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#### EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER-PHILADELPHIA, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 15, 1921

### Woman's Life and Love By WINIFRED HARPER COOLEY

#### Woman's Inhumanity to Man

ARE the fair sex ever brutal to the most objectionable type of woman often has the finest and noblest type of hus-

Modern men sometimes taim that men have been cruel tyrants, taking advantage of at the band.

their superior hysical strength. have heard themselves many men who themselves are gentle and refined defend their sex, claiming that all claiming that all this talk of man's persecuting or busing woman-is bunk, for women always

WINIFRED HARPER COCLET could take care of mselves extremely well.

We cannot understand this attitude on the part of male beings who have not the attributes of the brute them- cate health, and spared her everything not the attributes of the brute them-celves, and who, if they ever read history at all, or have intelligence concerning the savage and primitive races, must know of thousands of facts howing how tragic a time women have writer.

However, we admit that there are a old-fashioned sense—the woman whom men profess to admire most—who has had the intuition to know that she can best command when she pretends to yield, and who is the real vampire. draining the blood of ambition and courage and big, humanitarian qualities while she is cooing and flattering. It is the insidious, frail, elinging type, who often has a will of iron, who causes man to lose initiative and enthusiasm, while she demands and demands luxury and attention. Think of the fine, sensible, maternal types of women, who love the whole world and feel a deep sympathy with all little children, and try to deal squarely with men and women alike and you never

them insidiously ruining any man's life, or bleeding him for money. To paralyze one's best instincts is a

deadly, immoral act, quite as brutal as to hit one in the face or knock one down. It is not so evident. You can go before a Judge and say, "Your Honor, my husband struck me, when drunk, and threw a vase at me," and the court will award you damages, and every one will feel sorry for you, and call him a brute. Yet that man may possibly have many fine and generous qualities and be ashamed of his attack of temper. (I say "may"; of course who are ungoverned are not frequantly desirable companions.)

But no one can go to court and say, tinet, the opens becoming ex-"This person has drained me of all my But the old-time woman who has This person has drained me of all my nervous energy by continual nagging and pesssimism. She has thrown cold water on my brightest hopes and aspira-tions and sneered at every ambitious enthusiasm. When I feit most happy, and came home bubbling over with plans that more all of a more all of a more all of a more all the bubbling over with plans the pessing and the came home bubbling over with plans that more all of a more all of a more all of a more all the pessing and the came home bubbling over with plans the pessing and the came home bubbling over with plans the pessing and the came home bubbling over with plans that pointed toward success and joy. Inorbid demand for all of a man's time she coldly informed me that I had no and vitality goes with idleness and ability, or declared that she would not luxury. patient another month, but insisted on my grasping the immediate trivial financial vampires.

The circumstances of women's lives have been petty and trivial, and of course the result often has been petty and trivial women. Unfortunately, the

Mrs. B. was a thin, scrawny, wil-lowy type, with kittenish ways that suggested cuddling and tactful leaning on the judgment and strength of the superior male. She affected everything youthful, even bobbing her hair, although she was past forty. Also, she always gave the impression of being nearly an invalid. For a long time she fooled all of her friends. But finally we began to see that she really was ruining her husband's talents and wrecking his career. For instance, she would never scold or show jealousy.

She prided herself on being very broad-minded and tolerant. But if she became peeved at something, she would throw herself in feigned illness that

seemed to be convulsions. The poor husband was almost frantic. the thief. One day, because she was aggrieved

at some trivial occurrence, she went to the telephone and called him up at a Sow types of females who have devel-oped their weaknesses into subtle strength, and who can strangle while intensely 'womanly woman' in the indefinition of the telephone and called him up at a huge newspaper office in the big city, and informed him that she was desper-ately ill. While he was inquiring so-licitously, she dropped the receiver, as though she had fainted. licitously, she dropped the receiver, as bluster had vanished, and his blue eyes though she had fainted ! though she had fainted! Picture the poor man's alarm! Nat-urally, he rushed home, many miles uptown, to find her, as he supposed, stretched on the floor. She had rallied, she told him, and in time, he returned to work. We may imagine how his thoughts had been interrupted, and how

he berated himself for imaginary faults, while his work went to smash, as he gone, and her slim shoulders dropped.

and talkative. It was only afterward, by putting two and two together, that we learned that the tragic incident they related to us, of her having dropped

the telephone and his rushing home, occurred the day we called, and just prebut Harry was solicitous and worried.

year in and year out. That wife simply had tantrums! She was too clever to have them in the form of anger, for any man not an

luxury. There are emotional vampires and

Women are inhuorder to get more money, man to men when they work them to and not risk the big and glorious op- death, because they themselves must portunity, which could not be forced have luxurious, degenerate living, and quickly."

nizing with her own

Dick.

## A ONE-MAN

#### By HAZEL DEVO BATCHELOB

WOMAN

Copyright, 1921, by Public Ledger Co. Barry Neil is arrested for embezzling funds and Harriet, his wife, because

believes him innocent, gets a position in his office under an as-sumed name. There she encounters Charlie Harmon, the son of the head of the firm, who falls in love with her, and she clso discovers that Lucy Pratt, an office stenographer, is jealous of his attentions. Har-riet can discover nothing of import-ance in the office and is interchart ance in the office and is just-about desperate when a new danger threat. ens her. She is recognized by Sadie Howard, a girl from the tenement where she had lived, and Sadie is de-termined to tell the police. She car-ries her story to the Evening Star, which sends out Donahue, a young reporter. He trails Harriet to the office after hours one evening, and then breaks in upon's scene. Charlie has been trying to persuade Harriet to run away with him, and at a cru-cial moment Lucy Pratt, who has been listening outside, bursts into the room and denounces Charley as the thief

The Tombs

"I GUESS you won't trouble to deny it after that," Larry Donahue aid as Lucy concluded her story. Charlie shrugged his shoulders for a moment he looked as he felt. His were no longer filled with young arro-gance. A sullen look had settled around

had no enthusiasm and keen insight to In that moment she was very forlorn, put into it.

Now, it chanced that a friend and I called a few minutes after he had been home. Margie was glad to see us, and although picturesquely in bed, was gay could hardly keep the triumph out of her voice as she spoke excitedly to

Larry. "Come on !" he said, boylahly, "we'll pull some wires now and see what happens." And without a word they vious to our visit. It was quite clear to hurried out, leaving Charlie alone in us that she was a fake and a fraud, the silent office.

Larry stopped at a telephone booth to telephone his story in to the paper, and there was a note of exultation in his voice as he talked to Dudley Phelps. "I've found the woman all right, and took the smooth, underhand, "feminine" way to the Tombs with her now. Neil way, so effective with males because they have created this imaginary, help-less type of woman, and adored it. Thank heaven, the type is becoming ex-tinct! "Well, there are two reasons," continued the chief. "First, a good biog-raphy saves me time and money. It is many books in one. It is a history of the time—its customs, character, beliefs, habits and all. Again, it brings in the great men, issues and events of the day. Secondly, I read biography for the sheer enjoyment of it—for the same reason that every hulp also the same reason that every hulp also the sheer the same reason that every hulp also the sheer the same reason that every hulp also the sheer the same reason that every hulp also the sheer the same reason that every hulp also the sheer the same reason that every hulp also the sheer the same reason that every hulp also the sheer the same reason that every hulp also the sheer the same reason that every hulp also the sheer the same reason that every hulp also the sheer the same reason that every hulp also the sheer the same reason that every hulp also the sheer the same reason that every hulp also the sheer the same reason that every hulp also the sheer the same reason that every hulp also the sheer the same reason that every hulp also the sheer the same reason that every hulp also the sheer the same reason that every hulp also the sheer the same reason that every hulp also the sheer the same reason the same reason the sheer the same reason the same reas

the thing might still be a mystery, but, of course, this isn't for publication." Phelps smiled as he hung up the reeiver and called a stenographer. he knew young Larry Donahue and the romantic streak in his nature that made him of peculiar value to the paper. Larry could always be depended to ferret out the unusual, and in this case the story had just the quality to make it a knockout.

Harriet never forgot the feeling that wept over her as she walked down the silent echoing corridors of the great prison, past the barred doors through reading. which peered white faces, until they stopped before a cell and the keeper inlocked a door. us, how much more true is it of the life of the men and women who stand out in

The light was very dim, and a man standing at the small barred window turned as he heard the key in the lock. Larry turned away as Harriet stepped forward and she and Barry were virtu-ally alone.



Somehow in summertime, even in a regular evening dress, you don't feel

quite right without a hat when you go out to dine or dance. But if

you have a charming affair of this kind at home, you will be fixed, for you can wear this with any kind of dress, from organdie to brocade

Green silk forms the covering, and a sash of georgette of the same shade

encircles the crown and falls far below the shoulder. Crystal grapes

of green and burnt orange brighten it up with flashing color and weight

it down so that it droops modestly

Two Minutes of Optimism By HERMAN J. STICH

**On Reading Biography** 

'Why the crush on Pete?'' I inquired.

things in the world most interesting to man,

lography.

"What's the idea?"

#### Please Tell Me What to Do By CYNTHIA

To Cure Knocking Dear Cynthia-Please print this for the benefit of those who seem to delight

in knocking each other. Take twelve ounces of dislike, one pound resolution, two grams of common sense, two ounces of experience, a large sprig of time, three quarts of cooling water of consideration, set them over the gentle fire of love, sweeten with the sugar of forgetfulness, skim it with the spoon of melancholy, put it in the bottom of your heart, cork it with the cork of a clear conscience and let it remain and you will quickly find case and be restored to your senses again. These things can be had of the Apothecary of the House of Understanding next door to Reason, on Prudence street, in the Village of Contentment. Trust that this the waste paper basket will not find

A GROCERY CLERK'S RECIPE.

They Held Hands

They Heid Hands Dear Cynthia—One night while I was in a theatre with my girl friend we hap-pened to meet another couple whom we know well. The four of us joined com-pany and got seats together. About fif-teen minutes after getting seats I noticed that my boy friend and his girl friend were holding hands. Being rather cu-rious. I started to kid him about it, but he took it good-naturedly, and said that there was a reason for everything. Now my question is, What is the meaning when two persons of opposite sex hold hande? Also, is it perfectly all right to do this in a theatre? IGNORANCE. she needs it.

IGNORANCE. It's better form not to hold hands in public. And as it is a species of love-making it is not to be encouraged at any time unless a man and girl are any time engaged.

Fears She's Lost Him Fears She's Lost Him Dear Cynthia—I am a girl, eighteen years old, and have been going with a fellow, twenty years old, for two years. Now, Cynthia dear, I know this fellow loves me and I love him. He has talked about us getting married when he has saved enough money. But lately he has been very cold to me. When he is in my company he doesn't seem satisfied. I have asked him the cause of his coldness, but he says he loves me as much as he ever did. Now please tell me what I can do to win him back and to let him know I would be willing to marry him without him having the money.

him having the money.

If you are engaged to the young man If you are engaged to the young matters you can surely talk over money matters with him without shyness. If you feel so shy of him and awkward perhaps you do not care for him as much as you should to marry.



DON'T GIVE YOUR ALIBI BEFORE YOU REALLY NEED IT People Who Say "I Just Know I Can't Do This" Are Like

People Who Are Always Apologizing-And They Can Always Do It, Anyhow

GT JUST know this won't come out would fail some time, so that the aim right today," said the hostess who was entertaining her guests with her own special brand of mayonnaise dress-

CONSTANT apologizing for this that are not quite so good as the ing. She had discovered the little trick that made the dish so good and had told them all about it. "Next time you come for lunch I'll give it to you on the salad," she had promised. You become extremely bored, for the

stance, with some one who says the she is sorry her curtains are so dirty she hasn't had time to have the she hasn't had time to have the washed; that her living room really not fit for callers to come into, but has been so hot to do any cleaning a Of course, they had all been looking forward to having it and there had been no question of her not being able to

so on. And this safety first habit of myin-before an attempt is made. "I know" can't do it," so that afterward a case it does fail, it will be easy to an "I told you I knew I wouldn't be able to do it," is on the same order. It springs from an over-safety a It was her stunt; why should she fail on it? Yet gayly, merrily, with a hopeless but resigned glance around the table, she had cried: "I just know I won't be able to do it right!"

It springs from an over-eagenes be be considered correct or clever, just But it doesn't wo But it doesn't work the way it is meant to; it has the opposite effect annoying people instead of appear

You have probably heard her kind just about to make a difficult dive. She has been practicing the feat for

You have practicing the feat for She has been practicing the feat for weeks and has done it perfectly for days. She knows and you know and every-body in sight knows that she can do it again and do it well. But she couldn't think of starting without giving that desperate little without giving that desperate little without giving that desperate little they don't though; they think you'n they she could do it,"

without giving that desperate little They do roll of her eyes and saying, "I just know I won't be able to do this to-they sniff It is well to have an alibi ready in

day." And she leaps ont into the most graceful, skiliful dive. If in five minutes she repeats it, she must get in that preliminary remark again, "Oh, I know I won't be able to do it."

do it." And some day somebody may It almost makes you wish that she your bluff.

### THE WOMAN'S EXCHANGE

#### Try Direct Treatment

Dear Madam—Could you kindly advise me what is the best way to keep my skin firm and smooth, as my skin gets red and rough and full of blotches. I exercise and am very careful of the food I eat. PHOEBE.

clean or dye an unusual white what how to fix the marred top of my dising table myself; how to remedy a bad mi-dew stain on yellow cotton goods ANXIOUS

ANXIOUS You did not say whether your take is mahogany or not. If it is, you as retouch the scratches with permangants of potash. If you want to polish th scratched place, rub it with steel woil and then carefully brush away ever particle of dust formed by the process Then make a pad of cotton in a fame cloth and wet it with paraffin oil and then shellac. Slide it lightly over the spot, using no pressure. Do not lift the pad for fear the air will cloud the sm-face. You may have to repeat the pro-ess before you get satisfactory results For any other table, get a good varmis and apply it after sandpapering the sm-face. For any other table, get a good variation and apply it after sandpapering the second

A Marred Dining Table to the Editor of Woman's Page: Dear Madam—Please tell me how to To the Editor of Woman's Page:

face



but comfortable coats of Genuine Camel Hair meet every need.

Just the proper weight for motoring; exceptionally ser-

experiences, its joys, its sufferings, its achievements-the way men think, feel, act and react has an irresistible human appeal. Every man and, for that matter, every woman is intensely and instinctively interested in other men and other women. Nothing is more true than the old saying that man himself is of all "The unfortunate part of blography is its name. People somehow associate biography with bookishness or pedantry or ology or something, and shy away from it. As a matter of fact, biography is just the opposite. It is human nature. And as soon as people really begin to realize it, it will come into its own and become the most popular, as it is easily one of the most profitable kinds of "Somebody once said that every person's life contains the makings of at east one good novel. Whether or not that is so, I do not know; but I think there is no question that even the wiscest of us can learn something from even the most commonplace life. And if that is true of the life of the common run of

Men and women-especially womenthink that if they rig themselves garb of the sor

BROWN EYES.

I eat. PHOEBE. Try a skin food or a lotion on your face. You can get this at the drug store, and the directions are on the bottle. Some skins cannot stand soap at all, and perhaps yours is that kind. Try using just cold cream for a while, and then mop your face with first cold to tone it up and make the flesh firm. Then apply your face lotion to smooth it and make it soft. I am sure you will get good results from this treatment if you stick to it.



friend questioningly. The book was Abbot's "Life of Peter the Great." "Nothing special," he answered; "it's simply that he happens to be this veek's victim-it takes me just about a week or so to finish an average biography. Aside from newspapers and trade publications, that's about all I read-

Photo by Central News

UNANNOUNCED, I walked into the chief's private office, calmly took from his hands the book ire was reading, glanced at the title and then looked at my

#### AT CUPID'S CALL **By MAY CHRISTIE**

Mary Drew is Carrington Bellairs' private secretary, and is in love with one of his clients, Dick Calardin. Bel-lairs' ward, Eve Rochester, has ob-tained a position through Julian Vanda-teer, an unacrupulous adventurer, who has known Dick in Alaska and is anxtous to get a diamond which Dick ones and always carries. Dick is in love with Mary, but Eve has her eye on Mim as well as on Julian. Bellairs wants to marry Mary, who is staying at his country estate to do some work for him there for him there. heart.

#### ON THE way upstairs she met her SWIFT PROGRESS

guardian. 'Well, Lady Fair! Where have you

been?" His tones were affability itself. "Carrying out your orders! Mak-ing hay while the shines-with Dick Calardin !" "Great !" Bel-lairs smiled at his

pretty, piquant little ward. "Has he been here this afternoon?" MAY CHRISTIE

Eve s ok her

bead. "'Twas I who went in pursuit of him!" Her small artificial laugh rang him?" Her small artificial hugh rang out. "Julian and I went strolling by the Barley Mow. Then-when I caught sight of Dick-I got rid of Julian and had tea with Dick. Was that too for-ward of me?"

"No. But don't become too 'easy. Eve! A man's instinct is always for the 'difficult' woman. It's human na-ture-call it what you will! The sport-

ture—call it when your ing instinct— "But if I don't run after him he won't run after me." said Eve, with unusual frankness. "So, guardie, dear, what's a poor girl to do?" what's a poor girl to do?"

the 'difficult' woman. It's human na-ture-call it what you will! The sport-"But if I don't run after him he won't run after me." suid Eve, with unusual frankness. "So, guardie, dear, "blat's a poor girl to do?" "Oh, you'll win out all right' Don't worry! Sit next to Calardin tonight at dinner, and try to look as fetching as you can ! And-here's a tip-don't keep on chattering about this glidy Lon-don life you love so much! It doesn't interest that type of man. But study hard to find out just what really inter-ests him."

Eve shrugged her shoulders. She was irritated now

"Oh, that's easy! It requires no study! Mary Drew is the course no study! Mary Drew is the topic that attracts him most!" Bellairs frowned. "Don't be flippant. I've already told you what I think about Calardin's feel-ing for Miss Drew. I won't permit it.

"Oh, calm yourself !" said Miss Eve, perkily. "You may consider that I'm an idiot in the way I handle men, but an idiot in the way I handle men, but I know just how to humor them and to turn their minds in the right direc-tion away from 'forbidden' paths. I'll captivate Dick yet'. And .don't for get—five thousand dollars the day that I announce my engagement with the fickle backwoodsman "

Promptly at 7 o'clock Dick Calardin arrived at the White Lodge. He was looking very handsome and an eager, hopeful light had returned to his young face. After all, he was in the same house as Mary Drew—within range of her sweet voice.

"How do you do?" he wheeled around How do you do?' he wheeled around o face Eve—a very girlish, pretty Eve a an artfully artless gown of palest int georgette, all fuffy ruffles and old-mahloned beauty. He beld out his hand. For the first int unce their earliest meeting he real-tion they Eve had possibilities. \* \*

dropped her hand, but not before Miss Eve had read the glow of admiration Her voice, the blessed realization of her voice that he had not heard for so in his eyes. "Dinner's nearly ready. Come into

the library a moment." She led the way across the hall. There were no rose-shaded lamps in the big library. But the dim, paneled

many weeks, almost unmanned him, and like a starving person his arms went around her and crushed her to him. For long moments they did not speak, and then finally he held her away from him to look into her eyes. "But what's happened? Why are you here? Dearest, I'm gone nearly mad walls were lit up by leaping firelight flames. Dick smiled. After all it was nice to be appreciated by a pretty girl, even though she was not the lady of one's

thinking about you, and wondering if you were safe. Tell me!" And she told him, told him he was free, only to have him interrupt by

Eve saw his face change. She saw a pensive light come into his vivid eyes and decided that his mood was harmo-

The situation must be made the most Two In One Sleeve

"I wonder if you'd care to hear me sing?" she turned her face up to him. "I didn't know you sang." responded

"Only a little bit — to intimate friends." Miss Eve rose up and crossed Triends." Miss Eve rose up and crossed the library to a little spinet in one cor-ner. "This is such a queer, old-fash-ioned instrument" She opened it. Dick. out of courtesy, followed. Eve seated herself before the instru-ment, and in a very small, sweet voice began to croon the type of old-fash-ioned melody that she thought would ap-peal to this young mar.

There are

FIRepla ical to this young man. "Sing it again." he said, when she ad finished. "Sing it again."

There are occasions when a long sleeve looks best, but at other times a short one is much more comfortable. To have the same blouse serve both pur-poses make these TWO-IN-ONE SLEEVES in your new blouse. Have the bottom edge of the cuff flare a bit. Finish it off with tatted or crocheted loops. Six or seven inches above the edge fasten a row of pretty buttons, over which the loops will pass. When you wish long sleeves wear the cuffs down. If you decide upon short ones, turn up the cuffs, slip the loops over the buttons and you can enjoy the com-fort of short sleeves. Of course you will have to face the underside of your TWO-IN-ONE SLEEVE FLORA

Tomorrow-A Song at Twilight

heari. "I'm so glad you came. I was feel-ing awfully blue. And-well-just be-ing with you kind of cheers me up." "This is a delightful room," said Dick, by way of making conversation. And then his heart contracted queerly as he recollected that it was in this very apartment that he'd discovered Mary Drew and Carrington Bellairs in a lover-like embrace. Eve saw his face change. Sha saw a

Things You'll Love to Make

occasions

moment as though she had been an ap-parition and she put out her hand and inefficient. They only impair a man's ability and make it more difficult for him uched him on the arm. "Barry !"

6-13

FLORA

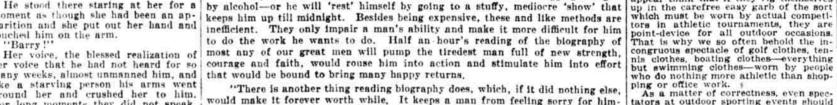
a long

to do the work he wants to do. Half an hour's reading of the biography of most any of our great men will pump the tiredest man full of new strength, courage and faith, would rouse him into action and stimulate him into effort that would be bound to bring many happy returns.

"There is another thing reading biography does, which, if it did nothing else, would make it forever worth while. It keeps a man from feeling sorry for himself. It purges his system of the toxin self-pity. When a man has knocked about a bit and finished on the rough end of many deals, he is apt to get the idea that he is a very much abused human and that the Fates have it in for him. He only begins to realize how well off he is and how often he ought to get down on his knees and thank his lucky stars when he reads that Walter Scott, for instance, ground out his novels while suffering excruciatingly from consumption; that Milton did his best work after he had gone blind; that Siemens perfected his open-hearth process and revolutionized methods of steel manufacture snatching her into his arms again. To fected his open-hearth process and revolutionized methods of steel manufacture Barry even freedom was as nothing only after molten metal had burned his arms to the bone, necessitating amputa-compared to the fact that Harriet was tion; that grand old Abe Lincoln himself at one time had the whole world down on him to the point that he wrote, 'No one but myself believes in me'; that Schwab, Marshall Field, Grant, Woolworth, Bok, Carnegie, Disraeli, Garfield, Booker Washington and hosts of others of corresponding caliber subsisted during their teens and twenties on hash, hustle and hope.

"Many a man, after a hard day, will try to stimulate his flagging energies

"Yes, sir-ree," concluded the chief, "there is nothing like a rattling good biography to make a man feel like a million dollars. And once a man feels that way and stays that way by reading more biography, it is only a matter of time before he is sure to be spending much of his time telling magazine and newspaper writers just how he did it, and how everybody else can do it, and so on. And the stories usually make pretty good reading, too-they're just camouflaged blography, you know."



As a matter of correctness, even spec-tators at outdoor sporting events should not wear sports costumes. When the big league nines meet on their happy hunting grounds the fans do not appear in baseball uniforms nor are the men at a race meet attired like jockeys. Sports clothes have many convenient uses, for camping, hiking, etc., but the spectator at a tennis tournament, for example, should be careful to wear styles distinctly different from the knockabout costumes of the players.

viceable, as the natural tan color washes beautifully. Priced \$16. to \$32. for sizes 1 to 16 years. Pr. Jaeger's Co. 1516 Chestnut St. bolware PHILADELPHIA 



# FOR SCHOOL CHILDREN

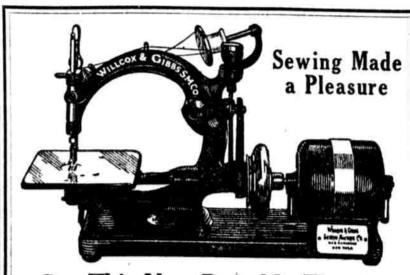
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