorrow. No—I'm in earnest—I want you to find me at my desk quite early. So—if you don't mind——"

"Of course I'll go," he agreed suavely. "It was an unpardonably late hour at which to call. You must forgive me! But, when your landlady told me that you were upstairs, I couldn't resist the temptation of a glimpse of you."

He took Mary's hand and held it for a moment, looking into her pretty smoke-blue eyes.

What he saw there was so remote, so far-off, that instantly he realized that now was no propitious time for furthering his "suit." At a moment such as this his business acumen came to his rescue.

"Good night! Sweet dreams! If you don't feel better tomorrow just call up the office. We'll do our best to struggle along alone."

He released her hand. One minute later he was walking from the house.

* * *

The following afternoon Eve Rochester—before the mirror of her bedroom—arrayed herself like unto the lilies of the field.

The simile actually occurred to her as she contemplated her own chic image in the glass.

"They toil not—neither do they spin"—well, that's my own case," She made a petulant little face at her reflection.

"After all, if one has looks, and clothes, clothes, and style, and a medicum of brains, why should one worry?"

People who did hard, grinding work were surely commonplace. Living by one's wits might be hazardous—but it was infinitely more amusing.

To be "amused" was the outstanding principle of Miss Eve's code.

She hated to be dull. The country, for instance, bored her enormously. Unless, of course, one had a house-party crammed with interesting men.

She laughed her artificial little laugh, dexterously applying the hare's-foot to her cheeks. Julian Vandaveer was some one to be "captured"—she must look her best.

"There's a man I could care for—if it's in me really to care for any one, beyond myself!" she candidly remarked. It amused her to be frank—when quite alone. "He's hard—I admire that quality—ruthless—with a dynamo of energy hidden somewhere in his mechanism. Oh, he'll get on! He'll pass the other fellow every time. He'll beat me at my own games, if he desired to do so. He isn't the soft, old-fashioned, chivalrous sort."

She dusted some scented powder over her carefully made-up cheeks.

And then she applied some black stuff to her lashes, pencilling her eyebrows carefully.

A small, coquettish hat was adjusted at a fascinating angle on Eve's blonde head, with a floating veil suspended from behind.

She wandered out, hailed a passing taxi and was soon rattling merrily up Fifty-second.

This was the sort of life she loved. Perpetual noise, excitement. Well-dressed men and women—traffic—shops—enchanting little tearooms where one could indulge in discreet but none the less delightful flirtations, to one's heart's content.

At half-past 4 the taxi deposited Eve Rochester outside an ultra-modern tearoom. She got out, paid the driver and walked into the vestibule.

There Julian Vandaveer—immaculately dressed—awaited her.

"Miss Eve—as beautiful as ever!" His eyes narrowed as he looked at her. Yes, she was the type that certainly repaid good dressing. Expensive, though. "I've reserved a table for us—come along." He pressed her arm. "I'm longing for a talk with you, my dear."

Tomorrow—What Mary Saw

Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

No Harm in Calling

Dear Cynthia—I am a girl of eighteen and have been going with another girl for quite a while. Coming to her house I have become acquainted with her uncle, who lives at the address she does, and who is a young man of about four years my senior. Meeting him quite often at her house, I find that he has been showing affectionate ways toward me, and for that reason I invited him to our house on several occasions. Now whether this fellow cares for me or not I really don't know, but for some reason or other I feel that it isn't at all proper for me to call on my girl friend as often as I have been calling, because the only chance I have to myself is after working hours, and at that time the young man to whom I refer is also home.

Please advise me if it is right for me to stay away from their house all the time, or if I do visit my girl friend will I have this fellow thinking that I come for the sake of seeing him?

BRIGHT EYES

If you have been in the habit of visiting this girl there seems to be no reason why you should not keep on going to see her so long as you do not seek to see the uncle when you pay these visits.

How to Make Them Love You

Dear Cynthia—So many callow youths have been writing lately to ask how they can make the girl they love love them. Well, there never was anything just as good as perseverance in overcoming obstacles. When dealing with that obstacle that an English writer said was deadlier than the male, you must be bold, but not too bold, yet better the more than the less. Dilute your boldness well with gentleness. Propinquity is a great matchmaker. So don't let grass grow under your feet. If a girl never loved you, playing indifference won't get you far. It will arouse her interest, because her self-love or pride is hurt; but only love can beget love, and love is a collection of little acts of kindness often done. "Mr. 24" complains of being isolated by the ladies; then you must have some glaring characteristic, "Mr. 24," that gets on the ladies' nerves. I would suggest you join a man's club, a real good one. Go in for all the athletic sports there. Study the men you come in contact with—the more manly, and strong of mind and I was going to say physically, but that isn't a necessity; still it is a big asset. The more considerate of another's opinion, the more Christianlike and self-possessed they are you will find the bigger success they are with the ladies, and men, too. Read character-building books.

BEN NITT

She Scolds the Boys

Dear Cynthia—I have read your column with interest for over a year and have profited by your good advice to others. May I say a word to "Perplexed."

"Perplexed": I am an old-fashioned girl, but I find that the girl who dresses modestly doesn't have much fun, she is called an old maid and at parties she doesn't get any attention, neither does she receive invitations. The boys don't even know you are there.

There isn't a girl living who enjoys being a wallflower. She wants some attention some time. I am a good cook and housekeeper, but that doesn't get me any admirers. You men talk about the girls for dressing immodestly and painting their faces like Indians, but still you encourage it by being attentive to them and leaving the old-fashioned girl out in the cold. Did you ever look at it in this light?

I think I will try being a new-fashioned girl from now on and see how it works. I know plenty of girls that are as nice as any one could wish, and would make good wives, even if they do wear short dresses. They only do it because it is the style, and they are as much thought of as the girl who wears her dresses to her shoetop.

CONSTANCE

You are quite right, Constance, if the boys would shun the painted, immodestly-dressed women they'd soon stop it.

Turn-Back Brims

One thing is sure. There are few hats designed for street wear—with the exception of the sailors, which are more popular than ever—that have any executive sessions of the brim. These turn-back-off-the-face effects are the rule of the day—either these or the smart little toques now so much worn. True, the bonnet which turns back snarply is not becoming to more than half of us, but still we have got to submit to the rule of Caesar Chic. That is the sort of millinery that is being worn for street and restaurant.

WHAT'S WHAT

By HELEN DECIE

Every reader of Dickens will recall little Mrs. Milvey in "Our Mutual Friend," who emphasized all the unemphatic words when she talked. "But I don't think Mrs. Milvey would like an orphan who squints so much."

We have all met people who slur the principal words in their sentences, and who stress every so, and, to, and a, and the. Badly trained speakers usually emphasize the two articles named into the sound of "eh" and "thee." Incorrect pronunciation is frequently a matter of misplaced accent; we call it a brogue. For instance, when an Irishman says "ad-mi-ral" the third instead of the first syllable in the word "ad-mi-ral" just as if it's potsie when a French Canadian transposes his inflections. In fact, the French translate "brogue" into "mauvais accent." In speaking, as in reading, only correct emphasis can convey the correct meaning. Every sentence uttered contains one important word or more. These are the vital words—the indispensable words—which should be given due emphasis, in order to distinguish them from the little, unimportant connective words.

TRANSPARENT OVERSKIRTS

By CORINNE LOWE

Your foundation skirt should be somewhat scant and clinging; but you make up for it by having thin overskirt which is wide and flaring. The frock with the ruffly sleeves is made of organdie, embroidered in silver, orchid and green at the waist. The Callot dance frock has a simple corsage of cream satin with a skirt of black satin draped in black net trimmed with bands of black moire ribbon. A sash of the ribbon is edged with deep fringe

"A ONE-MAN WOMAN"

By HAZEL DEVO BATCHELOR

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Barry Neil was sent to prison for embezzling funds, but Harriet, his wife, believed him innocent. Through a friend, whom she met in a dreary boarding house, where she had taken refuge, Harriet managed to get a job with Barry's concern. Her idea was to track down the real thief and prove Barry's innocence.

Chapter XIV

What Harriet Overheard

IF HARRIET had stopped to think she would have known that to rebuff a man only whets his interest the more. Charlie Harmon had never found his progress with women difficult, and for the rest of the morning his thoughts kept returning to Harriet.

There was something strangely fascinating about her, something aloof, and her violet eyes held reserves that he felt it would be interesting to penetrate.

"And what a mouth," he said to himself, "as though any woman could be as really cold as she pretends, with a lower lip like that!"

The more Charley thought about Harriet, the more determined he was to batter down that reserve of hers. To make a woman like that really care would be worth while, and he mentally resolved to approach her with tactics different from those he used with the majority of girls he had trifled with.

Charley was a junior member of the firm, and he prided himself on the fact. He had his own office and his own stenographer, but he was too happy-go-lucky to take things very seriously, and he took care not to burden himself with too much work. He did not know half so much about the business as Barry Neil did. From the very first, Barry, because of his personality and interest in the concern, had been selected for quick promotion. Mr. Harmon had entrusted him with private matters, and had recently handed over to him the key to certain deposit boxes that were kept in the safe.

Often Mr. Harmon had wished that his own son were more like Barry Neil, and it had been his intention to raise Barry from a position as nondescript clerk to a place of real importance in the firm, accompanied by a commensurate salary. He had told this to Barry and a few days later the blow had fallen.

During the afternoon of her second day with Harmon and Graves several men called on Mr. Harmon. Harriet realized that it was absolutely necessary to keep her ears open, for every bit of information was of value to her now, but it wasn't until after 4 o'clock that anything of any interest happened.

Harriet was seated at her desk, listening intently to the conversation that was going on between Mr. Harmon and a man who had been ushered in a few minutes before. A sudden exclamation from Mr. Harmon suddenly startled her so that she almost looked up and betrayed the fact that she was interested.

"I know all that, but there's no one else who could have taken it."

"You're sure?"

"Absolutely sure. When I left that night, the safe was open and the key in his possession, and the next morning the bonds were gone."

"But he says he's innocent," said the other man, raising his voice unconsciously, "and if ever a man looks innocent, he does."

"If we could find the wife, we might have something to go on," Mr. Harmon returned. "Did you impress upon him the importance of telling where she is? Doesn't the little fool know that her disappearance at this time will only help to fasten the guilt on her husband?"

The other man shrugged his shoulders.

"We've used every argument, but he refuses to tell us anything. He simply says he doesn't know where she is."

"Well," Mr. Harmon said resignedly, "I was fond of the boy and I hated as much as any one to believe this thing of him, but there's nothing else to do now but go on with it. He must be guilty."

The other man rose and they shook hands, all unconscious of the girl at the typewriter desk who still sat with down-bent head, her thoughts apparently far away. In reality Harriet was terrified with the results of her own impulsiveness. She was wondering if perhaps it wouldn't be better to give herself up after all.

(Tomorrow, Mr. Harmon Asks Some Questions.)

The Question Corner

Today's Inquiries

1. Who is Madame Marie Curie, who has recently arrived in this country from France?
2. Describe a new case for carrying a dog when traveling.
3. What is the superstition about the sapphire?
4. Is it correct for a girl to send flowers to a man who is sick if they are not engaged?
5. How is a striking red, white and blue dress made?
3. What new note is introduced in an attractive woven sweater?

Yesterday's Answers

1. Gingham, either checked or striped, is the most popular material for the summer's bathing suits.
2. The "rose-petal skirt" is made of a soft material such as voile or chiffon, which has three pointed tiers, arranged in such a manner that one tier fits into the next one, with the points picoted.
3. Some gay and original little place cards are figures drawn on water-color paper, with buttons for faces, and tiny feathers, ribbons or bits of net trimming their dresses.
4. Before making a dress of a colored cotton fabric, such as chambray or gingham, the material should be soaked in salt water, which will make it keep its fresh color longer.
5. A cheerful shade for a reading lamp of the standing kind is fashioned out of cretonne, covered with a wicker frame.
6. White glass makes a novel-looking picture frame.

DREAMLAND ADVENTURES

The Big-Hearted Ashman

By DADDY

CHAPTER II

The Ride With the Ashman

"MISS PEGGY and Master Billy, I invite you to my party," said the Ashman, giving Peggy and Billy as knightly a bow as they had ever seen in the movies. "And you shall ride there in my chariot," he added, waving his hand toward his loaded ash wagon.

Peggy and Billy thought it would be fun to ride on the ash wagon.

"I'll ask mother," cried Peggy, and she ran into the house. Mother was willing that they should go riding with the Ashman to attend his party. She knew him well and trusted him.

"We will be back this evening after the party," promised the Ashman. He spread a clean cover over the seat of his wagon and when Peggy and Billy climbed up they found there was no danger of getting their clothes dirty.

"Get-up, Fast Lightning!" said the Ashman to his horse.

Peggy and Billy grabbed tight hold of the seat. If that horse was named Fast Lightning it might start off with a swift jerk.

But Fast Lightning did no such thing. He just waggled his ears and shook his head.

"Get-up, Fast Lightning," urged the Ashman, poking the horse with the blunt end of the whip. Fast Lightning waggled his ears a bit faster and switched his tail.

"Get-up, Fast Lightning! There is a fine feed of oats waiting for you at home," coaxed the Ashman. Fast Lightning pricked up his ears quickly and set off at a slow walk.

"Fast Lightning! That's a queer name for this horse," remarked Peggy.

"This is a queer horse," grinned the Ashman. "Fast Lightning is the queerest name I could think of for him, and that is why I gave it to him."

Fast Lightning moved along at a slow but steady walk. Peggy and Billy thought the rumbling and rolling of the cart very thrilling, especially when they went down hill, and Fast Lightning had to hold back to keep from having the wagon run away from him.

On the way they passed fat Tommy Grim, thin Bennie Bean and cross Hiram Hatch. The three boys stared at them and at Fast Lightning with wide-open eyes. But they didn't sing the rude song that had caused Billy to spank them. Perhaps they might have started it, except for the fact that Billy had with him the leather belt he had used in spanking them. He waved it at them in greeting, and they scooted out of sight as fast as they could go.

The Ashman drove Fast Lightning to a lot near the river, and there he dumped the ashes.

"These ashes will help make firm, solid land on which a fine factory can be built," explained the Ashman. "In dumping ashes here I am aiding in making the earth a better place in which to live."

Peggy and Billy were still thinking over this when Fast Lightning started for home. And now Fast Lightning seemed to smell the oats the Ashman had promised him for supper. He began to canter and then to gallop, and soon he was going at a runaway pace, swaying the wagon back and forth and slewing around the corners. Peggy and Billy had to hang on with both hands to keep from being thrown from their seat.

But Fast Lightning, while he was going at a breakneck speed, wasn't running away, and when he came to the Ashman's home he stopped in front of the door as quietly as a kitten.

"Wait here while I put away my horse and get ready to take you to the party," said the Ashman, leading them to a swing in the back yard. So Peggy and Billy enjoyed themselves swinging each other until a man came out of the house. He was a tall, handsome, clean-looking, neatly dressed gentleman, who smiled brightly upon them.

"Now I am ready," spoke the man. "You can help me get my birthday party presents together."

Peggy and Billy could scarcely believe their ears. The voice was the voice of the Ashman. They looked at the gentleman very closely. Sure enough he was the Ashman himself.

And the next thing the Ashman did surprised them even more than the change in his looks, but that will have to be told tomorrow.

Adventures With a Purse

SUCH bargains! First, there is the dotted mull. In case you are not quite sure what dotted mull looks like, I might say that it closely resembles organdie. The dots are embroidered in colors. You can get it in blue, red, pink or lavender. And what fresh cool-looking little summer frocks it makes! The material is thirty-eight inches wide, and costs $1.35 a yard. But go about it quickly, or there will not be any left.

Then there is the imported swiss—some of the prettiest designs I have ever seen. I am not familiar with all the dainty things that could be made with this lovely sheer swiss, but you will know what you most want it for. This material is about thirty-six inches wide, and the price is ninety-five cents a yard. To appreciate it you really should stop and look at it.

Another shop has nice little crepe de chine combinations. And here is the unusual part about them. In addition to being trimmed with a broad band of lace around the top, they also have an equally broad band around the bottom, making perfectly adorable little lace-trimmed unmentionables. These fetching creations are $1.85.

A convenient Dorine box holds both powder and rouge. To all appearances it is almost exactly like the regular powder box on a chain, except that it is slightly thicker. After you open the lid you find the rouge partition hinged to the powder compartment. All you do is to swing it out from underneath. The box itself, gold finished, comes ready filled with compact cakes of powder and rouge for seventy-five cents.

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

TRY KISSING YOUR WIFE WHEN SHE DOESN'T EXPECT IT

This Is the Advice Given to a Man Who Is Searching Vainly for a Thrill—The Experience Brought Romance Back to One Woman

A MAN had complained, somewhat facetiously, that he could no longer get a thrill out of anything.

"If you want to give a thrill as well as share it," suggested a woman who heard him, "try kissing your wife sometimes when she is expecting anything but that."

"My husband did it once, all of a sudden, under an electric light in Mount Pleasant street in Washington, and we got caught by my brother-in-law and I felt five years younger."

The pages of her life were turned back in that moment to the chapter in the early part which seemed to be made up entirely of thrills of this kind.

It wasn't unexpected then to receive a kiss from her husband; it happened any time at all, but each one was more delightful than the last.

As the days and years went on she grew accustomed to them, and so did he.

She didn't get tired of them and they never lost their meaning, but they became usual. There was none of that "element of surprise" which can make the most commonplace occurrence interesting.

ROMANCE—the romance of engagement days, of the honeymoon, and the first few years of married life has a lazy habit of not exactly going to sleep, but getting drowsy.

It is still there, in some cases it continues to flourish in quite the same way that it used to, but nearly always it seems to decide after a while that it has made itself known now, and being not quite so young and skittish as it used to be, can subside easily and allow itself to be taken for granted.

It rouses to answer "present" when its name is called during reminiscences; sometimes an old snapshot brings it out of obscurity, sometimes twilight, or a little thing like the song of a bird in the stillness of a garden.

And then, if there has been any doubt about the existence or the endurance of romance, it is all forgotten.

BUT, of course, life moves along pretty swiftly, and with a living to earn, a house to take care of, sometimes children to bring up and the everyday cares to think about, there really isn't time to do more than acknowledge the presence of sentiment.

It is easy to imagine then how truly thrilling it must have been for this whimsical woman to have her husband kiss her when she least expected it!

And best of all, to have him steal it like a lovesick boy, when they were right under a light!

And then to be caught, and no doubt teased until they both blushed and squirmed, by a "snooping" brother-in-law!

Why, it was just like one of those dreams that take you back to the study room at school—only about eighteen or twenty times nicer.

No wonder she felt five years younger. It increased her self-respect so, to feel that she was really as attractive as she used to be.

It made life so interesting and worth while for her to realize that her husband still looked upon her as "The Only Girl," instead of just "my wife" or "mother" or "you."

SHE gave sound advice when she made this suggestion to the man who was searching for a thrill. I hope he'll follow it.

A stolen kiss always lends a certain amount of excitement, and when it is taken by a husband from his wife, right in the midst of their approaching middle age without warning or explanation of any kind, it brings romance right up standing.

And romance is always thrilling!

THROUGH A WOMAN'S EYES

By JEAN NEWTON

Fifty-Fifty

"At the social center where my club is," writes one of my reader friends, "the girls are taking up a new idea—fifty-fifty on the bills when we go out with the boys just as if it were two girls. The young men of our acquaintance do not have a great deal of money and there is really no reason why they should pay our way or buy things for us. We are not 'gold diggers' and we don't go out with young men unless we enjoy their company as much as they do ours. Therefore we think the expenses should be shared. What do you think, Jean Newton?"

First, I want to say, "Glad to meet you, little sister." You sure are not a gold digger and don't go out with young men unless you enjoy their company as much as they do yours—but I cannot say that I approve of your plan.

There is a reason why the boys should foot the bills when they go out with them.

Did you ever see a five-year-old in knickers toddle over to an imperious young lady in the same class with him at the kindergarten and present her with his luncheon apple or his lollypop? Well, I have. And the mighty on Olympus have seen men in their courting so since the kindergarten days of all mankind. That is the reason. They do it naturally, they want to do it and strange to say, they rate us higher because they do it.

This does not mean that they think more of you in proportion to what you cost them—not by any means. Indeed, they are getting every day more resentful and more contemptuous of "gold digging." They appreciate the considerateness of girls like you who neither demand nor permit unduly expensive entertainment. But that is a far cry from going fifty-fifty on footing the bills.

There is a way to even things up a bit if you wish to, by entertaining a young man occasionally in your home. Or the girls might give a party together once in a while and invite all their men friends. That is a gracious thing to do and it is one way of lessening the strain on a young man's pocketbook without spoiling the spirit of the thing, which is that he does the courting. Whether the entertainment which is a part of that courting happens to take the form of the opera or the movies or a bus ride, it is the man's part of the game.

It has been said that men value highest what they must pay the most for. And while this is true only to a certain degree, we do know this—that from the age when in the kindergarten the courter gave away his apple, from the time of the kindergarten of mankind when the popular gift was a string of seashells or a scalp, man has manifested his homage by bringing to his idol first fruits and other sacrifices of the fat of the land.

And while a daisy for your Sunday corsage can bring as much love as a bunch of exotic blooms, it is up to the man to get the daisy and it is up to you to accept his offerings as your natural heritage.

THE WOMAN'S EXCHANGE

The Evening Wedding

To the Editor of Woman's Exchange:

Dear Madam—Will you please [illegible] me with some suitable [illegible] for an evening wedding? At a formal [illegible] evening wedding [illegible] F. M. sounds a bit [illegible] should it be [illegible] should long [illegible] be removed? When should [illegible] should I [illegible] be sent [illegible] with same [illegible] dancing [illegible] Would [illegible] short sleeves [illegible]

MARY F.

A [illegible] wedding [illegible] gloves [illegible] wedding [illegible] letter of [illegible] received [illegible] although it should [illegible] too late [illegible] always [illegible] to have [illegible] sion, but [illegible] do have it.

The sort of [illegible] be worn [illegible]

Contributes Some Good Ideas

To the Editor of Woman's Exchange:

Dear Madam—Here [illegible] the proverbial "[illegible]" have always [illegible] beside the characteristics [illegible] attached to a person with brown hair and green eyes, especially the green eyes. You see printed the phrase gift of blue eyes. Now I have a friend who has green eyes with a brown spot in each of them. I have formed my own opinion, but certainly would appreciate [illegible] regarding the qualities attending green eyes.

Also, how can grease stains be removed from leather?

May I also contribute the following:

Sprinkle of lime will remove fruit or [illegible] stains from curtains.

Wash [illegible] with gasoline, and a few drops of wintergreen to remove [illegible]

To remove [illegible] stains dip in hot starch.

Another: [illegible] will take out ink stains.

[illegible] should be dyed before mixed.

To prevent [illegible] from breaking while [illegible] twine with a fork.

MRS. W. W. S.

The character of this type is apt to [illegible] quiet, enduring and [illegible] disposition. He is better able [illegible] than the blonde, although [illegible] as quick in action. He is patient and [illegible] to be a bit [illegible] and [illegible] obstinate, but [illegible] by a constancy [illegible] A quiet home and a few [illegible] suits him. He is a great lover [illegible] and is generally spiritual [illegible]

There is no especial set of characteristics [illegible] green eyes, but some of the [illegible] belonging to the brunette would [illegible] a dark-haired person possessing them.

Turpentine to remove grease spots [illegible] the leather.

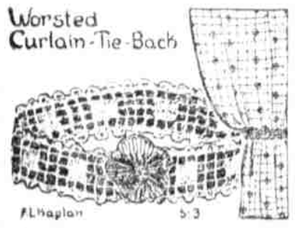
[illegible] the column readers will appreciate your suggestions, and it is nice [illegible] to be [illegible] have the advantage [illegible]

Kitchen Walls

The best color or tint for the kitchen walls is determined by the location and lighting of the room, say household specialists of the United States Department of Agriculture. Light colors are preferable for dark rooms because they reflect and diffuse the light into darker parts of the room, while dark colors absorb a much larger proportion of the light. Where the principal exposure is toward the south, greenish grays are desirable, but if toward the north or east, with little opportunity for sunshine, the light yellows or creams are better. Two shades of brown often give a satisfactory finish.

Things You'll Love to Make

Worsted Curtain-Tie-Back



In the sun-picture [illegible] look pretty and [illegible] esting WORSTED CURTAIN TIE-BACK. Crochet in worsted a flat band about eighteen inches long and two inches wide. You can make the design as simple or as elaborate as you will. The color depends upon the curtains to be tied back. Of course, you will choose a color that harmonizes with the predominating color in the room. Sew several snap fasteners at intervals near the ends so as to adjust the band to the proper size. Finish your lovely WORSTED CURTAIN TIE-BACK with a gay worsted flower.

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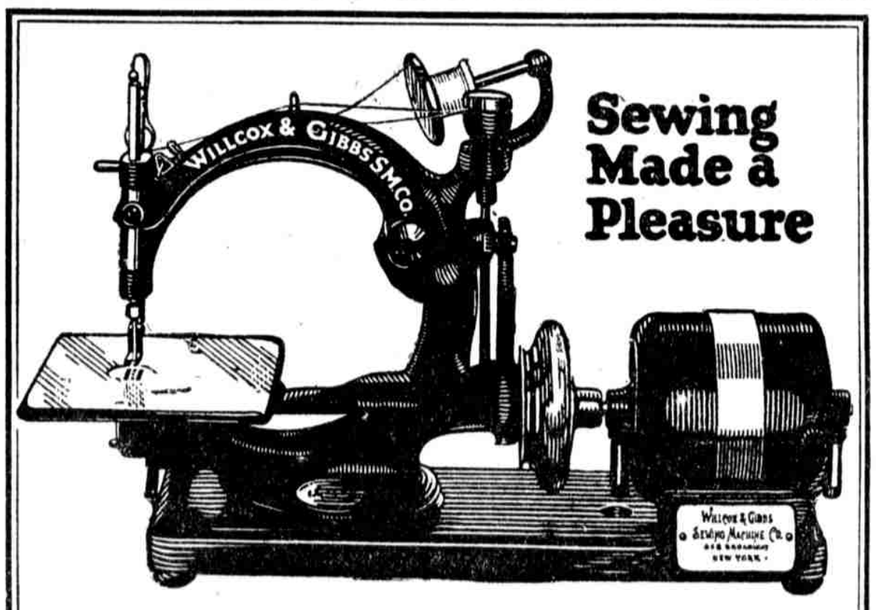
FRANKLIN CANE SUGARS

During the sugar shortage, sugars were rushed here from all parts of the world. Some were dark colored—some coarse grained many of questionable quality. But then, as now, women knew that Franklin Cane Sugars are of only one quality the best that can be had in sugars.

The Franklin Sugar Refining Company

"A Franklin Cane Sugar for every use"

Granulated, Dainty Lumps, Powdered, Confectioners, Brown; Golden Syrup.



Sewing Made a Pleasure

Upstairs or down with one hand

Sew wherever you please, in any part of the house, upstairs or down, where the light is best, where the house is coolest—in the bedroom, living room, dining room, kitchen, or on the sun porch. Any light socket supplies the power, any table serves as a stand. This Electric Automatic sewing machine is easy to carry, is steady, strong, silent, and finely built—to last a generation. And there are *no bobbins to wind, no tensions to adjust*, and the seam is as strong as three threads. Let us send one of these portable machines to your home for a free trial, or won't you call at our store and see it sew. You may buy it on easy payments.

Willcox & Gibbs Sewing Machine Co.

1709 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Telephone: Spruce 2192

COURTESY — SERVICE