CLUB NEWS AND SPRING FASHIONS—PRACTICAL ARTICLES AND IDEAS FOR EVERY WOMAN

Their Infinite Variety

THE outward manifestations of the gentle passion are certainly very varied. There are quite as many kinds in the world as there are men and women, so an eminent authority in the person of Mrs. Elsa Barker, the poetess, declares.

"Just as each person looks unlike any other," she says, "so each loves in his or her own way. Even one individual may know several kinds of love, for I think we may give that name to all attraction between man and woman—and give it respect, too, in its degree. Love cannot be pigeonholed.

"The great love embraces every part of the nature, spiritual, mental and physical. It is the rarest love. Most loves are on the surface, just as most lives are on the surface. The supreme, historical passion must be so deep that it will sacrifice even itself for the beloved. It must be compounded of both giving and receiving, or it soon exhausts itself. To be perfect, it must be mutual and equal, for a one-sided thing never can be perfect."

* * *

Another authority declares that there are four varieties of love, the true, self-sacrificing love, selfish devotion, infatuation and mere affection.

Certainly, we can say with truth that the outward and visible manifestations of love are sometimes exceedingly curious. Nay, more, they are passing strange!

Have we not all known the trials and tribulations into which the average engaged couple falls? Down in the depths one day, up in the heights the next, they are never in the same mood for long, and always peculiarly trying to live with. The course of true love never did run smooth, that is one thing sure and certain.

The best sort of love is founded on self-sacrifice, of course. But that particular brand of love isn't often to be met with.

"To love is always better than to be loved," says Mrs. Barker. "To love is ecstasy, however much suffering it costs—and sometimes it costs a great deal. To be loved, unless one loves in return, is merely a bore. One of the most pathetic loves I know, and one commoner than most people dream, is that of age for youth, the pitiful attempt to enjoy youth once more, if but vicariously. Such love is often unrequited. That doesn't matter.

"Who dares to love, unloved, the cord unties
In whose close coils the fettered spirit lies;
The jealous gods blush and evade his glance,
And joy and pain are equally his prize."

"The love of youth is glamour. It is exquisite as a rosebud and as perishable. The young girl, for example, dreams of an ideal—a beautiful, strange, rich fairy prince, who will love her tremendously. I think that a girl generally wants to marry a rich man—until she meets a poor man who makes her change her mind. Even when she thinks herself in love it is an ideal that she is loving, an ideal that may or may not bear any relation to the identity hiding behind it.

"Then there is the love of habit and custom. That seems to make many persons happy, and it, therefore, deserves respect. But those who want something more in their love, and who start with something more, must beware of regarding love as static and settled—ever. It is not a chase; that idea must have been conceived originally by the people who never caught anything. It is a growth; and it must develop or decline. I believe that much of the unhappiness of the American woman is due to her conviction that if she goes to the altar with a man she need do nothing else to retain, through eternity, his entire devotion."

Certainly in these modern days, egotism and the inherent selfishness of many women have proved the grave of love. For love and selfishness cannot dwell together.

Sympathy and understanding are two great factors essential to a successful love affair. For where sympathy and understanding are, there also will dwell true happiness.

Mayor to See Suffrage Parade

Suffragists in this city are happy over the fact that Mayor Blankenburg has accepted an invitation to view the monster suffrage parade on Saturday. The Mayor, together with a number of other city officials, will see the parade from the State Fencibles' grandstand, at Broad and Race streets. It is likely, too, that a number of Philadelphia legislators and their wives will see the demonstration. They have been asked to. Arrangements have been made to have the City Hall decorated with suffrage colors during the afternoon as the parade passes. A letter from Chief Pike, of the Electrical Bureau, announces that the hall will be brilliantly lighted on Saturday night in honor of the suffragists' jubilee day.

Librarians in Suffrage Parade

Women library workers will march in the woman suffrage parade to be held in this city on May 1. Announcement to that effect was made today by Miss Ada F. Liveright, head of the Pedagogical Library. Miss Liveright asked that librarians who wish to join the pageant communicate with her at the headquarters of the Board of Education, in the Stock Exchange Building.

The Daily Story

Merton's Ambition

"So it's a case of the law or the lady," Bemis said, chuckling hard. "I should have no doubt as to which would win—if I didn't know about the other lady."

Merton flushed angrily and frowned. "You know nothing of the sort. There isn't any 'other lady'—"

"Which her name it is Henrietta—Henrietta Bruce," Bemis interrupted, still chuckling, but growing grave as he added: "And if you let yourself leave her in the lurch, Jack, you're a cad of the first water."

"There is no question of taking or leaving," Merton began, trying to brave it out, but at the end dropping his head, and half whispering:

"You—you are right, Ned—Etta loves me—and I love her—better than all the world—except my ambition. I want to be somebody—somebody worth while. The way is open—if only I marry Mrs. Grey. She has virtually told me that as her husband her whole million will be at my command. If I don't marry her, what chance have I? The ten years I must starve to make myself a leading lawyer will put me hopelessly out of the race. Now I can win almost anything political—if I can afford to take it. Mere money does not tempt me so very much—but power!—that is the thing I crave. Besides, I can't bear to think of Etta waiting, working, fading, for me—when she might be happy in a home of her own if I were out of the way."

"I don't think she'd mind," Bemis said dryly. "When may I look forward, Jack? And does Etta know?"

"Go and tell her—you are so sure!" Merton burst out. "As to cards—there will be none. We start—we start for California as soon as the wedding is over."

"So you came for my advice—after the fact. I supected as much," Bemis said, his mouth hardening. "I don't wish you joy, Jack! you don't deserve it. You are throwing away a pearl among women because you are vain enough to believe that you have in you the makings of a great man. Etta might have made a great man of you—at any rate, she would have made you a man. This other one will make you an article of 'bigotry and virtue'—something dearer than her parrot, a little better than her lapdog. You'll have a lapdog's ease, but you won't fit the position—you're too big and bulking—made too much like a man——"

"Stop! I won't hear that, even from you," Merton said, hoarsely. Bemis swung on his heel. "I apologize for saying it—to myself," he said, walking away.

Five years after his wedding day he recalled the moment, the trivial action, with a mad longing to treat the original as then he had been tempted to treat the portrait. He had indeed found himself ranking between the household parrot and lapdog, albeit he had the freest possible hand at the Grey money. That was his only freedom. Mrs. Merton laid claim to the greater part of his waking hours. She was a shallow creature, kindly enough, but forever craving change, amusement, the diversion of new faces, new scenes. To her way of thinking the end and the aim of manhood was either to make money or, having it ready made, to spend it.

"I wont have you bother with politics—only low people go into them," she had said airily, before the honeymoon was out. Even the prospect of being some day Mrs. Ambassador had not made her change. "I want to have good times now—not wait for them till I'm old and haggard," she had said. It was the same with his profession or any business venture. "I am business enough for you," his wife protested, adding in the next breath: "Besides, what other business would bring you $1,000,000 before you have one gray hair?"

Outwardly an enviable mortal, he was sick and tired of everything—most of all himself. Now and again he sighed for the stings, the limitations of the old times and caught himself wondering how it would seem to be free. He knew nothing of Henrietta. There was an agreement between him and his wife upon one point if no other. She was firm that they would neither ask nor hear anything of his old friends, his native place.

She was forever taking up things and dropping them. Thus she came to own a fever for coaching. In bright, early autumn weather she planned a long drive across country, one that would take at least a month. Merton fell in with her plan; he knew protest was idle. And thus in the middle of his journey he came to know fully what he had thrown away.

It was a mile out of a thriving railway town when the coach had lost linch-pin and was disabled that a storm drove its occupants to the shelter of the nearest house, a pretty villa, spacious but unpretentious, with gay autumn flowers all about it, and thrifty trees throwing up its red roof and gray walls. There was a rocking horse upon the piazza, a baby's cap lying limp on the rail, and the woman who answered Mrs. Merton's imperious knock held the baby itself in the hollow of her arm as she flung the door hospitably open and said: "So the storm is to blow me good—in the sight of old friends. Don't you remember Etta Bruce, Mrs. Merton? I'm Mrs. Bemis now—and very glad to see you. Come in. I shall keep you all night. Ned will not be home until almost 9. He went to see the Governor today, and I know he would never forgive me if I let you go away without seeing him."

Then she shook hands with Merton as calmly as though they never had been more than casual acquaintances. He found himself catching his breath as he looked at her. She was less fresh than of old, but so wonderfully, spiritually beautiful, with the beauty of mother love, mother happiness.

"I needn't ask you how you are, Etta," said Mrs. Merton. "No wonder you're happy, though, with two children," as a sturdy little lad came shyly through the inner door to ambush himself in his mother's skirts.

"I'se free years old—and goin' to be a man when I drows up," he volunteered, when Mrs. Merton had coaxed him into finding his tongue.

Merton winced as he heard the prattling voice. The old love was dead, with so much else that was best in him, but still there were some faint stirrings of ambition. He was wondering if, indeed, the woman he had loved and left might not have made him, too, a man.

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A TAILORED SUIT IN BLACK, WHITE AND TAN
Keith's Theatre Fashion Parade

All for Love

O talk not to me of a name great in story;
The days of our youth are the days of our glory;
And the myrtle and ivy of sweet two-and-twenty
Are worth all your laurels, though ever so plenty.

What are garlands and crowns to the brow that is wrinkled?
'Tis but as a dead flower with May-dew besprinkled;
Then away with all such from the head that is hoary—
What care I for the wreaths that can only give glory?

O Fame!—if I e'er took delight in thy praises,
'Twas less for the sake of thy high-sounding phrases,
Than to see the bright eyes of the dear one discover
She thought that I was not unworthy to love her.

There chiefly I sought thee, there only I found thee;
Her glance was the best of the rays that surround thee;
When it sparkled o'er aught that was bright in my story,
I knew it was love, and I felt it was glory.
—Lord Byron.

A SMART GIRL'S DIARY

A New Spring Tailored Suit

WELL, I can hardly believe it—Elinor and I are actually in New York. We came over on the noon train today, and have been whirled around all the adorable places in New York until my head is too dizzy to tell their names. We fox-trotted all this afternoon, and now I am just getting a few minutes' rest before going to somebody's dinner-dance.

While we were riding up 5th avenue this afternoon I watched the fashion parade. Smart afternoon frocks, tailored suits, topcoats and every other fashionable costume was in evidence, for it was the shopping hour, and the New York woman dresses just as carefully to shop as she does for the dansant. In fact, most of them run in to dance after a shopping tour.

One very tailored lady attracted much attention—a thing which most New York women seem to enjoy. I mentally called her "Milady of Fifth Avenue," she was so trig looking. Her suit was made of a rather "loud" checked material, in black, white and tan, with the side pockets, collar and cuffs outlined with white braid.

Her coat was mannish in the extreme. It was cut loosely, with a single button in the front and wide turned-back cuffs. Set-in pockets, just like a man's, were on the side of the jacket, finished off with crow's feet in white silk. The skirt was high waisted and very short. It buttoned up the front and had a very wide patch pocket at the side. She wore a white gardenia in her buttonhole, with the fidelity to detail which characterizes the most effective costumes.

The really complete touches to this costume were the hat and shoes. She wore high Russian boots in a lovely sauterne shade, lacing up the side. Her hat was a tailored model of varnished staw, in a brimless turban shape. Wing trimming is very chic at present, and her hat had a large white bird with spreading wings at the back for its only trimming. It was a most fetching costume. But there is our car, and here I am, scribbling in my diary!

AROUND THE BARGAIN COUNTERS

Shoes, Gloves and Stockings

Boots are just as popular with the fashionable woman as are low shoes. She can wear them with more comfort, as the shoes are likely to work loose, and novelty stockings are rather extravagant. One of our large department stores is selling out a number of sample shoes for $3.65 a pair. This includes black pumps with straps which cross over the instep, heavy walking shoes, and a pretty assortment of bronze slippers, with a buckle in the front.

In the same store everyday walking shoes—comfortable Oxfords and low-cut pumps—are selling for $2 a pair.

White enamelled buckles for the white buckskin pump are selling for $1.50 a pair up. The celluloid ones are oval in shape, and cost $1 up.

Another large department store is selling out some of the heaviest and most attractive silk stockings for $1 a pair. One style was made of black and red changeable weave silk, with very heavy all-silk tops and tips.

Bronze stockings are getting more and more bizarre, and the latest arrival is a pair, bronze half way up, with two-inch stripes of bright yellow and blue alternating. They sold for $1 a pair.

Odd little socks for the kiddies will soon be in style in the warm days to come. These have green and white, black striped, check, or dotted effects, and sell for 35 cents a pair. Silk ones are $1.

White silk gloves are, of course, seen in all the shops now, but one very noticeable pair was embroidered with fleur de lis over the arm. They were 16-button length, and had a heavy triple-stitching on the back, the price was $3.75.

A decidedly mannish looking glove is selling in a Chestnut street shop for $2. It is made of very heavy white kid, with arrow-stitching on the back, in 12-button length. These are the regular mousquetaire style, and slip on, clasping with a strap at the wrist.

A very good imitation of real chamois skin is seen in one of the stores, on a short glove, which is more than useful for the woman who travels, as they can be washed in cold water. They sell for $1 a pair.

CHILDREN'S CORNER

Frisky Cottontail's New Home

FRISKY COTTONTAIL was a first cousin to Toppy Cottontail and to Timmy Graytail and was very proud of the relationship. But unlike Toppy and Timmy, he had had very few adventures.

"I wonder why it is," he remarked one day to his little mate, "that other rabbits have such interesting adventures? Nothing ever happens to us!"

"It's easy enough to see why," replied Mrs. Frisky Cottontail, with a disgusted sniff.

Frisky pricked up his ears. "Easy enough? Then, if you know why, please tell!"

"All right!" said Mrs. Frisky, "that's exactly what I mean to do! Nothing ever happens to us—nothing interesting, I mean—because you insist on living in these tiresome woods. Now Toppy went to the farmyard and Timmy went to live in a city park. That's what I call living! But you—you just want to stay right here in the woods all the time! I'm so tired of woods and woods and woods!"

Frisky was so surprised with her answer that he couldn't think of a word to say! His little mate, who was always so quiet and sensible, talking like that! He could hardly believe his ears! "I know they have traveled," he found breath to say in a minute, "but think how dangerous travel is. Surely you don't want to go clear into the city? Or out through the country to the big farmyard?"

Mrs. Frisky Cottontail thought a minute. This was her chance, the chance she had often hoped for, and she wanted to be very sure of what she really wanted to do before she offered any advice. "I don't know as I do want to go clear into the city," she finally said, "and I'm quite sure I don't like farm life—the roosters do crow so loud and early. I know all about them from what I have heard Toppy tell."

"Then where do you want to go?" exclaimed Frisky.

"Couldn't we go just part way to the city?" asked Mrs. Frisky, "just far enough to meet some adventures and not far enough but what we could find our way back if we didn't like it?"

Frisky thought that such a very good idea that he voted to start out at once. So, before an hour had passed, Mr. and Mrs. Frisky Cottontail were well on their way toward the new home in the outskirts of the city.

For many an hour they traveled, slipping from cover to cover; shaking with fear when they met anything—either man, or wagon or creature; till at last, footsore and weary, they slipped into a yard to rest.

"I wish we didn't have to go any farther."

"This traveling is not as much fun as I thought it would be," said Mrs. Frisky in a tired voice. "I wish we didn't have to go any farther."

"Maybe we don't," said Frisky, "you stay here and rest and I'll look around." So Mrs. Frisky snuggled down under some leaves and Frisky went off to investigate. In three minutes he was back. "I've found the finest nest!" he declared, "It's made of soft grass. Do come and see!" So Mrs. Frisky went. She found a great pile of fresh cut grass heaped up by a back yard fence, and it smelled so fresh and felt so soft that she at once decided to stay in it. "This is just the place for us," she said, and so the new home was chosen and they set about making it fine and comfortable.

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TOWN OF FUNNY DREAMS

THE FLYING TROUT

By Bob Williams

In Funny Brook—if you should look—
You'd see a Funny Trout,
With Wings just like an Aeroplane
When Fliers trot one out.

This Foolish Fish had made a Wish
One day for Something New,
To help him fly the Funny Sky,
And look for me and you!

His Freckled Pa and Freckled Ma
Came home that Afternoon,
And when they saw their Lucky Son
They both enjoyed a Swoon!

They said, "We do not know you, Boy;
You look like Something Strange;
Pray tell us, have your Gills enlarged,
Or have you got the Mange?"

He said, "Dear Parents, I am sick
Of swimming in the wet;
I've THOUGHT a rigging that is slick
For flying out the fret!"

He shook his Tail and darted off
Right thro' the River's Roof;
But when he struck the Chilly Air
He chattered out a "Woof!"

I saw him loop-the-loop one night,
And chase a Panther Cat;
He bit the Brute, then hit the Brook—
My Blankets hit the Mat!

BABY'S COUGHING SAVES FOUR FROM FIRE IN HOME

Mother Awakened to Find Smoke Pouring Up Through Hallway.

The restlessness of a month-old baby, coughing and choking in the thick smoke which poured up through the hallway, saved four persons from being trapped by an early morning fire at 2131 South 10th street today.

Mrs. Carl Pashman, the infant's mother, had set a pail of water on the kitchen stove to heat for its bath late last night. Then she went upstairs, but fell asleep. The redhot stove ignited a chest of towels and clothing nearby. Awakened by the baby, Mrs. Pashman called her husband, and the couple, snatching up their children, the baby and three-year-old Dollie, ran downstairs. Policeman Collins, of the 4th street and Snyder avenue station, extinguished the fire.

Vassar Girls Ask More Liberty

POUGHKEEPSIE, April 28.—In a petition being circulated among the girls at Vassar College demands are made for the abolition of chaperons for lectures downtown, for unlimited week-ends for juniors and seniors, more chapel cuts and permission to receive male guests. The honor system in examinations is also demanded by the girls.

SUFFRAGE EVENTS TODAY

EQUAL FRANCHISE SOCIETY

Noon—Out-of-door meeting on the Postoffice plaza, 9th and Chestnut streets. Speaker, Miss Bertha Sapovits. Suffrage "literature" distributed by members of the society.

3 p. m.—A tea, under auspices of the Wynnewood branch of the Equal Franchise Society, at the residence of Mrs. D. L. Schwartz, Wynnewood. Speakers, Mrs. Imogen Oakley, Mrs. Isaac Rhoades and Henry John Gibbons. Those in charge are Mrs. J. Clifford Jones, Mrs. Edward Pearson Flannery, Mrs. Herman Livingston Schwartz, Mrs. J. Clarence Salvas, Miss Hattie McIlvain, Mrs. Walter Lucas, Mrs. D. L. Schwartz, Mrs. J. E. Spurr and Miss May K. Flannery.

8 p. m.—Meeting at the Messiah Church, 13th and Wolf streets. Speakers, Miss Lida Stokes Adams and George O. Swartz.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE PARTY

3 p. m.—Meeting of the "News Girls" at the party's headquarters, 1723 Chestnut street. The "News Girls" will form a section in the suffrage parade on May 1 and sell "literature" and journals throughout the progress of the parade. Miss Lois J. Roberts is in charge.

PRIZE SUGGESTIONS

PRIZES OFFERED DAILY

For the following suggestions sent in by readers of the EVENING LEDGER prizes of $1 and 50 cents are awarded.

All suggestions should be addressed to Ellen Adair, Editor of Woman's Page, EVENING LEDGER, Independence Square, Philadelphia.

A prize of $1 has been awarded to M. B. Deane, 100 South 52d street, West Philadelphia, for the following suggestion:

Squeeze a few drops of lemon juice into the palm of the hand and rub on the hair brush; then brush the hair vigorously. This will make the hair bright and glossy; it acts as a very good substitute for brilliantine and does not bring out the oil.

A prize of 50 cents has been awarded to Mary E. Gray, 1211 Arch street, Philadelphia, for the following suggestion:

The easiest way to split a shortcake is by making a small incision with a sharp knife at the side, then take a strong thread and press it against the side of the cake. Hold an end in each hand and move the thread gently backward and forward, and your cake will divide easily. Be sure to do this as soon as the cake comes out of the oven.

A prize of 50 cents has been awarded to Bernardine Fielding, 10 East Centre street, Baltimore, Md., for the following suggestion:

Keep on the dressing table a small spool-holder containing thread and silk of the colors most used. Have each spool threaded ready to break off a strand of the length desired, and thus avoid the vexatious delay caused when a rent is discovered. This plan is particularly useful to business girls, who have no time for such hold-ups in the morning.

A prize of 50 cents has been awarded to Blanche English, 3130 Westmont street, Philadelphia, for the following suggestion:

Before you wear new white buckskin shoes, sprinkle cornstarch on them, and after you wear them, brush the cornstarch off with a clean brush and you will find that the dust and dirt comes off with the cornstarch. By continually doing this, you will find that your shoes keep clean and white for a very long time.

Dinner to A. R. Raff

A. Raymond Raff was the guest of honor at a surprise dinner at Dooner's Hotel, last evening, when 100 of his friends joined in honoring him on the occasion of his 50th birthday anniversary. C. P. Bigger was toastmaster. Among those who attended were former Judge Abraham M. Beitler, City Solicitor Michael J. Ryan, Judge H. Gilbert Cassidy, Henry Wiederholt, T. A. Stotenburg, of New York; Frank C. Reeves, C. P. Preston, H. S. Hawthorne and Thomas Nelson. Mr. Raff was presented with a silver loving cup.

At the Woman's Clubs

The Equal Franchise League of Lansdowne invites all club members to a Reciprocity Day this Thursday, sessions at 11 a. m. and 2 p. m. Mrs. John L. Farrell is chairman of this movement. The topic for discussion will be suffrage activities.

The annual festival of the Hathaway Shakespeare Club, which meets at the Philomusian Club on Friday afternoons, will be held this Friday. The entertainment will consist of a luncheon and social hour.

A reception will be tendered the Mothers' Clubs from the Settlements at 8 o'clock tonight at the New Century Club, 124 South 12th street, under the auspices of the Social Service Section.

This afternoon, at 4, an original play by Mrs. Stauffer Oliver, will be read before members of the Plastic Club. Florence W. Fulton will be the hostess at this affair.

The Literary Department of the Woman's Club of Ardmore will meet on Friday. The program has been arranged by Mrs. Andrew Macdonald. The hostesses will be Mrs. H. L. Reinhold and Mrs. H. H. Yarnall.

The program at the meeting of the Norwood Century Club, of which Mrs. John L. Farrell is chairman, will include a discussion on "What Norwood is Doing." This meeting takes place at 3 p. m.

The Woman's Club of Media will meet this afternoon at 3. An amateur play, under the direction of Mrs. Harvey P. Howard, will be given by the members of the club. A lecture will be held this evening at 8, at the New Century Guild, 1307 Locust street.

The Woman's Club of Swarthmore will be entertained by a recital of German music on Friday evening at the clubhouse.

The Emergency Aid Committee of the New Century Club, of Chester, will hold meetings all day today, under the leadership of Mrs. Stacy Glaser.

Astor's Aircraft Goes Up

MARBLEHEAD, Mass., April 28.—Vincent Astor witnessed the first two flights of his new flying boat here yesterday, but did not venture out in the craft himself. Today he will skim along the surface of the water or glide through the air in the latest machine turned out by the Burgess Company.

It is said that Mr. Astor will pay $14,000 for the machine, and he intends to remain here until he can run it himself.

OSTEOPATHY
Dr. George D. Noeling.
Dr. Katharine L. Noeling.
Registered Osteopathic Physicians.
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Printed Bedspreads: the newest are those very stylish close-figured effects with Bulgarian fringe. Extra length to cover the bolster. $6.00 each

And many pretty floral designs in colors:
Single-bed size, $1.50 each
Double-bed size, $1.75 ea.

Summer Blankets: single-bed size, $3.00 pair
Double-bed size, $3.75 pair

Fine Quilts: one pound lambs' wool, with silk border and the new close-figured centre. Couldn't be better for Spring and Summer, nor prettier. $4.00 each

Cotton Sheets; HEMMED: Single-bed, 75c to $1.65 each
Extra long, $1.00 to $1.75 each
Double-bed size, 95c to $1.85 each
HEMSTITCHED; extra size:
Single-bed, $1.20 to $1.85 ea.
Double-bed, $1.35 to $2.00 each

Cotton Pillow Cases; HEMMED: 45x38½ ins. 35c to 75c pr.
HEMSTITCHED, 45x38½ inches, 60c to $1.00 pair

TURKISH BATH TOWELS

Turkish Towels; hemmed and large size (24x44 inches), white or with red or blue borders, 25c each

Initialed hemmed Turkish Towels, 25x50 inches, single embroidered letter, in red or blue, 50c each

Unusually Fine Turkish Towels in white, up to $1.25 ea.
With novelty borders in colors, up to $2.00 each

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