Woman's Life and Love

By WINIFRED HARPER COOLEY

Slaves to Love

A WOMAN murderer says, in an interview, that she literally was a slave to love. She was as bereft of reason, for eight years, as if she had been a maniac. The doctor whom she killed was like Svengali, her master, whose slightest will she obeyed. Was it actual hypnotism? That is what a jury will decide.

WINIFRED HARPER COOLEY

Is all love hypnotism? That is a subject upon which any of us can have an opinion.

Why are women weak as water, malleable as wax, when they love? It may be that they are sane and sensible, even humorous and gay, with the friends of ordinary life. They may be bright and piquant and in command of their charms and attractions, with most men, so that they delight and fascinate them. Because the woman is not in love with these other men, she is natural, and can be pleasing and even flirtatious. As she laughingly recedes, the man follows ardently—after the time immemorial manner of males. She realizes this, and knows full well that if she could just act in this attractive way toward the beloved, he, too, would pursue her with eagerness and passion.

Knowing this, why cannot she put her knowledge into practice? Is love itself a deadly hypnotic spell? Is the whole emotion but a self-hypnosis, a mirage, a dream? Happy people who have found their lifemate, often go through long years, serene and ecstatic in the certainty that he is a hero, a god, whereas everybody else knows that he is a commonplace, decent soul, with no especial qualifications or charms to set him apart from the common garden variety male. Friends of the pair gaze with amazement upon them, marveling at their illusion.

NOW, is not this exactly what happens when a professional hypnotist puts a subject into a passive state? The audience gazes surprised and amused, at the manifestations of the one who is under the spell. They see clearly that all the objects do not exist except in the powerful imagination, and the "suggestion"; but all the while, the entranced subject is confident that certain conditions are real!

If love is self-hypnotism, auto-intoxication, it is a blissful illusion, but a dangerous one. The love-drunkard may become excitable, and abnormal, and if crossed and abused, turn like a tigress, and rend the adored object asunder! The very passion of adoration makes certain an unusual vehemence in the rebound. "For each man kills the thing he loves," sang the poet.

A horrible emotional state? Well, what are we going to do about it? No one knows so well as we women, what fools we are! But is the cold and calculating, the cynical and selfish woman, to be our ideal? "La Belle Dame, sans merci"?

IT TAKES generations for servility to wear out of the human brain. A Negro is apt to have times of terror or of cringing, incompatible with his free and educated and prosperous present; slavery and terror are in his blood!

Woman, too, has been in bondage for many centuries. If her common sense and humor show her that the beloved object really is common clay, perhaps she does not actually worship him, blindly, but she is apt to worship a fixed idea of love! Throughout a lifetime, she goes searching. She longs for the real mate, romantically and sentimentally. No matter how many men fail her and show themselves ordinary or vicious, she clings tenaciously to her belief in the perfect man!

Paul and Virginia

By HELENA HOYT GRANT

Amateuring

"HOLY mack'rel!" Paul exploded. "You don't mean to tell me that these people actually charge thirty cents a window?"

Virginia nodded.

"I know it's awfully high, dear, but in this cold weather I just simply can't wash the windows myself. It makes my hands so terribly red and——"

"I don't want you to do it, dearest," said Paul hastily. He swiftly made a mental calculation of the job. Eleven windows.

"Three dollars and thirty cents!" he exclaimed. Then he laughed scornfully. "Heavens to Betsy, I can do 'em myself in an hour and a half and you may be sure I will."

Virginia stared doubtfully.

"But, Paul, washing windows is much harder than you think. And what will the neighbors say?"

"The neighbors? I should fret about what the neighbors say! I know one thing: I'm not going to pay any window cleaners thirty cents a window. That's flat. I can do the whole performance in—well, we'll say two hours. That gives me about ten minutes a window."

"It's awfully hard work," warned Virginia. "There seems to be a sort of knack to it."

Paul shrugged and set about gathering up the paraphernalia for the job.

She decided to remain away from the scene of operations. She had a presentiment—and recently this presentiment waved stronger as she heard strange, inarticulate sounds, sounds indicative of a struggle.

"Say!" he finally shouted from the spare room where he had begun. "Say, Virginia, what do these window fellows use instead of soap?"

But Virginia didn't know.

The struggle progressed.

Paul wiped and rubbed, and ruined everything from nice, clean dish-towels to the bath-mat he surreptitiously borrowed from the bathroom. The single pane upon which he had so far been engaged exactly forty minutes remained a streaked and mottled disgrace.

Finally he appeared upon the threshold, disheveled, perspiring, angry.

"Well, I'll — say what sort of things do these cleaner fellows have when they come to do the windows?"

"Oh, they only borrow a pail and they just wet the windows and take a little stick with rubber on it and well, that's all they do. They do a window in about five minutes," added Virginia slyly.

Paul uttered a rueful exclamation.

"And they make us pay 'em thirty cents a window?"

"Oh, yes."

"And I suppose they do the whole job in about half an hour."

"Oh, no. Sometimes it takes the man about an hour to do all ours."

A dangerous light glittered in Paul's usually mild brown eyes.

"And then for that hour we pay 'em thirty-thirty?"

She nodded sympathetically.

"Well, I swear," ejaculated the amateur window-cleaner.

He glared angrily at the one window upon which he had bent his efforts. The water had dried now, in spots and the effect was depressing.

"Oh, well," he finally sighed wearily and in full surrender, "call 'em up and tell 'em to come on and do the job."

His good temper was finally restored by a perfect dinner.

Their eyes met across the cloth and Paul chuckled.

"Who said the shoemaker should stick to his last, honey?"

Virginia dimpled.

"Oh, I suppose it was Shakespeare, but I'm not sure."

"He said something, dearest," murmured Paul.

Tomorrow—Propaganda.

The Woman's Exchange

Call Up Locust 0500

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—I left school when I was in the seventh grade. Will you kindly direct me to the nearest night school where I may finish my last year (eighth grade as I want to go to a business college later on.

GIRL OF FIFTEEN.

Call the Board of Education, Locust 0500 and ask about this, giving your address so that they can tell just which school to refer you to. They have a list of all the schools and can tell you whether you can get the course you want at the one nearest you.

To "A Constant Reader"

You wrote me about wanting to develop your body. From what you tell me I think what you really need is more food. Cocoa butter cannot do anything for you unless you help it along a little by eating more fats, good butter, milk, eggs and things of that kind that will make you fatter all over. If you do this and take exercises, either at home or in a gymnasium, you will find that you gain weight in a comparatively short time. It may take two months for you to show a decided improvement, but don't be discouraged. That's a short time compared to all the time you have been thin, you know, and it's hard to get fat in a hurry. I am sure this fattening diet will help you if you will just stick to it until you get the results you want.

For a Weak Heart

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Is there a cure for a weak heart? H. S.

Sometimes a weak heart can be strengthened and helped by careful, quiet living, and plenty of sunshine and open air. If there is a defect in the heart, though, you should consult a physician or go to a clinic as soon as possible to see just what it is and how it can be corrected, if you can do anything for it. Perhaps just a little treatment will help it, or it may be that you will have to be very careful of what you do for a long time. It is not wise or safe, though, to let it go. Have a doctor look you over as soon as possible.

The Question Corner

Today's Inquiries

1. What is the rare accomplishment of one American woman astronomer?
2. When one wishes to give a small and daintily useful present to the new baby, what can be made?
3. How is an exquisitely colored beaded bag fashioned?
4. What is the average weight for a boy thirty-five inches tall, and for a girl of the same height?
5. Describe a new and sensible feature in the oxford that is used for street wear.
6. In what way is a marvelously effective scarf and hat set made?

Yesterday's Answers

1. Great Britain is said to have more women workers in proportion to population than any other country.
2. A small machine which slices vegetables quickly and evenly by means of passing them through a compartment worked by turning a handle is a new device for the kitchen which will lighten work for the housekeeper considerably.
3. By painting a low, oblong wooden grocery box a slaty blue in color, and filling it with ivy or some other low-growing green things, a cheerfully attractive decoration for a wide windowsill can be made.
4. When children are between the ages of twelve to fourteen years they should have from nine to ten hours of sleep a day.
5. For afternoon frocks, shades of copper, brown and beige are decreed smartest at the present time.
6. In a striking sort of way, the trimming of long strands of crystal beads on the skirt of an evening frock of black charmeuse is repeated on each sleeve, the sleeve itself being very short.

Things You'll Love to Make

For this charming little WAX CONTAINER CANDY BOX you will need an inexpensive wax container, the kind in which many foods are purchased. Enamel the container. Decorate it with some flowers in bright colors. Paste or glue a piece of silk around the upper outside edge. (First measure the size of the silk, then make the seam.) Use either ribbon, or line the strip, if of silk. Make a heading at the top. Run a ribbon through. Finish your lovely WAX CONTAINER CANDY BOX by pasting a piece of gold lace over the bottom edge of the silk.

Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

Another Girl Writes to Them

Dear Cynthia—Having read in your column the conceit of the two handsome young men (good looking and handsome), I am forced to say that these two are a fine comedy.

Dear boys, you're missing an opportunity of a lifetime by not taking a position with some beauty parlor or vanity salon. If conceit was consumption, you boys would be dead a long time. I would not only suggest but advise you to take good hold on your vanity cases for fear you will lose them.

Two men of your age and talking about yourselves as you have! Well, there is something loose. I wouldn't think it of the male sex. In going into details, I would say that I have met many good-looking men, but they never let the town know it.

Hoping to have the pleasure of meeting you two gentlemen some time, and also hoping you don't mislay your powder puff, but lay off the conceit and make the world safe for manhood, the stuff that is needed nation wide.

ANALYZED.

He Has Not Asked for Company

Dear Cynthia—For the second time I write to you for advice and am hoping to get it.

I am going with a young man for about seven months, pretty steady. But he has never as yet asked me to go steady or keep company. He takes me to his home once in a while, am very well acquainted with his folks. Now Cynthia, what shall I do, as I don't know whether to ask him to wait as all my friends and relatives know that I'm going with him and they always ask me questions. Do you think it is right from him not to tell me anything about keeping company? I don't care to go with other fellows since going with him, as my lady friends all know about him so I would not like any gossip. Please tell me what to do. I thank you for the past favor. ANXIOUS.

Over and over again Cynthia has advised against steady company. You ought to be glad this boy has not sought to tie you down in such a way, without a promise of marriage, as in an engagement.

Do not speak to him on the matter, but do not go exclusively with him unless he asks you to become engaged.

A Question of Introduction

Dear Cynthia—Please answer me on the following:

First, Is it correct to use this form of introduction: "Miss Roe meet Mr. Doe" or what should be said?

Second, A friend, and a very close friend, kissed me against my will. I accepted his apology and continued on the same basis. Was it O. K. to do so?

Third, Another friend is attached to the habit of profanity. Is it O. K. to reprove him when he becomes profane in my company?

Fourth, One of the boys treated me very well at Christmas. His birthday occurs in the near future. Can I return it, rather, would it be proper to do so? What can I give him? He doesn't smoke, detests books, but is athletic, especially good in tennis.

Fifth, A boy friend when out with me always insists on walking arm in arm. Is this improper? If so, how shall I object? OFTEN PUZZLED.

First, When introducing a man to a girl it's correct to say, "Miss Roe, may I present Mr. Doe"—or "This is Mr. Doe, Miss Roe." The introduction you mentioned is not considered good form.

Second, Quite all right to accept the apology. Make him keep to it.

Third, Insist that this boy stop using profane language in your presence. Do not overlook it.

Fourth, Send him a fountain pen or a patented pencil.

Fifth, It's not good form to walk arm in arm. Do not allow it.

Thinks Girl Was Mean

Dear Cynthia—About four weeks before Christmas I took sick with pneumonia and my girl friend (for about two years) wrote and told me she would come out if possible. Now this girl never came out, but in her last letter asked me to come over as soon as I was able. About a week before Christmas I was allowed up but not out, so I did not send her a card or give her a present because I wanted to see if she really cared enough to send me a card. She didn't send me a card, but New Year's Day I took her out a present, but she was not at home. Now I really do not know why I took the present out, except that it was of no use to me and that I really cared for the girl.

Was it not her place to come out and see me or let me know why she couldn't come?

Was it right for me to try her that way by not sending her a card? Did I do right by taking the present out and leaving it at her home? If I did, shouldn't she have written at least a note of thanks? Is it my place to write and find out what the trouble is or wait and see what happens?

BILL.

It is not customary for girls to call on men, especially if the man is ill in bed. It would have been nice for her to send you a card at Christmas, but unless engaged to you she was not called upon to go see you or send you anything. Of course, she should have written and thanked you for the present, and she does not seem to have behaved nicely. Better let her alone after this.

Odd Appliqued Motif on Skirt of This Suit

By CORINNE LOWE

When you go home and think it over, it's always the woman in the suit who jumps first out of the memory box.

Suits are now enjoying more of a vogue than they did during the early part of the season, and they range from the tailored kind to the most elaborate conceptions.

The suit introducing a cape motif in the cut of the coat is well represented. Here we show it in dark blue tricotine, with collar and cuffs of gray caracul and an applique of marine blue panne velvet on the skirt.

THE CHAFING DISH PARTY

Or should it be the electric grill party in these advanced days? Whatever it should be, you need a dressy apron for it, because there's always the chance of spilling something on a pretty frock. Some dainty aprons are described below.

CROSS-BARRED dimity is about as pretty for small, fancy aprons as any material one can choose. Cut in a great variety of shapes such as hearts, ovals, square or pointed. A tiny rosebud or other flower embroidered in one corner or on the small pocket that is a feature of many of these small affairs adds to the beauty. Lace insertion and edging are attractive. If there is a bib, it should match the apron in shape.

Cut gingham, in a small check in blue and white. In one piece, with edges slightly gored and the bottom edge rather rounded. Then across the bottom and up both sides cut the edges in scallops. It will require a little planning to have them perfect, so measure the distance across the bottom, plan for one scallop to come in the center and one at each corner, so that half of it is on the bottom of the apron and the other half on the side. Then you can see what space is left across the bottom and get the right size of scallop. A tiny saucer or cup might do for a marker.

These scallops are bound with some contrasting color — say white, if the check is blue, or any other color with white.

There is a small bib with scalloped top and the sash ends are scalloped. A pretty fancy is to make matching cuffs and collar. The picture shows the idea.

Chintz aprons are quite unusual and most attractive. The gay colors and all-over designs are a little out of the ordinary, but most effective. There is a generous-sized bib to these aprons, cut with a low, square neck, extending into straps that go over the shoulders and down to the waistband in the back.

The skirt part is cut straight and comes to the edge of the dress. It is gathered across the top and set into a narrow band that is finished with sash ends in the back. The apron edges are finished with a bias binding in some plain color, and there are large patch pockets, which add to the attractiveness and usefulness of the apron.

Voile and cotton crepe are also made into quite large aprons, decorated with wool embroidery.

"The Marriage Gambler"

By HAZEL DEVO BATCHELOR

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Carol Rathbourne refuses Nick Tracy twice because she does not love him, but when she hears that he has become infatuated with Daisy Castleton, of "The Jolly Revelers," Carol's decision wavers, and she writes to Nick. However, when he comes to her, she realizes that she does not love him, and it is only Nick's consideration that helps her through the ordeal of promising to be his wife. Afterward, when he presents her with a gift, she forces herself to respond to his caresses, but she realizes for the first time what it will mean to marry a man without love. When Nick goes to see Daisy for the last time, she is gone and does not let him suspect that she has learned to care.

CHAPTER XVI

Confidences

AFTER Nick had gone, Daisy sat still on the couch for a few moments, and then with a little admonishing shake of her small body, she rose abruptly, went to the door of the boudoir and flung it open. There was no need of trying to keep secrets from Georgia and Luella; besides it wasn't Daisy's way. She wanted some one to talk to and she was certain of sympathy from the other two girls.

"Well!" she said dramatically, striking a pose as she stood on the threshold.

"Well!" they said in unison, eagerly, "what happened, what did he want? Are you engaged?

"Nix on that stuff, he came to say good-by, what do you know about that?"

"Daisy," Luella exclaimed indignantly, "he didn't have the nerve to come and tell you it was all off."

"Sure he did, that's just what happened."

She came into the room and threw herself down in a low wicker chair, and the two girls stared at her, waiting for her to tell them more.

"I knew it as soon as I had seen his face, the other girl's come back."

"Gee, he's a poor sport," snorted Georgia. "Didn't he bring you anything; didn't he offer to make things right with you?"

"Of course not, he's not that kind," Daisy returned. "He probably never thought of it."

Luella was staring at her with shrewd dark eyes and she exclaimed suddenly.

"Daisy you're taking up for him, don't tell me you really care, that it's going to make you unhappy."

Daisy nodded, slowly. "Yes, I care. Isn't it a scream, girls? But it's the truth, and that's why I didn't have the heart to make it hard for him. But here's the point, I don't think she cares, and some day he's going to find it out for himself. I think she's probably heard about me, and she's going to marry him to prevent him from making a fool of himself. Well, some day when he finds out the truth, he'll remember me, and he'll come back. You wait and see."

Luella scoffed. "You're not going to spoil your life waiting around for something like that to happen, are you? I thought you had more sense. If you care for him now you'll get over it, some one else will come along."

"Oh, I'm not going to sit still with my hands folded, just waiting for something to happen, but I'm going to hope that it will. You see I love him, he's different. After all he needn't have come back to tell me. I didn't have a thing on him, he's played square right along, and I had to be a sport.

"You're a sport all right," said Georgia, "more of a sport than I'd be, if a man had taken up as much of my time as he has yours." But the softness in her voice belied the sting in her words. She was fond of Daisy, and she wasn't in love with Nick Tracy, therefore she saw the entire matter through different eyes.

In Georgia's shrewd little heart there were such things as breach of promise cases with thousands of dollars involved, and whether she had been in love with a man or not she would have made him pay in good solid cash for trifling with her affections.

"Think of the money you could have landed if you'd sued him!" she suggested craftily. "I think you're crazy."

Daisy laughed a little shakily. "Well, he'll know there's one chorus girl who isn't out for the money, anyway."

"Yes, but precious little good that'll do you," reminded Georgia practically.

Tomorrow—Her Wedding Eve

"Mother" Jones Ill

"Mother" Jones, for many years a conspicuous figure in organized labor circles, particularly in the affairs of the mine workers, is suffering from an attack of rheumatism. In view of the fact that she is ninety-three years old, it is considered doubtful if she ever will be able to resume her old-time activities in behalf of "her boys."

Two Minutes of Optimism

By HERMAN J. STICH

The Business of Humanity

TO GET really the most out of life, there are some things besides making a living that we must do.

Whatever our position or possessions, we ought to make a business of humanity.

There are many lines of this great business which we can carry on as sidelines to our regular job.

Such as: The Cheering-Up Line. The Encouraging Line. The Lend-a-Hand Line.

No matter how limited your means, no matter how pressing your engagements, you can afford to be liberal with your smiles, unstinted with your encouragement, generous with kindliness by the wayside.

There are the things which bring harmony into life; and harmony is power; harmony is efficiency; harmony spells success.

Writing a friendly letter, dropping a cheering congratulation, pouring out deserved words of praise—who can measure these in dollars and cents—and who can doubt that they come back to their donor in a thousand ways and give enduring satisfaction.

This business of humanity is the one business that never gets overcrowded; opportunities to get in are always plentiful; yet, paradoxically enough, the opportunities you let slip today seldom return again.

Our foremost statesmen, our brilliant scientists, our ingenious inventors—these men accomplish great things; but after all, it is the things which come from the heart that mean the most and accomplish the most.

The most important as well as most satisfying business in the world is the business of humanity.

Get into it.

It Takes a Very Unusual Girl To Be Her Mother-in-Law's Boarder

There Is Bound to Be Some Friction When a Man Takes His Wife Home to Live With His Mother—Separate Homes Are Better

WHEN they were first married they lived with "his" parents.

His wife was very fond of her mother-in-law, and the plan seemed very nice to everybody for a while.

But—oh, that but that comes into everything like this!—there were some things on which the wife and her mother-in-law did not agree.

They had no actual quarrels, but there were discussions and things were said on both sides which would not have been said under other conditions.

And the young bride feels that she can never have quite so much respect for her mother-in-law after those certain things that were said.

This would never have happened if they had not lived together.

It is only an exceptional woman who can live with her husband's family for longer than a visit and "get away with it."

There are bound to be demands upon her patience and understanding that she cannot meet halfway.

HER husband's mother naturally clings to her little boy and the little boy feeling about him.

She naturally wants to know all about him just as she always did, and wants to do things for him just as she always did, and have him come to her first, just as he always did.

Now he cannot do that, and she cannot do that when he is married and his wife is there with him.

It is not right that he should or that she should.

And his mother would know that and remember it if he did not live right there in his own room, just as he always had.

Somehow it seems just the same as before his marriage, when things are arranged that way.

A MAN never realizes what a difficult situation he is making when he brings his wife to his own home to live.

No matter how sweet his wife, no matter how sensible and broad-minded his mother, there is almost sure to be some friction.

A boy's mother thinks there is no one closer to him than his mother.

A man's wife thinks there is no one closer to him than his wife.

A difference of opinion arises, and instantly all the instinctive, involuntary resentment of the other's intrusion that each one has kept carefully hidden comes uppermost.

It's inevitable.

Some of the very nicest friendships between daughter-in-law and mother-in-law have been broken irremediably by the insistence of the husband and son on bringing his bride into his own home.

It is the greatest mistake that he can make. If he cannot provide a separate home for her it would be much better to wait and save a while longer until he can take her to their own home.

THERE she can cook potatoes with their jackets on if she wants to; there she can have silly little dust-catching shields for her telephone if she wants to; there she can have dinner in the middle of the day instead of at night if she wants to, and there she can have dim shaded candles on her dining-room table if she wants to without causing any talk at all.

And from there she can go to see her mother-in-law, become great friends with her, and establish a deep and lasting affection that will do them both good.

Why can't husbands understand that?

Adventures With a Purse

ARE you tired of wearing your wrist watch on a ribbon? Would you like a change? For some time I have secretly pined for one of the silver straps. This strap is a flexible silver band that clasps to each side of your watch, and holds it firm and in place on your wrist. The nice part of it is that you can choose from a number of widths. You even can get one about an eighth of an inch wide, but the ones I like, and which I rather imagine will appeal to you, too, are a full half or three-quarters of an inch in width, and have an appearance of solidity that is most desirable. The price of these sterling silver straps is $3.

I saw some mighty nice-looking sterling silver barpins the other day. They are very slender with a fineness and daintiness that make them very lacy and delicate in appearance. They are studded with twinkling white brilliants, and from their good workmanship and pleasing look, suggest the expensive platinum and diamond pins.

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

Square Hands

Again scientific fact squares up with popular phraseology, for the "square" hand denotes virtually what we call the "square" type of personality.

The square hand, as the characterologist defines it, is firm, medium-sized, and squarely shaped. The fingernails, while not stubby, are not long, and are rather square in shape. The thumb is firm and large.

The owners of such hands are "regular" people of the practical, industrious type, and you'll find that they are capable of considerable tenacity and persistence in carrying to a successful conclusion the things they undertake. They are inclined to be punctual and precise, but not overly so, in their habits, and find little sympathy for others who are shiftless and careless in their consideration for others.

The square hand also marks a predisposition for the enjoyment of domestic life, reasonable, practical ambition, with abilities generally leaning toward mechanical and commercial problems.

Tomorrow—Short Heads

Antoinette Donnelly's Advice on Beauty

P. A. L.: I have illustrated exercises on how to reduce the bust which I will be glad to mail to you if you will send me a stamped, addressed envelope.

Query: I know a woman with lovely golden brown hair who uses the egg shampoo entirely, and I must confess she is a splendid indorsement for it. But at the present cost of eggs it would seem the old reliable soap and water treatment is an excellent institution. She takes eight eggs, separates yolks and whites; first rubs the beaten yolks on her dry head, rinses that off in luke warm water—not hot, remember, unless you want them cooked; then rub the whites on for the second shampoo, and follow this with about six rinsings. No soap is used.

WHAT'S WHAT

By HELEN DECIE

The quick modern method of "hot-platter dinners" is gaining approval in many households where each dinner is sent in from the kitchen on its own hot plate. But, wherever the older custom of passing dishes still prevails at a family table, the mother and father have the first helping, then the dishes are passed to the juniors. Meat is frequently served alone on the heated plates after the soup plates have been removed from each place. Salad, also, may be in individual dishes, so that it is necessary to pass only the vegetables, the bread and the condiments.

The usual form of request for passing sauce, relishes, seasoning, etc., is, "May I trouble you for the vinegar?" (for instance). But, where every one at the table pays attention to the wants of every one else, any such request should be unnecessary, especially on the part of a woman or an invited guest, whose wants should always be anticipated.

Women Workers

In Birmingham, Ala., there appears to be no form of labor from which women are excluded. The city has five women chauffeurs, four women employed as draymen, twenty-eight engaged as semi-skilled operatives in steel mills or blast furnaces, ten women listed as coal miners and one woman who earns her livelihood as a railroad switchman.

An Indian Woman

The Begum of Phopal, who is to entertain the Prince of Wales during his visit to India, is the only woman Mohammedan ruler in the world. The Begum is a highly educated, cultured woman, who speaks English fluently. She is fond of music and painting, and has written one or two books, notably an account of her pilgrimage to Mecca.

A reduction of 23c a dozen in 3 weeks!

Gold Seal

Strictly fresh

Eggs

carton of twelve 44c

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Made into a trig little coat suit with cape and hat to match, they form a combination that is smart, practical and picturesque.

Sports Suits, $39.75

Capes, $25.00

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Of Imported English Tweeds in the plaid and herring-bone effects and all the wanted colors.

127 S. 13th St. PHILADELPHIA AND 1337 Chestnut St.

Boardwalk Shop—Atlantic City—Brighton Block

ASCO AMERICAN STORES CO. ASCO

The way to a man's heart

has been said to be through his stomach. One of the shortest routes is a good cup of coffee.

If there's one thing a man is particular about, one part of his meals he enjoys more than the others, it is his coffee. Surprise "him" with a cup of the delicious Asco Coffee and see his face light up in a smile.

ASCO Coffee

25c lb

Taste the difference?

The enticing fragrance, the rich, rare aroma, the little joy telegram that the tickled nerves wire to the brain from a cup of delicious Asco Coffee make a man start the day with a smile on his face and a song in his heart.

Sold only in Asco Stores, located all over Phila. and throughout Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware and Maryland.

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