

Paul and Virginia

By HELENA HOYT GRANT

Mary Frost

Paul chuckled at some recollection as he looked at the soup. "Well?" inquired Virginia mildly, for this was the signal for a confidence. "I was just thinking about modern young girls," said Paul easily. "Virginia threw him a quick, inquiring glance. "You were? Well, really, Paul, dear, it seems to me that— "Oh, I mean in the abstract, honey," he laughed, "but Mary Frost in particular. "Virginia gave him that funny little grimace that bespoke a reluctant interest. "I'm afraid I don't know Mary," she said. "Oh, she's one of the young girls down at the office: filing clerk who handles my letters. "So on. He glanced up amusedly. "I was just wondering if she's the typical flapper we read about in the papers or if she's the modern young lady. "I don't follow you at all. "Well, you know, Virginia, five or six years ago it wasn't considered out of the way to call 'em young ladies. Now it seems that's not done. "This girl's only seventeen or eighteen. "Mercy, Paul, don't all beat about the bush so! What's it all about? "Virginia sliced the roast ham a little impatiently. "Well, this youngster is either terrifically modern or else old-fashioned. I've not decided which. "And must you know? "Paul chuckled again. "Oh, it's amusing to watch. She's no different from the other young girls around the office. For instance, she doesn't use the rouge-pot or lip-stick. "Virginia pretended not to hear. "And her skirts are longer than the styles seem to dictate, and she never called to the telephone by some personal message. And I notice that she tends to her job pretty well. "Tomorrow—The Undefeatable

"The Marriage Gambler"

By HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR

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Carol Rathbourne marries Nick Tracy without loving him for the reason that she cannot bear to see him ruin his life. She is a situation for Daisy Coaklin, of "The Jolly Reversers." Nick suspects the truth, and is fearful that another man may seduce her. Carol is a girl in Jersey Britton, who is to play opposite Carol in the drama given for charity. The first rehearsal, Carol was so nervous that she forgot her lines. Carol goes home, and they talk personalities in the taxi. "I have no patience with anything of the kind," said the girl. "I love it. And love is everything. I envy her. "I don't envy her. I pity her," Carol returned, but afterward when she was alone, she was thinking of the girl. She began to wonder about it. "Why do I care so much to be pitied? Wasn't there something wonderful in being able to love like that? And wasn't it luck of emotion in herself that made her judge-Elise so harshly? "Afterward Carol heard that Elise and Paul had been very happy living on 810 a week. She smiled at the idea. "How can they be happy in the midst of such sordidness?" was her query. This time to a member of the faculty who was present. "Because she's in love with her husband," the other woman had returned, raising her eyebrows. "Love, love! That was all that people talked of, poets sang about it; it was the most wonderful thing in the world. And what was it? Carol was intensely curious in spite of her reticence, and she tried to find out for herself, but she was too proud to ask questions, and everything written on the subject seemed to take her away from a lack of dignity that Carol did not have. She could not let her emotions run, she would have been ashamed to let any one surprise tears in her eyes, even if it had been possible for her to show emotion over anything beautiful. But now, now that she was married to a man she adored, she knew at last what it meant to feel emotion. She did not believe that she loved Jerry Britton. She would not have admitted such a thing even to herself. But she was aware of the fact that his presence troubled her, that his voice drew her irresistibly, that his hand held the power to make her heart beat fast. She had not gone very far in her analysis of herself, she was afraid to let her thoughts dwell on Britton lest she find out too much, but the mention of his name and the power to set her nerves tingling and to send the color rushing into her face in waves of scarlet. "Tomorrow—The Truth Revealed

The Woman's Exchange

A Name for a Boat

Dear Madam—I have been a constant reader of your very interesting column, but as yet have had no questions to ask. Now, here it comes: Could you please suggest a name for a boat? My friend has just bought one and would very much like to find some good name for it. Is there any way at all that I can become taller? I am only five feet and weigh 103 pounds. I would very much like to know what kind of costume to wear for a boat-ride. I W. How do you like these names—Black

WHAT'S WHAT

By HELEN DEWIE



In any circumstances, starting is an evidence of ill-breeding. Nothing is so indicative of boorish manners as this uncontrolled expression of offensive curiosity. Yet there are people of whom you would expect better things who permit themselves to stare and to pry. The case which is taboo, even in the case of the supposedly "civilized" American Indian, is the case of the sensitive people, who are unaccustomed to rudeness, often suffer keenly from the battery of bold curiosity eyes which stare at them as they pass, or as they leave a room. Often they can't help wondering whether or not there is something abnormal in their appearance, or some defect in their features which has attracted this uninvited inspection. In their experience, they seem to accept the situation with the philosophy of indifference, realizing that the curiosity and the staring which belong entirely to the eyes of the starrer.

THINGS THAT WOMEN LOVE



Here is a new bracelet—really a long string of pearls arranged in a clever way to cling close about the arm and hang down in a loop. And here are earrings with strings of beads dangling from them, necklaces of beads and links, a sash, a new purse on a chain, all kinds of fashionable trinkets and decorations of the very newest type and style. Take your choice

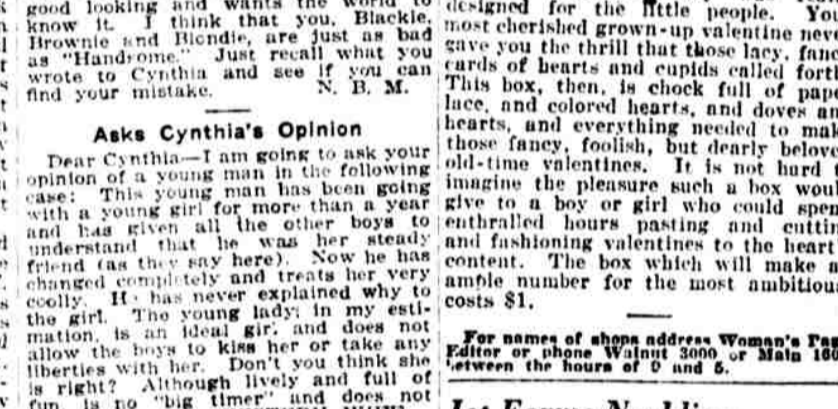
Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

To "Mrs. R." The Woman's Exchange is looking into the matter for you. There are probably schools for sub-normal children. Your letter will be answered as soon as possible. Send self-addressed stamped envelope. To "Blackie, Brownie and Blondie" Dear Cynthia—Just a few words to Blackie, Brownie and Blondie. You try to know "Handsome" and get yourselves in Dutch. Why do you say we are also good looking, but do not advertise it? You are advertising it by your letters. We are just as good looking as he claims to be. I should say self-praise is poor recommendation. Now, Blackie, Brownie and Blondie would write I know several girls that are handsome and do not advertise it. Then it would be a different story. I am not taking you please to the contrary, but in my opinion Valentine's Day was really designed for the little people. You most cherished grown-up valentine never gave you the thrill that those fancy cards of hearts and cupid called forth. This box, then, is check full of paper lace, and colored hearts, and doves and hearts, and everything needed to make those fancy, foolish, but dearly beloved old-time valentines. It is not hard to imagine the pleasure such a box would give to a boy or girl who could spend the hours of the day pasting and cutting and fashioning valentines to their hearts' content. The box which will make an ample number for the most ambitious, costs \$1.

Adventures With a Purse I RAN across something today that I would be simply splendid for the children. Of course you may say what you please to the contrary, but in my opinion Valentine's Day was really designed for the little people. You most cherished grown-up valentine never gave you the thrill that those fancy cards of hearts and cupid called forth. This box, then, is check full of paper lace, and colored hearts, and doves and hearts, and everything needed to make those fancy, foolish, but dearly beloved old-time valentines. It is not hard to imagine the pleasure such a box would give to a boy or girl who could spend the hours of the day pasting and cutting and fashioning valentines to their hearts' content. The box which will make an ample number for the most ambitious, costs \$1.

Jet Forms Neckline in Unique Manner in Unique Manner



He's in a Dilemma Dear Cynthia—I have read your column every evening and have found it very interesting. I wrote to you before, but I come now hoping you will answer me. I am a married man. I have been married for five years. Before my marriage and after I have been able to locate no people until recently, for neither had I any money and I was left again for the next two days and left again for the Middle West. I have received a letter from her that she is very ill and that I should come to her. I wrote to my cousin to tell her I was true and if she would come I would take her to her home. Now, my wife says that if I go I must leave no relatives here. Her mother lives across the street from her.

Some Questions Dear Cynthia—I am just going to ask you a few sensible questions. First, when you are leaving a trolley car with a young man, should you get out first or last? Second, when a young man is coming to see you, should you get up to meet him immediately after he is seated on your wraps for departure or stop and wait for conversation? Third, when you are going to a theatre or a movie with a young man, should you stand by him while he is buying tickets or should you occupy yourself otherwise? Fourth, when you are out dancing, sledding, skating, etc., is it wrong to accept the company of a strange man for one dance or one skate or one ride on his sled, providing that young man is respectable looking and polite? Fifth, the man should leave the trolley first and should assist the girl in alighting. Second, it depends on the time the

Dear Madam—Referring to your reply to "Inquisitive Reader," permit me to set you straight as your information is in error. Nurses are not paid during probation periods in Philadelphia hospitals. After their acceptance they receive an "allowance." I have never known of a Philadelphia hospital that gives a girl more than \$10 per month. Some pay as low as \$1 a month for the first year, \$6 for the second and \$8 for the third. A student nurse is required to furnish her uniform, which must be made by a registered firm, the entrance requirement of uniforms and aprons the probation period bills and allowances come to several dollars more. They must pay for their books. About \$10 worth in the first year. The cap which they wear is also made by the aforementioned firm. These cost \$17. Special shoes, a pair with laces and thermometer (clinical) are also among the first requirements to be furnished by the student nurse. An outfit of nearly \$100 is required to be spent to equip a student nurse. Before she draws her first allowance, which is, in some cases, not more than sufficient to cover her little dining expenses, she must have a few dollars for personal movies or frolic on her half-day off. So you see that a girl in training not only needs help financially to train, but must still be dependent on some one to furnish her street clothing, etc., for the three years she is in the hospital room, board and laundry are, of course, given the girl. A double knowledge gained through a double experience. I felt called upon to correct you. Thank you very much for this correction. Since the information that was published came from a nurse, of course, I thought it was authentic. But it is very nice to have all these details from some one who really knows. It is quite an undertaking to become a student nurse, isn't it?

Dear Madam—I have been a constant reader of your very interesting column, but as yet have had no questions to ask. Now, here it comes: Could you please suggest a name for a boat? My friend has just bought one and would very much like to find some good name for it. Is there any way at all that I can become taller? I am only five feet and weigh 103 pounds. I would very much like to know what kind of costume to wear for a boat-ride. I W. How do you like these names—Black

Lucy's Mother's Friend Wanted Her to Express Herself With Music

She Had Been Delving Into Introspection and Thought Everybody Else Should Make "Self" the Most Important Thing in the Universe

WHEN Lucy was a little girl she took music lessons, and in time she reached the point where she learned the Moonlight Sonata for a recital. After that, of course, she forgot all about classical music because she had reached the age at which it was very convenient to be able to play the latest songs and dance music, and anyhow, classical stuff was so "dumb." But snatches of the Moonlight Sonata stayed in her finger tips, and she would stray into it now and then at the end of a jazz piece that finished with a reminiscent chord. "My dear," exclaimed one of her mother's friends who heard her drift into the familiar strains one time, "That is beautiful. Your personality—you should express yourself in that gift. Your character shows itself best in— "She was off, then, for one of her talks on Personality, the expression of the Innermost Self, the analysis of Character. And she didn't know that the only expression which had caused the excursion into classical music was the one that had been in her eyes lately whenever she looked at Lucy. SHE had gone in for self-expression and she had become "hipped" on it. The mistake that so many girls and women are making in these days is to make the self the most important thing in the world. It is the sneer that expresses the disapproval or even ridicule of a certain type of people with whom you wish nothing in common and would not wish to have. Their sneer tells you that you are different from them. Perhaps you are happily married and boy and girl are getting on very well together (than be paired off with other people. And try as you will, you have not been able to keep him from making a dash for you the first chance he gets. Surely you are not embarrassed when you see a deprecating smile on the face of a woman whose favorite author, and the person you like to read, is not what it should be? That is what I call a comforting sneer. Perhaps you have gone into a bookstore to ask for the new play of your favorite author, and the person you like to read, is not what it should be? That is what I call a comforting sneer. Most of the sweaters used for winter sports are of the silver variety, and some of the smartest are done in the steel-blue weave. They are usually collarless, but a border and cuffs of contrasting fabric or color are often used for variety.

Through a Woman's Eyes

By JEAN NEWTON

The Comforting Sneer There is one kind of sneer that is the most comforting thing in the world. It is the sneer that expresses the disapproval or even ridicule of a certain type of people with whom you wish nothing in common and would not wish to have. Their sneer tells you that you are different from them. Perhaps you are happily married and boy and girl are getting on very well together (than be paired off with other people. And try as you will, you have not been able to keep him from making a dash for you the first chance he gets. Surely you are not embarrassed when you see a deprecating smile on the face of a woman whose favorite author, and the person you like to read, is not what it should be? That is what I call a comforting sneer. Perhaps you have gone into a bookstore to ask for the new play of your favorite author, and the person you like to read, is not what it should be? That is what I call a comforting sneer. Most of the sweaters used for winter sports are of the silver variety, and some of the smartest are done in the steel-blue weave. They are usually collarless, but a border and cuffs of contrasting fabric or color are often used for variety.

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