AT CUPID'S CALL

By MAY CHRISTIE

Mary Drew is Carrington Bellairs' private secretary, and is in love with one of his clients, Dick Calardin. Bellairs' ward, Eve Rochester, has obtained a position through Julian Vandaveer, an unscrupulous adventurer, who has known Dick in Alaska and is anxious to get a diamond which Dick owns and always carries. Dick is in love with Mary, but Eve has her eye on him as well as on Julian. Bellairs wants to marry Mary, who is staying at his country estate to do some work for him there.

COMPROMISE

"I'M TIRED of seeing you making a little fool of yourself," amiably proceeded Eve's companion, Carrington Bellairs, 'and so I've decided that you'd better marry Dick Calardin—as he's quite the best that's ever come your way. And so I'll make a real effort to assist you, Eve—for heaven knows that you need assistance to win through."

MAY CHRISTIE

"But I don't want to marry Dick! I want——"

"To marry Julian Vandaveer? Yes—just as I suspected! Well, I won't sanction that, my child! Little as you deserve real happiness, you're not so bad yet as to deserve a 'deal' like Julian Vandaveer!"

"He—he isn't——" began the girl.

"Yes, he is! Everything he ought not to be!" cut in her guardian, tersely. "Don't discuss the question, Eve! He's a first-class rotter, matrimonially speaking. I only tolerate him in the house for business reasons. I can make use of certain knowledge that he has. But I won't let you marry him—even if he wishes to—which I much doubt."

"Oh, but he does!" Eve couldn't keep from saying, momentarily forgetting her promise to the wily Julian.

"Did he ask you what your marriage portion would amount to?"

Eve blushed. Julian indeed had asked that very question.

"Just as I thought! The rascal!" Bellairs gave a slow, amused smile. He flung the stub of his cigarette into the hearth, and turned around to fix his eyes on Eve. "Now, listen! Dick Calardin is the man who'd be a first-class husband for you. I want you to encourage him."

"He cares for Mary Drew—and I'm sure she worships him!" cut in Eve, with considerable venom.

"I want you to cure him of his fancy, then. No—I'm not disinterested—I don't pretend to be! But I'll make it worth your while to interest Dick. You can be charming when you choose to be—to those who don't know you too intimately."

"You want me to cut in between Mary Drew and Dick Calardin—is that it?" Eve was determined that she would call a spade a spade. "You want me to do this so that you can marry Mary Drew?"

"I'll make it worth your while," replied her guardian. "Only—I must see results!"

Eve calculated for a moment. Her guardian's injunction coincided in some measure with Vandaveer's request—namely, that she should captivate Dick Calardin for certain ends. In agreeing, then, she would kill two birds with one stone—win Vandaveer's approval and her guardian's reward.

She need not go the length of marrying Dick, of course. Once he was completely crazy over her she would extract the maximum of presents from him, including the priceless diamond mascot that he carried with him—and run off with Julian Vandaveer. It was a pleasant program.

She dropped her eyes modestly as she remarked:

"I'll do it, but how will you make it worth my while?"

Bellairs laughed abruptly. He drew out his money.

"I'll give you $250 to start with, and begin the work today—tonight, to be correct. Only no double dealing! No more slandering of Mary Drew! Confine your talents to young Dick Calardin—fascinate him—and here's a little tip—lead him to think that the affair between Mary and myself is as good as settled!"

It was Eve's turn to smile.

"If I can bring the matter to an actual engagement, what will my reward amount to?" she artlessly inquired.

"H'm! H'm! A few hundreds, probably! Only—that reminds me—don't you dare to help yourself again!"

She got up to her feet.

"I'll do my best to help you in your little love affair, but—please trust me!"

"Just as far as I can see you!" came the disconcerting answer. Then, in a kinder tone her guardian added:

"So the bargain's fixed! And—if things run well for me—you'll be splendidly rewarded, Eve!" He handed her some notes amounting to $250. "This is the first installment—there will be more to follow!"

Tomorrow—Out for Conquest.

THROUGH A WOMAN'S EYES

By JEAN NEWTON

"I Told You So"

"Oh, mother, please stop. Perhaps you did say we shouldn't come. I didn't hear it, but I suppose you did. But we are here now and what's the use of making it worse by nagging about it?"

But mother went right on——

"Now see the crowd at that counter—Saturday afternoon, of all times! Of course we won't get any attention at all. But what do you expect—Saturday afternoon? I told you not to come. Didn't I say Saturday afternoon was no time to shop if you could come during the week? But, of course, you had to let it go until today. Saturday afternoon of all times!"

"Yes, gray crepe, please," to the saleswoman, and wearily, "Mother, what do you think of this shade? I think it's perfect."

"Well, it's not quite right, but, of course, you'll have to take the first thing that comes along—just as I told you—Saturday——"

The saleswoman brought other shades, but the first one was just right.

"Well," when it was obvious that the right shade had been found, "we really should look around a bit, but I suppose you will have to take the very first thing you see. You don't want to go around, of course, just as I told you—Saturday——"

Wearily her daughter indicated the material, paid for it and said constrainedly, "I'll come down Monday for the ribbon, mother. Let's go for some tea."

"Oh, no; get it now, get it now. Of course you won't get the right thing. Just as I told you, Saturday——"

And so it went on. I hope, because it was her mother, that the lashed and tortured young woman continued to hold herself in control as she did while they were near me. But certainly the effort to "keep it in" was exhausting her more than a week's shopping in crowded stores could possibly have done.

There is nothing more deadly than post-mortems and useless "I told you so's." There is no other form of nagging that will so sap one's strength and eat into one's bones. There is nothing so calculated to destroy the patience of an angel and to incite to murder.

From the bottom of my heart I sympathized with this girl whose "I told you so" happened to be her mother. Mothers, it's an unfair advantage to take. With a sister or a friend or any one else, one can play the martyr for a while and finally explode, shattering the atmosphere with the shrapnel of outraged patience. The high-power explosive is the only safety valve; and, deprived of it, there is danger of internal combustion!

No mother wants to make her child a victim of such a thing. Therefore, mothers particularly should guard against that species of the nagging vice that is labeled "I told you so"!

THE WOMAN'S EXCHANGE

His Hair Is Too Fluffy

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—I am a young man and have thick curly hair which will never stay in place. I think that I haven't any oil in my hair.

Will you kindly advise me what I could do to make it soft and stick in place? L. M.

There are preparations sold in the drug stores which will help you. They are especially made to smooth unruly hair and hold it down flat and sleek. And ask the druggist for a tonic that will make your hair less dry and fly-away. A brilliantine will help you.

To Entertain a Little Girl

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—A little girl is soon to visit me. Would it be proper to give a child's party in her honor? I think your advice and your column are fine and I am sure many people are grateful to you for your help. Could you suggest a few ways to entertain the child?

PERPLEXED.

It would be proper and very nice to give a party for the little girl and invite all the children of the neighborhood to meet her. Do you live anywhere near the country, so that it would be easy for you to have a picnic instead of a formal party? Children love them so. Then you could take her to the Zoo one day, take her down town to look about the shops and have lunch in town another time and let her have other children come to play with her and go to see them on days when you cannot entertain her yourself. She would love to go to school with some other little girl some morning if school is still going on when she gets here. I hope you will enjoy her visit as much as she does, for I know she will love it since you are so interested in entertaining her. Thank you very much for your kind words about the column. I hope you will always find it helpful. It was very thoughtful of you to send the two bits of information. As you may have noticed they were sent in by some one else, but your thought was none the less appreciated.

Tuxedo Would Be Incorrect

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—What is the proper attire for the bridegroom at a church wedding to be held in June at high noon? Would full dress, with black tie, or tuxedo be proper? CURIOUS.

A full-dress suit or a Tuxedo should never be worn before 6 o'clock, as they are evening clothes. The correct attire for the time you give would be a black cutaway coat, with stiff collar, gray or black and white tie and white shirt, gray gloves, gray striped trousers, black shoes and silk socks. If the wedding is in the country and the bride and bridesmaids wear simple summer frocks, white trousers and a dark coat would be permissible, but the cutaway in the formal, correct thing.

The Question Corner

Today's Inquiries

1. What interesting fact is known about the first woman's magazine in America?
2. In what dashing style are the newest wooden telephone screens made?
3. Describe an easy way to make a faded flower good enough to use as a "garnish" for an evening dress.
4. What does the girl's name Caroline indicate?
5. What dainty new kind of collar and cuff material is now sold by the yard?
6. If a straw hat from last year is too wide in front and back and too narrow on the sides, how can the shape be changed by means of the trimming?

Yesterday's Answers

1. In a commendable campaign for simple and inexpensive attire, 500 high school girls of Modesto, Calif., have decided to wear uniforms.
2. A centerpiece of oilcloth, which has a pretty design stenciled on it, can be put underneath a flowerpot to prevent the window sill or table upon which it stands from becoming marred.
3. Black sateen, shaped into a large, round pillow, with a ruffle of plain blue material around the edge, would be an ornament to the summer porch.
4. The enviable quality of speaking mildly is depicted by the name Mildred.
5. A practical and attractive dress of colored linen is fashioned along straight lines, and is slipped on over a white shirtwaist, which forms the sleeves and vest.
6. To have a round circle made of plaited ribbon gives a charming finish to a ribbon girdle.

Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

Says They Had to Jazz Up

Dear Cynthia—Having read the letter written by "Sunshine," we agree with her when she says that the boys prefer the painted dolls and short-skirt jazz babies, and not the plain girl, and hope you will print this letter to illustrate it to her.

Last summer we were just "plain girls," passable in looks (natural), didn't use rouge, lip-stick and, in fact, no cosmetics whatever, neither did we have bangs or spit-curls decorating our foreheads or wear short skirts, hence we never had a fellow who bothered with us or cared to take us out, just because we were not in the "nifty class." We thought we would doll up. We did our looks up (artificially), wore short skirts, made bangs, learned how to dance, including the shimmy and jazz. Now, no matter where we go we have plenty of fellows and good times, and then the opposite sex blame the girls where it is all their fault. But as soon as they stop bothering with us and the other so-called "painted dolls" and "jazz babies" we are willing to go back to

WHATWEUSEDTOBE.

"Charmides" on Personality

Dear Cynthia—There is only one certainty of life, and that is love, that magic illusion that changes the little, petty things of a commonplace existence into exquisite romance. Through the mazes of theories that time has accumulated and presented to the world shines a light, and it is personality, that force which makes theory possible.

Personality to me means that greatness of soul and freedom of mind that enable one to rise above his code of life and be bigger than that theory. A man has no intellect who is so egotistical as to think he alone is necessary for himself. Real intellect requires the stimulus of putting a person above our theory, above ourselves and giving that person that which is best in us.

The fundamental law of love is that of two personalities needing each other for growth of mind and soul; therefore, personality is the basis of love. A lifetime can be made happy if a man and woman meet and try to discover each other. There is about love something of treasure hunting.

It is beautiful to think of the perfect understanding and comradeship that is born during the process of two souls seeking to discover each other, to know the spiritual and intellectual gifts with which each is endowed.

Love without personality does not exist. To my mind the two are inseparable from each. To others there may be no connection between the two.

The fact of character rising above theory proves it. Two people with different views may be happy together, though they dislike any views which are not in sympathy with their own. The inexplicable thing about love is that it bears no relation to the trivial emotions of liking and disliking.

Personally, I don't believe one can acquire personality. You have one or you haven't, and that is the end of it.

CHARMIDES.

Would Not Marry Handsome Man

Dear Cynthia—This is my second letter to you, and I hope you will think enough of it to print it in your column. "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" and "Bobby" the Beautiful have attracted my attention. How these two bits of humanity get that way is beyond my comprehension. Can you beat it? They both enjoy the company of "jazz babies" and both profess to be in love (?) with quiet girls. Now any one with a cent's worth of common sense knows that is impossible. Poor "Bobby" is so good-looking that it is a miracle he hasn't fallen in love with himself. Personally, I would never dream of marrying an extraordinarily good-looking young man. He might love himself better than me, and that would hardly do.

Here, boys; we've had enough kicking from you. Now give us girls a chance. Let me tell you what we think of you. In the first place, you are all alike. Or at least if you aren't, the very small minority keeps itself well hidden, as I have never met one that did not belong to the "jazz family." And I have been going everywhere, from church to dance hall, in search of one good chap. You think you look very smart in your one-button, high-cut suits, sailor-effect pants and bell cuffs and patent leather "kicks." Well, I'll tell you the truth. I like to be seen with a nifty dresser at a dance, where they are all dressed alike, but when I leave the dance I blush to be seen with these boys. They remind me of monkeys. You're all right to have a good time with when one is in a frivolous mood, but as soon as one starts to talk seriously—well, one might as well talk to a rag doll.

The result is the same, boys. Little you know that most of those girls would refuse to marry you. When a girl gets ready to settle down she wants something more than a dance-hall Johnny, who in thirty years from now will be earning the same salary he is now.

I'll marry when I can get hold of a pretty good imitation of Gene Stratton Porter's "Harvester." I know what that means. That means my joining the Sisterhood of Spinsters. Perhaps you, Cynthia, can tell me where to find a good fellow. You see, I've tried the church.

PEP.

WHAT'S WHAT

By HELEN DECIE

We cannot have too many patriotic celebrations, if we would keep alive the spirit which animated and united the founders of the republic. Flag Day is a significant holiday, the anniversary of the memorable date (June 14, 1775) when at Cambridge the Stars and Stripes first floated above the American army led by General George Washington. Invitations for a dinner on June 14 should be sent out this week.

A Flag Day feast "dresses itself," so to speak. The national colors come out most brilliantly in silk, and little silk flags, which are not expensive, may be used lavishly in decorations, always upright. It is incorrect to use the flag in any other position. Place cards may be the five-pointed stars, as cut by Betsy Ross, or little sketches of that patriotic flagmaker of Revolutionary days. The floral decorations, candles and candle-shades should be in red, white and blue effects.

NOW IS THE TIME TO REDUCE

Summer sports are the best things in the world for the girl who wants to take off a few extra pounds

SUMMERTIME is a grand old time for shedding avoirdupois—because you have the outdoor world to bury it in.

First, less food may be gotten along with and less food should be eaten by the normal individual in summer time. The hot, rich soups and heavy meats and puddings eaten in winter time are not required. Vegetables and fruits are plentiful and within the reach of every table.

And then there is the great outdoor playground, where physical recreation offers its best when it combines muscular exercise and the spirit of play in equal proportion.

Take golf, where you can cover miles of ground under a sunny sky and across wind-swept territory, bending and swinging arms and having a jolly good time as well.

Then tennis—which has the same spirit of competition, play and fun—involves more strenuous use of the muscles. Not a muscle of the body but has to work and work hard at this game. For reducing waist and hips and legs and that nasty fat under the arms and on the back, tennis is a ripping game.

And then the good old swimmin' hole and the opportunity it presents to drown the burden of the extra weight, never to rise again! I know well a woman who knocked sixteen pounds off via the this water route in six weeks' swimming daily.

In addition to these, there is canoeing, rowing and the over-Sunday tramps in the woods. The vacations, including long hikes and hill climbings and so on.

The foods of summer time are tempting and ideal for the get-thin-quick girl. For luncheons there are any number of vegetable and fruit salads that may be made the big piece of the meal, and these are low in calorific value. Water drinking is a habit more easily acquired in warm weather and it helps in a reducing schedule.

If you have made up your mind now to get back to your girlish lines and you want some menus of a fairly strict diet, send a stamped addressed envelope to the Editor of Woman's Page.

"A ONE-MAN WOMAN"

By HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR

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Barry Neil is arrested for embezzling funds, and Harriet, his wife, in order to prove his innocence, obtains a position in his office under an assumed name. Charley Harmon, the son of the head of the firm, presses his attentions on her, and Harriet discovers that Lucy Pratt, an office stenographer, is in love with Charley herself. In the meantime, Harriet can discover nothing in the office that would point toward the guilty party. One night she meets Sadie Howard, a girl from the tenement where she and Barry had lived. Sadie is determined to give Harriet over to the police, but Charley, who happens along, carries Harriet off in a taxicab. Sadie, angry and frustrated, carries her story to the Evening Star, which sends Jean Colfax, a famous woman writer, to interview her.

A Girl Named Miriam

HARRIET awoke the morning after her experience, with a blinding headache. When she tried to raise her head from the pillow a feeling of desperate nausea swept over her and with a little sigh she sank back. Perhaps after a few minutes it would pass away, but when she struggled up on her elbow a second time little spots flickered before her eyes and the room grew dark around her.

Was she going to be ill? The thought occurred to her with a little thrill of terror. She simply couldn't be ill, not just now when every minute counted. But suppose something did happen to her and Mr. Harmon got another girl in her place? What would happen then?

When May Watson knocked at Harriet's door about fifteen minutes later and there was no answer she tried the knob, found the door open and entered. Harriet was on her knees by the side of the bed, her face buried in the rumpled bedclothes. She had struggled to her feet and collapsed with weakness in an effort to dress and go to the office, as usual.

May succeeded in lifting the girl and covering her up comfortably, and later she brought Harriet a cup of coffee and some fresh toast and insisted upon feeding her every morsel.

"You'd better lie still and rest today," she advised, when Harriet insisted upon trying to go downtown. "I'll stop in and speak to Mr. Harmon if you want me to, and you must give that headache medicine time to take effect. You've been overdoing, my dear, and if you try to go to the office while you're in this state of nerves you'll really be sick."

True to her word, May had asked no more questions, but after she had gone Harriet lay and worried about what she must think. "She'll know there's something wrong," her thoughts kept telling her. "She'll know that something must have happened last night to upset me like this."

But presently the headache medicine that May had administered began to send a soft glow over Harriet's whole body, and her eyelids drooped. She fell asleep just as young Larry Donahue began his combing of the Park Row District for a stenographer named "Miriam."

Mr. Harmon had left for the day when Larry, acting on a hunch, entered the offices of Harmon & Graves. Something, he couldn't have told what, had suggested to him the possibility of Harriet's presence in the same office where her husband had been accused of theft. The thought had at first occurred to him when he had been groping around in his own mind for motives, but he realized that it was nothing more than a hunch. He had nothing definite to lead him to the offices of Harmon & Graves, but the more he thought about it the more desirous he was of dropping in and locking the place over. His morning's search had been fruitless, and after all it would do no harm to follow his hunch whether anything came of it or not.

Charley was in his father's office, standing at the window gazing idly out, when Donahue's card was brought to him. He was worried more than he cared to admit about Harriet, and the fact that she had not appeared for work that day, and he wanted to see her again. He wanted to reassure her, to tell her not to worry, that he loved her. For he did love her, he cared more for her than any woman he had ever known, and even though things looked black against her nothing mattered but the fact that he wanted her.

Charley turned from the window as Donahue entered the office. For a moment the two men looked at each other, then Donahue said with a grin:

"I know you will think me crazy when I tell you my business here, but have you a stenographer by the name of Miriam in this office?"

Tomorrow—The Result of a Lie

Adventures With a Purse

"HAS any one seen the phone book?"—the eternal cry of both office and home. It would seem that the book had legs to run away, so many times does it drop completely out of sight. Strings are attached to it, but some one gives the book an extra yank and it drops to the floor. There can be had a steel hook that is very effectual as an anchor for this book. A long rod goes the full length of the book, turns around and comes up the back, where it fastens to a hook that hangs on the nail. It is but 15 cents and will work wonders toward keeping that phone book in its place.

Today's temperature tells me in very forcible terms that I shall soon have to discard my suit and I do not like to do it. For some reason I am always more comfortable when dressed in a suit and smart blouse than at any other time. But I saw a pongee suit today that looked so cool and inviting and it was only $19.50. "My dear," I said to myself, "be exceeding glad, you can combine comfort with your likes."

If you are looking for a good silk sweater you will be interested in the one I saw today, not only because it is pretty, but because it is reasonable. It is the softest of dark brown and a dropped stitch every once in so often adds to its appearance. The price is $10.

For names of shops address Woman's Page Editor or Phone Walnut or Main 3000.

Feather Fans

We are going in for feathers—in fact, almost as heartily as does the king of the cannibal islands. Witness the huge folding fans of coq blended into effects of tropical brilliance, and all the host of vulture and gulll fans now being waved broadcast. One still finds, too, the huge ostrich fan, but this is now often jazzed up by the addition of a galalith handbag frame held to the hand by a large thumb ring.—Corinne Lowe.

In Other States

Mrs. Ben Martin, of Allamakee County, is Iowa's only woman sheriff.

Mrs. Mary B. Lindley has been elected a member of the City Council of Sacramento.

Chicago is to have a woman assistant district attorney.

Things You'll Love to Make

What could be daintier and more summery than these DOTTED SWISS SUMMER CURTAINS! Dotted Swiss comes in white grounds with colored dots. Choose the color best suited to your room. Finish the bottom edges with bands of organdie of a color to match the dots. Use some of the organdie for the shirred valance. Cut flowers of the colored and white organdie and applique them along the lower edges. These DOTTED SWISS SUMMER CURTAINS are a pleasing change from the usual cretonne ones. FLORA.

WILL A "UNIVERSAL FORM" HELP THE DRESS PROBLEM?

If Men Can Discover Ways to Bring Out Individuality in Dressing, Women Would Spend Their Time Looking for More

AND now some one is suggesting that we women as a whole adopt a uniform style of dress, as men have.

The reason given is that we waste so much time on clothes that we have no opportunity to improve our minds or cultivate our talents.

A great deal of this is only too true in many cases.

And if a uniform style of dress will remedy it, then by all means let us have the uniforms.

But will they help?

Men, the reformers say, have a universal style of dress, and have therefore eliminated the clothes problem, thus making room and time for improvement of their minds and cultivation of their talents.

IF THIS is true, how are the following two facts to be accounted for? You go along the street at the noon hour, and you pass a girl in a short, narrow skirt, straight box coat, bobbed hair under an upturned hat, and a Peter Pan collar; two minutes later you pass another girl in a short, narrow skirt, straight box coat, bobbed hair under an upturned hat, and a Peter Pan collar; three or four shop windows on you pass exactly the same costume, the only difference being in the color and material.

You can walk along the same street at the same time, and see a man in a short-waisted greenish suit, with tight trousers, and split cuffs, a string tie and a straw hat; with him a man in a loose dark coat and trousers, a bow tie and a brown felt hat; just behind them a man in well-fitting clothes, a piccadilly collar, and a derby hat; and standing on the corner a youth in tweed, with soft cuffs that come down below his coat sleeves, socks and tie to match, and a jauntily tilted panama.

These are facts; take that noonday stroll and prove them.

And suppose they all removed their hats; the girls would have their hair either parted or straight back, waved and brushed out all around their heads.

The men? Well, two might have their hair parted in the middle, but one would have his slicked smoothly back, while the other would show signs of having held the top of it down while he deliberately brushed the rest out over the top of his ear; a third would have his parted on the side; a fourth might have started that way and ended with an unruly brush over his forehead.

ALL alike? Why, they have spent time and thought over choosing the most becoming style.

It is a feminine instinct to wear the same kind of clothes that every other woman wears.

If "they" are wearing short, narrow skirts, if that is the "universal shape" for skirts, you will find very few women in long, wide ones.

When short sleeves came into style two summers ago—or was it one?—only the most conservative women appeared in long, wide ones.

We don't need the establishing of a universal form of dress; we have that.

If an attempt is to be made to change women's dress from too frivolous to sensible but becoming, let's get at the styles themselves and fix them—everybody would follow right along.

BUT to state that this woman must dress just like her next-door neighbor, when long lines are becoming to one, and drapes and ruffles bring out the charm of the other, would be only to increase the amount of time spent upon dressing.

For, as our brothers have found, there are many little ways of bringing out individuality by the cut of a collar, the "lay" of the hair, or the knot of a tie.

And if men have discovered all those ways of getting around it, just think how many more a woman could find if she really once put her whole mind and body and soul on it.

As she undoubtedly would!

Protect Yourself!

Originated by HORLICK

The Old Reliable Round Package

Horlick's The ORIGINAL Malted Milk

Used successfully for over 1/3 century.

Made under sanitary conditions from clean, rich milk, with extract of our specially malted grain. The Food-Drink is prepared by stirring the powder in water. *Infants and Children thrive on it. Agrees with the weakest stomach of the Invalid and Aged.* Invigorating as a Quick Lunch at home or office.

Ask For and Get Horlick's thus Avoiding Imitations

SUBSTITUTES Cost YOU Same Price

"SERVICE"

There's a knock on the gate
It's the grocery man,
He bears it aloft in the neat red can,
The connoisseur's pride, a treat for the lip,
No meal is complete without

"MORNING SIP"

The coffee for every meal

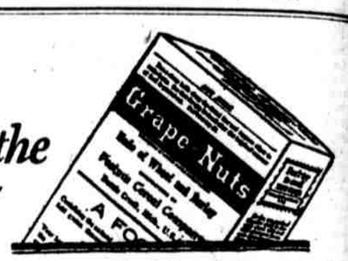
In Air-Tight Tins

Roasted and Packed By

Alex. Sheppard & Sons, Inc.

Philadelphia, Pa.

During the growing age—



care must be taken to provide young bodies with proper nourishment

Grape-Nuts with milk or cream

furnishes just the food elements Nature requires for building health and strength. This wholesome, appetizing blend of wheat and malted barley builds strong and true, and children love it.

A favorite food for all the family

—Made by Postum Cereal Company, Inc., Battle Creek, Mich.—

You can see from its air-tight, moisture-proof, coated wrapper that Ancre Cheese is kept clean and flavorful, however warm the weather. But you won't know how good it is until you take your first bite. Then you'll always call for

ANCRE

With the Genuine Roquefort Flavor

CHEESE

Made by Sharpless, Phila.

get out your jars and glasses

See that you have all your preserving equipment ready for it's almost time to begin. Preserves will take the place of expensive winter foods.

Strawberries, Blackberries, Cherries, Raspberries, Crabapples and Currants, Gooseberries, Peaches, Pears, Quinces, Plums, Apples and Grapes.

When ordering your sugar specify Franklin Granulated, for all Franklin Sugars are pure cane sugars, packed, sweet and clean, in dustproof packages. Not a hand touches Franklin, for it is accurately weighed, packed and sealed by machine in convenient sturdy cartons and strong cotton bags.

SAVE THE FRUIT CROP

The Franklin Sugar Refining Company

"A Franklin Cane Sugar for every use"

Granulated, Dainty Lumps, Powdered, Confectioners, Brown, Golden Syrup.