Not the Eternal Feminine, Just the Eternal Human

By WINNIFRED HARPER COOLEY

"THERE goes the eternal feminine!" cried the male bookkeeper in a contemptuous tone.

WINNIFRED HARPER COOLEY

A bevy of girls, stenographers and accountants and auditors, were gathered around a desk on which was displayed a snowy linen lunch cloth embroidered, and a tea set of exquisite blue and primrose luster china.

It was for a prospective bride who was leaving the office that day, and they had contributed the money for the present, and a committee had purchased it, and the gift was displayed early in the morning, before she arrived, as a surprise.

All of the clerks in the mammoth concern had come early to see the lovely display, and witness Fanny's reception of it. They had worked with her in this office many years, and were full of suppressed excitement that she was leaving their world, to enter the mysterious and unknown one of domesticity. Giggles and exclamations and cooings of delight greeted the beautiful tea set, as each newcomer beheld it. Indeed, it was a very beautiful present and showed off to advantage among the dull and sordid office furnishings. Of course, it looked most inappropriate, in a business place, and, of course, the morale of the office was upset for the entire forenoon, with sentimental girls gushing over a domestic china service, and all that weddings and lovemaking and housekeeping implied. No wonder the men granted and cast disgusted eyes upon the mere girl-folk who could so disturb the dignity of the vast mercantile establishment. The climax was reached when the bride-elect entered, from curiosity, and stood petrified at the magnificent sight. Spreading over her desk was a delectable collection, even to the linen (he suggested) a lunch table already set. Some one even had put a few roses in a vase.

SHE gasped, then was very still, and then the tears came, slowly but feelingly. She had been a faithful and efficient worker, and there were moments when she almost regretted leaving the hustling, exciting business world for the quiet of a flat, where she would be alone all of every day; but never had she suspected that her companions had cared so much for her! She could only gasp out her appreciation and delight.

"Just like women!" continued the clerk to a man near his desk. "It's not just the turning of the office upside down, and demoralizing the force, and making the audit department into a dining-room; it is the entire woman idea, and what it expresses. All those girls think of is how wonderful it is to stop work and get into a home and mess around with a little cooking, while some man makes the living for them!"

"Have you ever been married?" asked the third vice president, quietly. He had been standing unobserved in a doorway at the back, and had overheard this diatribe. "No," replied the young fellow, blushing.

"WELL, you will be more charitable when you are. Perhaps it means a little more to a woman than to a man, but let me tell you that the day you leave the office to get married and take a little honeymoon and your associates gather round and present you with a handsome wedding gift, it will cause you to have a pretty big lump in your throat!

"Right in our office last week the boys bought a gold-mounted humidor for Wilson. He is quite a smoker and has lived forty years a bachelor, but Cupid got him at last and he was trying to slip away quietly, but we found it out. The Old Man made a beautiful speech of presentation, extolling Wilson's faithful service for so many years, and speaking of the joys of marriage, and the fellows could scarcely keep from showing emotion, for some had lost loved ones by death and many had memories. It's not the Eternal Feminine but the Eternal Human that makes life worth while."

The Woman's Exchange

Making Spots Vanish

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Will you please tell me how to take ice cream spots out of a blue crepe de chine dress?

SARAH H.

If you apply a solution of carbon tetrachloride to these you will find they disappear readily. You can get this preparation at a drug store.

Solving Her Worry

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Will you please suggest something different to serve for a Halloween party?

Is ham, potato salad, cider, etc. proper to serve, or would sandwiches be better? HOSTESS.

The menu you suggest will be fine. It would be nice to have the sandwiches with the ham, potato salad and cider, and you can also serve gingerbread.

A Kind Act

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—I have a little kitten that I think the world of, but it has some sort of disease that I'm afraid cannot be cured, and, as it would be only an act of mercy to kill it (I have to think of that), I am writing to ask if you can tell me of a way to do so. Would chloroform do the deed without discomfort?

Where may one buy chloroform and also does one require a prescription from a doctor? H. L. H.

You can get chloroform at a drug store, and, if you are known there, you do not need a doctor's prescription in order to purchase a small quantity. It would really be the best way to put your kitten out of its misery, and will give it no pain whatever. That you have to do this makes me feel very sorry for you, because I know just how dear a pet can grow to be.

Adventures With a Purse

ONE or two serge or tricotine dresses are by way of being very happy thoughts for the winter wardrobe, because from the business office to the afternoon tea they are always in perfect taste. I'm sure you've all noticed that on many of the cloth dresses this year beaded ornaments are being used, as a matter of fact. I've seen some on evening gowns. I have thought them expensive because somehow they look it, and was very glad to find a shop where beaded ornaments and buckles could be bought for as low as $1.25. Steel beads, green, red and blue beads and a graceful jet ornament—quite a variety and really worth investigation.

This is fruit-cake weather, and the boy in college or girl in boarding school would like a delicious bit of fruit cake to nibble when working or to share with its friends. Fruit cake rich with nuts, fruits, citron and those ingredients which go toward making an excellent cake can be bought for $1.50 a pound box, and the next size costs $3.

For that Halloween party you'll be sure to want some of the "trick walnuts." A dozen of them in a box, they look like real-honest-to-goodness nuts, except when they are cracked open. And then you will find a tiny toy, or a wee paper hat, and still another has a little rhyme. Perfectly fascinating things. You want to break them all open before the party. They are priced at thirty-five cents a box.

For names of shops address Woman's Page Editor or phone Walnut 3000 or Main 1601 between the hours of 9 and 5

WHAT'S WHAT

By Helen Decie

A New Orleans correspondent writes to What's What: "When giving a dinner for a young couple who have just returned from their honeymoon journey, should the bride and bridegroom be seated together? If not, what seating arrangement is proper? What flowers should be on the table?"

It is usual for a bride and bridegroom to sit side by side at their wedding breakfast, but at a dinner given for them, they are both guests of honor, and are seated according to the usual precedence for ranking dinner guests. That is, the bride sits at the right of the host, and the bridegroom is placed at the right of the hostess.

Bridal roses and love-in-a-mist are appropriate, but if these are not obtainable, white chrysanthemums and asters, which are in perfect bloom just now, are seasonable and most bridally decorative.

Scarlet Plumage Accents Black-White Dinner Dress

BY CORINNE LOWE

The woman's dinner frock, like the man's dinner jacket, has stolen quite a few leaves in the past years. If one cannot have both elaborate evening gown and dinner frock, it is, in fact, advisable to select the less formal type. For the average woman—not, by any means, the society woman—will encounter a great many more occasions demanding the dinner dress than the extreme decollete. Above is a charming model of white velvet combined with overskirt and underbodice of black net. This black net forms the tiny sleeves and shows at the corsage sides as well as at the neckline. It is embroidered in black jet beads in a leaf design, and the one accent of color is supplied by a cluster of brilliant red coq feathers. The overskirt is, in reality, a wide front tunic and the side drapery of velvet contributes that coveted unevenness of hemline.

Can You Tell?

By R. J. and A. W. Bodmer

Who Discovered Carbonic Acid Gas

Carbonic acid gas was the first of the four gases, of which fire, air and water are composed, to be discovered. The first step was made by Dr. Black, a Scotch physician, who became professor of chemistry at Glasgow in 1756. Chemists before him knew that if you took a piece of limestone or chalk and put it in water the lime or chalk would effervesce, that bubbles would rise from it; but that if put in the fire and burned, a dry powder was formed which would not then, if placed in water, give off the bubbles. Dr. Black found that the lime was lighter after it had been burned, and he reasoned correctly that the heat of the fire drove something out. Dr. Hales, another chemist, had previously driven gases out of substances, but he thought these gases were ordinary air.

Dr. Black undertook to collect some of the gas from burning lime in a bottle. He was successful and called it "fixed air" because he said it had been fixed in the limestone. When he weighed the gas he found it weighed exactly what the limestone had lost. He then reversed the experiment, by passing some fixed air into water with lime dissolved in it and formed a chalky white powder at the bottom. He thus proved that limestone is composed of lime and fixed air.

When he examined the gas separately, he learned that animals could not live in it and that a flame would not cause it to burn. He also discovered that by breathing into a glass of lime water, powdered lime was formed at the bottom of the glass. In that way he proved that our breath contained carbonic gas.

Interesting Women

Florence King, of Chicago, candidate for appointment to one of the new Federal judgeships, was the first woman lawyer in the United States.

Mrs. Mollie Widell, of Superior, has the distinction of being the first woman patent lawyer in Wisconsin to be selected as secretary of the Republican State Central Committee.

Among the students at a Welsh school of mining is a nun from an Ayrshire convent. She speaks English, French, German and Spanish fluently.

Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

Letters to Cynthia's column must be written on one side of the paper only and must be signed with the writer's name and address. The name will not be published if the writer does not wish it. Unsigned letters and letters written on both sides of the paper will not be answered. Writers who wish personal answers that can be given in the column will please look there, as personal letters are only written when absolutely necessary.

More Judgment of Bobby

Dear Cynthia—I am taking the liberty of telling Bobby where she gets off. Most of the people know that the war is over, but it appears as if Bobby hasn't wakened to the fact yet. Pikers, eh! Well, a fellow only makes on an average of $25 a week and has got to manage to make both ends meet. Some working girls make on an average of $15 and sport overcoats costing more than they make in a half year. How do you do it, girls? Tell us, and there is a sure cure for the pikers. Twenty-six and married three times. That's a fine record. Keep it up.

The reason there are so many fellows single today is there is one sensible girl to every fifty, and she lands a nice fellow. The girl of today does not know what responsibility means. To her mind marriage is the same as living off the fat of the land. Well, girls, as the saying goes: it can't be done.

As oil and mining stocks increase and decrease according to speculation, so shall the marriage market increase or decrease according to the sense which the girls acquire in the next few years.

G. A. S.

She's Very Wrong

Dear Cynthia—At last I have found courage to write you. I am the kind of person who does not believe in calling on others for help when I can see any way out of difficulties.

Now, Cynthia, this is my trouble. Last November I married a fellow who I thought at the time had all the good qualities one would expect in a man. But, oh, what a mistake I have made!

About two months ago a fellow moved in the house across the street from me. He boards with the people who have been living there a few years. So, being on friendly terms with these people, I often spend an evening with them. In this manner I became acquainted with said young man. And now, Cynthia, I believe I have actually fallen in love with him, and he does not seem to evade me in the least. Cynthia, do not think very harshly of me because now it is the only bright thing in my life. I have no children. If you could only find sympathy enough to advise me and show me the right way I shall never forget you, dear Cynthia. MRS. W.

Perhaps when you see this letter in print you will realize how wrong you have been to see so much of another man when you are a married woman. What if you have made a mistake? Perhaps your husband finds himself disillusioned, too. And you took him "for better or worse," so the sooner you drop this other man and turn to finding good points in your husband the better it will be.

A Brave Little Woman

Dear Cynthia—May I say a few words to "Le Penseur"?

Le Penseur, I can hardly believe that you are actually as bitter as you seem in your letter. Undoubtedly you have had some great disappointment and disillusionment to make you feel the way your letter sounds.

I am "only a woman," as you say, and these words from me will probably be unwelcome to you, but I cannot disregard your letter.

I am not one given to telling my private life, especially in a public way such as this, but if in doing it—I am not trying to exalt myself—and can make you realize that women are not as the "female of the praying mantis," tearing the male to pieces and making slaves of them, then it is well worth the time it takes me to write this.

First of all I am twenty years old. Not quite two years ago I married, for love only, a man who had served in France. He had been disabled and consequently was a vocational student in the city. We were dependent on the Government.

He was not very strong and about a year ago developed tuberculosis. I stayed with him until it became necessary for him to go away to a Government hospital. Then, while he was gone I took a position and saw him whenever he was allowed away from the hospital. My only sorrow was for the separation, not for the things which he was unable to give me.

Now, I find that I have contracted the disease and must remain in bed indefinitely. Through the kindness of my parents I am being cared for. Still I love my husband and still I am not regretful. I am only sorry that I, myself, am not able to take care of him and do the things for him which others are of necessity doing.

I was bitter, not at him, but at fate at first. Now I am no longer that way. In spite of everything the sun is still shining and God is still in His heaven. Then, too, you know the quotation about "There's so much good in the worst of us," etc.

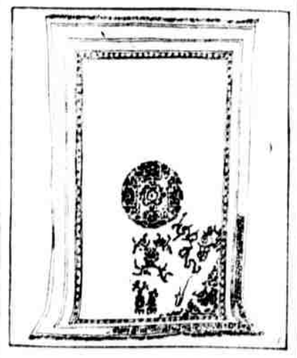
So, Le Penseur, some day I hope you will change your mind and not condemn all women, for after all, like men, they are human and there is still much of the milk of human kindness in the world.

Please forgive the length of this, Cynthia.

One thing more. What has become of Cynicus? JUST HUMAN.

THE HOME IN GOOD TASTE

By Harold Donaldson Eberlein



The Study of Rugs—Chinese

The study of the variations of Chinese, Persian and Turkish rugs is almost endless, having to do, as it does, with the age-old customs and religions of the various countries.

It is interesting to think how far these strange and beautiful pieces of handicraft have traveled to come into our American stores and homes. We are asked sometimes which are the rugs most used just now—and one feels that it is the perpetual insult of the Western to the Eastern intelligence thus to judge of a lifetime—indeed, many lifetimes, of tradition, by our standards of fashion.

Today we use for large rooms usually either a Chinese or a Kermanshah rug, if we are using an Oriental floor covering at all. Chinese rugs, having in many cases a comparatively simple field with a not excessively elaborate border are often used by the decorator of today. They are known for the beautiful soft and rich tones of blue, soft yellow and warm golden rose.

Their symbolism is worth study. The designs found in field and border are emblems of three different religions, the Taoist, the Confucian and the Buddhist. The accompanying illustration gives an idea of the typical motif coming under each head.

Tomorrow—The Study of Rugs—Persian

At the opera or theatre you want something over your shoulders. But you hesitate to use an old-lady shawl. This wrap of gold net heavily embroidered solves the problem in a stylish and becoming manner.

Humpty-Dumpty Is a Prototype of the Bold, Bad English Baron

And Other Rhymes of Mother Goose Were Sly Digs at Pompous Personages, Says Germantown Woman Who Has Delved Into Jungle Lore

"Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall,
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall.
All the King's horses
And all the King's men
Couldn't put Humpty together again."

In the story book of Mother Goose, Humpty is an egg, a fat, jolly old soul who didn't have any better sense than to fall off the wall, which proved that he was, indeed, foolish. In the vernacular, Humpty takes on a new light. He is still an egg, but a very bad egg is he.

Miss Jane Campbell, of 413 West School House lane, Germantown, has made a study of Mother Goose rhymes and she tells us of Humpty's deep, dark past. You see, it's like this:

Humpty was of the nobility—in the census book he would be listed as an English Baron. But he was a bad, bold Baron, ruling with a firm and mighty hand. The Baron's subjects finally rose up against his injustices and Humpty became a scrambled egg, so to speak.

"It is my belief," said Miss Campbell, "that a great many of those nursery rhymes are about actual happenings in history, and some of them are caricatures of real people.

"Old King Cole was a merry old soul,
A merry old soul was he;
He called for his pipe, he called for his bowl,
He called for his fiddlers three."

"I am sure that jingle is about a certain English ruler known to have been fond of music. I do love the Mother Goose book. Do you know that such persons really existed? Let me tell you about the American Mother Goose."

Miss Campbell settled more comfortably in the chair preparatory to launching forth on her favorite topic. She is a little silver-haired lady, and has friendly crinkles about her eyes—eyes which sparkled as she told her story.

"Long ago, as far back as the seventeenth century, there was, in Boston, an old lady named Goose. She lived with her daughter, who had married Thomas Fleet, a printer. Grandma Goose was devoted to her small grandson, and gathering him close would sing to him jingles and stories which he soon learned to repeat with her. Because his son liked his grandmother's stories, it occurred to Mr. Fleet that other children might like them too. And so, he got out an American version of the rhymes and called the book 'Mother Goose Rhymes.'

"Some of these Mother Goose probably made up, but a great many of them are of English origin and very old. 'London Bridge Is Falling Down' is at least 500 years old. Others are from two to three hundred years old.

"It is too bad that all children are not brought up on nursery rhymes and fairy tales. Some of the fairy tales are printed in almost every language under the sun. Fair-haired Dutch babies and dark-skinned Italina children, love them just the same as you and I did.

"It is the heritage of the ages handed down to children they learn to have illusions, to build ideals through the fairy stories. They creat fairy folk of their own. Who knows, there may be an elfin creature lurking behind the bed post to come out and dance on the coverlet when mother has put out the light? The ticking of the clock becomes the tap-tap of a wooden-legged fairy.

"Don't you see what I mean?" asked Miss Campbell, an unconscious note of pleading creeping into her voice. "Think what you would have missed had you not known about the old lady who lived in a shoe. And if you had not read the story of the Forty Thieves, would you know what an open sesame is when you read about it as applied to modern things of today?"

"I know literally thousands of nursery rhymes and folk songs, and, Oh, how I wish every little girl and boy could be made happy by knowing these fanciful creatures of Mother Goose and fairy stories!"

LOVE NOTS

By KAY KEAN

Chains

Beware the maternal touch! Yield not to the temptation of it!

The thoughtful fingers that pluck the lint from the coat lapel; the motherly hand upon the feverish brow; the helpful arm that holds the overcoat—shun the use of these. Employ them not!

Though they appear to be useful in hunting a husband, lo! after the game is bagged these very weapons shall hang above your head like the sword of Damocles. Once you have acquired the maternal role it cannot easily be laid aside. Quite willingly will your husband leave to you the entire responsibility of his comfort.

For a man is to his home even as a cat is to the fireside.

Woe is she who employs the maternal touch! For the hand that does the petting shall be the one that shakes the furnace.

Be not a mother to your husband lest you suddenly find yourself being treated like a grandmother.

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Antoinette Donnelly's Advice on Beauty

HANK—So you want to dye your eyebrows, Hank! I wouldn't advise you to. Instead use a little yellow vaseline, rubbing it well in and then brushing with a small, fine toothbrush night and morning. Be careful not to get any of the vaseline into the eyes, as it is most irritating to them. In time the vaseline will darken your eyebrows. Come again, Hank!

P. K. L.—Pride goeth before the corn. Judging from my mail, there are a vast number of pride-ridden tootsies sending up great groans from which a corn will grow. Too bad, when there is so much shoe leather on the market and small need for such drastic economy in sizes. Howsoever, they must be doctored, so between groans rustle along the stamped addressed envelopes for my pamphlet on feet aches and pains.

MISS M. F.—I have a very good formula for a hair-curling fluid which is to be applied before the hair is curled or done up for the night. It makes the curl stay in longer. Please send stamped addressed envelope, won't you, repeating your request?

Things You'll Love to Make

Pumpkin Doll Halloween Favor

Here is an amusing Halloween favor—a pencil with an orange-colored pumpkin-faced doll. Select black and orange wood covered pencils. Make a ball of cotton and cover it with orange paper. Paint the eyes, nose and mouth with black paint or ink. Tie the paper around the top of the pencil. Make large bows and ends with black and orange paper. Stitch strands of black wool to the head for hair. Write the name of the guest on one of the ends of the neck ribbon. If the point of the pencil is covered with a piece of wax paper you can stick it into the dinner roll, or into a piece of fruit placed at each place. This gives a very decorative touch to the table as well as indicating each guest's seat.

FLORA.

The Young Husband Who Expects His Wife to Be an Expert Cook

Forgets That She Must Learn That Art Just as He Learned His Business at the Office

HERE'S something for that young husband who comes home, tired and hungry, to find the steak half done, the potatoes slightly burned, and the pie impossible to cut without a saw.

It's a discouraging failure to come home to, and it is apt to happen several times, too, before the new housewife masters the art of cooking several things at the same time and making them come out even.

Small wonder that the young husband loses patience after while, and raves and rants until both he and his wife are utterly miserable.

He wouldn't, he usually declares during these straight talks, dare place a piece of work before his chief at the office if it was as badly botched as some of the meals which his wife had been placing before him.

He cannot see, he continues, why she is not able, with all the time that she has all day long, to learn how to do things right, after all this time.

On he goes, until his wife dissolves in heart-broken tears and his remorse almost puts him in tears.

THIS is what he doesn't take into account.

As a rule he does not marry until he is getting along pretty well at the office.

But when he started he was perfectly green.

He had to learn the business right from the A B C's of it, up, grasping its reading, writing and 'rithmetic gradually.

He wasn't expected to be worth a great deal to his company then; he didn't know enough.

If he made mistakes, allowances were made for his youth and inexperience, for everybody knew that he couldn't learn the whole business inside of a few months.

Yet that is what he expects of his wife!

He expects a girl who may or may not, more often may not, have had any experience in housekeeping to do expert work almost immediately.

Of course he thinks she has all day long to spend in the kitchen testing herself on cooking, not taking into account the fact that it would be a waste of materials if she did, and that there are a million things to do in a house, even when it is occupied by only two persons.

IT WOULD be impossible for her to turn out expert work just at first. She has to learn her art just as her husband had to learn his business.

There's spelling and reading and writing and 'rithmetic in housework as well as in business.

Something new turns up every day and it isn't possible to master it immediately.

If this young husband would just put himself into the state of mind of an employer waiting patiently through the mistakes and blunders period of his new employe before expecting any results from her work, he would be much more content.

And she would be a million times happier.

She wants, more than anything else in the world, to please him.

In fact, that may be one reason why she fails so often; she attempts such big things, hoping to please and surprise him.

She surprises him, alas, too often!

But it is his own fault that he isn't pleased; he has looked for success and perfection too soon, expected of his wife something that he knows nobody would expect of him.

And yet, on the other hand, it's really sweet of him to esteem her and her ability so highly that he thinks she can reach the heights of a housewife of long experience in the space of a few months.

The Superior Sex

By HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR

John Steele marries Anne Temple knowing that she has a secret in her past which she refuses to divulge. He knows, too, that she does not love him, but during their honeymoon they are swept irresistibly together, and for a time are very happy. Then Steele begins to think about Anne's secret, the more so because at times she disappears mysteriously and refuses to say where she has been. Steele finally yields to the temptation to spy on her and he discovers that she is supporting a child. In the first flame of his wrath, he accuses her of unspeakable things and because she makes no effort to defend herself he believes that he is justified.

A Little Journey

IN HER own room, Anne was making preparations to leave. She moved about the room like an automaton gathering only the barest necessities together, and when her small bag was finally packed she went to the drawer of her dressing table and took out her purse.

Every impulse in her cried out against taking any of Steele's money with her, but there was Elinor to be considered and she must have money to tide her over until she could get work. In her pocketbook she found $45 in bills, and some small change. Her balance at the bank came to nearly $400, but she placed her bank and check books on the table where they would be sure to be found. She could not use a penny of that, and what she was taking with her she would pay back just as soon as she could.

Ten minutes later with a cape thrown around her, and in a small hat from which floated a black veil, she was going down in the elevator, and in half an hour she was sitting in the stuffy day coach of one of the suburban trains.

Any one who had taken the trouble to look at her closely would have seen her small face white and set under the protecting mesh of the veil. Her eyes gazed straight ahead, like a sleep-walker's, and when she alighted at a small country station, she slipped quickly around to the back and began to walk swiftly down a narrow street on either side of which were small frame houses, each with its own little grass plot and all absurdly alike.

She turned in at one of these and as she rang the doorbell, emotion swept over her for the first time. She felt a sudden trembling through all her body and a stinging sensation in her eyelids, and as the front door was flung open she had to fight for composure before she could speak.

"Who is it?" said a woman's voice. "It's so dark, I can't see a thing."

"It's I, Mrs. Higgins," and Anne's voice trembled over the words.

The next moment the woman had drawn her through the small dark hall and into a square box of a parlor, and Anne had sunk down into a chair, fighting against the deadly faintness that was threatening to overwhelm her.

The woman called Mrs. Higgins brought a glass of water, and Anne drank it, thirstily. Finally she looked up with a faint smile.

"I haven't been well," she explained apologetically, "and I walked up from the station. I guess it was too much for me. How is the baby? Is everything all right?"

Her eyes were fixed on the older woman's face and there was something about the expression of it that brought Anne suddenly to her feet. "Tell me! She isn't sick again, is she? She seemed so well when I was here a week ago."

"She was well, she seemed fine until yesterday, but last night I noticed that she had taken another cold and was feverish. I sent for the doctor this morning, and I expect him again in a few minutes. I'm glad you've come Mrs. Temple. Do you want to go right upstairs and see her?"

On the way upstairs Mrs. Higgins tried to be reassuring. "You mustn't get yourself all worked up and excited, you'll need all your strength if the doctor finds that it's serious."

But Anne did not answer. She could not. She was half wild with fear and anxiety. Elinor was ill. Elinor, her own little baby! Suppose something happened to take her away!

O, God," she prayed agonizingly, "don't let her die!"

And then at last she was beside the bed and was bending fearfully over the small flushed face on the pillow.

Tomorrow—The Vigil.

Don't cry over spilled ink

Iron rust, ink spots, medicine stains and all other stains containing iron, can be removed from clothing, carpets, furniture, etc., immediately with

Gartside's Iron Rust Soap
Removes All Stains

Sold by all Drug, Grocery and Dry Goods Stores in 10c and 25c tubes.

For Every Meal

There's probably no food that is easier or quicker to prepare and certainly none that is more nourishing or delicious than Beardsley's *Shredded* Codfish. There are ways to prepare Beardsley's *Shredded* Codfish for breakfast, luncheon, or dinner. It is an economical food, too—one package serves five people.

Ask your grocer *today* for

BEARDSLEY'S TRADE MARK Shredded CODFISH

J. W. Beardsley's Sons, Newark, New Jersey

Try This Raisin Pie

Neighborhood bake shops and large modern bakeries in your town are baking raisin pies *for* you that will delight your men folks and save baking at home.

Your grocer or a bake shop will deliver a delicious one.

Try one. They are making them with—

Sun-Maid Raisins

Had Your Iron Today?

Woman's Appreciation

Is the best-dressed woman you know a very rich woman or is she a woman who shops with appreciation? If she is a woman with exquisite taste in dress it is a safe prediction she will appreciate the superior style in our

FUR COATS AND WRAPS

Do they cost more? Please compare our work and prices.

FURRIER Jacques Ferber 1316 WALNUT STREET

The most celebrated gardens of India and Ceylon give their best teas to Tetley's Orange Pekoe. It is *the* perfect blend.

TETLEY'S

Makes good TEA a certainty

J. B. Sheppard & Sons

Sale—Winter Night Gowns

Cambric, Nainsook, Muslin. High neck, ¾ and long sleeves

Sale Prices, $1.50 to $3.75

Wonderful $1.00 Special
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Outing Flannel Gowns
Very, very special at
$1.50
White and colors

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