## EVENING PUBLIC LEDGTR PHILADELPHIA, FRIDAY, APRIL 7. Adventures With a Purse White Kasha Giving he Daily Novelette THE silk stockings I want to tell you about can only be bought by the dozen, but I thought that perhaps you might know two or three friends who also are needing some and that you could buy them together. They can be ordered in assorted sizes and colors. I have seen No Place to the Girdle A Pillar of Salt By Will T. Amee THIRTY-ONE Anne Huntington's closest friends were calling "The Pillar of Sait." That was supe, as birdlike little Rhoda Fel-tha phrased it, she had "driven the sweetness out of her life by bding stock still and looking back.

Lot's wife." The looking back. at a long-closed chapter-a ronow many years in the past. There was no venom in Mrs. Fellows' tription of Anne, only regret-and a little impatience-that a girl as at-tractive as Anne. "with brains in her hand and so much better-looking than mate," abould shut away the fullness of lite from herself because of a mem-try, "even," to quote Rhoda again. "If she did make a mistake in not mar-rying Lloyd Penning." rying Lloyd Penning."

"No man on earth is worth it !" ex-imed Myra Hawley, whose adora-of her husband was notorious in ost. "Unless, of course, you're ac-ily married to him." she hastened to and. "And then you don't have to the because you didn't, do you?'' she the as an ambiguous afterthought.

Thus for almost eight years had the friends of Anne Huntington concerned themselves, out of their affection and localty, with the state of her heart and her prospects of happiness.

At twenty-three Anne's life had opened its arms to love. It was some-thing guite aside from the girl's voli-ties. She was carefree, heart whole, brimming with the joy of being, a nor-mal, happy, enthusiastic young crea-nal, happy, enthusiastic young crea-ture to whom the problems of life seemed to lie remotely ahead. Then emme Labyd Penning. And in a day ar if by magic, the girl found the balance of her existence overset. Her life no longer proceeded along the straight line of normality: it revolved dizzily about this new sun.

The women of her set declared Lloyd plaques. Ining tremendously fascinating. It Plaques and buckles often give just The women of her set decinred Lloyd plaques. Preming tremendously fascinning. It Plaques and buckles often give just the right note to the draping of a frock such as is pictured today. A number in love with him. The men protested that there was nothing so wonderful that there was nothing so wonderful about the young fellow. "Except his pot the loveliest hair!" and Dicky rolled be eyes in burlesque cestacy. The ast had nave extractioned a more that the series and buckles often give just the right note to the draping of a frock such as is pictured today. A number on these informal lines, by the way. and naturally they give no place to the girlle. Here on this frock of snowy white kasha no other ornamentation is used, however, than the line of red cross

The set had never experienced a more draamie love affair. It lasted three menths. And then, with a crash, it mend—a girl who even then wore Llogd's ring. He had failed to tell Anne Huntington

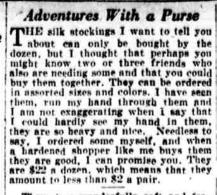
Anne Huntington took up the round of her life as it had been before. All but its kernel and core of joyousness.

"Look here, Billy." demanded Bloda Fellows. "why don't you just indie Anne Huntingdon marry you? It's a din and a shame for you two to for a chi way, year after year-neither of you growing a bit younger-when you're the most wonderful match that ever was. Gee! If it wasn't for Dicky and the tote I could wish I were a man mywelf."

"Rhody." replied big. kindly Will "Rhody." replied big. kindly Will Torbes, "you're a dear, and I love you line a brother, but you don't know mach-about your nearest girl chum, It simply can't be done. I flatter my-make to stand my hanging around her-make to stand my hanging around her-this way. His attitude reminds me of a conversation that took place between two colored men in a town where I used to live. You may have heard the story. "These two men met on the street one day and one of them said to the other:

ing an excuse, took himself off to the other:

the "afternoon." nearly to death. My wife pesters the life out of me. It is money, money. ler, complifing, who brought Lloyd money all the time. It's a dollar today, money all the time. It's a dollar today, and two dollars tomorrow and two dollars. Through an out-of-town guest dollars and a half the next day. She Mas. Fellows learned that Penning had pesters my in out of me. widowed for two years. Hawley does your wife do with all that ben widowed for two years. Hawley does y belt automobiles. Urged by Myra, he moriey?

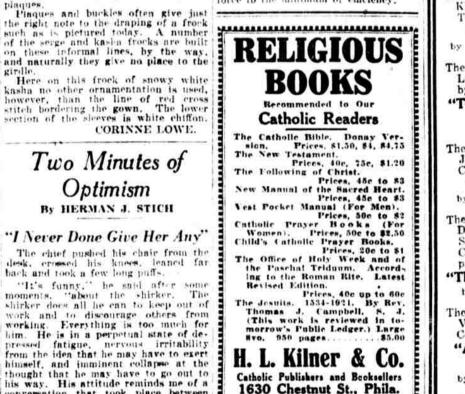


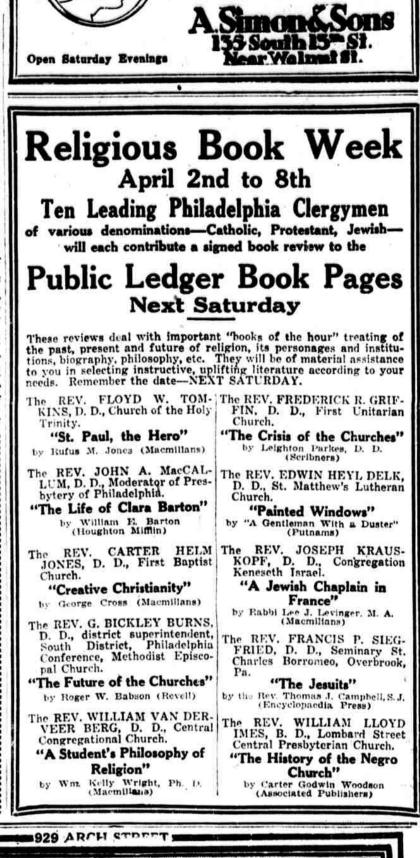
There is a wonderfully soft and fragrant imported face powder that has found great favor with us lately. Its scent is delightful, and its texture is such that it goes on the skin smoothly. and clings satisfactorily. Until recently this powder could be purchased only in large boxes for the dresser. But now it can be had in convenient size for carrying in the purse, and comes in a dainty little box, the exact replica of its larger sister. The price is seventy-

## For names of shops address Woman's Page Editor or phone Walnut 3000 or Main 1601 between the hours of 9 and 5. HARDING BACKS MELLON Rumors of Resignation Over "Shake-

Up" Are Ended Washington. April 7.—The row over the shake-up in the Treasury Depart-ment, which is said to have brought Secretary Mellon to the verge of quit-ting the Cabinet, was settled to the satisfaction of all concerned yesterday by President Harding, according to Ad-ministration officials.

ministration officials. As a result of the Executive's intervention .it was said the "shake-up" would become a "shake-down" and the reorganization of the internal Revenue Bureau would go forward in an orderly manner. Policy, not party, will be observed, officials said, in cutting the force to the minimum of efficiency.





venient payments.



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698

Outfit



**Wrote to** Penning about a potential **Reade** gave a little dinner, keeping **Penning a** secret, and summoned Anne **Penning a** secret, and summone secret, and secret se

mtingdon to the feast. Anne, lovely, self-contained, arrived usual at the last permissible min-be, "You know everybody. Anne, ex-do something that is perhaps just the do something that is perhaps just the

"It's going to work! excitedly whispered Rhoda to her hushand. For the visible change in Floyd Pen-ning since he went away, taking with him all the joyousness of Anne's life, was great. It was not that the years had added to his girth > not that the "liberely" hair at which Dicky once was went to scoff had thinned on top to the fine chiseling of his features had hereme a bit blurged. It was rather has not chiseling of his features had hereme a bit blurged. It was rather has not chiseling of his features had hereme a bit blurged. It was rather has not chiseling of his features had hereme a bit blurged. It was rather has lost his sight and his hands

the fine chiseling of his features had become a bit blurred. It was rather that the air of knightly deference, the little tricks of manner that "innde a girl feel like a queen." the charn and magnetism of skilled squireship, had been washed clean away from the man, like a coating of varnish, by the acid of time—and of aucers. Dicky maid privately to Rhoda: "The fellow's soul has taken off its dress cont and is in its working clothes." The fellow's side at dinner. "I suppose," said Penning to Anne in a low tone. "You have

• Anne in a low tone. 'you have ard I lost my wife—that I am\_\_\_\_\_ • besitated at the crassness of what

heard 1 mb besitated at the crassness of which he besitated at the crassness of which he bad been about to say. "Tree again?" "Well, that is what it amounts to, im't it?" acquiesced Penning engeriy. "Tou see, Anne, Hallie was a fine gir! a lovely girl; but-well, I never for the rou."

"No," said Aune, abstractedly studying her fork; "no; I'm quite sure you would not." "I'm going to be here some days," Penning said hurriedly, for the meal was at an end. "You'll let me come to see you, won't you, Anne? May some tomorrow?" "I think not," replied Anne. "There are compared and the solution of the solution of the solution there are solution of the solution of the solution of the solution the solution of the solution o

"I think not," replied Anne. "There concircumstances under which it is morely despicable not to forget old methearts—and others under which it is unpardonable folly." Mrs. Fellows' rising precluded any reply on Penning's part. Two minutes later Anne waylaid her hostess and drew her into the niche in the hall where lived the goldfishes and the bull-fisch.

"Sam, do you know. I am pestered

Optimism

wite. "You know everybody. Anne, ex-capting—oh, yes: including—Mr. Pen-ming, said Mrs. Feilows, trembing in-wasdly at her temerity, for well shi was doing. "Enow me? Anne Huntington? Well, "Enow me?" He had crossed the room and taken her hand, holding it while he were an for a short time after the armistice, business put up with the

"Perhaps not," replied Anne calmiy, armistice, business put up with the with what effort none there knew, shirker because it had to. It was ith what effort none there knew, cheaper to lash him to work than to fire Perhaps less than, just at first, we him and hire somebody else who, by tak."



130 No. 130-The Fireproof Finger

Much astonishment can be created by

where lived the goldfishes and the bull-"Rhoda Fellows," demanded Anne, breathlessly, "did you realize what you the trick on me?" "J-I hope so, Anne. Sally Blair fold me a lot. And I'm terribly fond of you-and of Billy, dear." Much astonishment can be created by low passing a finger through the flame of a lighted match, back and forth, with absolutely no harm. The surprising ef-ter is repeated with different fingers until the match has burned out. There is really no trick to this re-markable exhibition. Unless the per-former has a very tender skin he will ind by experiment that a lighted match told me a lot. And I'm terribly fond of you-and of Billy, dear." "Them kiss me, you duckling! I shall love you for this all the days of my life! Isn't he swful?" "Who? Billy Forbes?" It was the laugh of Anne Hunting-at twenty-three that answered "Them I'm going to run away home, minute. And Rhody! Tell Billy."

minute. And Rhody! Tell Billy: a dear, to come and see me soon """ moving the match quite rapidly at bist, you will soon gain confidence, and will pass the match back and forth with a calm deliberation that will utterly dum-found your spectators.