Woman's Life and Love

By WINIFRED HARPER COOLEY

Are Girls of Today Immoral?

ial and sensation-in Provi-

behaving very budly, and the yellow journals, sought interviews with the cub edi-tors, boys in the university, in which all sorts of shocking descrip-tions twee given.

were in pretty poor business to herald the diagrace of their college and city through the Nation, and take it upon themselves to brand the girls and censor their conduct! If any girls ever are more reprehensible in conduct than the aver-age gay young fellows of the Eastern universities, we would like to see them.

of corsets checked at dances; of discounting and smoking; and garters given away as souvenirs. Doubtless, there is away as souvenirs. a fast element among young sets in many cities, that imitates its elders, but the girls are no worse than the boys, and usually do not really know what evil is, except in vague, un-understand-ing ways. Silliness and vanity are ex-asperating, but seldom are there baseness and sensuality.

Bishops and reformers and elderly woman rail and rage, and others who are a bit gentler and wiser and more sincere, perhaps. feel real pity and worry over the changed order of things. since prim and rigid rules were used as measures of restraint. Theatres frankly show the passions and crimes of the underworld, and of the upper crust of society. Motion pictures depict the temptations of poor girls—often so al-luringly that those in the audience wonder why such fascinating tempta-tions never come their way.

Modern novels describe human sins so strong and fine, and maintaining high standards; it was just sheer ignorance. A girl did not know what liquor's effect was. She did not smoke. She thought babies were brought by a stork. She going to perdition. gave the world large numbers of chi-dren, she was an ideal moral woman. numbers of chil-

Now, all is changed. Modern girls y put their judgment before that of r folks. It is part of democracy! oung person and a young country a young social experiment—one thave tact and patience with them.

If morality is being courteous and just and kind and charitable, never willingly hurting or harming our fellows. They put their judgment before that of older folks. It is part of democracy!

Are Girls of Today Immoral?

In a so there was a big voiced. She did not chew gum and talk and sensation in Provimher a college paper the street and use cheap slang, and calcimine her face, and smoke and drink and spoon.

I'm not so sure about the last, however. Grandmother was wise, too, in her generation, and there were hammocks and garden nooks and moonlight nights, even before the days of antomobiles. How about the morality, in the sense of kindness, of those ruthless Southern belles who were such flirts that men fought duels for love of them? Murder and suicide were actual facts in days of old when knights were bold, and it was accounted clever to be a heartless flirt.

Today's girl has a reckless air, but her heart is kind, and she would not send a man to his death. She is too good a "sport" for that. She is square.

It is time to ask, What is immorality, anyway?

It is time to ask, What is immoral-

ity, anyway?
Is it merely some one act, perhaps thoughtless or done under stress of an emotion almost overpowering? Is one's

in snoking, for instance? Is not it, rather, a mere trifling habit like eating candy to excess? The only way it would affect one's life seriously would affect one's life seriously would knew. The time was very short and be that it often goes hand in hand with a reckless, fast bravado in public which causes a girl to be misjudged and gossiped about. Perhaps you are a city girl, asserting. "I have a right to do as I please. I am just as free as my brother and if I want to smoke at a restaurant. I will." Your abstract light is indisputable; but if you learned right is indisputable; but if you learned that malicious persons, seeing you doing things which are associated with doing things which are associated with so-called "bad" women, would actually brand you as a woman of the streets—you, an innocent girl—would not you cease to do this, for your own protec-

Morals have a lot to do with taste It is in wretched taste to be loud and seem vulgar and to dress in a manner realistically that nothing is left to the imagination. In grandmother's day, young girls literally were ignorant. It was not a question of being innocent: said, you would blush and really be us not a question of being innocent; said, you would blush and really be withstanding temptations, and being ashamed that you had attracted that

She going to perdition. Then came bicycles. tated, and endured any abuse or brutality or neglect, as a part of her feminine heritage. If she did not complain, but bore her lot with a patient smile, and styles took the skirt up and up. Folks got used to girls in knickerbockers, and riding breeches, and bathing suits, even one-nice, and now over the world large numbers of the content of the con od many things. Revolt is in the the moment a thing is common and the sir. They scoff at patience and endur-eye is used to it, it ceases to have any especial significance. A few girls wear

They feel the growing pains of evolution; they are becoming something finer and larger. They must not be spolled in the making.

willingly hurting or harming our fellows. always trying to give them the lows always trying to give them the cording to our own best ideals—the modern girl generally is decent and Undoubtedly, grandmother as a girl moral, and perhaps has some sportspossessed some qualities which we lack; manlike, fine, big qualities her ances

AT CUPID'S CALL

Mary Drew is Carrington Bellairs'
private scoretary, and is in love with
one of his clients, Week Calardin. Bellairs' ward. Eve Bochester, has obtained a position through Juliun Vandaveer, an unscrupulous adventurer, who
has known Dick in Alaska and is any.

"If you're in debt, take these: But.
for heaven's sake, don't queer the situation with Carrington Bellairs! He's
no fool—

Eve stretched forth a greedy little
has known Dick in Alaska and is any. weer, an unscrupulous adsenturer, scholade known Dick in Alaska and is anxious to get a diamond schich Dick owns and always carries. Dick is in love with Mary, but Eve has her eye on him as well as on Julian. Bellairs wants to marry Mary, who is staying at his country estate to do some work for him there.

Eve stretched forth a hand and took the bills weer. She wasn't proud!

"But, Julian." she por earth can I return the of any guardian? You surel me to confess to him?"

Julian thought a mome smiled.

"You want to get rid of

THE CLUTCHING HAND

You're afraid that your guardian may want to marry her, and you'll be cut off without the property. W sponse to Vandaveer's assertion that Calardin's diamond was really his.

"But get down to the girl that Julileast revolt her. "Play up to him

even go the length of getting engaged to himand maybe you can wheedle the

MAY CHRISTIE him, without any stealing, as you call it."
"And then—elope with you?"

gested Eve.

Julian nodded, in no whit abashed.

'In any case, if you 'make up' to
Dick Calardin you can easily get at

Julian stopped.
"Go on," said Eve, immensely curi-"Well, I don't mind admitting that Kismet very nearly got the diamond away from Dick Calardin. They had an awful fight, those two. Kismet showed a white streak in the end and bolted. Otherwise the diamond would reday be mine."

"How thrilling!" Eve gave a small, effected shiver. "But—doesn't Dick Calardin recognize your precious Kismet? Won't ae tell the police, about him?"

Julian shrugged his shoulders.

"No evidence. Besides, in the mean-time, I'm keeping Kismet hidden. He's

time, I'm keeping Kismet hidden. He's my cat's paw—and an excellent one." Eve straightened up.
"If you want me to fascinate Dick Calardin, I'll do my best," she said, "and I don't mind trying to get his precious diamond from him—though it may need skillful work." She smiled into the crafty eyes of Julian. "Since we're on the confession tack, I think I'll tell you something. I'm worrying a little over it, and so I'll ease my mind. I know I can trust you, Julian, dear!"

the drew out her vanity bag, opened and displayed the roll of bills that a had removed from her guardian's

a few words she informed her of her nimble theft.

But great; then, was her chagrin to

perceive that Julian was thoroughly put about.

"Eve, are you crazy? D'you want to ruin everything?"

He leaned across the little table.

She burriedly unfolded to him her plot against Miss Mary Drew.

"Oh, Eve, you little greenhorn? And I used to think you clever! Why, your guardian will soon place the blame in the right quarter! And, to crown it all, you have run off to town at once with the stolen money!" counted out \$500.

The public throughout the land was lad of spooning parties in automobiles; corsets checked at dances; of drink-transfer and smoking; and sarters

ugly length, and is not so alluring as a soft, clinging drapery which is much longer. But as for being immoral, why. especial significance. A few girls wear

Eve stretched forth a greedy little hand and took the bills from Vanda-

"But, Julian, " she pouted, "how on earth can I return the other money to my guardian? You surely don't want me to confess to him?" Julian thought a moment. Then he

"You want to get rid of Mary Drew?

Eve nodded. She had personal ani-nosity, too, against the girl.

"Then you must place the bills that you removed from Mr. Bellairs' safe nto some hiding-place, where they will be accidentally discovered by your all about guardian. Mary Drew must be inshed ing them in her bedroom, or that little private sitting room she has?"

Ever clapped ner hands.

"And then I can institute a search, and lead Carrington to the spot where the bills are hidden?"
"Best be careful in the 'leading' game !" adjured her "partner," grimly.
"I've an idea that Mr. Bellairs is no fool- and suspects you already, my dear child!" Eve paled a little.

"But Mary's handkerchief and brooch "But Mary's handkercolet and of the safe."

I dropped them in the safe.

'Oh. poof! That was frightfully amateurish!" came the disconcerting wands and the safe out his the country on the very next train, and you must hide the bills in Mary's room Don't overreach yourself. I beg of you, But you mustn't stay in that's all. town another moment Eve pouted. But her companion was quite adamant.

"If you can't 'work' things, Kismet will. He'll hide the stolen bills in a place where they'll be found—flinging susperion on any one whom I select."

Eve gazed at her "flance" with proud eyes. She had met her match at last!

The long day wore away for Mary Since his abrupt departure from the White Lodge, no word had come from Dick Calardin! "He's terribly offended! He thinks deliberately encouraged Mr. Bellairs' ove-making," thought poor Mary

Her employer gave her not the lightest chance to communicate with

When evening came it brought Eve Rochester and Julian vandaveer. They seemed in excellent spirits. Mary retired to bed at an early hour.

he wanted to be all alone, to think. The hours dragged by. Oh, would

sleep never come?

After a time her tired brain ceased its turmoil. Mary slept.

Toward midnight a stealthy sound penetrated to Mary's consciousness, rousing her. She raised herself ou one close listening. rousing her. She raised herself on one cibow, listening.

The room was very dark, except for a gleam of moonlight on the wall be-tween her bedroom and the sitting-

room adjoining it.
Hush! There was the same stealthy

Mary's heart beat a violent tattoo.
She held her breath. Her gaze was fixed on that patch of moonlight on the wall.

Something was moving, moving. Oh, what could it be?

Across the patch of moonlight slid a thin, brown. Oriental arm

Tomorrow-A Midnight Struggle.



By HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR

Barry Neil is arrested for embersling funds, and Harriet, his wife, in order to prove his innocence, obtains a position in Barry's office, under an assumed name. Charley Harmon, the son of the head of the firm, presses his attentions on her, and Harriet discovers that Lucy Pratt, an office atenographer, is in love with Charley herself, but she can discover nothing in the office that would point toward the guilty party. One day she meets by chance Sadie Howard, a girl from the tenement house where Harriet and Barry had lived. Sadie is determined to give Harriet over to the mined to give Harriet over to the police, but Charlie intervenes and carries Harriet off. In the taxicab going home he tries to threaten her

A Disappointment for Sadie MAY insisted upon putting Harriet to bed, and the kind-hearted Mamie smuggled up some food to the girls on a tray. Harriet ate and was comforted, but after May had left her for the night, she tossed restlessly from side to side, trying to think what to do. Sadie traits?

Or. is morality largely a matter of one's attitude toward life and one's associates? Is there any sin in itself in smoking, for instance? Is not it, girl's small, malicious associates associates? her from telling the world what she knew. The time was very short and

knew. The time was very short and Harriet could hardly hope that any-thing would happen before the blow

fell, anything that might give her a clue as to the real thief. When Sadie Howard had been left on the sidewalk with the fast-going taxi disappearing in the distance, she had been so furiously angry that at first she was for going immediately to the police with her story. But as her anger gradually cooled she realized that by telling the police now she would be robbed of much of the glory. If the police discovered Harriet they would be robbed to make the realized that the police discovered that they would be robbed to make the realized that they would be realized the realized that the realized that the realized the realized the realized that the reali receive the credit and Sadie had already built up a newspaper story in which she would be featured. Perhaps they would use a picture of her, and her eyes brightened at the thought. To be mentioned as the discoverer of the unknown woman who had disappeared so mysteriously just after her husband had

been accused of a \$5000 theft might mean all kinds of things for Sadie. When she reached hope that night the whole family had finished dinner. Sadie had great aspirations and the sight of the hot untidy kitchen, smelling strongly of food and the tobacco from her father's pipe vaguely disgusted her. No one had ever wanted to be beautiful as Sadie had, and the beautiful things of life which she realized could never be hers had soured her mind against her fellow beings. Even her family feared her sharp tongue and bore her little love or even family affection. Sam never could like a homely woman, and between the sister and brother there existed an enmity that was unmistakable.

"What you so late for, Sadie?" her mother asked peevishly. "Seems to me you might try to get here on time. It's hard enough to cook the meals without having to serve them at all hours." "Where's Sam?" Sadie asked

'Dressing to go out," said Mrs. Howard. family, never staying home a single evening to be a comfort to his family." "Sam," called Sadie, ignoring her mother's complaint. Even though she hated her brother at times, she realized his superiority and would have fought tooth and nail for him if he had been in trouble of any kind. Besides she liked to annoy him with taunts about Harriet Neil. It was her first taste of power and she intended to pose limelight as long as she could.

Sam appeared, adjusting his necktie Howard arranged Sadie's as Mrs.

"What do you want?" he asked in a surly tone. "I saw Mrs. Neil again tonight, that's why I'm late. I waited for her.

she'd be late and stuck around "Think you're smart, don't you?"

he sneered.
"You bet I am, and you'd best keep a civil tongue in your head or I won't tell you what happened.' Sadie began on her stew, keeping an eye on her brother as he lounged in the

COLMBA "Well?" he asked finally.
"I had her begging for mercy."
Sadie went on. "Believe me she forgot
all about these high and mighty airs she used to pull when she lived here, above all, when I happened to mention

Tomorrow-Forcing Her Hand.

WHAT'S WHAT By HELEN DECIE



Modern calling is by no means the mplicated problem set forth in obsette manuals of etiquette. Nowadays, a old time "duty" of paying calls has

simplified itself almost to the vanishing point.

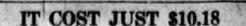
Twentieth century life has so many more important interests for women that there is neither time nor inclination for the routine of formal calling once deemed essential to social life. Women meet everywhere now; at clubs, and at political and social service assemblies, as well as at the dances and theatre parties given and returned by congenial groups. It is more considerate to make calls on the appointed "at-home" day than to come unexpectedly and perhaps at a time when the hostess is about to go out. In a case of this sort the caller should not remain, but should leave her card and depart promptly. One old convention has not changed, "a card is a call" always. The pour prendre conge, or going-away card, is seldom used nowadays, although some persons still make a point of writing P. P. C. on their visiting cards before they depart for any prolonged absence.

The Juliet 1126 Walnut St. Prom 12th 8:

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Mark on Tablecloth

Wants to Dye Dress

Dear Madam—Will you please give me some suggestions of various forms o



Pathe Pictures The material is blue baronet satin, which cost \$3.25 a yard, and dress? herself, bought three yards of dress herself, bought three yards of it. Then there are a dozen but-tons, to fasten the frock up the back, and they cost twenty-five One spool of sewing silk cost eighteen cents, and this finshes the list of expenses. The sleeves and waist are cut in one piece and the neck and sleeves are finished with a cord. The girdle is an inch wide and has a tiny bow in the back. Can you make as good-looking a dress for as small a price?

For the Little Girl

As always, plaited skirts and middy blouses are a standby at the ages of ten/ to fourteen. Supplementing these are the attractive slipover blouse models which may also be worn with a plaited skirt. A harmonising check, plaid or a stripe, which is newer, lends variety to the costume and is equally as smart as a skirt of the fabric of which the blouse is made. - Good Housekeep-

The Question Corner

In filling nightly engagements at four London vaudeville theatres. what enormous amount of 'changes' is a prominent English

actress required to make?

Describe a fish-bowl that is exceptionally cheerful and attractive in appearance.

What quaint bit of decoration

will brighten a window sill? 4. Tell the meaning attached to the sweet william flower. For the fancy stocking, what is

new conceit? How may a black picture hat be retrimmed in such a way that it can be worn for "dress-up" occa-

> Yesterday's Answers Compulsory physical training for

girls is a praiseworthy measure which France proposes to enforce in her public schools. Smart curtains for summer use can be made out of checked Jap-

anese crepe, with a broad band of plain-colored material to match, around the edges. A rust-proof nickel globe that enables the clothesline to be wound or unwound very easily, and will keep it from tangling and twisting when it is rolled up, is a great help.

Larkspur is a symbol of lightness

and gayety. Bands of patent leather around the collar and slashed pockets of a new sports suit trim it in a striking and unusual pair of stockings for evening wear is fashioned of white silk, with a piece of closely woven silver lace set in the front of each one.

Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

To "Edna B."

Would Win His Love Dear Cynthia—I am a habitual reader of your column and find great pleasure in it. I am a girl of seventeen and very much in love with a boy of eighteen. He pays very little attention to me, not more than to other girls. How can I win him? I can have other boy friends but do not care for them. Please help me out of the perplexing situation.

"A LITTLE PEACH." Tou are only seventeen. Do not worry about winning the young man's love. Be good friends with him and be interested in what he has to say. Perhaps in a year or two he will come to care for

Says "Jekyll and Hyde" Does Not

Dear Cynthia—I am writing to your column regarding "Sensible's" letter, where he states he is glad to know that there is still a nice girl left. He needn't worry. There are plenty. For instance, I am one myself. I am also very glad to hear what "Bensible" states, for I consider he is a good chap. I didn't think that there were any more left, for I was keeping company with a fellow three years my senior when I was eighteen and he couldn't have treated me any worse, so I finally gave him up. We were engaged, but he was not true, for he used to take girls out for a good time, which he told me he had a right to do before he was married to me. time, which he told me he had a right to do before he was married to me What do you think of that? What do your readers think of such a fellow? What I am writing now is regarding "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." What will his girl say when she finds out he is enjoying himself with others if he has made plans to marry her? I do not think his love is strong enough and sincere if he snjoys himself in the company of others. What do the other readers think of it?

If he is not careful he will lose her. I know I wouldn't stand for it.

ANXIOUS.

ANXIOUS. "Bunshine" Asks the Bove

Dear Cynthia—May I intrude upon your column once more? Maybe you will recognize me and maybe you won't. Anyhow, it makes no difference.

The latest debate in your column is, as I see, about the modern girl. Well boys, let me tell you something. The modern girl is as the modern boy has shown a preference for the painted, shortskirt jazz baby.

I call her the camouflage girl, because she does up to look the way she isn't, hence the girls have tried to meet with the boys' approval. If you boys really and truly want to see the revival of the old-fashioned girl, why do you entertain these painted dolls are the very ones who are entertaining them.

Don't think I'm defending them, because I am not. I for one hate dancing, and don't use any make-up, but I hate to see these poor girls knocked because I know that in spite of the coat of paint some of them are real girls, who would make great pals for the right one.

Speaking of the old-fashioned girl—what has become of the old-fashioned sirl—what has become of the old-fashioned Sir Walter Raleigh? The boy that used to turn his head when he'd see a girl in a skirt much shorter than it ought to be. The boy who would never stop to look at ladies' bathing suits in the show windows, etc. If you get the opinion that I am old-fashioned you are very entertainment for a banquet, which only girls and women will attend. In other words, it's a "Y" association banquet, and will be held in the gym. What decorations (not elaborate) will serve? MILDRED M. A clever stunt for your banquet would be to pass around cards to the guests. Some of these are simply blank and others have ridiculous subjects written on them. The ones who get the latter have to make short speeches on the topics they find on their cards, and, of course, this provides a lot of fun. When a person speaks about her adventures on a desert island or why bananas are larger than apples or something else about which she can say a "lot of nothing." it is bound to amuse everybody.

Couldn't you also have some one sing at ladies bathing suits in the show windows, etc. If you get the opinion that I am old-fashioned you are very much mistaken, because I am just a regular girl, who loves the outdoors and loves sports of all kinds and always has a smile ready for every one. Yes and I use powder, too, but as I am so ing," it is bound to amuse everybody.

Couldn't you also have some one sing several songs? A recitation would fit in well with the affair. If your association has colors you could carry these out in crepe paper fixed around flower bowls, which can be filled with daisies. These decorate very effectively, and it would not be hard to find a place outside of the city where you could gather them.

fortunate as to have naturally cheeks I do not use rouge. "SUNSHINE."

The Morning Order

She phoned the grocer and said, Mr. Brown,

Put these articles down on my slip,

Ham, sugar and rice, some eggs that are nice. And a pound of superb

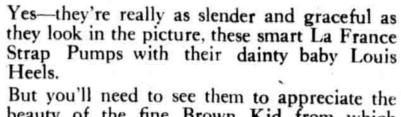
MORNING SIP"

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beauty of the fine Brown Kid from which they're made - and to try them on before you'll really believe that they are as comfortable as they are good looking.

You can do both at our shops - where you will also find all the popular Spring shoe models created from the most fashionable leathers. Tie a Teat to Til Tool

1204-06-08 Market St

THE FIRST DAY OF JUNE IS ONE OF GREAT PROMISE

The Bride Looks Forward to Life in Her Adorable House; the Schoolgirl Thinks of Camp and the Girl Behind the Counter Wants Her Ocean

all true.

"Just think!" she commands her ivory satin gown as she peeps into the hiding place where it hangs all finished and ready for that first and last wearing. "In ten days you and I will be walking up the sisle with dad—isn't it wonderful?

it wonderful?
"And there will be the smell of flowers everywhere, and the organ playing that wonderful thing, and mother getting pale and nervous in the mother getting pale and nervous in the front pew, and Jim paler and more nervous!

"And then after that will be the reception with Jim and I just crapy to get away and everybody talking and everything, and then we'll go and have a glorious time, and come home to that adorable little house and everything will be just perfectly heaven all the rest of our lives!"

THE schoolgirl greets June with rap-

the rest of our lives!'

turous glee.

"Oh, at last!" she breathes in relief. "There's some hope in sight! I thought this year would never end.

"June—it won't be many moons now away from here, going before I'm away from here, going around in sneaks instead of these fancy shoes, and bloomers and a blouse-won't it be wonderful!

"And there will be swimming every day and fun all the time, and none of this darn algebra, and pillow fights at night—I wonder whether Elsie's going this year; she certainly did make that basketball team last summer.
"Well, anyhow, June's here, and
we'll find out about everything pretty

TTHE girl behind the counter wel-

comes June gladly.

She's tired. "June!" she gasps, like a lost child coming in sight of home. "And my va-cation starts on the Fourth of July! I thought it would never get here, and how I've lived these last two months I

est train, the quickest route-and the

"I'll forget about this store so fast

don't know.
"Oh, isn't it wonderful, only five

THE first of June—what a day of promise it is!

The real beginning of summer; the "they" who arranged the seasons have given another day this title, but who-

ever thinks of the 1st of June as apring?

And who wants to wait until June 21 to call it summer?

And who wants to wait until June
21 to call it summer?

Why, even the roses and peonies consider it summer now—they have to, in order to be ready for commencement and all the weddings.

For with the first day of June the bride really begins to realize that it's all true.

"Just think!" she commands her ivory satin gown as she peeps into the hiding place where it hangs all finished.

A Glorious dreams we dream on this first day of June with its possibilities of happiness and hope ahead.

Marvelous plans we lay, great things we expect at the beginning of this month of roses and "perfect days."

Don't fail us, June. Don't make us ashamed of our hopes and illusions.

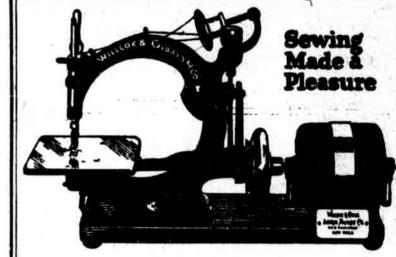
Give the bride her "perfectly heaven"; let the schoolgirl have her ivory satin gown as she peeps into the hiding place where it hangs all finished.

And then whatever of sunshine, of flowers, of play, of work that's fun, of content and good nature there is left— Well, the rest of us will take care of

Things You'll Love to Make



To keep your embroidery silks neat and untangled, make an EMBROIDERY SILK HOLDER. Keep old spools and wind each color of silk on a spool (large ones are the best). This holder can be made of silk like the one illus trated, or of pretty cretonne. Cut an oblong of the silk fourteen inches long and nine inches wide. Line it with a plain piece of silk or cotton. Have two bands of striped ribbon each three inches wide and fifteen inches long. Turn in the cut ends and stitch to the foundation as shown. Leave one inch at the top and two between the rows. At intervals of three inches (leaving about an eighth inch on each section for fullness) fasten the bands with catchstitching to the foundation. This forms the pockets. In the center of each pocket embroider an eyelet. Attach a ribbon hanger at the top. Place a spool of silk in each pocket and pull the end through the eyelet. You will find this EMBROIDERY SILK HOLDER a great convenience.



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