Woman's Life and Love

By WINIFRED HARPER COOLEY

Social Pirates

ARE you a social pirate?

We do not know quite what one is, but a prominent New York man, recently testifying in a millionaire divorce suit, designated the wife as such.

WINIFRED HARPER COOLEY

Apparently, he regarded her as a type of woman who goes to a big city as a high-class "respectable" adventuress. One cannot deny that always there have existed kinds of women who preyed upon society in financial ways. Throughout history women have deliberately decided to get as much as they could out of men, and of life, exchanging grudgingly their beauty and charm for wealth and position, jewels and luxuries.

IT IS no new phenomenon for the moralists to sigh over, declaring that our age is a degenerate one. Always girls have been exhorted to "better themselves," when capturing men, which, plainly speaking, means to get all they can.

Women have not had a square deal in many instances, when they were poor and innocent victims of sophisticated men who betrayed and then abandoned them. The laws and customs have been unfair, one-sided and difficult to cope with. But to offset this always there have been a few bold souls who deliberately set out to worst men at their own game, and to hold themselves and their charms as precious merchandise, for which they would exact the highest price.

These female Shylocks are not praiseworthy, nor to be condoned, nor emulated, and yet sometimes feminine readers smile at the senile whimperings of ancient millionaires who tell the court and the newspapers throughout the land how they and their pocketbooks have been preyed upon by the handsome young woman they trusted!

TO SAY the least, it is amusing sometimes to learn the innermost secrets of the methods by which the apparently artless young woman from the small Western town marches through the metropolis, and without friends or funds, succeeds in meeting some hardened old sinner who counts his conquests by the dozen, and mulcts him. It is sordid, but seems to restore the balance a bit. Two wrongs do not make a right—but still, women smile.

These female Robin Hoods doubtless early cherished some grudge against the male sex. Perhaps some little sister has been wronged, or they had observed their mother toiling her life away, unappreciated, in poverty. It is possible that they swore that they would get some of this world's goods out of the selfish idle rich men who prey upon women. In any case, they advanced upon the great city, armed only with Nature's weapons, youth and beauty, and selected their prey, and, like social highwaywomen, held him up and plundered him.

It is reprehensible and sordid, and no one can excuse the mercenary spirit in the delicate relations of love—but it is understandable, if traceable to early poverty and ambition.

BLACKMAIL and graft exist, alas! in all cities, and often are worked systematically by women. The term "social bandit" probably is applicable to some modern women. They, as individuals, may not be so culpable as is the age that is constantly setting up false standards and worshiping the golden calf. If nearly every one, in all ranks of society, exalts the successful persons, and has the slogan, "Just so you have money, no matter how you get it," we cannot blame occasional individuals for going to extremes.

Extravagance and the moral cowardice which causes women to fear to be less fashionable and well-dressed than their neighbors, or to live in a less expensive manner, are sins. We are perhaps becoming too luxury-loving and not holding on to the virtues of our early American ancestors enough. At heart, however, most women are affectionate and domestic, and few in proportion to the vast army in all the cities are deliberate social bandits.

"REAL, LIVE" ROSES ON CHARMEUSE

Roses and young girls always seem to go together, and here they are charmingly combined in a simple little evening frock that even the most rigorous censor at the school dance could not object to. Of course, the flowers are not real, but they are made like the natural ones, and not flattened out or conventionalized, as so many are for trimming. A sash and a huge bow of tulle give additional lightness and fluffiness to the frock.

Photo by Central News

The "Unused Brains" of Girls Make Them Wear Their Galoshes Unclasped

That Is What a Clergyman Calls It—His Attitude of Half-Amused Contempt Is a Good Cure for Foolishness.

THE clergyman who always looks at things in the broadest, sanest, most tolerant way was talking about modern girls and boys.

"When you see these young girls flapping along with their galoshes unfastened," he said, "that's not a lack of morality—that's unused brains!"

If more of us would adopt his attitude there wouldn't be so much of what we call "wildness" among the boys and girls.

When you stop to think it over sanely and quietly, that's all there is to any fad—just a lot of unused brains getting exercise.

That's the trouble with so many of the Big Movements of Modern Life, those activities that go in for capital letters and enthusiastic gestures.

They are invariably begun and kept up by people whose brains are not occupied at the time.

And that's the reason they so seldom get anywhere with their effort to reform or revolutionize or otherwise upset the whole world.

They are comparatively harmless if let alone and laughed at.

There is no foundation for them to stand on, they are just a lot of fluff, the result of a few "unused brains" trying to start something.

IT IS really a waste of time to get very much excited over the latest fad, no matter how silly or senseless it is.

You may rave and rant as you please, but that fad will run its course, and flourish until it dies a quiet, unlamented death upon the arrival of something newer.

No doubt after the holiday for galoshes this summer they will come out next season as modest and contained as ever.

"They" are now equipping them with bells in Paris, but perhaps we shall escape that.

Even if we do, though, even if our galoshes do appear sedately clasped next year, there will be some new fad to take the place of the present one and probably it will be just as wild and just as woolly as the open galoshes one.

HOWEVER, we manage to keep on enjoying life, in spite of the fads and fancies of certain groups of us.

It is too bad that there is so much unused brain about.

But holding up hands of horror and exclaiming "It's dreadful," "It's positively depraved," "I don't know what we're to do about it," won't give that unattached brain any more work to do than it has now.

After all, there are worse customs than wearing your galoshes unclasped; there are women in Spain who think they are more beautiful if they shave their heads; in Tripoli, at a wedding, the bridesmaids—there are forty or fifty of them—all powder their faces to a ghostly whiteness and then paint a red triangle on each cheek. In Peru a lovely lady must have long ears in order to be truly lovely.

Clownlike noses, bobbed hair, short skirts and open galoshes are surely better than that.

OF COURSE, we may get these fads in time, you can't tell.

But perhaps by that time we shall have learned a bit more tolerance and understanding so that we can smile more easily at such things.

We may even be able to coin another pleasing excuse like this "unused brains" for their existence.

And that would be the best remedy for it all.

There's nothing like good-natured ridicule or showing that you are entirely unimpressed as a cure for some one else's tiresome, useless foolishness.

Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

"Some" Definition

Dear Cynthia—Here is a definition of first love for "Goulash." When he gets finished puzzling this out he will know what first love is.

First love is a feeling.
A very funny feeling—
A feeling that you have never felt before.
A feeling that makes you feel, when you feel, you want to feel.
A feeling, once over, you feel no more.

Is this correct, Cynthia? Let me hear what you think of it, Goulash.

BIMBO IN DISGUISE.

Does He Love Her?

Dear Cynthia—I am a girl of sixteen, acquainted with a boy about two years my senior for three years. He gave me a nice gift for Christmas. His birthday is near. Should I give him a gift? If so, please suggest something appropriate. How can I find out if this fellow loves me? Am I too young to keep steady company? How can I get him to take me to shows?

NOBODY'S DARLING.

Send him a fountain pen, a silver pencil or a silver match box. There's no way to find out if he really loves you but for him to tell you. You are too young to be engaged and "steady company" is always a mistake.

Get your mother to send you both to the movies together some evening as her treat. Perhaps the young man will return the compliment later.

Scolds "Lieut. B."

Dear Cynthia—May I ask to put my oar in once more? I liked Lieutenant B.'s letter till I reached the last few lines.

He claims that the American girls are now the height of perfection, "far above the men they marry." Lieutenant, you must be a woman lover and a man hater to make such a statement. You surely must be an easy mark. For an army man of rank you surely have poor judgment.

It strikes me that American men are the best all-around men in the world and for class they are just as good as their women. But say what you will, it takes the foreign girl to really appreciate a real man. The fellows are easy marks, and you must be one of them.

You better learn to boost your own stock and stop praising the women, for they don't need any.

MR. TWENTY-FOUR.

About Marriage Out of Town

Dear Cynthia—Could you tell me if a couple from Philadelphia are married in New York or Atlantic City the license will be printed? If neither is of age can it be annulled (both are Catholics)?

PEGGY.

It is strange that you do not know the marriage laws of your Church if you are a Catholic. Unless the Bishop or chancellor of the diocese gives the direct permission over the head of the rector, no girl can be married by a priest anywhere but in her own parish church and only elsewhere if she has the consent and knowledge of the rector of her church. Why not consult your rector? He will keep your confidence.

The licenses are published in the papers of the city where they are taken out.

Accuses Him of Un-Americanism

Dear Cynthia—In regard to a "Young Man No. 2," I think I have something to say. You surely can't be a true-blooded American or you would not knock our girls so. Since you are so strong for "foreigners" it is a wonder you don't go over there and make your home among them. There are a few fellows over here like you, and you are one of those who make big money and hate to part with it. I don't blame a fellow for not wanting to spend a fortune on a girl every time he takes her out, but I do think it is a fellow's place to treat a girl when he takes her out. If she is good enough to accept your invitation to go out with you it is your place to see she has a good time. I am no flapper, but any girl who would go half on the expenses when a fellow takes her out would be a fool. I have not traveled any 400,000 miles around the world, but I know without traveling that all the foreign girls aren't angels.

You won't get an American wife because no girl with common sense would marry such a spendthrift as you. President Harding ought to make a law prohibiting such people living in America.

AN AMERICAN GIRLIE.

If you are such a good American, my dear, how is it you do not know that the President does not make the laws?

Plain Girl Preferred

Dear Cynthia—After reading the following you will know where it should go, and if printed I hope it wields some one a wee bit of good.

It seems such a pity men are so weak as to allow a pretty (?) painted doll to mar their good judgment. If the men would ignore the girl who deliberately dresses to attract their attention and lead them on there would be many happier homes and fewer divorces.

Why, when a girl knows a man is married does she not let that man completely alone, and if he tries to show her attentions, why does she not ignore him? But, no! Instead she encourages him and accepts everything he has to give. The wife and perhaps babies at home have no weight as they should have with a real man, and that type of man or girl should be dealt justly with, just as any thief is punished, for surely they are nothing more than thieves, for they are stealing those who belong to the one he or she loved enough to marry.

Where are the mothers, that they do not know what their young people are doing? I repeat, where are they? Why do they not realize it is their duty to exert themselves enough to make "home" a place worth while? Make it a "no place like home"?

The modern woman, young and old, is disgusting in her dress, manners and conversation; she is a disgrace, and if the men would only show their disgust the tide might change.

The young girl of today, as a rule, is not qualified to marry; she is not capable of keeping a home, cooking a meal and, above all, of being a chum, companion or helpmate to the one she loves or pretends to love.

The one idea and question now is: How much money has he and how much can I get out of him? This is from the girl's viewpoint. From the man's it is, has she money? And the one with the most powder, the least clothes and disgusting manners, smoking, drinking, etc., wins the day. But what of the home in later years? Failure!

There are many girls who would be far better off in every way if they would give up their positions and in that way help to lessen the number of unemployed men; also help many a starving family where the main support of the home is out of work. ONE INTERESTED.

Paul and Virginia

By HELENA HOYT GRANT

A Sentimental Excursion

SHE heard Paul's ejaculation and the nervous rustle of the evening paper.

"What is it, honey, more scandal?"

He mumbled an indistinct reply which was lost.

"What is it, dear?"

"Oh——" he hesitated. "Mildred Sprague — she's engaged."

"Mildred Sprague?"

He nodded soberly.

"Yes — here's her picture in the paper and a story about her folks announcing her engagement." He grunted inelegantly. "She's going to marry a doctor living in some hick town down in the woods."

Virginia hid a smile.

"Do you know her well, dear?"

"Know her well?" He chuckled. "I used to go around with her when I was a kid—when I was in my freshman year."

"Really? I don't believe I ever heard you mention her before."

"Mildred Sprague? Mildred Sprague? Surely, you've heard me mention her, why——" He stopped abruptly.

"Well?"

"Oh—nothing!"

"But I'm awfully interested," insisted Virginia easily. "Tell me about her, dear. Was she very, very nice?"

Paul stirred uncomfortably and she fancied she discerned a flush under his honest eyes.

"Were you engaged?"

"Oh, of course not, Virginia. Why, I was only a kid!"

"A freshman? You were eighteen."

"Well, what's that—just a kid!"

"What happened then?"

He eyed her suspiciously.

"What do you mean—what happened then?"

"I mean—well, you know: why didn't you and Mildred keep on?"

Paul grunted.

"Virginia, I've told you once that we were just kids. There was nothing to it—just kids."

Virginia smiled again tantalizingly.

"So the poor thing is only just getting engaged now and here you are an old married man. Poor girl! It must have hit her hard."

Paul glowered.

"What hit her hard?" he demanded crossly.

"When you gave her the mitten," said Virginia calmly.

His eyes flashed dangerously.

"Are you trying to rag me?"

"I?" She was so innocent. "I, dear? Why, of course not."

She paused. "And to think, even now she's going to marry some obscure doctor down in some foolish little place in the backwoods. And young doctors have such a hard time. But then, perhaps that's the only offer the ——"

"Say, see here, Virginia, you're all wrong! Why, every fellow in my class was wild over Mildred. She had about fifty invitations to the prom. She was the prettiest girl in the neighborhood and was the only one who had any sense and ——"

"A paragon! Paul, how in the world did you ever allow her to get away from you?"

There was the lilt of a teasing laughter in her voice.

Suddenly Paul picked up the newspaper and stared long and hard at the picture of his old sweetheart.

"She used to be awfully good-looking," he mused.

His eyes met Virginia's and he had the grace to blush.

"But I was only a kid then," he added hastily.

The perfect wife, who understood, smiled back at him.

"I just know she was a mighty sweet girl, too," she said indulgently.

Paul turned, with a little sigh, to the sporting pages.

Tomorrow—The Artistic Urge

"The Marriage Gambler"

By HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR

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After having married Nick Tracy without loving him, in order to prevent him from ruining his life through infatuation for Daisy Castleton, a chorus girl, Carol finds herself strongly attracted by Jervis Britton, who is used to having his way with women. Britton and Carol are in the cast of a play to be given for charity, and are thrown constantly together. Britton is eager to bring things to a head, and on the day that the performance is to be given, Nick suddenly leaves town. Carol is at first strangely depressed, but later her depression gives way to a feeling of reckless gayety.

CHAPTER XLVIII

"Driven!"

WHEN Carol made her first entrance she was hardly conscious of the fact that she was playing a part in a play. The glare of the footlights seemed like a bulwark erected between herself and the audience, and she spoke her lines with feeling.

She felt that she was waiting for something and then suddenly she knew what it was. She was waiting for Britton's entrance. She had not seen him that evening, and everything she said brought her nearer to the moment when he would appear.

Then suddenly he was on the stage, he was speaking to her and she was answering conventionally. The act went on, and she and Britton were alone on the stage. She went to the piano, and he began to turn over the music restlessly. Something began to creep insidiously into their attitude toward each other, and when she played the prelude to the song about the Southwind, and raised her eyes to his, the fact was instantly borne to the audience that an interesting situation was about to develop.

Carol sang the song, lightly and with a touch of pathos, of longing. It did not seem as if she were acting, she was so sure of herself, and Britton looking down at her, knew that tonight she was different, she had let herself go. His heart leaped exultantly at the thought.

The curtain dropped on the first act and the audience applauded wildly. When it was raised again on the second act, the spectators settled back with a murmur of expectation.

Carol made her rather spectacular entrance in a silver evening gown, her white cloak held loosely about her. The play progressed, she and Britton were seated at the tiny table having supper together. They were bandying conversation back and forth, conversation that was at first light and gradually took on a significance.

Carol was playing magnificently. She rose from the table, at last, and stepped back, her eyes dilated. The scene had arrived in the play where Britton had gone too far, he had shown his hand, and Carol terrified, was eager to draw back.

He came around the table to her, and suddenly she was in his arms, his lips were against her hair. And suddenly, astoundingly, Carol was aware of the fact that his touch awakened nothing in her; she was as far from him in spirit as she was in the part she was playing.

The act came to an end and the curtain dropped. The applause was deafening. Alone on the stage, Britton turned to Carol, quickly.

"You'll let me see you home tonight?"

Carol turned to him. Her eyes wore a bewildered look. She was struggling to regain her spirits, to forget that feeling of detachment that had swept over her. At that moment Britton meant no more to her than a stranger. How ridiculous that she should feel this way, but, of course, the feeling was only temporary.

She forced a smile and nodded her head quickly. Then the curtain was raised and she was bowing to the applauding audience. She was conscious now that she could see the rows of seats that stretched beyond the glare of the footlights. No longer was she shut in alone with Britton. The glamour of it had faded.

Carol hurried off the stage without speaking to Jervis, and, once in her dressing room making her change for the last act, excitement took hold of her again. She laughed aloud in her relief. What had been the matter with her? The feeling must have been due to the fact that she had thrown herself so intensely into the part, but she was all right now, and she had promised to let Britton see her home!

(To Be Continued)

The Woman's Exchange

Use Javelle Water

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Being a daily reader of your column I get quite a lot of help from it. I am a young girl and I have a large bust and I would like to reduce it, so I hope that you will help me. I also bought some flour bags and I would like to know if you could tell me how I could bleach them white and also take the black stamp off them.

A DAILY READER.

Arm exercises will reduce your bust better than anything else. Join a class in a gymnasium if you do not know any exercises that you can do by yourself. You can bleach the flour bags with javelle water. This can be bought at the drug store, and there are directions on the bottle. It is very strong and will take out the black stamp as well as the dark color.

Needs to Eat More Food

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—I have thin arms and legs. Could you tell me how I can make these stouter? Also how can I develop the bust? B. E.

Just eat more food of a fattening kind, such as eggs, milk, butter and fats. Try to take at least one or two glasses of milk a day. Of course, this will make you stouter all over, but this will not be too much. Arm exercises and dancing or gymnastics will also help you to get into condition so that the food will assimilate and do you good.

Remedy for Large Pores

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—The pores of my face are very large, and I would like very much to make them small. Will you please publish the remedy for this? I am troubled with blackheads and pimples, and they remain for a long time. Please tell me what to do for them. E. H.

To begin with, steam your face with hot cloths and then apply a good cleansing cream. When your face is entirely free of the blemishes bathe it with cold water and finally with ice. Repeat the ice treatment, not the steaming, every time you wash your face, and wash it every night with a good facial soap. This will refine the skin and make the pores smaller, so that there will not be so much chance of your getting the pimples. If your face is kept clean this way there will be no danger of blackheads.

Eyes Are Dull-Looking

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—I am hated by nearly everybody on account of my looks. Will you kindly help me out? My eyes are dull looking. Please tell me how to make them grow large and brighter. I have small eyes, and would like to know how to make them bigger. And my lips are pale. Will you kindly tell me how to get them red?

A SHORT AND STOUT GIRL.

Your eyes will be bright if your health is good. And your lips will be red, too. There is no way to make your eyes larger, but get lots of fresh air, sleep with your windows wide open and take some deep-breathing exercises so that your circulation will be up and stirring. Then keep it up by exercising, good, wholesome food and plenty of water. This really is the best remedy for dull eyes and pale lips, and I know it will help you.

Things You'll Love to Make

Here is a very attractive HAIR BAND FOR EVENING wear. Measure a piece of two-inch ribbon to fit your head. Have it close with a snap. (Silk elastic can be used; then it will not be necessary to use a fastener.) Cut three circles of buckram. Cover them with silk, preferably the color of your evening gown. Cover the circles with braid; go from the center, over the top and back through the center. Make a band of the worsted all around the edge. Sew the circles to the band, leaving a space of two inches between circles, with a bead in the center of each circle. Fasten another circle over each one, making the circles overlap as shown. Worsted comes in so many different colors you can surely choose one that will make it most becoming. HAIR BAND FOR EVENING wear.

FLORA.

Two Minutes of Optimism

By HERMAN J. STICH

Patience and Perseverance

PATIENCE and perseverance!

What marvels have been wrought in their name, what miracles of accomplishment, what wonders of achievement!

In those two words is compassed the entire story of the world's advance from chaos, of all its deeds of goodness and mercy.

Only to have patience and perseverance—patience to wait, perseverance to work and not grow weary—how much heartache would be avoided, how many careers prevented from foundering, how many lives made more productive and more precious.

It is because we have not learned patience and perseverance that things seem never to make headway and we give up perhaps on the very brink of realization.

It is because we fail to be patient and persevering that we are exacting toward those we desire most to help, we become intolerant, harsh, misunderstanding, and bring all our good intentions to naught.

Life's wheels are lubricated by patience and perseverance and the man who cannot or will not be patient and persevering travels a rough, jolting, fruitless road.

Patience and perseverance!

They do not get thrown into a panic; they are not subject to fainting fits; they know no such word as retreat; they bear a banner with the device "FORWARD!"

Patience and perseverance!

They burn the bridges they have crossed; they halt only to get breath; they rest only to rise in great strength; mountains of difficulty may impede, but they know how to climb; they may have to go slowly, but they GO.

Field crossed the ocean fifty times before he laid his cable; Webster spent thirty-six years on the dictionary we so carelessly thumb; Diesel experimented for a quarter of a century to perfect his oil-burning marine engine—do you think these and thousands of others of the world's benefactors would be names with which to conjure but for their patience and perseverance?

So, in the words of Trudeau:

"Let us not quench our faith nor turn from the vision which, whether we own it or not, we carry, as Stevenson's lantern bearers, hidden from the outer world; and thus inspired many will reach the goal; and if for most of us our achievements must fall short of our ideals, if, when age and infirmity overtake us, we come not within sight of the castle of our dreams, nevertheless, all will be well with us; for, as Stevenson tells us rightly, 'To travel hopefully is better than to arrive, and the true success is to labor.'"

To Save Washing

I do not often find use for a large tablecloth, so I bought two the same pattern and a dozen napkins to match. I can use one tablecloth with one leaf or without any. When I do need a large cloth I use both, crossing them in the middle of the table, and as I use a centerpiece about twenty inches it looks like one large tablecloth. These are much easier to handle, and as I use first one and then the other they do not get yellow in storage as my large one used to.—Mrs. W. W., in Modern Priscilla.

The Apron Is Still an Important Detail

By CORINNE LOWE

Come out of the kitchen, said fashion to the apron. It said this some years ago, and ever since the apron has been maintaining its new-found dignity. This detail is found today in many different forms, among which must be mentioned those favored by Patou for the purpose of presenting a bias appearance to a straight skirt.

Here in this cape costume of white tricot designed for the Southland, we find an apron of rose red organdy trimmed with motifs of white soutache braid confining cuffs and collar and strap of the same materials. The cuffs, for the wrist, are a part of the sleeve.

Adventures With a Purse

A LONG, long time ago I told you about a soap that I felt sure you would want to know about. You remember its purpose is to whiten and bleach the hands, for which purpose it contains a generous portion of lemon juice. In fact, the soap itself is made in the exact shape and color of a lemon, and as I look now at the cake that I bought, only the fact that I have used it assures me that it really is a cake of soap, and not a lemon. Well, when I wrote about it before, the price of a cake was fifty cents, which is, of course, quite high. But yesterday I found it for twenty cents a cake, so of course I immediately bought a cake. And, having used it, I can honestly recommend it. Particularly will the woman who has to do housework or other work that is hard on her hands appreciate its soothing, bleaching qualities.

I suppose most women know about the dress linings, but for the sake of those who, like myself, have not always known about them, I want to say that you can buy dress linings all ready made up, in every size. They come in black or white and in net, muslin and silk. The net and muslin are fifty cents each and the silk are $1. Now that you are beginning on your spring sewing, you will find this information especially timely. Think of the work saved, when instead of having to make one of these tricky linings, you can find one ready made, and costing no more than if you made one yourself.

For names of shops address Woman's Page Editor, Penna. Walnut 2000, or Main 3000 (Bellevue-Stratford building).

IF YOU HURRY you can get a "Truth Party" for Washington's Birthday before it is too late by sending a self-addressed, stamped envelope to the editor of the Woman's Page. In this there are some games you never played before, some original decorations, and some refreshments that will be a nice surprise.

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Lean Smoked Picnic Shoulders / Finest Boneless Salt Pork	15c a lb.
Best Country Scrapple / Fresh Ground Hamburg Steak	3 lbs. for 25c
Best Creamery Butter in ¼-lb prints	40c lb.
Finest Select Eggs, every one big and meaty, in cartons	40c a doz.
Oleomargarine, none better	3 lbs. for 50c

One car ticket brings you from almost anywhere; and you save from 5c to 15c on every pound you buy at the
MARKET STREET BEEF CO.
5221-23-25 Market St. 5939 Market St.
Look for Our Ad in Thursday Bulletin and Evening Ledger