SARAH D. LOWRIE'S SATURDAY EVENING TALK

Your Shrill Little Whistle in Life May Affect Many Others With Its Cheer or Sadness

SOMETIMES late in the night and sometimes after the turn of the night, in the very early morning, a boy goes by our house whistling. He is not always the same boy, for the tunes that are whistled range up and down the gamut of melodies from the last jazz catch back to a plain song as old as and older than Christianity, and the chap who cares to keep his spirits up on a cold brisk night by the one sort of tune would not be likely to know the other. But what happens is the same, whatever the tune. The men and women, old and young, who are awake and restless in all the houses the length of his walk lie still for the moment and listen to his tune until it grows faint in the distance and dies away.

Something about the tune in that still hour of the night gives it for the moment of the whistler's passing a power not only to hold thought in suspense but to change subtly thought's rhythm, so that no one goes back to thinking quite in the old groove after the silence once more settles down into the low pulse beat of the city in the night.

I have often thought if the whistle of a passing boy can be felt by so many of his fellow men—a greater audience than most singers can boast for a night's performance—who can say what is of much account and what is of little account in this world?

THE men who get praised for things and the things that get praised are seldom as heroic as something that is put over with no medals or speeches, just in the line of duty.

I have been interested to read of the release of the Sinn Fein political prisoners and of their triumphant return to Ireland and of the great ovations that were given them.

But I went today to the release of a prisoner who for fifteen years has walked under the shadow of death, and suffered the ignominy of disease and pain, waiting in suspense for the cruelest kind of death, the postponement of which only meant more suffering and greater weakness and the possibility of loneliness. As I looked slowly round on all the faces of the men and women gathered at that funeral, I thought: "There isn't one here who has not been helped by that woman's dignity and grace and brave simplicity in carrying herself through this living death for all these years."

She has made what the Latins call a "beautiful gesture" in her heroism, and in the hour of need of all who watched her the memory of that "gesture" will stand them in good stead.

I WAS thinking the same thing, too, about Lewis S. Sadler, whose death last week has brought to a halt what seemed to some persons a great hope for the future politics of this State. Several years ago when his wife died, the people up in Carlisle shook their heads, doubting if he would ever rally from that shattering of all his life, enough to break the recluse ways into which he had fallen. Whatever force carried him out of his depression into the public life of service that had marked him since we entered the war, it was quite plainly not a zest for life in the old lines.

He gave one the impression of living for his State because it had ceased to be possible for him to live for his home. But the threatened shirking of life because the joy of it had broken in his hand passed away like a bad dream and in his public services of these last few years his example has been a challenge to other men of his sort who have opportunities like his to take their patriotism as seriously as they take their business.

I WAS walking through the forest not long ago with a man who has the quickest eyes for detecting living movements in the leaves and along the ground that I ever knew. He saw a dozen live things in the woods peering at us with their little bright eyes and whisking silently off to some secret covert before we came abreast of them, but I knew that he was right when he said that he probably caught sight of only a tenth of all the little live things about us.

Sometimes I think we hustle and hustle through our days, and get on and off trains and cars, brush through revolving doors, transact business at counters, come in and go out of board and business meetings, hurry along the streets and see about as much of the humans in our path as we do of the little creatures in the woods, and remain as solemnly unaware of what they see in us to hide from cautiously or as cautiously investigate, as though they were so many squirrels and birds and field mice and cottontails.

THE truth of the matter is that all of life is so a part of each man's story that it is impossible to say what episode is important to the plot and what is not until you know the plot, and no human can guess his own plot until death writes "finis" under his life. So it is best not to scamp any of the details, but to live as though each act might prove to be the last and best.

Be careful what tune you whistle as you go past the seemingly sleeping streets of houses in the night. Your tune, merry or sad, full of old memories or of modern and careless echoes, shrills up into rooms where people are thinking a thousand thoughts that you can cross section with a single phrase of melody.

Which is only saying in common English what Browning said for all time in his "Pippa Passes."

Pippa's song:

"God's puppets, best and worst
Are we; there is no last nor first;
Say not 'a small event!' Why 'small'?
Costs it more pain than this ye call
A great event? * * * Untwine me from the mass
Of deeds which make up life, one deed
Power shall fall short in or exceed!"

AND there is an even better way of saying it, a truth for all eternity:

"But God chose the foolish things of the world, that he might put to shame them that are wise (in their own conceit), and God chose the weak things in the world, that he might put to shame the things that are strong, and the base things, the things that are despised, did God choose, yea the things that are not, that he might bring to naught the things that are, that no flesh should glory before God."

SARAH D. LOWRIE.

Paul and Virginia

By HELENA HOYT GRANT

The Patriot!

THE perfect wife did not hesitate when Paul telephoned.

"Do you mind if I fetch Morris out to dinner, honey?"

"Of course not. Bring him along, although we're going to have roast pork. Who is he, dear?"

"Morris is the fellow the firm sent to England. Remember him? He's the chap who said he was glad he was going to a free country—lot of bunk like that."

Virginia cooled.

"Oh, yes: must you bring him home to dinner?"

"Oh, he's an awfully fine fellow—" And Paul hung up.

Mr. Morris was a poet. That is, he possessed all the exterior marks. The scenery. In fact, he was a very able salesman and executive.

Virginia did not like him from the start.

"You are devoted to England now, after being over there a year, I suppose, Mr. Morris?" she said blandly.

Morris exchanged a swift glance with Paul.

"Ah—" he stammered, "ah—you mean I'm delighted to be home again, I suppose?" * * * He did have a charming smile, Virginia remembered.

"I thought you loved England," she said hastily.

"Love England?"

"Well——"

Mr. Morris laughed; laughed so loudly as to be almost impolite.

"I love England? You might almost as well accuse me of reveling in the so-to-speak joys of Paris."

"But——"

"Oh, yes," he laughed, with an idle wave of his hand. "I know! When the firm sent me abroad I shot off a lot of strange stuff about personal liberty and rights and all that sort of thing. I dare say we all do that."

"But——"

"I never wanted anything so much in my life as I did a plate of buckwheat cakes and Vermont maple sirup in Versailles. And I tried to get pork chops and fried potatoes in the Carleton, in London, and they looked at me as if I might be mad."

Paul nodded sympathetically.

"I spent three hours on the Strand trying to find the only shop where they have good old American ice-cream soda — and failed."

His face took on the lines of tragedy.

"I wanted to hear the sizzle of steam heat; I craved a chunk of ice in the drinking water; I would have broken down and sobbed if I had seen a plate of baked beans——"

"No baked beans?"

Mr. Morris waved his hand in a large, encompassing way.

"Listen! I am no sentimentalist. I never read a line of American history. In school, I was always strong on figures and planning ways to get out of school before 4 P. M."

Again Paul nodded sympathetically.

"I don't know where George Washington was born. I have no idea when Abe Lincoln entered Washington. I don't know what the Civil War was all about. But, believe me, I know the good old Stars and Stripes give me a rattle in my heart, or something, that almost suffocates me, and I have wept only once since I was switched at the age of seven years.

Somehow Virginia was drawn to this erratic guest.

"And that was——"

Mr. Morris stared absently at the fireplace for a moment.

"That was when I walked out of the railroad station of this town when I got home, and I saw the same old street cars, the familiar figure of the cop on the corner——"

"Mr. Morris," murmured Virginia softly, "you must have some more of this dressing."

She glanced at Paul meaningly.

"Yes, yes, Ed, have——"

Foolish children! They went to bed with an argument about whether one Betsy Ross was a woman or a myth!

Monday—"Gladiator Stuff!"

Through a Woman's Eyes

By JEAN NEWTON

Mrs. Wish-I-Didn't—Wish-I-Hadn't

"I wish I hadn't taken this one—of course it's too late now. There was another suit—I can't think why I didn't take that. This one will be an eyesore every time I have to wear it."

Do you know Mrs. Wish-I-Didn't-Wish-I-Hadn't? Poor woman, she has an awful time of it.

If she buys a black hat she can't think why she didn't take the blue one. If she took patent leather shoes she is sorry she didn't take the dull. If her coat has a fur collar she thinks she would have preferred it plain.

After she has taken a first-floor apartment she thinks of the advantages of living upstairs. If she has engaged an Irish maid she is haunted by a certain Swede.

If she is ordering a la carte her dinner is spoiled because she regrets taking grapefruit instead of oysters and she isn't sure she wouldn't rather have had the other kind of soup. If, fearing nervous prostration, her husband takes her to a table d'hote, she has something to be sorry for in the restaurant across the street!

No doubt there are Miss W. I. D-W. I. H.'s who are spinsters for the sole reason that they held off saying "Yes" for fear of regretting afterward.

But usually the Wish-I-Didn't-Wish-I-Hadn't people don't pick. They take anything that comes along. I know one woman who takes special pride in saying when she is selecting a gown, "Oh, anything that is neat and fits—I'm not at all fussy." And she isn't—not when she is buying. It is after she gets her purchase home.

I think it was Huxley who said, "Life is like walking along a crowded street; there always seem to be fewer obstacles to getting along on the opposite pavement; and yet, if one crosses over, matters are rarely mended."

How fortunate are the people with the habit of looking before they leap, who then have the power of seeing the advantages of the side they have chosen, of standing by their bargain, of liking what they have. How much energy they save, how much irritation they miss, how much happier they are.

UNUSUAL PICTURES OF POPE

A full page of striking pictures of Pope Benedict will be published in the Rotogravure Section of tomorrow's PUBLIC LEDGER.—Adv.

"The Marriage Gambler"

By HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR

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Carol Rathbourne marries Nick Tracy without loving him in the least, for the reason that she cannot bear to see him ruin his life through his infatuation for Daisy Castleton, of "The Jolly Revelers." Nick suspects the truth and is fearful that another man may awaken her love. Then Jervis Britton comes into Carol's life and he exerts a queer fascination over her.

CHAPTER XXIX

Two Men and a Woman

CAROL always looked back to that evening at Grace Marriott's when she first met Jervis Britton as a milestone in her life. It was as though this man had awakened another side of her nature, for his eyes drew her compellingly, and she was conscious that her cold reserve melted away under the charm of his personality.

Always she had been able to hide behind that reserve of hers. Once she had never wanted it otherwise, one escaped so much by pretending not to understand, and it had always been possible to hold Nick at bay by erecting it as a barricade between them.

She had hardly realized the power of Britton's personality until Nick called for her that night.

His entrance into the room, sleek and well groomed, had startled her. For the first time she ceased to be sorry for what she had done, she thought only of the fact that because she and Nick had murmured vows in the presence of several hundred people and a minister, she was bound to him, he had the right to carry her off unless she wanted to make a scene and refuse to go. And Carol was still too bound by the conventions to do anything like that.

She was the first to make the move to go, lest Nick assert this authority of his, and her careless good-by had included every one. Jervis Britton received no more than a fluttering of the eyelids in his direction, but he was content. He knew that if his meeting with Carol had meant nothing to her, she would have been effusive in her good-by, and instead she had avoided him.

"First rehearsal on Friday night," Grace had said merrily. "Nick, I suppose you'll come along as sort of a watchdog. You haven't been married long enough to be happy if Carol is out of your sight for a moment, and remember the fascinating Mr. Britton is to be her leading man."

Nick's eyes met Jervis Britton's and the look on both sides was one of appraisal. In Nick's was an unspoken question which if put into words might have run like this.

"Are you the man Carol will love? Have you the power to take her away from me?"

Britton wore a look of careless arrogance. In his mind he was thinking, "Can you hold her, and if not, can you blame any one else for stepping in and taking what you did not have the power to keep for yourself?"

It was like a declaration of war, and yet the cards seemed to be in Nick's hand. He had only to defend his own from the enemy who must of necessity attack. If Carol loved him this would be easy, but the fact that she did not love him, weakened his stronghold, and made it possible for the enemy to strike a blow that would send it crumbling to the ground.

"And there's nothing I can do," Nick thought later. They were in a taxi, and Carol sat beside him strangely quiet and uncommunicative. "My hands are tied; it would do more harm than good if I asserted my rights and held her by force."

Once before he had faced this question and there had been only one satisfactory answer to it. Nick's first thought had been, "I'd kill the man who took her from me," that had been during their honeymoon when he had been so sure of winning her love. Now everything was changed. He was miserable, but Carol, too, was unhappy. He wanted her to have happiness far more than he wanted anything for himself. But if he knew that her happiness could be bought by handing her over to another man, could he be brave enough to give her up?

Nick shrank from this question even in his thoughts.

Monday—Vigils

Read Your Character

By Digby Phillips

Mathematical Ability

If you were hiring a bookkeeper you would want to get one to whom mathematics came easily, wouldn't you? One to whom mathematics is, so to speak, second nature? But it does not follow that the man who is well grounded in mathematics, and who is able upon occasions to pass severe tests in one or more of its branches, is necessarily one who can live with mathematics eight or more hours a day, year in and year out, and be happy at it.

If you want to know whether mathematics and the man or woman to whom you are talking mix well, look straight into his or her face. If your subject is a natural-born mathematician, there is a good development of the skull back of the external angle of the eye, below the eyebrows. It gives a squareness and a width to that part of the face.

A good development of the brain under this part of the skull is essential to all the processes of mental calculation. The person who has it is the one who can add up a column of figures unhesitatingly and with confidence. It is the faculty principally of arithmetic. For in the higher forms of mathematics other faculties, having to do with reason and logic, also are involved.

Monday—The Balance Bump

WHAT'S WHAT

By HELEN DECIE

If a guest happens to be a slow eater, or if he or she has been delayed by conversation, it is very bad form for the host, hostess, or any member of the family to allow the visitor to eat alone, making it obvious that every one else has finished, and that all are retarded by the guest's slowness.

In such a case, it is customary for the hostess, at least, to make a semblance of continuing the dinner course, by taking a bit of bread, or by using a fork to eat a morsel from her plate now and then. The olives, nuts and other trifles usually served at a "company dinner" are very useful for keeping pace with a tardy guest. On the other hand, no guest should try the patience of entertainers too much by lingering long after every one else has finished, and thus delaying another course, or the adjournment from the dining room, so welcome to those who have to do the after work.

THIS IS THE WAY WE WEAR OUR VEILS

Adventures With a Purse

IF THERE is one subject that should arouse your interest right now it is nice warm woolly blanket. We need 'em. So I shall tell you of a shop that has all-wool blankets at a special price of $9 a pair. They are bound in white and have pink or blue stripes on the borders, and are of excellent quality. Don't you think that is a bargain price for woolen blankets?

I ran across a sale of nail brushes this afternoon. Some of them were originally priced as high as fifty cents and seventy-five cents. But the whole lot has been repriced at twenty cents each. Some are plain, others have bristles on the back. They seem to me to be very nice brushes.

If you see about them immediately, there may be a few pairs left, but they are going fast, so I cannot definitely promise you. They are broken lots of stockings, some silk and wool, and others all wool. The colors are mostly green or brown, and the price per pair is $1.45.

For names of shops address Woman's Page Editor or phone Walnut 3000 or Main 1661 between the hours of 9 and 5.

In the Search for Inexpensive Dishes Mrs. Wilson Lends Invaluable Aid

She Gives Today a Daintily Varied List That Will Take Care of an Entire Week in a Most Economical Manner

By MRS. M. A. WILSON

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BUSINESS conditions make it imperative for the housewife to recognize the fact that practical economy is necessary if she is to save and have a surplus. Many skilled mechanics have had both financial reductions in wage and also many idle weeks. The wise woman always seeks to save a dollar, and when hard times come, as they do to every one of us, then she can feel that it is possible to give the family nourishing food, because she has economized in the days of plenty.

I have a class of mothers, who have passed the financial crisis, and take real pride in the fact that they can build and cook inexpensive menus. One little woman said to a newcomer who has just joined this class, "It would have paid you well to have come with us in the beginning; my man says the food was never so good"; "I know it," responded the newcomer, "my husband heard of it and that is why I am joining you."

The rule in this class is, take your basket and market, buy best of its kind, and do not make the mistake of buying poor or spoiled foods.

A Week's Menu From the Thrifty Club

MONDAY

Stewed Prunes
Griddle Cakes Sirup
Coffee

Luncheon

Potato Salad
Bread and Butter
Prune Pudding Sauce
Tea

Dinner

Boiled Beef With Potatoes
Buttered Beets Cabbage Salad
Apple Pie Tea

TUESDAY

Breakfast

Baked Apples
Fried Mush Sirup
Coffee

Luncheon

Rice Soup
Bread Omelet
Fried Potatoes
Ginger Bread Tea

Dinner

Pea Pudding
Boiled Potatoes Turnips
Spiced Beets
Apple Tarts Tea

WEDNESDAY

Breakfast

Stewed Peaches
French Toast Sirup
Coffee

Luncheon

Baked Macaroni with Cheese
Cabbage Salad
Ginger Bread Jelly
Tea

Dinner

Pea Croquettes Cheese Sauce
Cream Potatoes Carrots
Celery and Onion Salad
Cereal Pudding Tea

THURSDAY

Breakfast

Apple Sauce
Home-Made Scrapple Panned
Reheat of Creamed Potatoes
Bread Coffee

Luncheon

Welsh Rabbit on Toast
Cereal Pudding Apple Sauce
Tea

Dinner

Lamb Stew with Vegetables
Coleslaw
Ginger Bread Pudding Tea

FRIDAY

Breakfast

Sliced Oranges
Oatmeal with Raisins and Cream
Bread Butter Coffee

Luncheon

Tomato Soup
Cheese Sandwiches
Ginger Pudding Tea

Dinner

Salt Mackerel Spanish Style
Whole Boiled Potatoes Lima Beans
Pickled Beets
Tapioca Pudding Tea

SATURDAY

Breakfast

Sliced Bananas
Griddle Cakes Bacon
Coffee

Luncheon

Creamed Beef on Toast
Tapioca Pudding
Tea

Dinner

Baked Lima Beans with Tomatoes
Baked Macaroni String Beans
Cabbage Salad
Peach Tarts Tea

SUNDAY

Breakfast

Stewed Prunes with Raisins
Lamb Liver with Bacon
Fried Potatoes Coffee

Dinner

Rolled Shoulder of Lamb
Brown Gravy
Brown Potatoes Mashed Turnips
Celery Salad
Brown Betty Coffee

Supper

Deviled Eggs
Potato Salad
Apple Sauce Crumb Cake
Tea

Pea Pudding

Wash and soak overnight one pound of dried peas; in morning, cover with cold water and add

One onion, minced fine,

and cook until tender; drain and rub one-half of the cooked peas through a sieve and add

Two teaspoons of salt,
One-half teaspoon of poultry seasoning,
Two tablespoons of grated onion,
Three tablespoons of butter,

mix, then add

Two well-beaten eggs,
One cup of thick cream sauce,

made using half milk and half of the liquid drained from the peas for making sauce.

Two-thirds cup of bread crumbs,

mix well and turn in well-greased, custard cups and bake in slow oven for thirty-five minutes. Use balance of the liquid drained from peas for soup.

For the pea croquettes, mash balance of peas; season; add

Two-thirds cup of bread crumbs,
Grated onion,
One-half teaspoon of poultry seasoning.

Mold into croquettes, roll in flour; then dip in beaten egg and milk and roll in fine bread crumbs and fry in hot fat.

Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

To "D. S. J."

There is not too great a difference in your ages. Do not be so self-conscious. No one is looking at you. Have a good time talking to the girl you are with. When you are older perhaps you will want to marry her. Four or five years' difference between a man and his wife is quite an ideal difference, when the years are on the man's side, as in your case.

How to Handle Her Admirers

Dear Cynthia—Here is my trouble: I am a girl in my teens and have quite a few boy friends, but there are two of these I think most of. They both belong to the same fraternity, are good-looking, good dancers and good sports. Now one of these seems to think the other gets more dates than he, although he never said so, but by his actions sometimes he shows it. You see, Cynthia, I do not want to lose either of these boys' friendship, as I have known them for some time. One I met at a seashore resort a few years ago, and the other on a moonlight party the early part of last summer. I am afraid I will lose this one boy's friendship if I can't explain, if he should ask me, so please tell me what to do, hoping to see an answer soon. K. T. H.

Simply tell either one when their desires for a date with you conflict with each other that you'll go with the one who asks you first, that you have no favorites.

Anent Various Matters

Dear Cynthia—When a girl attends a dance accompanied by girl friends, is it proper for her to accept the company of a young man home?

If a girl accepts presents, such as candy, from a young man, does that obligate her to him in any way?

If a young man attempts to quarrel with a girl through the mail, because she has refused to go to a dance with him, after she has given him a perfectly sensible excuse, should she answer him or just let the matter drop?

BLUE EYES.

It is better to go home with the girls you go to a party with, unless you have a different understanding with them beforehand. It's never polite to drop some friends and go off with others.

Candy and flowers do not put a girl under any other obligation than politeness, and one should always be polite, anyway.

If a boy simply wants to make a quarrel, better let the matter drop.

Just Which Girls Is He For?

Dear Cynthia—I have been reading your column daily and have seen a little argument between "Dixie" and the "Globe-trotting Englishman," and I agree with Dixie as to what that Englishman saw in his traveling.

Why, he has not been any place to brag about, yet. I, too, am an ex-sailor and have been around to all parts of the globe, such as France, England, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Russia, Turkey, Ireland, Sweden, Norway, Canada, Mexico, Panama, Cuba, Brazil and Chile, etc. I have also been from coast to coast and have traveled over 6000 miles in the U. S. A., and been in every State in the Union. I will give the Oregon and California girls the benefit of the doubt, but so far as England is concerned, I am bound to knock the girls, because I got into a little party with them and landed in jail. You know, the American girl says, "I can get a divorce." Where does any love come it in a divorce? The foreign girl says, "I love you, no other girl will get you," and believe me, Mr. Globe-trotter, they would sooner knife you than see another girl get you. What could be sweeter? Well, Dixie, old boy, am I right or wrong? Let's hear from you. Hoping this will hold the Globe-trotter for a while. KANEY, ex-gob.

Things You'll Love to Make

A PAPER AND BAG RECEPTACLE is very convenient to have on the inside of a kitchen or pantry cupboard door; the housewife always has so many bags and papers she wishes to keep. Cut a piece of heavy paper or oilcloth a few inches narrower than the door and about the same length. Make a one-inch fold on each side to give room for thickness of papers. Tack the piece of oilcloth to the door with thumb tacks—blue or white-headed ones are the nicest. Before tacking on your PAPER AND BAG RECEPTACLE decorate it with a simple design. FLORA.

ANOTHER GREAT LOVE STORY

"A Man's Way," by Ruby Ayres, shows what happens when two women love the same man. Start this story Wednesday, February 1, in the EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER.—Adv.

The Thought That You Give Out With Your Small Alms to a Beggar

May Have the Effect of a Prayer for His Shame, His Welfare or His Fortitude if It Is Aimed in That Direction

AS YOU walk along a city street on a cold winter afternoon you pass one beggar after another.

Here, a blind man struggling along in his darkness with a cane.

There, a woman sitting on a cold stone step with a child in her arms.

Running along beside you, a limping, sad-eyed boy trying to sell chewing gum.

You don't know whether they are in need or not.

You have heard so many stories of how unscrupulous men, and women, too, go about the streets in rags begging, telling piteous tales of their poverty and need; and after "work," going back to comfortable homes and putting on good clothes, to eat a plentiful meal.

That is one thing that makes you hesitate; your impulse and desire is to hand out at least a little to each one.

But another thing that makes you hesitate, especially if you walk that street often, is that there are so many, and if you are an average person, you cannot do more than contribute to about one charity, outside of your regular expenses.

THEN sometimes there seem to be many number of pleas that come to your door.

Some from real charities that you know about and want to help.

Some from charities that you know nothing of, but would like to help if they are what they claim to be.

Others from people who tell a straightforward story of perfectly true and perfectly frightful hard luck— and don't like to tell it.

Still others from people who are obviously "fakes."

Again you cannot help them all, and again you don't feel as if you really ought to help them all.

But, again, you'd like to, because they might be hungry, and some of them are undoubtedly cold and in need.

YOU feel bad when you turn them away.

Even if you have given just a little, as much as you can afford, you feel as if you should have given more.

But I think you do help that person to whom you give just a little or the beggar whom you turn away if your thoughts are given with the deed.

I like to feel that the thought counts as much as the whole gift and adds more to it.

If you hand out a nickel or a dime or a quarter, or fifty cents and think, "Here, take it, I can't get rid of you, so I'll give you this," you give just that much financial help.

But if your thoughts are sympathetic, or if they are interested or, though cautious, curious and kind, surely you give more than fifty cents' worth of aid to the person who gets it.

Surely that thought, small as it may be, if it is sincere, goes up like a little prayer for that beggar.

PRAYERS are used in so many different ways.

If he is a fake, perhaps that unspoken, unformed appeal will make him ashamed; if he is in need, perhaps that prayer will send him strength and fortitude to bear his hardships, or maybe that warm little thought will enter the heart of your next-door neighbor who can give more material help than you can.

Surely the sympathy we feel for those who are in need and suffering, the thoughts of pity and desire to aid that we direct toward them must have some roundabout effect like this.

And if they don't have that power in themselves, we can make them have by thinking that they do.

The Woman's Exchange

Wants to Do Addressing

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Can you please advise me in what way I can earn some money in my spare time? I would like best to address envelopes. Can you give me the names of some firms who would like such work done?

A CONSTANT READER.

You will find a list of addressing companies under that head in the business section of the telephone book. They are always glad to have the names of any one who can do this work at home, in case they have large assignments to be finished quickly. Apply by letter for this work, so that they can see your handwriting, and be sure to make the writing just as clear and firm as possible, as that is a decided point in your favor in work of this kind.

How to Keep Linen White

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—I would appreciate very much if you would advise me how I could keep my linens from turning yellow. I have some very beautiful handwork and do not intend to use it for a while, as I am keeping it for my hope-chest. I've noticed that it is turning yellow. Thanking you in advance.

I would like to know if the yellowness would disappear in washing the linens. I would not like to wash them. I would rather you suggest something that will keep them from turning yellow.

GRATEFUL.

Wrap your linens in an old sheet that has been dyed a faint blue, and you will find they will keep the original white appearance without your having to wash them.

If you do launder those that have started to turn yellow, you can bleach them white again by putting them in the sun.

Fresh from the nest!

Gold Seal

Eggs

Carton of twelve 50c

Sold only at our Stores

AMERICAN STORES CO.

$1000 DURANT TOURING CAR FOR LARGEST NUMBER OF SALADA TEA PACKAGE PRICE ENDS. FOOD EXHIBIT, S. E. COR. 12TH & CHESTNUT STS., 2D FLOOR. CAR TO BE SEEN AT REEVES, TYSON & CO., 431 NORTH BROAD STREET

PURITY

"SALADA"

Is the Essence of all That is Best in Tea

"To Taste is to Believe"

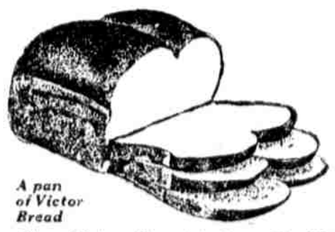
AMERICAN STORES CO.

It stays fresh over Sunday

Besides the high quality of Victor Bread and the generous size of the loaves, there is still another feature to account for its tremendous popularity.

That is its "stay fresh" feature—its keeping qualities. Victor Bread stays fresh because it is made from pure ingredients and baked carefully, scientifically, exactly.

Victor Bread



A pan of Victor Bread

6c big loaf

Buy Victor Bread today. You'll be surprised and delighted to see how fresh it will keep over Sunday.

Victor Bread is bread as it should be baked

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