"Should a Woman Tell?"

By HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR

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Hawthorne Emery, after battling with herself for several days, decides to marry Dane Merrill without telling him that she has once been in love with another man. She discovers that Dane is very narrow in his ideas about women and that he is looking to her to exert an influence over Julie, his little butterfly sister. Julie confesses to Hawthorne that she has fallen in love with a man much older than she is, and Hawthorne, without discovering who he is, is confronted with the fact that Julie has told her mother she met this man through Hawthorne herself.

CHAPTER XVI

"Tell Me His Name."

WELL, now that you have done this thing you will admit that I ought to know all about him," I began. Again I had a sudden feeling of coming disaster that was out of all proportion to the incident itself. Perhaps it was Julie's feverish ejaculation that she loved him that made me so uneasy. I realized, too, that having once admitted the fact that I had introduced Julie and this stranger, I was saddled with a great responsibility. If anything happened, if Julie took it into her head to do anything wild, I should be blamed for it. It might be the means of alienating Dane from me. At the very thought I was plunged into the depths of misery.

"You don't seem to realize," I burst out, "that the whole burden of this thing falls on my shoulders. If anything happens, I shall be blamed."

The minute I had uttered those words I was sorry. After all there was no need of suggesting those things to Julie. It was foolish to give her the idea that I thought something would happen. She was so absurdly young and so terribly infatuated.

"What could happen?" she returned quickly. "If I decide to marry him it's no one's business but my own, and I shall take the consequences." She spoke proudly and her voice was cold.

"But don't you see," I said, speaking rather wildly, "that if anything did happen, Dane would blame me?"

"You could tell him then that you had nothing to do with our meeting," Julie returned. "Oh, Hawthorne, for heaven's sake, don't be such a coward. You're afraid of life, and as long as you have that attitude toward it something is sure to happen to your happiness."

That wasn't the pleasantest thing in the world for me to listen to in my present mood and I was on the point of resenting it, but I realized that it would do very little good. Julie had a way of putting herself in the right, and in this instance there was more than a little truth in what she said.

"Just the same," I insisted, "you can't evade the issue any longer. I want to know about him. You haven't even told me his name, do you realize that?"

She looked at me in wide-eyed amazement. "Haven't I, really. Why, it must have been an oversight then. I don't see how it happened. His name is Blackton, Carroll Blackton. Isn't it a wonderful name, and it suits him, too. Names seldom do that."

I don't know why I breathed a sigh of relief when I heard his name, but subconsciously it seemed as though a tragedy of some kind had been averted. It wasn't until long afterward that I realized the reason for my feeling, a feeling that any psycho-analyst knowing my thoughts could have explained to me in a minute at the time.

Julie's explanation of what he did sounded rather vague to me. Evidently she didn't understand herself exactly what it was, but he wrote in his spare time, of which he seemed to have plenty. He was writing a novel now and it was going to be wonderful.

"And he knows all the interesting people. They think he's splendid, but then, of course, they take a man at face value. They don't insist upon a family tree and a seat in the stock exchange!" she finished with supreme sarcasm.

"And when am I going to meet him?" I asked finally. I wanted to see them together, for I felt that I could learn a great deal from their attitude toward each other. I had an uncomfortable feeling that this man might be interested in Julie because she came from a wealthy family. I don't know why I persisted in thinking ugly ideas, but somehow I had a presentiment about the whole thing.

Tomorrow—Out of the Past

Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

"Black-Eyed"

You will find the answer to your request in the Woman's Exchange.

Difference of Nationality

Dear Cynthia—As you have given advice to others, I think you will also give it to me.

I am a boy nineteen years of age and am in love with a girl who works with me. Now, my point is that a few days ago I told her I would get her a ring for a present, but she refused me, saying that she would have taken it, but she is an American and I am Italian. She said her father didn't like mixed friendship, and another thing, she is keeping company with some other fellow.

The last thing was a big blow to me, as I thought I had a chance, and she always encouraged me and even now she does so.

So, Cynthia, advise me, as I'll act on your word, and I think I am losing faith in girls. JOSEPH G.

Some parents object to their daughters marrying men of another nationality, because customs and ways are apt to be very different and they doubt if their daughters will be happy in such a marriage.

You would do well to let this friendship go, and when you want to marry seek one of your own people. You will be happier so.

Interested in "Wonderful Pal"

Dear Cynthia—The writer has been particularly interested in "A Wonderful Pal's" letter, and also in the remarks made about it by several readers of your column. The writer would suggest that if "A Wonderful Pal" will seek a more respectable and moral environment she will probably find the antidote for her complaint. The young man of education, intelligence and refinement is usually well conversant with the nicer conventions of culture and good breeding, and these qualities will display themselves in every instance of his conduct. His departure from the young lady whom he has escorted home will be characterized by the customary "good night. Your company certainly was enjoyable and appreciated." If the young lady is well bred she will acknowledge the compliment with a smiling "thank you," at the same time assuring him of a mutual sentiment. She will then bring the ceremony to a close with the formal though in this instance a genial "good night." Such things as farewell kisses, close hugs and other intimate relations are not only not proper, but indecent, ignorant and immoral.

From "A Wonderful Pal's" letter one draws the presumption that she has indeed relegated herself to a rather low type of people. Dance-hall Johnnies, the parasites, the dregs of human society are an impediment to religious, moral and social progress. This class of derelicts is usually base, ignorant, immoral, ill bred and exceedingly vulgar. Certainly the virtues that "A Wonderful Pal" seeks in the young man will never be found among this kind. But if she will cultivate an atmosphere where the principles of etiquette exist her eternal quest will end, for she will then learn what noble, majestic, refined and cultured qualities the real, well-bred American youth possesses. BERNIE.

Husband Won't Work

Dear Cynthia—I want to ask your advice in this and trust you will answer me, as I have no parents and no one to whom I can talk.

I am married and have been for the last three years. Have a little girl. I am employed as a bookkeeper. My husband has not worked since the first of the year, therefore has not given anything to my support. His mother has been keeping me and clothing him. Here am I, working day in and day out. Possibly you will suggest my talking to him, but I have done that and reasoned with him. He says if I'm fool enough to work go ahead. How could I live without working? I have my own board to pay and child's board, which amounts to $17 a week, besides my car fare, etc.

I never can go out with people, for if I did go out with any of my former girl chums I would be accused of going out with men, and I have been true and done right all along, but I'm getting tired.

Have tried my husband often to take any kind of work, even if it is only $5 a week, and he will not do any kind, as he is too proud. It is not that I do not care for my husband, for I do; but he does not treat me as he should; says I do not look like other girls and dress up. I dress neatly and am clean, but I cannot wear the fads that come out, as I cannot afford it. Am not unattractive and am well read—that is, he has no cause to be ashamed of me, but as to wearing these new style shoes it can't be done nor fancy dresses either.

If I say anything to him about this he just picks up anything and hits me or hits me over the head. I have been brought up in a quiet home and with a good mother, who has since died. Please advise me and advise me as best you know how. MARIE.

It seems to Cynthia that you would do well to talk to one of the women officers in the Domestic Relations Court at Twenty-first and Race streets on the subject. The law might be able to help you out. This does not mean that there would be any publicity or unpleasantness. But they might find a way to advise you which would induce your husband to work.

HOW TO TAKE MEASUREMENTS

WOMEN who do their own sewing should know how to take all measures. Even though you never learn to draft patterns, but always buy them, this knowledge of taking measures is often a big help.

All measures should be taken over a dress, and the closeness or looseness of the round measures depends on how you wish the garment to fit in those places.

Bust measure: Place the tape measure around the figure, over the fullest part of the bust, close up under the arms (escaping the seam where the sleeve is sewed in by one-half inch), and around to the middle of the back, raising it there about one inch. The measure should not pull tightly anywhere, but lie straight and smooth across the back and under the arm, and easily over the bust.

The waist measure should be taken pretty close around the waist.

The neck measure is taken close around the neck.

The tape measure for both waist and neck will natchasing bubbles. The gewgaws and the gorgeous as far down as the curves of the figure will allow.

The shoulder measure is taken from the bottom of the neck straight out to the edge of the shoulder bone and about one inch back of the top of the shoulder.

The back length is measured from the bone in the back of the neck to the bottom of the waist line.

Width of the back is measured across the back from armhole to armhole, about one and one-half inches below the shoulder seam.

All of these measures are taken while standing back of the person. Economy of time in small matters means quicker and surer work, and less fatigue in the long run.

Stepping to the side, the underarm measure is taken by holding the measure well up under the arm with the thumb holding the tape in the hollow and measuring straight down to the bottom of the waist. Stepping to the front, the front length measure is taken by measuring from the bottom of the neck to the bottom of the waist.

The chest measure is taken across the front from armhole to armhole, about three and one-half inches below the neck.

The sleeve and skirt measures will be given next week.

Adventures With a Purse

THERE is a new invention for the gas stove that should certainly interest you. It consists of three pieces, a plate with two perforated disks, with what is known as a "dead-air" space between the flame and the bottom of the pan in which the food is cooking. The holes in the plate permit the heat to pass through, but prevent the scorching or burning of the food in the pot. The baking cover is a dome-shaped hood, which fits over the plate and has a small ventilator at the top. This handy little set saves your pots and pans, keeping the bottoms from becoming burned. By using the entire set you can bake apples or potatoes, small pies, muffins, cookies or butter cakes. And if you use the plate rack you can toast your bread as never before. It has, in fact, a number of uses, and has proved indispensable to women who have tried one. The price is $1.25.

A nice little case for carrying along one's "beautifiers" in one's pocketbook is of gunmetal finish, is long and narrow and has a cake of rouge and one of powder, with a puff with each. And, yes, unless I am mistaken, there is a mirror in the lid. The price of this little case is $1.75.

Did you know that you can get a set of nickel-finished ash trays, perfectly plain, measuring four or five inches in diameter, which will show you that they are quite fair size, for $1? There are five in the set, and are mighty nice to have around when company comes and all the men are smokers.

For names of shops address Woman's Page Editor or phone Walnut 3000 or Main 1601 between the hours of 9 and 5.

Read Your Character

By Digby Phillips

The Perceivers

In previous articles the general significance of the forehead which slants backward and the bulging brow has been discussed. Now comes a more careful observation of forehead shapes.

Traits of character really may be divided into three classes; those which are mere expressions of it, those that are inherited with the character and therefore betray it, and those which are truly physiologically connected with it. Head shapes are typical of the latter class.

In general the forehead which slants backward denotes quickness of thought and perception, as opposed to slowness, depth and concentration of thought. This has been pointed out before.

But the reason lies in this: that the faculties of perception in the brain are located just over the eyes, in what the character analyst calls the "first floor" of the brain. It is the excess development of this "first floor" of the brain over the second and third "floors" that gives the slanting forehead its slanting shape.

Persons with such development are the "perceivers." They are the quick observers, hunting always for facts, not theories, whose mental reactions to their observations are as rapid as the observations themselves. They are, therefore, people with a very practical turn of mind, doers rather than theorizers, accomplishers of the work that lies before them rather than the solvers of deep problems. They are dynamic rather than analytical.

Tomorrow—Weak "f"

If Your Idol Falls Off Her Pedestal It Isn't Her Fault; It's All Your Own

Pauline Has Never Learned That Dolls Are Stuffed With Sawdust and Yet Are Excellent Playthings—She Wants Them All Beautiful

IT WAS while she was in school that Pauline had her first disillusion.

She was very young and very prim, and she had a deep and devastating crush on one of the older girls in school.

This girl was perfection; she had pretty hair, she was a fairly good scholar, she was a good athlete, and she was nice to the "little kids."

And so Pauline suffered agony when he frowned and suffered ecstasy when she smiled.

It was a hard day for the family at home when the older girl asked Pauline how she liked school or told her that she liked her dress!

But then the horrid blow fell.

The idol appeared at school one day proudly wearing a boy's raincoat.

He had left it at her house, and it smelled of the cigarettes which lay in the pocket; she had stooped to the depths of putting it on, wearing it to school, announcing whose it was, strutting around in it.

It was almost too much to bear; Pauline's spirit and heart were broken and shattered!

Her idol had clay feet—and such clay!

SHE had made the mistake of putting a mere girl on a high pedestal, and expecting her to stay there.

And she has been doing it ever since. She idealizes all her friends.

They are endowed with heroic qualities and finenesses of character that they do not even aspire to.

And invariably they fall short, sooner or later, of the glory which is expected of them. Human beings can do no more; they should not be expected to.

You can't get along in this world if you are going to make everybody and everything in it finer that it is or can be.

Fairyland doesn't stay with you after you grow up, although you may continue a speaking acquaintance with fairies which enables you to talk to things that can't talk, and see little elves and things that other people can't see.

But in the practical world of things that are, your fairy dust doesn't do you any good.

No matter how much you spread it about, the cold hard fact remains that people are only human with human limitations, human weaknesses and human pettiness.

BUT what of it?

There's no cause to be discouraged or miserable over it.

It has been going on for some nineteen hundred years or more, to say nothing of those few little centuries about which history is scanty and brief.

It would be lovely if we could all be as fine as Pauline would like her friends to be—but if we were, there would be nothing to strive for, no higher plane to reach.

And until Pauline realizes this bitter but sensible truth and brings her imagination and her ideal down to earth, she will have a pretty unhappy time.

It was Robert Louis Stevenson who said that "Dolls are stuffed sawdust, and yet are excellent playthings."

And that is the way with many of us.

We may have sawdust in our brains, in fact, there are times when we feel that you could stick pins into our heads and do no more than rub the dust off them—off the pins.

And some of us are pretty sawdusty in our characters, our wills, our meeting of crises and our making of decisions.

BUT we are excellent playthings.

And in our stronger moments we do make rather good companions and friends.

Even when you can almost hear the sawdust sifting, it isn't safe to criticize or lose heart about it, because there are so many more human beings in the same condition.

So, after all, when you come right down to it, it isn't the clay feet of your idol that are the cause of the disillusion; it's the pedestal which she neither deserved nor wanted, upon which you have placed her yourself.

Things You'll Love to Make

FUR-TRIMMED FROCKS are very smart this winter. If you have a fur scarf or collar that you do not care to use this season, remove the lining and padding. Spread the fur out flat. Turn it to the wrong side, and with a very sharp knife cut it into narrow strips three inches wide. Use these strips to edge the very popular side panels, collar and sleeves and vestee. It's nice to have a FUR-TRIMMED FROCK and at the same time make good use of fur for which you thought there was no further use. FLORA.

SAVE MEAT—SAVE MONEY
With every roast of meat, poultry and game, and every baked fish, serve a liberal amount of STUFFING or DRESSING flavored with Bell's Seasoning. Increase the pleasure and decrease the cost. Hotel chefs recommend it. If your grocer will not supply you send 10c for sample package.
BELL'S SEASONING
W. G. Bell Co.
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Wholesale Agent, Henry Watts, Philadelphia

Orange Juice Can Be Bottled and Kept: What Mrs. Wilson Makes With This Fruit

Fritters Made of This Are Delicious and Something Different From Usual—Two Kinds of Marmalade

By MRS. M. A. WILSON

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AN ORANGE a day will bring to the digestive tract sufficient mineral salts to keep the average person physically fit, and, unless he is eating unwisely and not taking sufficient exercise, this golden nugget of succulent goodness will pay splendid dividends in health.

During the fall and winter oranges are usually moderately priced so that every pocketbook may be suited. From the baby in the cradle to the aged person, the golden juice of the orange is very beneficial for all and should be part of the daily diet. Give the baby a teaspoon of strained orange juice two or three times a day and note how contented and happy he will become.

A glass of this golden juice served before a meal as a cocktail or as an offering of true hospitality to the guest is appetizing and thirst-quenching. Conservative housewives who like to have this delicious fruit juice in the house at all times will find many special opportunities to bottle many bottles of the orange juice. Special sales and drives on oranges give her the opportunity, so be sure to take good advantage of it.

How to Bottle Orange Juice

Cover the oranges with boiling water and then cool. Roll until soft and then ream out the orange juice. You will find that if you place the orange reamer over a small bowl and set this in a larger one and then cut the orange over the bowl, you will save every bit of orange juice.

The method of covering the oranges with boiling water and rolling them assembles all the juice in the orange. Strain the juice through a piece of cheesecloth. Fill into sterilized bottles, pint size is the best, and then put them, with a small piece of absorbent cotton, inserted in place of a cork, in a water bath or preserving kettle. Fill with cold water and have the water just two inches below the tops of the bottles. Bring the water to the boiling point and keep boiling steadily for one hour. Lift the bottles and then seal securely and let cool. Dip the tops of bottles in melted paraffin.

The two varieties of marmalade have their devotees, so I am going to give you both methods. The Scotch or bitter marmalade is delicious and well worth trying. It is particularly delectable when served with roasted game, duck and pork.

Scotch Marmalade

Slice very thin and discard the seeds of

Eighteen small oranges.
Three small lemons.

Place in a preserving kettle and add sixteen measuring cups of cold water. Set aside and let stand overnight. Cover closely. In the morning place on the stove and bring to a boil. Cook very slowly until the rind is very soft and then add seven pounds of granulated sugar. Stir to dissolve and then bring to the boiling point. Cook until the mixture forms jelly when tried on a cold saucer. Fill into sterilized glasses and, when cold, store in the usual jelly manner.

California Orange Marmalade

This splendid marmalade is equally delicious, as it is minus the slightly bitter twang of the Scotch kind. This marmalade is quite a favorite in the Mission Valley of the Pacific Coast and is served on the famous California orange toast.

Pare thinly one dozen medium-sized oranges and two large lemons. Use a very sharp knife and just remove the yellow skin without removing the white, pithy part that lies directly underneath. Put this thinly pared yellow rind through the food-chopper and place in a bowl and add two pints of water.

Now remove the white, pithy part that covers the oranges and lemons. Place in a saucepan and add three pints of water. Bring very slowly to a boil and then simmer for one hour. Strain off this water through a piece of cheesecloth and squeeze the white, pithy part hard. Measure the water and add sufficient to it to make two pints. Pour it over the finely chopped orange skins and cook until the orange and lemon skins are tender. Add the very thinly sliced pulp of the orange and lemon and cut the slices in quarters. Add two more pints of water. Bring to a boil and cook slowly for one and a half hours and then add six and a half pounds of granulated sugar and cook until the mixture forms a jelly when turned on a cool saucer. Store in sterilized glasses and cover with melted paraffin and seal in the usual manner.

If you wish to cut the orange and lemon skins after paring in thin strips about the thickness of a wooden toothpick, rather than chop them fine through the food-chopper, you may do so.

Orange Fritters With Orange Sauce

Pare two medium-sized oranges and cut in slices, one-quarter-inch thick. Sprinkle lightly with sugar and then place in a mixing bowl

One and one-half cups of sifted flour.
One-half teaspoon of salt.
Two teaspoons of baking powder.
Three-quarters cup of milk.
One egg.
One tablespoon of melted butter.

Beat to mix and then dip the slices of the prepared orange in this batter and then fry a golden brown in smoking-hot fat. Lift on paper napkin to drain and serve with orange sauce.

Orange Sauce

Place in a saucepan

Juice of two oranges.
One-half cup of water.
Three level tablespoons of cornstarch.
One-half cup of sugar.

Stir to dissolve the starch and sugar and bring to a boil. Cook slowly for five minutes and then add the strips left from the sliced oranges in the batter, yolk of one egg. Beat to blend and then fold in the stiffly beaten white of one egg with one tablespoon of lemon juice.

Orange Souffle

Place in a saucepan

One cup of sugar.
One cup of water.
One tablespoon of lightly grated rind of one half orange.
Seven level tablespoons of flour.

Stir to dissolve the sugar and flour and then bring to a boil and cook for five minutes. Take from the fire and add yolks of three eggs. Beat hard and then fold in the finely chopped, well-drained pulp of three medium-sized oranges, half teaspoon of salt, two tablespoons of melted butter.

Now whip whites of eggs until firm and then fold in stiffly beaten whites of three eggs. Turn mixture in well-buttered baking dish and bake in a slow oven for twenty-five minutes. Serve with the juice drained from oranges.

Do not press or squeeze the orange when draining—just turn in a sieve and let the weight of the fruit drain them for five minutes.

The Woman's Exchange

Send Them to a Syndicate

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Will you tell me the address of a place to send my stories (short stories)? A READER.

I cannot give you any addresses through the column, but if you will send me a self-addressed, stamped envelope I shall be glad to forward you a list of the syndicates which handle short stories. Most of them pay upon acceptance for the stories and they like to have more than one at a time.

Use Any Hair Tonic

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Kindly let me know through your valuable column a short formula for a hair tonic which can be used on children as well as the parents' hair. Thanking you in advance I am yours truly, MRS. L. R. M. D.

Any hair tonic can be used in this way. I have no formulas to give you, but your druggist will have some good tonics to recommend, and they can be used for children as well as their parents.

To "Madge"

If your voice will not take the high notes easily do not force it, as there is danger of your straining it and giving your teacher a great deal of trouble when you do start to take lessons. Just sing in the range that is easy for you, and when you take high notes sing them very softly and lightly. You will find that you can nearly always reach them that way. But at the Settlement Music School, 416 Queen street, there are good singing teachers who will try your voice and train it without charge if you show any promise. Get some one to take you down there so that you can see whether there is any chance of your being able to sing as you grow older. And in the meantime learn to take deep breaths through the nose and let them out slowly and smoothly through the mouth, keeping your chest well up so that you will not find it hard to hold long, sustained tones when you do begin to sing. And remember not to strain those high notes that will be so pretty if you take them softly, but so harsh if you force them.

SIDE-TRACKED

Photo by Feliz.

Paris wears her trains on a siding this season, and the result is a very graceful one-sided effect. This harmonizes with the other new fad of allowing one side of the neck to fall just off the shoulder

Through a Woman's Eyes

By JEAN NEWTON

Does an Education "Pay"?

In today's mail I find a letter on that age-old question—"Will it pay me to get an education?" This girl writes that it is possible for her to go to college, but that this would entail various sacrifices for four years to come.

"Of course," she says, "now that teachers' salaries in our country have been almost doubled there is something in it. I would have that for a certain prospect at the end, and then there is the long vacation that one would not get at any other work."

Yet a girl she knows just obtained a very fine position with a railroad where she will earn a good salary during those four years instead of "spending this in preparing for something which pays no more!"

And so she goes on discussing the pros and cons of teaching, for which a college education would qualify her, as though the only conceivable reason for getting a higher education were what it means in dollars and cents. Then she asks, do I think it is worth while?

Worth while—a little extra effort for four years! And to what end—a teaching position? Oh, no; rather, though she does not seem to realize it, to make her a different person for the remaining years of her life.

To spend four years to prepare for teaching may or may not pay. That depends upon the other opportunities that are open to one. But whichever way this is answered it is not an important factor in the question of getting an education—which always pays. I do not think so. I know it.

An education pays financially. If not in the beginning it does eventually. The field in which one may be engaged is immaterial. For all other things being equal, the educated man or woman is at a decided advantage and will come out higher up. Common sense tells us that and statistics prove it.

But the financial factor is by no means all there is to it. After all for what do we want money except to enable us to better enjoy life? And that is just what education does. It enables one to get more out of life with the same amount of money. In opening up to one the pleasures which are greatest and most lasting yet cost nothing, indeed, which cannot be bought, it makes one independent of money for happiness.

The men or women to whom intellectual pleasures are a sealed book are to be pitied. They will always be chasing bubbles. The gewgaws and the gargoyles of life cannot bring them happiness and no matter how much money they have they cannot help being restless and discontented.

But those with the magic key to the treasure house of books, those to whom literature, music, art, science speak not an unfamiliar language, need never suffer the monotony or discontent. For them life has many meanings of which the ignorant never even dream.

Then, too, the educated person is not dependent upon money for position. No matter where she may be, regardless of how little of the world's goods may be hers, she has something which gives entrance to any circle.

Of course, going through college is not the only way in which one can become well educated. Some of the best educated, the most cultivated people I know did not have the opportunity for so much formal schooling. But that is by far the easiest way, and it is worth almost any effort that will make it possible.

Does it pay—inconvenience, stretching a point, to make you a different person for the rest of your life? I say it does.

Make It Easy

If you are doing your own housework, try to do a little washing every day as you finish the morning dishes. This puts the bulk out of the way and leaves only the worst pieces to be soaked and boiled every week. This plan works equally well even if you have a laundress come every week, for by rinsing out the colored things, your silk lingerie and stockings, the napkins, perhaps, and the baby's woolens you make it possible for her to finish the washing and ironing all in one day and do a few hard jobs, like washing up the kitchen floor, besides.

"Paul and Virginia"

Have some of the most delicious little adventures while adjusting themselves to married life. Virginia pays too much for a new pair of slippers—but Paul soon after that lets himself in for an extravagant purchase of a set of books. They do not quarrel because they have sense enough to realize that it is possible to make mistakes and live through them. And they are both very lovable and human.

They will be introduced to the readers of this page in the first of a series of little stories on

Monday, November 14

Ask For—Get Horlick's The ORIGINAL Malted Milk
Safe Milk For Infants & Invalids
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SEE OUR EXHIBIT AT THE PHILADELPHIA RETAIL GROCERS' FOOD FAIR, FIRST REGIMENT ARMORY, NOVEMBER 7 TO 19.

FLAVOUR—the charm of
"SALADA"
TEA
is in its unique flavour of rich delicacy. And It never varies. All grocers sell "Salada" in sealed metal packets only.
B836

Watch the Change
when you shampoo our way

You who accepted the free trial bottle of Palmolive Shampoo know what these changes are. You have seen the silky texture which Palmolive gives your hair and admired the becoming satiny gloss.

It cleansed your scalp of every trace of clogging dirt and dandruff, leaving the delicate organism of each hair to do its natural work.

These results are due to the action of palm and olive oils in combination. These costly Oriental oils, famous for centuries as softening, relaxing, beautifying cleansers, are the basis of Palmolive Shampoo.

How they act

The softening effects of olive oil are responsible for the lovely gloss and softness. It produces the mildest, most penetrating of lathers, which is given body and richness by the blending with palm oil.

This lather is far more than a surface cleanser. It enters every root and hair cell and purges them from dirt, oil and dandruff.

Yet this hair, which is so thoroughly cleansed, isn't dry, harsh or brittle. The soothing action of palm and olive oil keeps it soft and glossy.

You must fight dandruff

Even the healthiest scalps secrete a moderate amount of dandruff, which doctors call seborrhea and charge with most hair troubles.

It is harmless enough if, when you shampoo, it is thoroughly washed away.

But ordinary shampooing doesn't affect the dry, oily scales which withstand most cleansing. They accumulate until the hair cells are clogged.

This clogging prevents proper nutrition and your hair begins to come out. This is the danger signal.

The softening, penetrating lathers produced by the blending of palm and olive oils penetrates the formation of scales, loosening and dislodging them from hair roots and scalp.

You need never fear dandruff if you shampoo with Palmolive.

If you didn't get the free 15-cent trial bottle of Palmolive Shampoo, fill out and mail this coupon to the Palmolive Company. We will gladly mail it, that you may learn the results which follow even the first Palmolive shampoo.

PALMOLIVE Shampoo
The Blend of Palm and Olive Oils

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