

And So They Were Married

By HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR

START THIS STORY TODAY

What can this be, coming in the middle of the month? Ruth said, wrinkling her forehead as she tore open the envelope. The note written on a single sheet of paper was brief and to the point. It read as follows:

Mr. Scott Raymond, Dear Sir—Beginning with October, the rent of your apartment will be increased fifteen dollars a month. As early a reply as possible stating whether or not this will be satisfactory to you will be appreciated. Very truly yours,

"I knew it," exclaimed Ruth, "they're going to raise the rent. I expected it, but not as much as this. We can't possibly afford it."

Alice came out of her own troubles long enough to take some interest in Ruth's affairs. "Will you have to move?"

"Of course." There was a little feeling of fear in Ruth's heart as she said it. For the first time in her life she was afraid of the lack of money.

Many times before she had felt annoyance, intolerance and even anger because of the lack of money, but never before fear. She wondered if Scott had it in him to get ahead. What would happen if he did not desire to do this?

She had never been at all intimate with Scott's people. Scott's mother always had that manner of observing things satirically and laughing up her sleeve. Ruth had always detested it. She always thought of Mrs. Raymond as immaculate in blue serge and crisp white, and with that slight enigmatic smile curving her lips.

Ruth's thoughts went on mournfully. She had not slept well, and she had borne a great deal in the past week which helped to make her depressed now. Suppose she and Scott sank into soulfulness. It was bad enough now living three flights up in a cheap apartment house. Certainly they could do no better; they might have to pay the increase anywhere they happened to go, and fifteen dollars a month to be saved out of Scott's money meant sacrifices to the limit.

Her first thought was to rush to the telephone to tell Scott. She wanted him to help bear this new trouble, but she resisted the impulse. What good would it do and it would cause him a miserable day. She would try not to think of it; she would think of Alice's troubles and forget her own.

As Alice carried out the breakfast dishes and Ruth ran the hot water in the dishpan, Ruth said suddenly: "You love Bert, don't you, Alice?"

"Alice looked at her. "Love him!" she exclaimed. "Enough for anything?"

"Yes."

"Well, then I'd do everything I could to get him back. You admit that all of this is caused by your nagging; you've found it out late in the game, but at least you've discovered it."

A few weeks ago Ruth would not have dared speak so frankly to Alice. She would have been afraid of her sharp tongue and the biting things that she could fling out at people. Now Alice was humbled to the ground, willing to do anything to regain her happiness.

"Have you ever admitted to Bert that you were in the wrong?"

Alice shook her head.

"Then do it. This is the way I look at it. You've been jealous of him always for no reason, finally he has given you cause. If you love him enough to overlook any foolishness of his, and never to remind him of it, write to him and tell him."

"I could never forgive him if I thought he hadn't been true to me."

This was the old Alice, sharp and resentless.

"That's the chance you have to take, don't you see; that's your punishment. You either have to let him go if you are strong enough to do without him, or to take him back if you love him enough."

Ruth was unconsciously sounding the real depths of life. When a woman is miserable without a man and knows she will be miserable if she goes back to him, it is for her to decide which way she would rather suffer.

(Tomorrow—The truth about Alice.)

Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

Hope This Will Help

Rattled, do not hesitate to go to the two girls in question and ask them for a definite accusation against you. You cannot fight a mystery, and if they are simply making mischief by foolish talking and insinuations you, demanding an explanation will soon stop their tongues wagging. On the other hand, if they have anything definite against you they can tell you and give you an opportunity to clear yourself.

There is no reason why any one should be held in his or her seat at any amusement park. There are facilities in the cars for holding one's self in.

Slays a Vamp

Dear Cynthia—I am writing an answer to a recent letter in the column signed "A Vamp." Well, now then Vamp, you're a heedless, unsophisticated, unthinkable, to speak plainly, know-nothing. I don't believe you're even out of short dresses yet, why the little school boys you meet are still in knickerbockers, they're not regular fellows.

As you described yourself you young vamp, a worm would not want to lift its head and gaze at you. Take a tip from a master of vamps. In less than fifteen minutes I could have you talking to the trees in the nut asylum. Look here, if ink could be called brains, you would not be able to make a dot on the paper, so how about trying up and learning something?

MASTER OF VAMPS, J. B.

Commends Two Column Writers

Dear Cynthia—I am writing a few words both for and against "Almost Nineteen, Jr." A girl can use powder

Adventures With a Purse

HERE is a real bargain—crotone pillow covers for porch or living room for thirty cents and thirty-nine cents. The round covers, puffy and well made, cost only thirty cents. The thirty-nine-cent covers of gay, bright colors, are oblong shape, and yes, I believe at each end is a frilly ruffle. You will find yellow patterns, with browns and greens and old rose designs with greens and blacks—oh, all sorts of fascinating color combinations, and most of them are dark enough so that it will not be necessary to wash them all season.

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The question as to what the wild waves may be saying is a comparatively unimportant one if one has not a smart bathing suit in which to see the waves. The suits on show range from \$3.50 to \$4.75, and come in a variety of colors and styles. I saw one of dark, shiny material, resembling surf cloth, sleeveless and with rows of white stitching around the neck and belt. It is a one-piece suit, as most all suits are these days. The price is \$3.95.

The purchase of a child's hat is an important one—for the daintiest little frock or smartest suit may be completely spoiled by a hat. Little people's hats should be just as charming and becoming on them as grown-up bonnets are on them. The hats I saw are made of heavy washable material, are very plain, and yet so adaptable are they, that I verily believe they would look well with any clothes. They come in good shades of old rose, green and tan, and on the front of each is stamped a tiny design for embroidery. One I saw had a duck embroidered in black with French knots in black around the crown. They cost ninety cents, and the nice part of it is that they can be rolled up and tucked in the smallest corner without doing a speck of harm to the shape.

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FROCK FOR GIRL IN WHITE DRILL

each period, but will, like the Empress Josephine, struggle to change as many times a day as they have physical endurance to stand.

The ordinary woman who is interesting in dressing will, however, find that she can work out the clothes proposition by having dresses for the morning, frocks for luncheon and afternoon and gowns for dinner and evening wear.

The things for the morning are kept very simple, yet there is a wide selection of both materials and designs, so that every type of woman should find it an easy matter to find what is suitable for her.

For the young miss there is an excellent model shown today. This frock is developed in white drill and is piped in blue linen. The bodice is plain in cut and is held at the waistline with a wide belt, which buttons diagonally, and the sleeves and the pockets are finished in like manner. The small round collar which overlays the one of the drill is of white organdie and is embroidered in blue. The skirt is straight with ample width for comfort, the hat which accompanies the frock is of leghorn and is banded with a blue ribbon that ties at the back and is finished with ends.

(Copyright, 1919, by Florence Rose)

Miss Rose Will Help You

with your summer clothes. Perhaps you are wondering just what color in vogue now will be most suitable for you. Or perhaps it is the present-day styles that perplex you. Miss Rose will be glad to give you the benefit of her advice. Address Miss Rose, woman's page, EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER. Send a self-addressed stamped envelope for personal reply, as none of the answers will be printed.

Gloves for Workmen

New safety gloves have been designed for the use of workmen about machine plants, foundries and similar establishments. They are made of chrome leather and sewed close with steel thread. This means that the glove is rip-proof. The palms, fingers and thumbs are reinforced with small steel ribbons. They are clinched with a patented process so that the workman cannot hurt his hand. This type of glove is flexible, pliable and comfortable and can be used not only by men at the furnace, but by the men handling stock in the shop or steel shed.

Our busy-ness in the business of Fur Remodeling and Repairing is symbolical of our popularity. Work done now at a third below regular.

"Pay the Cost in the Fall"

Mawson & DeMany

1215 Chestnut Street

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