The Unconscious Sinner: By HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR

Cleo Ridgefield is the type of girl who unconsciously tempts men to make love to her. When she refuses Dick Wheeler, he tries to commit suicide, and is saved by his guardian, Carey Phelps. Carey, believing Cleo to be a heartless flirt, succeeds in meeting her. He wins her heart and finally persuades her to run away and marry him. On their wedding night, in order to avenge Dick, he tells her he despises her. Cleo's first thought is to escape from him, but when he prevents that, she realizes that the brave thing to do is to stay and face facts.

The Worm Turns

WHEN Carey re-entered the room, he was surprised to find Cleo calm and composed. She was standing by the window looking down into the street, but as he came toward her she turned and faced him.

"Good morning, Mrs. Phelps," he said lightly, just as though that previous encounter between them had not taken place.

To his amazement she responded with a slight smile, and in a flash he realized that she had decided to make the best of things; she was going to be game. It aroused in him a feeling of admiration for her and at the same time gave him an added desire to pierce beneath her armor.

Cleo had steeled herself to meet him calmly, but as he came close to her her nerves quivered.

Suddenly she felt that she hated him; she had never loved him; she must have been mad to think she had cared enough to marry him. But when she felt his fingers under her chin her tellta'e heart betrayed her. No, she did not hate him! It would have been better for her if she had.

She did not resist him, and her eyes met his bravely. Even when he stooped and kissed her again and again, she did not flinch, for she realized that this was to be part of her punishment. He did not kiss her because he wanted to caress her, but because he wanted to humiliate her. It was the most refined kind of torture because he knew so well how much she cared.

If Cleo had realized that the minute his lips had touched hers the blood had leaped in Carey's veins, if she had known that merely the touch of her deprived him of reason, and that he ceased to think clearly and to remember that he hated her, Carey's triumph would not have been so great. But as it was, it seemed to Cleo at that moment that she suffered the very dregs of humiliation in knowing that she could not kill the feeling he aroused in her even though she knew he hated and despised her.

They went down to breakfast and were ensconced at a table by the window. The sun streamed in, but the brightness of the day only served to make the strained atmosphere between them the more obvious. After he had kissed her Carey had relapsed into a silence that was almost surly, and it wasn't until they were half through breakfast that he spoke to her again.

"You haven't asked about the plans for the honeymoon. Wouldn't you like to know where we are going?"

"It doesn't matter, does it?"

A little flame shot into his eyes.

"Matter, why, of course, it matters. I want you to approve of everything, and I knew you would want to go to a place where we could be utterly alone."

Cleo was silent and he leaned across the table and spoke softly, almost caressingly.

"Think of being alone together, away from every one. Does that make your heart beat faster now that you're my wife and belong to me?"

That shot told, for the color rushed up into Cleo's face. She was suddenly confused and shy and then in a flash she had regained her courage and was facing her tormentor bravely.

"If you believe all these things about me, Carey, I should think you would be afraid to trust yourself with me alone. I'm unscrupulous, you know; I might make you love me in spite of yourself." Her tone was as light and mocking as his own. It had come to Cleo in a flash that the one way to proceed was to fight Carey with his own weapons.

Tomorrow—The Honeymoon Journey

Through a Woman's Eyes

By JEAN NEWTON

"What Will People Say?"

Of all the shafts with which Nemesis aims most surely at hearts and homes and happiness, the most unnecessary, the most wasteful and yet one of the most dangerous is "What will people say?"

"What will people say?" is the arch-enemy of the real, true, sincere way of living and the ally of sham, pretense and superficiality.

It is the shoal shallows that wreck many a little craft which would otherwise sail sturdily to the happy harbor of content.

In the wreckage of these rocky shallows there will be found many a bankrupt and suicide who left the safe lanes of prudence and husbandry on the false lure of "What will people say?"

Many a broken heart and sundered home are among the wreckage, the result of wife and husband pulling against each other, one of them a victim of "What will people say?"

Indeed there have been wives who thought they loved their husbands who made them slaves to a grinding wheel, earning, earning, earning—to feed the maw of "What will people say?"

And husbands who thought they cherished their wife and children have left a widow and children heirs to poverty because there was nothing left after the race with "What will people say?"

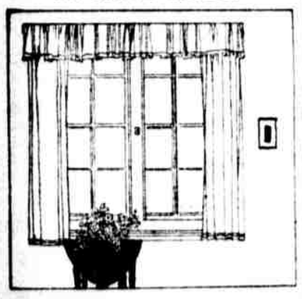
Cruel wrongs have been done at the dictates of "What will people say?" Old friends who have grown shabby, a sister who has not "kept up," have been shamefully discarded. Even parents, because they were "old-fashioned," have been hurt, neglected, denied by the lash of "What will people say?"

And to what purpose? None.

By relinquishing our independence in worship of "What will people say?" we sell our birthright for not even a mess of pottage. The world will give us nothing for it. Whatever we are to have, we must earn just the same. And such subservience will buy us not even popularity. For the world is real enough to respect only real people—those who consider right and principle and do not worry about "What will people say?"

If we look about we cannot fail to observe that these are the people who make the world come to them, while those who strive only to please are made to know the world's contempt for those who try to cheat at the game.

THE HOME IN GOOD TASTE



Window Hangings

Windows are the eyes of a room. They account for much of a room's expression, that is to say, whether it shall seem inviting and agreeable or the reverse. It is in our power to make the aspect of the windows pleasant or otherwise.

The openings in the walls—windows, doorways and fireplaces—are parts of the room's fixed background and, therefore, claim attention before the movable furniture. We have seen that the walls are either a decoration in themselves or else a background and base for the furniture and hangings.

If the walls are covered with a pattern and treated as a decoration, then the hangings should be plain, both for the sake of agreeable contrast and to prevent their clashing with the pattern of the paper. Vice versa, if the walls are plain, then the window and door hangings may appropriately be of patterned material. With plain walls, however, it is not necessary that the hangings should have pattern, because sufficient interest and character may be secured by means of contrasting color. For example, if the walls are a plain gray, the hangings may fittingly be of plain mulberry, or blue, or yellow. This will ensure both pleasing contrast and the proper emphasis.

Tomorrow—"Mantels and Common Sense"

Read Your Character

By Digby Phillips

Guarding Against the Revengeful

Did you know that a person with a revengeful nature ninety-nine times out of a hundred reveals it in his or her writing? The indication, however, is an indirect one.

A revengeful spirit, you see, is not what you would call a fundamental trait of character, not a primary one. It is rather the logical result of the combination of a number of different traits. And where you find this combination in an individual you may be pretty certain that you have found also a tendency to be revengeful.

First of all, the revengeful person is nearly always of the rough, dominating sort. This is indicated by heavy writing. Also, revengefulness is an intuitive, impulsive thing. And this is indicated by angular writing and the forward slant. Obstinacy is also an important part of it, and this is shown by shaded writing and little hooks where the pen is taken off the paper at the completion of a stroke. Obstinacy is also shown by a down stroke of the "d" which goes below the line.

So then, when you see a handwriting that is heavy, angular, slanting forward, shaded, with hooked terminals and a heavily crossed "t" you are dealing with a person who is quite likely to become revengeful upon occasion. And if the letters "a," "o," "d" and "s" are carefully closed you have the sort of person who is not likely to be frank and outspoken about this revengeful feeling.

Tomorrow—Choosing a Companion

The Woman's Exchange

Summer Draperies

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Will you suggest how I can make very pretty yet not too expensive summer curtains for my wide living-room door, also what I could put back of fire logs in the living room to cover rough plaster. My husband tried to saw the tiling under mantle with a hack-saw, but the handle of saw interferes with sawing it into shape. Can you suggest any other way of cutting this at home? Also is there any way I can touch up a brass bed that is worn to copper? Gold paint won't do it.

MRS. L. T.

Use an inexpensive cretonne for your draperies and line this with poplin in a contrasting color. To cover the plaster at the back of the fireplace a great many people use a fireplace paint which is made specially for this purpose and mixed with varnish to withstand the heat. You can get a paint of this description at a hardware or paint store. If you would rather have some sort of tiling instead of the paint finish, get some asbestos tiles. The cutting of the tiles you have would have to be done by an expert. You cannot touch up the brass bed yourself, but can have it lacquered by some one who makes a specialty of this sort of thing. But you could enamel the bed white yourself, putting on first several coats of flat white paint.

Removing Paint on Dress

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Kindly tell me how to remove red paint spots from a blue taffeta dress. These have been there for quite a long time. I have a light tan sport coat and the sleeve is stained. Is it possible to wash the whole coat in warm water and soap flakes? What should I weigh? I am seventeen and five feet three inches in height and weigh about 115 pounds.

I have auburn hair and it is getting dark. How can I keep it light without harming it? Is the yolk of an egg good for it? I tried using lemon, but it makes my hair too soft. My legs are getting too stout. How can I reduce them? Do you believe in taking yeast for skin troubles and how should it be taken?

Does lemon massage cream remove freckles and how long does it take to notice the change? How can you reduce the bust without harm? I have tried arm exercising every night. My mouth has an unpleasant odor some days and I have the foulest taste all day long. What can I do to prevent this, as it is very embarrassing? M. K.

A solution of carbon tetrachloride will take the paint off your dress. Yes, you can wash your sports coat in the way you suggest if the fabric is quite lightweight. Otherwise, it would be best to have it cleaned. Lemon juice for your hair is harmless, and it surely cannot be the cause of your hair being so soft after you have used it. The hair is always soft and floppy after a shampoo, so my suggestion would be to keep on with a little of the lemon juice, as it is perfectly safe. Do not use the yolk of an egg, but after you have washed your hair and rinsed it apply the white of the egg, for this is good for it and will make it fluffy. Be sure and rinse this out very carefully after you've used it. Exercise will be good for reducing your legs. Now that there's tennis and swimming this will be easy for you. Walking is good, too. You will have to ask your physician about the yeast and how much to take.

Yes, a lemon cream is good for taking away freckles. It takes quite a while, but stick to it and you will notice they will gradually become fainter.

Dieting is good for reducing the bust, but you would also have to have your physician's advice before starting this since it is very harmful to some people. The diet would include living up butter, eggs, cream, rich fried foods and a majority of sweets. Keep on with the arm exercise, in any case. An antiseptic mouthwash will remove the taste you object to.

A frock, cape and hat of pongee in periwinkle blue make a cool, stylish costume for traveling.

Paul and Virginia By HELENA HOYT GRANT

It Doesn't Take a Million

"OH, IF we only had a million dollars——," but the rest of the wish was lost in a heavy sigh.

Paul glanced across the breakfast table with a grin.

"Seems to me I've heard that before."

"But, Paul, dear, there are so many things in the world to be enjoyed if we only had a lot of money."

"Yes, indeed, and I know how to spend money. But on the other hand, money creates its own responsibilities."

"Nonsense."

"And money, big gobs of it, is a menace to health and—ah!—happiness."

"Don't be a dear silly old hypocrite, Paul. That sort of thing is all very well for copybooks in school, but you know perfectly well that money is the most wonderful thing in the world. Millionaires can't help being happy."

Paul regarded her quizzically.

"I don't seem to remember any millionaires among my acquaintances. But maybe it is as you say—that all those fellows with millions are as happy as larks all day long. But I've noticed whenever the photograph of one of these masters of finance appears in the newspaper he always wears a sad, worried, faraway expression.

"Why, of course, money is a responsibility," said Virginia glibly.

"A very rich man can perform a great service for the less fortunate, of course, and——"

"Yes, he can do so much good. You know, help others to help themselves," cooed Virginia.

Paul regarded her with a suspicious eye.

"Say, are you trying any of that Pollyanna stuff on me?" he demanded.

Her eyes flew open with innocent surprise.

"I? Of course, not. Why should I?"

He grumbled.

"There's something behind all this. You never start off on one of these wishing excursions without there being something behind it. Now what is it?"

She blushed guiltily.

"I so want to send a little money to the Home for Friendless Dogs," she murmured. "There's an appeal in the paper for it, and it seems people go away and leave their dogs in town in the summer time and forget the poor brutes will have a hard time to get along, and——"

"Bosh! Silly sentiment. The idea of giving money for a bunch of dogs which can easily take care of themselves!"

The smiled faded and Virginia stared at him in pained surprise.

"Why, honey, I thought you just loved dogs."

"Sure I do, but I can't undertake to support a couple o' million dogs, can I?"

He finished his coffee in silence and prepared to go off to the day's job.

But he turned upon the threshold and tucked a delightfully crisp, green bank note into her hand.

"Go on and send it to the dog people," he said gruffly, kissing her and avoiding her happy eyes.

"Oh, Paul," she murmured as she doubled the kiss, "you're splendid to do that for the sake of those darling homeless dogs. Thank you——"

"Aw, I'm not doing it for their sake. I'm doing it for my own sake. D'you think I could get my mind off those mutts if I didn't pay up? Say, I'm not soft, you know, but——"

And he trudged down the path to escape her seeing the embarrassed smile that would come into his honest eyes.

Tomorrow—Battered Beloved Treasure

The Draped Model Making Rapid Headway

Wrinkles may be a sign of age on a brow, but they are significant of the opposite on a frock. The latest wrinkle is, in fact, a wrinkle, and the fashion authorities are predicting that these gowns with a frown are going to obtain an even wider popularity by the time autumn comes.

In other words, the draped effects, those which display artful corrugations—perhaps on the hips, perhaps down the front of the bodice and skirt—are destined for wider service in the coming months.

Here is a taffeta evening frock which ably exemplifies the new mood. In color it is a pastel blue and the let-not-the-right-shoulder-know-what-the-left-is-about tendency of today is worked out here by balancing a strap of self material with a garland of lavender, rose and yellow flowers. The final line of the model is obtained by drawing a fold of the material about the figure and then letting what is left assert itself in a wide flange at the side.

CORINNE LOWE.

Unselfish Plan

One young woman prominent in New York society sells her wardrobe as soon as she finishes with it, and gives all that is obtained in this way to her favorite charity.

Can You Tell?

By R. J. and A. W. Bodmer

What Paint Is Made Of

Paint is made by mixing together a dry white powder, usually called pigment, which gets its name on account of the coloring matter mixed with it, and a thin yellowish liquid, called linseed oil. The white powder, either white lead or oxide of zinc, obtained respectively from lead and zinc, is secured by causing metallic lead to change its original form by "corrosion" or decay. The lead is melted and molded into small thin shapes called "buckles." These are placed in stone crocks, into which a small quantity of acetic acid has been poured. The pots are then placed in a building, the sides of which are walled tight and the spaces between the crocks are filled with tanbark.

The tanbark generates heat, which causes the acid to throw off a vapor. This in turn attacks the lead, causing it to decompose or decay, until at last the lead is entirely decomposed into white powder.

Oxide of zinc is made from metallic zinc. The ore containing zinc is placed in a special kind of furnace mixed with hard coal. The mixture is then burned at an intense temperature, the zinc being consumed and turned into vapor, which is carried off through huge pipes several feet in diameter and very long. The vapor passing through these pipes is cooled suddenly, turning it into a very fine white powder, which is scraped from the pipes and is ready for paint mixing.

Linseed oil is taken from the seed of the flax plant and might more accurately be called flaxseed oil. In former times a painter mixed his own paint, but with the coming of factories, which can more easily produce a standard mixture, he buys the paint ready made. The colors in paint are produced by adding coloring matter to the white lead or oxide of zinc.

Tomorrow—Who Invented the Finger-Print Method of Identification?

Adventures With a Purse

The little finishing touches to a house are the ones which always count and we should be very careful that each room is carefully planned and furnished, from the largest chair to the smallest picture. Artificial fruit is always most excellent as a touch to the dining room, the colors a contrast to snowy linen or the polished surface of the wood. Most of it is really very expensive, but I've seen some specially sold at ten cents each. There were a banana, orange, peach, apple, bunches of grapes, tempting, cleverly made, and far from artificial looking.

For under sheer dresses I needed petticoats, but wanted one which could not be seen through, as the wearing of two of them is asking too much. One of the stores has some wash satin underskirts, pink with a scalloped edge, or a hem about three inches deep, hemstitched. They also can be had in white satin, and are lined to make them shadow proof. They are priced at $3.98.

For names of shops address Woman's Page Editor or phone Walnut 2000 or Main 1601 between the hours of 9 and 5.

Large Wardrobes

Testimony in a recent law suit before a London court was to the effect that a woman who aspires to "hold her own" in the exclusive circles of English society must have from thirty to forty new gowns a year at an average cost of $200 each.

Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

Thinks Modern Man Needs Reforming

Dear Cynthia—After reading "Woman-Hater's" definition—or should I say opinion—of the modern girl, I classed him as a most intolerant person.

Any one with a high school education should know enough history to realize that after every war there seems to be a reaction. Unfortunately, this wave seems to hit the young people, and consequently they must suffer all the accusations heaped upon them of being big-timers, gold-diggers, etc. It is true, but is it not far more helpful to guide them back to their normal course rather than denounce them, as people are doing today?

I have been to quite a few fraternity dances at Penn, but I must say that the fact doesn't fill me with pride. In my opinion, the boys who entertain are worse than the girls. I do not number many university men among my friends. I have plenty of acquaintances at that institution who would wear out the parlor furniture if they were permitted to. I do not crave perpetual excitement, but I cannot tolerate a man who is willing to take up a girl's time and show little appreciation in return. After all, does not the modern man need a little reforming?

A MODERN MAN-HATER.

This Is What "Benny" Is

Dear Cynthia—May I impose upon the good nature of the readers of your column by submitting a few lines in reply to the letter of "Pal" in a recent issue?

Pal, I have found a kind of delight in seeing your reply to my letter which I believe you also are able to appreciate, and even though we may never meet, nevertheless, through this column we are able at least to state our views in regard to things most important in our lives.

You perhaps wonder who and what I am, and I will say frankly that I will be a failure if I attempt to parade my virtues otherwise than I have already done.

First, I am very fond of good shows and especially the heart-touching drama, and take great interest in plays on account of having written several stories and narratives. Second, I am an all-around athlete in a modest way, having played the national game, basketball, participated in track events and enjoy swimming, rowing, fishing and all clean sports, both outdoor and indoor. Third, I am what is termed as a conservative dresser, always dressing neatly and in styles up to the minute. Fourth, I have dark hair, blue eyes, am of fair complexion and am five feet six inches in height, possessing an even disposition. Fifth, what I consider the most important asset in building character is a keen interest in church affairs and all social events which tend to advance the social elements and I consider it a duty and privilege to participate in these standardbearers of right and truth. Sixth, I am keenly interested in affairs of state also.

Now, Pal, I assume that you are interested in a "General Delivery" of facts as you requested the above information and I have endeavored to do as you have asked.

BENNY.

"Charmides" Bewails Lack of Common Sense

Dear Cynthia—The flapper has become bored with being known as "one who flaps," so she has invaded the campus and become the collegiate girl. Truly, her invasion on higher education advanced no further than the campus; for one might say that her knowledge of English literature is glynned from Madame Ellinor at her glynniest. Art, the source of all art is the movies. What could be more inspiring than Rodolph Vaselina with a much swansoned Gloria in his arms—Cut

Our flapper's education being complete, let us reflect on her amusements. We must invade the sanctity of her boudoir and see, "one who flaps," preparing for an evening's worship at the shrine of Terpsichore. She slips over her head one of those little bathing suits so popular this season, runs a comb through her bobbed tresses, carmines her lips and introduces her nose to the flour sack—presto! she is complete. But, wait, she must apply perfume to those hennaed tresses and those carmined lips. Ah, the preparations a lady must go through to keep a gentleman in the state of emotional efficiency requisite to the occasion—a frat dance.

Henry James speaks some place or other about the "beauty in pointblankness." So the flapper has her charms after all, for certainly she does not veil her intentions toward the opposite sex. To her the pursuit after the wary male is life's summum bonum. But that is as it should be, a woman who proclaims a dislike for the opposite sex looks the lie she speaks.

Time was when the man knew the joy of the pursuer and woman knew the joy in being pursued. Now all things are different; man is the quarry put to flight and woman has acquired all the instincts of the pursuer. It may be the nineteenth amendment; at any rate, as Matthew Arnold puts it, "The old is out of date."

Of course, the whole world can't be reformed according to my views, and, of course, the first step in reforming the world is to reform oneself. The flapper may be as strait-laced as her old-fashioned sister, but appearances are against her. To openly avow an intention of being wicked and then do her darnedest is ridiculous, all the more so because it is done publicly, but however harmless, gossip grows fat on just such silly little morsels.

And it is rather a pity when one thinks that these very girls may know woman's holiest estate, "motherhood." They say the beauty of an angel's face cannot compare to the beauty of a mother's heart, and it is certainly rather difficult to imagine these painted little flappers feeling such an emotion. Of course, mother love may be like a great many other sentiments in life, very much exaggerated, I don't know.

It is rather useless to rant about the flapper (or the collegiate girl, they both mean the same thing), she has come to stay, but it does seem such a waste of youth. Oh, well, there's no use crying over spilt milk; there's too much sour left to worry about.

O! ye immortal gods, is there anything quite as uncommon as common sense? CHARMIDES.

WHAT'S WHAT

By Helen Decie

While there are fewer pretentious men than affected women, the masculine type is incalculably more offensive, since, after all, "make-believe," childish as it is, is more characteristic of a little girl than of a "reg'lar feller" of any age. Lawrence's brief analysis of the manners of the make-believe gentleman is well worth noting: "He was conscious of the fact that he had 'risen to be a gentleman.' Now, if a man is conscious of being a gentleman, he is bound to be a little less than a man. But if he is gnawed with anxiety lest he may not be a gentleman, he is only pitiable. If a man must loftily, by his manner, assert that he is now a gentleman, he shows himself a clown."

The manners of a genuine gentleman—whether he happens to be a duke or a day-laborer—are distinguished by the kindliness which evinces itself in consideration for others, and by the simplicity which rejects self-advertising. Instinctively, other men and all women dislike a consequential man, for every one knows that deficiency and consequence go hand in hand.

Shame Is a Never Failing Remedy for Times When We Pity Ourselves

We Cannot Quite Go On Feeling Sorry About Our Own Troubles When Some One Worse Afflicted Is Cheerful

SOME one was questioning the cheerful little woman who had been blind for many years how she managed to be so happy, in spite of her affliction.

"How did you ever get into the right frame of mind in the first place?" she was asked.

"Well," she replied, serenely, "I realized that it had to be and I made up my mind that I should never allow myself to indulge in self-pity. I never have, although sometimes at first it was a struggle, when I was just learning to do things so differently, and so I have never been depressed or unhappy about my blindness."

Doesn't it make you ashamed of some of your own attacks of self-pity, when you hear a woman talk like this?

No doubt that is one reason there are such afflicted persons in the world—to teach the rest of us to appreciate our own good fortune.

"It might be worse" is poor consolation, but shame is a great remedy for woe-bewailing.

You somehow haven't the face to sit down and feel sorry for yourself when you see how bright some one else is under much worse circumstances.

AND it's true that there always is something worse.

You think you have reached the bottom of misery.

This is wrong, that cannot possibly be made right, and the other thing fails you just when you need it most.

There doesn't seem to be any happiness or peace in the world for you, and you give yourself up unreservedly to the joys—it is fun of a grim nature to make yourself more miserable than you have to be—of self-pity.

But then, and that's another interesting truth, that much worse situation of some one else always seems to be called to your attention just at the moment when you are about to proclaim yourself the unluckiest mortal ever born.

If poverty is your trouble, and this is a desperate cause for unhappiness—there's no denying that—you are unexpectedly made to forget or belittle your own difficulties by seeing or hearing of a person of wealth and material comfort who is incurably ill, afflicted or crippled.

If you are in poor health yourself and feel that if it were not for the faithful attention of your many friends you would just give up and die; you read in the paper the farewell note left by some one who has committed suicide, although in good health, because of loneliness.

THERE always is something worse, it always is brought to your attention just at the crisis of your own tribulations, and it does comfort you.

It isn't the thought that somebody else is suffering, too, which makes things easier; it is the natural human tendency to be sorry for anybody who is in trouble.

While you are sorry for another you can't very well be sorry for ourself, too.

And then you do have that sense of shame.

"To think of my moaning about my distress," you say, in poverty, "when I have my good health, and strength and all my life ahead of me! What's the use of money if you haven't any health?"

"Well, I have a great deal to be thankful for," you say, in sickness. "I have my family and my friends, and this poor soul hadn't any. Oh, I think it would be worse than being sick to be lonely!"

And so the formula of the cheery, efficient little blind woman helps us ways.

It warns us against self-pity, shames us out of any we may be its note of courage and hope in affliction.

A Dainty Accessory

There is a certain person who has the most charming little appointments surrounding her, things most people do not think of, and are delightfully useful and nice to have. For instance, she pulled out of a white wicker sewing basket the other day a little oblong pin cushion, a silk one of a soft shade of blue, here and there with a white French knot. And what was it made of but a scrap of material left from last year's dress? Truly the knack of using things in this way is an art, but makes it different from most arts in this: It can be acquired.

So Refreshing
and so purely healthful
"ICED"
"SALADA"
TEA
Sold only in Sealed Metal Packets to preserve the original fragrance of the leaf.
H806

"MILLARDS"
Re-Building Sale!
at 127 South Thirteenth Street
Women's and Misses' Apparel
Entire Stock Included—Without Reservations
Highest Character Merchandise
"At Absurdly Low Prices"
For Example
200 Cloth Wraps, Coats and Capes
In Marvella, Veldyne, Medallist, Tricotine, Poiret Twill
Some Fur Trimmed
At Exactly ½ Price
Values $39.75, $69.75, $75, $89.75, $100, $125
At $20, $35, $37.50, $45, $50, $65
Three Hundred Blouses
Dimities, Batistes, Voiles with Square, Round, Peter Pan and V-necks.
Lace, Gingham and Embroidery Trimming.
Values $2.95 and $3.95.
At $1.00 and $1.95
We desire to express our appreciation of the enthusiasm shown by the women of Philadelphia on the opening day of this sale.
Millards have never had a sale of this type before. We have decided not to carry over any stock during the rebuilding operations at 127 South Thirteenth street.
May We Suggest That Our Customers Come Early During the Sale to Have Advantage of First Choice

The finest butter in America!
Louella
44c lb
Sold only in our Stores
AMERICAN STORES CO.

A glass a day keeps fatigue away
The Hunger Hour
ABOUT midway between meals, the housewife, the office worker, the vacationist—in fact, almost everyone, feels the gnawing and faintness of hunger. At such times, especially in hot weather, there is danger in taking into the system solid food.
Here is one of the times to drink Abbotts Cream Buttermilk. Its nourishing qualities feed the flagging system, without straining the digestion. Its wonderful flavor and tang quench the thirst and cool the body.
Abbotts Cream Buttermilk has that delicious old-time buttermilky flavor. Made fresh every day under the strictest "laboratory control." Drink it at home and at work.
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