Paul and Virginia -By HELENA HOYT GRANT

Paul's Mustache



an air of verisimili-tude, and then averted his eyes to the steaming oatmeal.

"Paul!" she cried again. She leaned across the intimate little breakfast table and her white slender

"Paul!" she cried for the third time.
"Aw, what is it?" he growled, with pretended sullenness.
"What's the matter with your

"Yes, sir—it's—"
"Oh, I—4 forgot to shave my lip."
She sank back into her chair with sigh of unfeigned relief.
"Oh, is that all? Good! I'm awfully
"Yes, she's It was lost glad. You can shave it right after breakfast. Goodness, for a minute I own to recover it. Virginia fancied be heard a smothered ejaculation, but. Course, it must have been directed the truant speen.
'If there's anything that makes me the mustache age."
Paul colored and squirmed uncom-

tably in his chair. "Well?" he finally demanded truculently, meeting her laughing eyes with "I know that young men have their silly ages, just like girls, but when a man is grown up and all through with lavender socks and striped neckties and handkerchiefs with colored bor-

Paul smothered a cry. "What is it, honey?" she asked him absently, then thoughtfully, and half a che of coffee.

"You know how

Margaret laughed Dick out of allowing his silly little mus-tache to go on?" He shook his head absently. "Well, she gave him

a birthday present— and that cured him!" Paul gave no sign of interest. Virginia laughed at

the recollection.

"Margaret had to
go all over town and into a dozen stores
before she found the proper thing. Then
she did dig up one of those terrible
mustache cups that folks gave to our
grand-daddies. That cured Ifick, I
guess, because he shaved off his mustache. Margaret's an awfully clever
girl that way."

Paul grinned sardonically.
"Yes, she's so subtle!"
It was lost on Virginia.
"Er——" she hesitated.

He had finished his breakfast and had ached for his hat from the tree in the hall. "Er-don't forget again, Paul, dear,

to shave your lip. He stuttered something, but obedientpositively ill. it's these mustaches all ly went on into the bathroom.

The young men of this town are going the young men of this town are going in for lately." She laughed. "I call smile as he raised the first verdant signs of the mustache.

. . . And on the way out he stopped for a moment to surreptitiously snatch a small oblong object from his own dressing stand which he slipped into his overcoat. Handkerchiefs with colored borders? Absolutely! Springtime does work in astonishing

Tomorrow-The Eternal Triangle

you sympathetic with their own. You'll do well in transacting business

with these people to hold strictly to a policy of personal friendship. For, while not necessarily unreasonable, there are times when they can chuck

Tomorrow-Swaying the Logical

Can You Tell?

By R. J. and A. W. Bodmer

How Man Learned to Count

Man's first need for a method of counting arose with the origin of trade

As a first means of counting man

In the old days of finger counting, if

each finger represents a different value.

The first man counts continually, rais-

ing the fingers successively for each

unit. The second man automatically 'carries over' the tens by raising one inger each time the first man counts

ten, while the hundreds are "carried over" in the same way by the thirl man. In this way a total capacity of

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WHAT'S WHAT

By Helen Decie

the liberation of treatment dances arranged connection with some dances arranged

with the little finger on the left hand, day had only just begun.

naturally used his fingers and thumbs

Woman's Life

and Love WINIFRED HARPER COOLEY

The Naughty Dances

EVER since the tango struck our shores the modern dance has been storm center around which waged

kitchen sinks, and alligator crawls and cheek-by-jowl strangle holds. until the innocent public. onlooking with curiosity, has been to receive your soughs, and apaches with their abject women? How can folks man been to receive your confidence, and creen and skin, shorter and mad skin, shorter and tore taget imps, larger hips, more curve to the back, and, if weight has been taken on, would be described by "plump" rather than "heavy" or "husky."

Hust the point is, how can these people best be influenced?

Give them personal attention. Be on the jump to anticipate their wants and needs. Remember the little things they like and dislike. Discuss personalities with their own. abject women? How can folks maule cach other about and loll against one another, and creep and crawl and waddle, and still regard themselves as decent, innocent and refined? Why do parents permit such exhibitions?"

RECENTLY many thinkers have ex-all logic and reason overboard in re-sponse to the appeal of personal friendto-cheek dances are banned and barred ship or affection. certain restaurants and dance halls. A New York illustrated paper printed Type. pictures of allowable and non-allowable dances the former showing a couple moving about in a loosely locked em-brace, almost as cold and distant as the minuet of our grandmothers' day: second, showing a stranglehold that

but their partners were incensed at anything so artificial, and shunned the and eventually his toes. girl who were stays in dancing!

The liberal minister declared that a man wanted to count more than twen- had, he seemed not to notice it.

here the old-time dance was a legiti- ty, he simply made a mark or "score" was forced to realize that he where the old-time dance was a legitimate outlet to the emotions and energies
and longings of youth, the vulgar modent type was a promoter of passions
and unbridled license.

Along courses a hig Recoglary drama.

Along comes a big Broadway drama colled "The National Anthem," which insists that jazz and corrupt dancing and drunkenness are suited and drunkenness are suited and drunkenness are suited and drunkenness are suited as a suite and drunkenness are suited and drunkenness are suited as a suite as a suite and drunkenness are suited as a suite as a s and drunkenness are ruining the morals of the Nation. Jazz is the symbol of and the third the hundreds. Beginning eigerness and enthusiasm as though his the loud, boisterous, blatant spirit of the age. No one cares for the old sweetness and delicacy and love.

Laurette Taylor plays the heroine in moving manner, and she and her husband, who wrote the play, evidently are incere in their preachment.

BUT most of the critics have agreed that there is a rather unnatural admixture of jazz and drinking: the 1110 is obtained play insists that they are inseparable; whereas every one knows that the town drunk usually cares nothing for a dance, and the lounge lizards who excel in the voluptuous dance pastime, and so corrupt the maids and dames of all cities by their allurements, are in-different to violent alcoholic intoxica-tion. We agree with these crities, but cannot but see some sense in the arraignment of the vuigar dance.

There are certain acts that are not even permitted to be represented on the stage in the most continental prob-lem plays portraying vice. Yet, such modern dances show worse positions, and suggest the lowest and basest of passionate slums and dives, and these are danced by the youth of the Nation: One wonders sometimes whether the re-inement and delicacy supposedly in-herent in most really nice men and women are but grafted in a superficial and artificial thing, not indigenous to

THE play portrays the downfall of young woman, as a recent one called "Nice People" showed the called "Nice People" showed the the liberation of Ireland is noted in vounger generation carousing and rebelling against any espionage by parents. We rather think that youth is youth—whether in ancient Rome or in modern Main street, and that the natural affections and domestic qualities will develop in each individual, despite the vides of the "colt" days. However, overy age and country has certain standards of decency, and some of the scions of modern boys and girls, in their dances, give one pause, and make one a bit cynical as to real purity.

**TESSAGES FROM THE SPIRIT WORLD for it was articles by an eniment of the liberation of Ireland is noted in connection with some dances arranged for St. Patrick's Day this year. Because young people here are not farmiliar with Irish dances, only one or two Celtic "reels," or square dances, diversify the regular program. If an Irish bagpiper is not to be had, a harper or fiddler will furnish the Irish touch to of fluider will furnish accompanituments for every variety of dance.

Refreshments served may carry out the Irish colors in green or gold iced cakes; in green, white and gold ice cream (pistachio, vanilla and orange ice), with imported Irish moss jelly, or in shamrock bonbons, as well as in more substantial sandwiches cut in harp shape and chicken galad served with imported Irish "dulse" in place of letture leaves.

LEARN TO ENJOY YOUR REST



A good night's sleep will do wonders for you if you are tired and nervous. But first you must get into the way of leading up to it

Deluded Wives By HAZEL DEYO

youth and beauty is in the system in their lives. Here's where we women fail; why more of us are not done in oils for the halls of fame.

by reading, she hasn't time to cultivate interests that give her a fresh outlook and keep youth in her heart.

It's all in the system, all in the system!

Judith Carlyle is the typical small-town wife, and when Rand, her husband, suddenly sells his business and goes to New York to be an artist, she refuses to adapt herself to his new life. It isn't until she finds a kindred spirit in Lucy Randolph, another wife who is out of sympathy with her husband's profession, that she makes a friend of any one, but she and Rand are not

one, but she and Rand are not

happy together. One morning a model calls at the studio, and, to Judy's amazement. Rand hires her to

ishly on his canvas. During that time

Judy rarely spoke to her husband. She

maintained a sulky silence, but instead

He seemed content to work all day. stopping only for meals, and then to go

ergerness and enthusiasm as though his

Judy developed an intense batred for Marcia Davis, the model. The girl was pretty in a fragile way, with fine.

beautifully chiseled features, and Judy insisted upon believing the worst about

hear the murmur of the girl's voice as

she chatted to Rand, but scorning to listen, she never knew what they talked

Make an Hour?

Make an Hour?

1921, by Public Ledger Company

about her life.'' he began, ''poor little girl, I certainly feel sorry for her!'

One day during lunch, Rand spoke of

Woman-like Judy was curious, and

her curiosity was stronger than her re-sentment against Rand.

'What did she tell you?'

'Only that she's been married and

has a little girl to support. She isn't living with her husband.
"No. of course not." Judy returned with fine scorn, "if she lived with her

husband, it wouldn't be so easy to

O, am 1? Well, then, why does she have to be a model? There are other things she could work at, respectable

"You mean that she could go into an office? Well, of course, that's true, but modeling pays well and leaves her more time for her baby."

"How much does she carn?" Judy asked curiously. Up to that time the money part of the transaction had not

"I pay her a dollar an hour, some

artists pay more than that, and she works from five to six hours a day."

"How do you happen to know so much about it?" Judy asked with quick

Rand smiled. "One picks these things up at the art institute and from

"If I posed for you, it would save money, wouldn't it?"
"Yes."

She waited for him to go on speaking, but he said nothing more, and the suspi-cion darted into her mind that perhaps

he no longer wanted her to pose for him; that he would prefer a professional model to his wife, but she did not voice

"Judy, you're unfair."

ways of earning a living.

occurred to her.

Shut into her bedroom, she could

of its bringing Rand to heel as it once

WHY the hurry? Why the worry?
Why the strained and pained expressions? Faces were not designed to look like that! Bodies were not intended to run on high every day and all day!
How about turning this into inventory day? Taking stock of energy expended, energy saved, and the debit and credit after these days and days of rushing machy hither and yon?
Put down on the debit side: Wrinkles due to the relentless hurry demon; irritation over trifling incidents enroute; loss of temper, account insufficient sleep; worries over ridiculously petty things; set, tense expression due

Tomorrow—The Eternal Triangle

the star of the star of

what was going on in her thoughts. She would wait until he had finished the

It's a Very Serious Matter Indeed When a Man Is Taken Slightly Sick

He May Be Able to Bear Any Kind of Injury, but When He Gets Headache or Cold He Suffers Agony

or women were braver under pain.

upon the temperament and character of understand. When he gets pushed into a wooden the individual, he said.
On the other hand, a physician offered an entirely unsolicited opinion re-

"Oh, men are awful to treat!" he exclaimed. "They fuss about the least little thing, and they won't do what you tell them to, and anything that happens is all the doctor's fault. I happens is all the doctor's fault. And it doesn't bother him at all; he got so tired of a man patient today that I was almost ready to let him go on and be sick right!" And a chorus of voices, mostly femi-nine, but some masculine, join in to make echo answer, 'Aren't' they aw-

THE masculine one followed up his

exclamation.
"I've got a brother," he said. "Great "I've got a brother." he said. "Great big fellow, strong as an ox. He plays baseball and football and basketball, comes home from basketball games all bruised and knocked to pieces. But that's all right, when he gets hurt. But if he gets a bad cold, or a little grippeyou ought to see him! Scared to death, asks the same thing over and over, "I'll be all right, don't you think?" Oh, he's awful when he gets sick!"

If anything honorable or manly about that to him and he is worried and nervous and fussy until it's over.

And he must have feminine sympathy.

He likes to "enjoy poor health."

If thits him while he is in his office he searches out the nearest woman, be she office girl or private secretary.

"Oh, I have such a headache!" he sighs. "I feel so queer. I'm sick!" awful when he gets sick!"

Isn't it a strange thing that a small

Put him to bed with a sore throat and he thinks he's going to wake up dead.
And talk about nerves! Why, a sick
man, slightly sick, is worse than the most fidgety woman.

SOMEBODY asked the question not long ago, of a dentist, whether men or women were braver under pain.

And he couldn't tell; it depended the three-quarters of an hour trying to decide which medicine to take.

Being sick is something he cannot understand.

When he gets pushed into a wooden floor, or a 'cement wall, playing basket-ball, or tangled up in a mess of men all coming full, tilt toward him on the football field, or struck with a spiked shos or a fast ball or a hard-swung bat in baseball, he grits his teeth and goes on playing until he is ordered out of the game.

And it doesn't bother him at all; he knows what did it and what it's all about, and he bears it much better probably than a woman could bear the same kind of pain.

House he understands it, and because he won it in a hard-fought battle, it's honorable.

BUT he resents being sick; there isn't anything honorable or manly about that to him and he is worried and nerv-

sighs, "I feel so queer. I'm sick!"

sickness should lay a man so very very THE tragedy in those two words I'The "nearest woman" may have been working all day long with a splitting ache just over her eyes which has almost cracked her skull, although, of course, he doesn't know that—she wouldn't mention it unless she had to. HE STROLLS up and down the hall, takes a turn into the dining room, wonders whether he'd better go to bed, decides he doesn't want to, starts to by fussing over it until he gets well.

Says "Teresa S." is Only Alive

Dear Cynthia—Please, Cynthia dear, print these lines to Teresa S.:

No. Teresa S., I really don't think you are fresh, as Cynthia says. You are just alive.

Do you think it is just a boy's care-lessness?

I don't know why I have bored you with this long letter, but I have no parents or intimates. And the moon is shining in on me now.

Oh, Cynthia, please help me.

are just alive.

I am a young girl eighteen years of age and come from one of the best families in my home town. Lansdowne. I do not have to run to dance halls for friends of the opposite sex, but I do indulge once in a while in "dad's private stock" and also the wicked weed. As far as petting parties go, I am "right there," and Chestnut street as well as Lansdowne avenue sees my unbuckled galoshes any snowy day.

Am I fresh, Cynthia? No, I am sensible. None will fool this little girl, and the divorce courts will never file my would wait until he had finished the picture, and then when he was ready to begin another, she would offer to pose; that would be much better than saying anything about it now.

That afternoon Judy went to call on Lucy Randolph. Marcia had telephoned that her baby was ill and she would not be able to pose, so that Judy felt safe in leaving Rand alone. When she arsible. None will foot this fittle girt, and the divorce courts will never file my plea, because I will know all before I leap.

Bye, bye, Cynthia dear, and long live Teresa S.

LIVE WITE.

rived at the Randolph apartment, Lucy are simply vulgar

herself opened the door. Her eyes, were red and swollen with weeping, but she seemed glifd to see Judy and drew her than a casual dance indulged in by men and women who often have met for the first time. Canon Chase, of Brooklyn, is actually trying to regulate the type of dancing by a bill in the New York State Legis. hattre, and a liberal elergyman has been praching on the relation of dancing to morals, from the earliest times, and in the most savage lands, to present-day American dances.

WE HAVE spoken of the custom of Young girls of good society checking their corsets with their wraps in the coatroom, because their mothers often insisted on their wearing corsets, but their partners were innersed as first means of counting.

As a first meed for a method of tounted and swollen with weeping, but she reculant kinds hired and swollen with weeping, but she reculant with the origin of trade of barter. Rand hires her to counting arose with the origin of trade of barter. Rand hires her to counting arose with the origin of trade of barter. Prior to the first meeting of tribes there was no need of counting.

Marcia Davis

Tomorrow—Carl Makes Up His Mind

A Likable Gift

Tomorrow—Carl Makes Up His Mind

A Likable Gift

If you're worrying over what to take the public into the apartment.

Tomorrow—Carl Makes Up His Mind

A Likable Gift

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Tomorrow—Carl Makes Up His Mind

A Likable Gift

If you're worrying over what to take the public into the apartment.

To and swollen with weeping, but she seemed gird to see Judy and drew her into the apartment.

To and swollen with weeping, but she seemed gird to see Judy and drew her into the apartment.

To an a swollen with a partment of counting.

To an a swollen with event ween ligh Does Not Know What to Do

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