Woman's Life and Love

By WINIFRED HARPER COOLEY

Simpatica

THE Spanish have a word so beautiful that it cannot be translated. They say our "sympathy" does not quite express all the loveliness and glory of their "simpatica."

WINIFRED HARPER COOLEY

Of all human qualities, none is so nearly divine as is sympathy. It is called a woman's virtue, and perhaps it is akin to maternal love. It is all-embracing, all-understanding. It has nothing to do with the ethical; it is simply peasant woman can kindle with a quick, sympathetic understanding, and give to the sufferer what all his or her friends withhold.

IT IS akin to the motherly, yet all women do not possess it, whereas some men do. But in general, it is peculiarly feminine. The woman who kept to go out to the criminal, not because of mawkish sentimentality, or of an unmoral condoning of crime, but because the mother instinct is to succor and shelter and sympathize, for it creates a true picture of what a sinner must have suffered and struggled against before driven to the final reprehensible act. The mother feeling of forgiveness is higher than justice.

Throughout the centuries, women have uttered their cry for sympathy to lovers who met it with coldness and stubborn reserve. In their moments of eagerness, men indeed promised the loved one with tenderness and a glow of sympathetic splendor. But in the sober period of succession, they shrank from any demand upon them for sympathy. They recoil, they grow stern born, and if insulted to the walls, frankly that when "asked for sympathy expression," they feel a stubborn abhorrence of granting it. All sympathy is killed, and they grow colder and less sympathetic with every appeal.

This is the bitterest lesson in life and love for women, and scores of times nearly every woman in the land must learn life must endure the torture.

SOMETIMES she moans impotently, and breaks her heart. "It was so little that I asked of him, after all his protestations—just a bit of human sympathy in my time of sorrow, just an expression of love and devotion, a solicitous concern for my happiness—but he denied that little. Not only denied it, as one might who was unthinking, but took a vain pride in his hardness and stubbornness, seeming to consider it somehow a male virtue."

One type makes her moan in silence. Another continues to supplicate the lover, failing to believe it possible he can be so fiendishly cruel. Of such fond hearts broken women exclaim "Portuguese nun" whose love letters to the unpitying, hard-hearted man she adored have wrung the hearts of sympathetic readers for a century; and Heloise, whose beautiful epistles to Abelard were answered by dry theological treatises, but drew tears from a million people of later days.

STILL other kinds of women realize that tears and entreaty are wasted on a man who has deliberately grown cold, who cannot feel "simpatica." It is useless to fan the ashes of dead love, for flames are extinguished and are vanished into nothingness. "Where are the loves of yesteryear?"

When the brutal truth is forced upon a woman by whom they thought the was sympathizer in a world of indifference is brutally jarring, some become cold and cruel. They exact from other men the toll of retribution. They try to break hearts, and they pursue a feverish life of gayety, becoming worldly and mercenary. They try to "get even" with their pain. But sometimes, the intuitive is only surface-deadness; their hearts are speaking for the sympathy denied them by one who is incapable of any simulation. They would be lower when a woman has given her heart to vengeance. The man is the loser, who might have been the recipient of a wonderful and generous love, by withholding him with rich sympathy and tender grace.

EVEN women sometimes fail one another when put to the test, because they do not feel the other's exposure, and are not endowed with the wonderful gift of sympathy. For no sin in many ways if I must, but never lack simpatica.

Paul and Virginia

By HELENA HOYT GRANT

The Visitor

PAUL laughed with unfeigned delight. "So, missy," he demanded, as he kissed her on her dimpled cheek, "so you are so lonely during the day that you want me to get you a dog, eh? To see of take my place, what?"

And he was off in a gale of laughter again.

"Well, Paul dear, you know a good dog is real company," said Virginia, pouting.

"I can't afford one just now, honey," said Paul more soberly. "Blooded dogs cost a lot of money, and I wouldn't want anything but a first-rate pedigreed Airedale, anyway."

"Airedales are awfully big and clumsy, Paul," said Virginia. "There isn't room here for a big dog. Why, whenever he wagged his tail he'd knock over the breakfast table."

"Say, did you ever see an Airedale with a long tail?" demanded Paul sternly. "Wait awhile—wait till spring, and maybe I can afford a first-class dog."

And so it ended.

The long arm of coincidence interfered with the affairs of Paul and Virginia that very day. Aye, truth is stranger than fiction.

For there came a shadowy form, close to the ground and moving briskly, as Paul turned into the avenue that evening, his appetite for the splendid dinner he knew would be waiting for him very keenly alive.

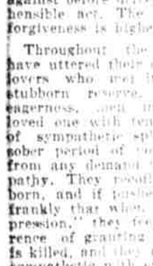
Paul stopped beneath the light on the corner to inspect the shadow. The shadow also stopped, and a grinning mouth beneath a pair of glinting eyes looked up into his face.

"A mutt, be gracious," thought Paul. He stopped to beg kindly at the little wiry dog's ears and then went on. So did the shadow.

Of course he took him in.

"Oh, Paul," cried a delighted voice.

"Oh, he's not one—" said Paul hastily. "It's some little stray dog that followed me half way home." He paused. "Of course, we can't keep him."



"We can't," echoed Virginia, placing a saucer of milk beneath the visitor's nose.

"Well, he hasn't a collar on, at that," said Paul thoughtfully.

"He's not—he's not a thoroughbred, is he?"

"None. But he's a cute little chap, isn't he?"

They stood and witnessed the magic disappearance of the milk, and the oblong of white absorption which is a dog's way of saying he finished.

"What is he, anyway?"

"Search me," said Paul absently. "Some kind of a terrier."

The little beastie made frantic efforts to turn himself inside-out, to give expression to his gratitude, and as a sign of reciprocity of interest.

"He belongs to somebody," said Virginia slowly. "We must not keep him."

"Of course not," agreed Paul.

"Well, take him out, dear, and he'll find his way back home."

Patricia ejected the visitor outside.

But the visitor was not eager. He lost it evidently.

"All right, then," muttered Paul. He descended into the cellar and the dog went, too.

Paul avoided Virginia's eyes all through dinner, but absently laid aside what was left of the roast.

"Is he gone?"

Virginia glanced at the kitchen curtain behind her husband as she put the question.

Paul coughed behind his hand.

"I—ah—I refuse to answer on the ground that it might tend to incriminate me," he said.

And he disappeared down the back stairs, bearing the residue of the roast on a tin pie plate.

Tomorrow—An Expert's Handiwork

The Woman's Exchange

Making Presents

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madame—Can you help me to some Christmas presents that will not cost much that I could make for my girl friends of fourteen and fifteen years of age? Also, what could I get my classmates and my brothers?

BROWN EYES.

Make a bunch of [illegible] in the shape of a [illegible] then line with [illegible] handkerchief case and one of these for each of the girls you want to give presents to would make. Or you could vary the colors of the cases if you know.

Would you like to have [illegible]

Suggesting Gifts

[illegible]

A Card Would Be Best

[illegible]

Things You'll Love to Make

Rag-Doll Candy Dish Cover

A most attractive supply container can be made with a glass bowl and a RAG-DOLL CANDY DISH COVER. Take a square of fine unbleached muslin. The size will depend upon the size of the doll to be made; this depends again upon the size of the bowl to be covered. Stuff this square with cotton, marked for the head, keep the three corners for the face. Tie a piece of cord around to form the neck. Begin to model nose and mouth. With wool strands for hair use either loops or hard knots. Wind strips of muslin around the ends of the square to form the body. Attach a wire covered with muslin for each arm. Make or buy a wire frame like the one shown in the lower left hand side of the illustration. Dress the doll in silk and lace. Join it to the frame. A RAG-DOLL CANDY DISH COVER makes a stunning Christmas gift.

FLORA.

Corinne Lowe Says—

[illegible]

Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

To "Corral D."

Information in regard to Elkton may be had at City Hall. Cynthia does not give any information on the subject.

"Mrs. M. H."

Consult the Legal Aid Society at City Hall. You will not be charged more than you can afford, and if unable to pay a fee one will not be asked of you.

He Told Her Untruths

Dear Cynthia—I am a young girl still in my teens. About a year ago I met a young man one year my senior and I have been keeping steady company with him ever since. When I first started to go with this young man I asked him what he worked at, and he told me he was a parting letter in one of the downtown banks. I asked him which one, and he told me he didn't want me to know which one, fearing that I would bother him when he was working. A few days ago I found out that he was a telegraph operator and never even had a penny in a bank. Please tell me what to do. Shall I give him up? I seem to love this young man with all his lies.

"FOOLISH."

What do you mean, give him up? Are you engaged to him? If so, have a plain understanding that you will not stand for untruths or break off the affair.

Better Ask Them

Dear Cynthia—It is true that what is done cannot be undone, but as the old saying goes, once done never forgotten.

We are living seventeen years of age and students in the girls' High School. The fashions of the age have allowed us to receive the attentions of two young men a few years our senior.

We have known these men for quite a few years, they being close friends of the family. We have allowed them to see us frequently, although we regretted it every time afterward.

A few nights ago these young men drove around in a machine. They asked us to go riding and we consented. Mother also consented and we started off.

They took us for a sweet-meats ride and brought us back home. They said "good night" and everything was over.

Now, dear Cynthia, will you or your readers kindly help us solve why they acted so strangely? Why was the ride so short? Why didn't they come in as they always did? Again, Cynthia, I ask you to help me decide how to regard them, as I know they shall visit the parlor soon.

Would like to turn a new page this evening and spend your supper, Cynthia. Paint Pots is waiting, as we are very anxious to correct this blunder.

YOUNG AND HAPPY.

The only way to find out why they did it is to ask them why. They were certainly rather abrupt. On the other hand, they asked you to go for a ride and they gave you the impression as though it was all right.

Treat her like the young men have you, unless you have promised to marry them.

T. B. P. Says "Susie's" Inconsistent

Dear Cynthia—One of the most peculiar actions of the human mind is the index that in which the shaft of thought is turned back upon the originator of revolted from its primary figures by neighboring or kindred minds.

Now, for instance, there's "Susie." She says you inspire her and in turn she inspires me!

From out of the darkly vague, shadowy past there have rolled out of the ages to our very feet four pearls of priceless wisdom: "Consistency is a jewel."

And even as Cæsar gazed upon the world through a green emerald I have gazed upon "Susie" through pearls. I see her through the kisses, the heartaches, the perfumes, the rouge of your column, and then immediately taking in about three additional inches of your column with some-made rules upon "dieting, dating, dressing, etc." I feel instinctively something of the impression that is on time much more important in the life inside a remark which contains all of "Susie's" boneless pulmus assembled into a brief essay, which might be interpreted as "Great those whom you meet as you want them to treat you." And since then I have decided to make a better effort of "Way in Heaven's name try to improve, can it now?

As I understand this axiom, there's nothing to be gained about it, as many of us there would have no business. To me, "Susie," or the other fellow does not [illegible] does you think. And [illegible] me. I've had some huge enjoyment in this vale of tears in thinking what the other fellow has started.

Anyway, I'm not people [illegible] Maybe everything is our own statement are [illegible] while I sincerely [illegible] that the guy who said "Where is other creatures?" sure said a mouthful. "The more I live with you the less I know of 'em."

I'm getting a bit dizzy myself, but I'll quit, don't [illegible]

THE BUCK PRIVATE.

Gray Takes the Lead in Exquisite Frocks

By CORINNE LOWE

[illegible] and [illegible] get [illegible] gray dress [illegible] We find it from the palest of pearl [illegible] to those good old smoke grays and taupe we used to love so well. It is carried out in chiffons and crepes and velvet. It is used often for the elaborate afternoon frock, but for the simpler supper gowns the gray [illegible]

The above simple little dance frock may be carried out in either gray or white georgette. In both cases it will be draped with silver lace, and the embroidery is golden and on sleeves and hem will be of silver thread. In both cases, too, the flowers will be silver tissue. As regards the combination of white and silver, every succeeding social event is proving its popularity.

FOR THE CHRISTMAS DINNER

Red is always the appropriate color for this season, and a red velvet dinner dress would be just right for that turkey dinner on Monday night—unless you have it on Sunday instead. A sprig of green and white mistletoe makes a nice bit of contrast and a very suitable touch of trimming.

"Should a Woman Tell?"

By HAZEL DEVO BATCHELOR

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Hawthorne Emery decides to marry Dane Merrill without telling him that she has once been in love with another man, later she discovers that Julie, Dane's little butterfly sister, is in love with the same man, and although Hawthorne knows that Crawford Blake, or Carroll Blackton, as he now calls himself, is entirely unworthy, she is afraid to tell the truth. But when Julie threatens to run away with Blake, Hawthorne is forced to make a confession, even though she also tells Dane everything. He treats her as though she has committed some terrible crime, for his ideas of women are very severe. Hawthorne decides that there is nothing to do but leave him, and so turns to Janet Ford, her best woman friend. She is sure that Dane will seek a reconciliation, but he makes no move toward her, and finally in desperation she goes back to her old magazine job. One afternoon when she returns home early she finds Julie waiting for her.

CHAPTER LI

AFTER Julie had left I went back in retrospect over everything she had told me. It seemed nothing short of amazing to me the way Julie had conquered herself, for although she had suffered through Crawford Blake, perhaps even more than I had, she had managed the entire affair not as a very young girl, but as a woman of the world.

After Crawford had discovered that he could do nothing with Julie through holding her in his arms, and forcing her to a realization of his nearness, he had turned nasty. It was just as I had expected, Crawford had not wanted to give Julie up. He saw in her a chance to make a place for himself in the world, to connect up with an old and reputable name, and because she was so young he had thought to threaten her into doing as he wanted.

And so he had used blackmail.

He had threatened to make a scandal through letters, and thoroughgoing man of the world as he was, he had not counted on that step as the very one he shouldn't have taken.

Julie stood for a moment staring at him. It was as though she were trying to realize just what he was doing, just what manner of man he was. It was at that moment that the scales dropped from her eyes, and she saw him as he was, utterly heartless, utterly unscrupulous. At that moment he was to her simply the vilest creature to live, and a dangerous stranger, some one she must get rid of as soon as possible.

"That's blackmail, isn't it?" she said, and coolly.

"Call it what you like," he had responded carelessly, his eyes on her face, that had gone very white.

"I don't think you'll try anything like that, Mr. Blake," Julie had returned, her eyes suddenly flashing fire. "You see, it wouldn't pay you to do it. You have rather a good lawyer who would know just how to deal with you."

Crawford must have been astounded when she turned these before him young person, this girl who had a short time before had been trembling in terror, this child whom he had fondly imagined he could wax as he liked. The change in her must have been amazing, and her use of his real name must also have astounded.

It was then that he tried to back water. He became once more the attendant lover. "Julie, do you know what you are saying? I didn't mean that, I'm half crazy with the thought of losing you, and I hardly know what I am saying. I love you, dear. I love you enough to commit any crime to get you," and he would have taken her in his arms, but she eluded him.

"I think you'd better go now. I never want to see you again."

Even then, as Julie told me, in spite of what he had done, she felt that if he touched her, if he took her in his arms, and pressed her mouth up to his lips, she would not have had the strength to resist him. She was so young, also this was her first real lover. But she was a Merrill, and enough of her blood ran in her veins to make her [illegible] which will [illegible] sought [illegible] sufficient for [illegible]

[illegible] had left her, but [illegible] to find [illegible]

Tomorrow—Jane is Stubborn

Read Your Character

By Dale Philips

Light and Dark Motives

[illegible]

The Question Corner

Today's Inquiries

1. [illegible]
2. [illegible]
3. Of what material are the newest artificial flowers made?
4. To please both parents and child, what kind of Christmas present can be given that will be more serviceable than a toy?
5. In what manner is a simple and dainty petticoat fashioned?
6. Describe a unique scarf set.

Yesterday's Answers

1. In erecting a memorial, a town near Grand Rapids has paid tribute to Mme. La Framboise, Michigan's first business woman, who successfully managed a trading post in the Grand River valley more than one hundred years ago.
2. An artistic and colorful screen for several small side fixtures is made of a piece of bright poplin silk which is smoothly stretched over a curved, oblong frame, the edge being finished with a narrow ruche braid that matches.
3. In a clever case for wooden pack which forms a tooth brush holder is decorated with a pretty painted girl's head.
4. For the child's Christmas present an aeroplane—which has the advantage of being just as appealing to the grand kind, while there is perfect safety in using it, contains a target made of bristles and dart equipped with brushes in place of points.
5. When the ends of a chiffon sash persist in flying breezily about, tassels of beads will hold them down in a charming manner.
6. In a pretty arm ornamental matching lace medallions fasten the shoulder straps to an otherwise plain camisole.

A Christmas Gift!

I be presented to the readers of Woman's Page and the address of

HAZEL DEVO BATCHELOR

is the home of a grinding new serial story by this popular young writer, entitled

"The Marriage Gambler"

The first installment will appear on Tuesday, December 23.

Keeping Them Clean

After the baby has been placed in bed, the nursing bottle which has just been emptied, should be rinsed with cool water, washed with water and hot soapy water, and the bottle for one day's feeding have all been used. At the end of this time or when convenient, pour the bottle [illegible] soapsuds and clean thoroughly, using a bottle-brush on every part of the inside of each bottle. After rinsing through several waters, they should be put on the fire in a kettle of cold water and allowed to boil for fifteen minutes. The bottles are then sterile and ready for use.

The nipple after use should be rinsed with cold or lukewarm water and rubbed with a little common salt in order to remove the milk. It should then be rinsed inside and out and given the same treatment. After a thorough rinsing both are to be inside and outside, boil for five minutes.

THE DESIGNER.

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DREAMLAND ADVENTURES

The Hungry Crocodile

By DADDY

Jack and Janet, turned into Slumber Sprites, start with Sleepy Woodchuck and other creatures on a trip to Egypt. Old Gray Rat and his gang threaten to eat the food of the Kindly Captain, the two orphans, and the sailors, and Jack has Black Snake chase them.

CHAPTER III

Where Summer Never Ends

THE good ship Warmland steamed steadily toward Egypt. The Kindly Captain walked the deck and with him were the two orphans he had rescued from cold and hunger. The Kindly Captain smiled as he looked at the two orphans. "You are very frail and thin, now," he said. "But by the time we reach Egypt you will be strong and plump. Thanks to the good fairies who drove the rats overboard we will have plenty of food to feed you."

Jack and Janet, who, with Sleepy Woodchuck, Colonel Croaker and Chip and Chipper Chipmunk, were sitting on a coil of rope enjoying the voyage, laughed at that. They had been the good fairies who had driven from the ship all the rats except Old Gray Rat and his gang.

At that moment Old Gray Rat scurried across the deck. After him in a scampering line raced the other rats of his gang. And close on the heels of the hindmost of these other rats was Black Snake, hissing fiercely. He was chasing the rats so they could not eat the food of the folks on the ship.

"Hiss-ssss! This is fun being a policeman," hissed Black Snake, as he wriggled past Jack and Janet.

The Kindly Captain and the orphans were surprised when they saw the rats. "I wonder what is scaring those rats," said the Kindly Captain. He couldn't see Black Snake, as Black Snake was a Slumber Sprite, like Jack and Janet, the chipmunks, Sleepy Woodchuck, and Colonel Croaker.

As the rats darted down into the hold, with Black Snake after them, the Kindly Captain rubbed his hand over his face.

"I forgot my razor in the excitement of leaving," he said. "By the time we reach Egypt I will have whiskers."

Jack and Janet thought it would be a long while before they reached Egypt, if, in the meantime, the captain would be able to grow whiskers.

"I wish we were there now," said Jack. Sleepy Woodchuck chuckled.

"Have you forgotten the way I told you to make time fly?" he said. "You are Slumber Sprites. All you have to do is to close your eyes and wish."

Jack and Janet could scarcely believe what Sleepy Woodchuck told them, but they thought it would be fun to try what he said.

They closed their eyes and wished they were in Egypt.

Nothing seemed to happen, but of a sudden the wind became very warm. They opened their eyes, and to their astonishment found they were sailing along a broad river. On the banks grew palm trees, such as they had seen in pictures. Odd-looking boats sailed past them, steered by black sailors. They had reached a foreign land.

Beside them on the deck stood a whiskered man with two strong and [illegible]

"Didn't I tell you I would have whiskers by the time we reached Egypt, and that you would be strong and plump?" Thus spoke the man, and from his voice Jack and Janet knew he was the Kindly Captain. The children were the two orphans.

Out of the fold of the ship staggered a fat and shaking Old Gray Rat. After him wobbled the other rats of his gang, all run to skin and bones. Following them, hissing and as pert as ever, was Black Snake.

"Eek!" "I am glad we have reached Egypt," panted Old Gray Rat. "Now we can escape to shore and get rest and food. That snake has chased us all across the ocean, giving us no time to sleep or eat."

Jack and Janet looked at each other in wonderment. Where had the time gone to when they had closed their eyes?

"Egypt!" gasped Janet. "We have reached Egypt!"

How they meet the Hungry Crocodile will be told tomorrow.)

Adventures With a Purse

I HAVE made a discovery of a little shop, the mere sight of which will charm you. It is hardly a shop. It is—what shall I say?—a delightful room, with quaint paper, black pillows with yellow Chinese figures, yellow pillows with black Chinese figures, and curtains suggesting the Orient. And here are displayed oddly carved good luck pieces imported direct from China, chains with emblems of real jade, a ring beautifully set with a piece of hand-carved coral. "Ah, yes," you sigh, "very nice, but one must have money to enter such an enchanting place." But no, you are mistaken. The chains with their jade come as low as $5; while the ring of which I spoke is $6.50. Curious jewelry that will delight you, an atmosphere that is charming, and prices that are within your reach. Here is a combination not to be ignored. If you have a few last-minute Christmas gifts to purchase, I would certainly suggest that you stop there.

She still has a mere handful of powder cases left, so I shall tell you of them. They come in delicately colored silks edged with tiny flowers, and are brought over here direct from Paris. When closed, they are quite flat, and are about the size of a large powder puff. The top twists up and open, like a man's rubber tobacco pouch. Inside is a powder puff and a place for powder. The bottom is supplied with a nice clear mirror. For carrying in the evening with a light dress one would be ornamental as well as most useful. They come in all colors, even darker shades, now that I come to think of it, and are $1 each.

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

If You Find a Person Who Is Proud of Some Small Piece of Goodness

You May Be Pretty Sure That the Pride Is Pardonable Only Because the Virtue Is So Unusual in the Character

"IT IS a good rule," said a famous writer, "to be on your guard wherever you hear great professions about a very little piece of virtue."

Don't you think of a number of people you know as soon as you read that?

The woman you know, for instance, who sets herself upon a great pinnacle of righteousness because she goes to church every Sunday.

Lots of other women go to church every Sunday.

And many of them are more kindly in their dealings with their neighbors, more sincere and honest in their lives and characters than this self-contented woman.

Then there's the person whose own particular small charity looms up in her own mind as something remarkable and world-wide.

She expects all her friends to be as interested in it as she is, and talks for hours about how much she has to do for the children's Christmas party at the home, how hard she has worked over her plans and how splendid it all is.

She doesn't put this into words, but in every line of her conversation there is a compliment to herself.

YET, do you remember the time when your dog ran across her nice clean porch with muddy feet?

There was nothing very charitable or very kind or very splendid about the way she talked then, was there?

She wouldn't even accept your abject apology, remember? And the sound spanking you gave Toto, reducing him to waggling, piteous shivers for the rest of the day, did not satisfy her; she wanted him got rid of, immediately.

You'll always find smallness behind a great show of charity or honesty or piety.

It may be a "touchy" disposition, it may be an inability to take any interest in any one else's goodness, or it may be a falling from grace when nobody is looking.

But the flaw is sure to be there in some shape or form.

DO YOU remember when you were in school there was always one member of your class who planned and executed the prank that got everybody else into trouble?

And it was always this particular member who was the first to cry, "No, I didn't do it. I was out in the cloakroom getting my handkerchief!" Remember?

You will find the really honest, really charitable, really worthy woman or man very quiet about what is right and what isn't, and how to live properly.

When it comes to a direct "showdown" the answer is ready, either yes or no.

But you will not find that person talking virtue, with "pardonable" self pride, or extolling honesty, as one who knows the subject thoroughly, or advising piety as if by divine inspiration.

YOU will find her—or him—attending to what charity she can do, living as honestly and righteously as a good citizen should, thinking piously whenever it is necessary or desirable, without making any fuss or giving the matter any advertisement.

Why should she be all puffed up about something that is as natural as having flesh and blood and bones?

There's just one reason for it, when you do find her making "great professions about a very little piece of virtue."

There's a very large piece of smallness somewhere that she is concealing by its opposite.

And it is a good rule to be on your guard with her.

WHAT'S WHAT

By HELEN DECIE

The old whist rule, "When in doubt, play trumps," may be applied to the Christmas-gift problem thus: "When in doubt, send flowers or candy." Fine fruit is also a generally acceptable gift; as Emerson said, fruits are flowers perfected, with savor added to color and perfume. Yet it would be "carrying coals to Newcastle" to send a gift of this sort to people who live luxuriously, and to whom hampers of fruit are as common as daily bread.

Everybody welcomes flowers, especially at Christmas, when "the bloom of the garden is withered and dead." Cut flowers are easiest to send, and most popular with young folk, but flowering plants may be more acceptable to older friends. If the plants are home-grown, all the better. The potted plant may be wrapped in the bright matting paper which adds gay color to the gift. Fruit is set in attractive baskets with bows of ribbon on the handles.

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Bard's 1859

Phone, Poplar 7660

CLEANERS and DYERS

5202 Sansom St.

1113 Chestnut St. | 5557 Germantown Ave.

Main Office and Works 1618-28 N. 21st St.

PLENTY of TURKEYS for CHRISTMAS

at the MARKET STREET BEEF CO.

Be sure and have one for Christmas. We have lots of them. We have them in all sizes. Before buying your turkey elsewhere, look us over, then you'll convince yourself that the

PRICE IS RIGHT

and the

QUALITY CANNOT BE BEAT

We cannot quote any prices. The market is not settled as yet

This is what you can Buy for 15c a lb.

Sugar-Cured Skin-Back Hams (15 to 25 Pound Average) } 15c lb.
City Dressed Shoulders of Pork . . . . . 15c lb.
Loins of Pork for Roasting . . . . . 15c lb.
Fresh Country Sausage, none better . 15c lb.
Bacon, by the strip or by the pound . . 15c lb.
Fresh Ground Hamburg Steak, 3 lbs. for 25c
Fresh Country Scrapple . . . . . 3 lbs. for 25c
Finest Country Butter, in ¼-lb. prints, 45c lb.
Finest Selected Eggs, in cartons . . . 45c doz.

MARKET STREET BEEF CO.

5221-23-25 Market St. 5939 Market St.

NOTICE—Thursday, Friday and Saturday We Close at 9:30 P. M. Stores Open at 7:30 A. M. Ready to Wait on Trade.
LOOK FOR OUR ADV. IN THURSDAY'S EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER