Adrifter: By Mildred Mills Batchelor

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The first chapter of a stirring new serial about a different kind of girl who inspires love and cannot feel it. At last loses her heart to one who feels only hatred for her. Surely a strange and interesting

CHAPTER I

The Victim

"...RRY, but I can't marry ..." As she spoke the words Cleo ... of the fact that she had ... A great many times before ... It was the first time the reali... had come home to her in ... way, but somehow tonight she ... strange mood.

... she liked Dick Wheeler ... and she was old enough ... enough to know that ... had spoken those words, a ... friendship would be broken. ... Dick, I am sorry," she went on ... "You believe that, don't ...

... standing in the middle of ... room, with her head ... and her eyes raised to ... Wheeler thought that she ... so utterly desirable, so ... lovely as she was at that ... and she was not for him! ... smote him like a physical ...

"... I can't believe it," he said ... "I can't believe that you are ... me away forever."

"... not sending you away—I want ... friends," she said passionately. "... friends!" there was scorn in the ... voice. "Friends! Do you think ... possible for a man to be near you ... think only of being your friend? ... I've been on the point of telling ... hundreds of times before this; ... hardly been able to keep the words ... but I wanted to wait, because I ... to be sure."

"... Dick, don't say that, please! ... could you be sure?"

"Because you seemed to want to be ... me, because you let me see you ... much as I wanted to, because you've ... so utterly maddeningly sweet to ... What else could I think, what else ... any man think? Good God, Cleo, ... do you think I'm made of? Do ... think you're the kind of woman to ... friendly thoughts in a man? ... girls are that way, but you're not, you're different, you're made to be loved. Don't you know it, haven't men told you that before? Tell me!"

He advanced toward her, his blue eyes wild, his face very white.

Cleo drew back involuntarily, a leaping little fear in her heart, but he followed and seized her slim shoulder in a fierce grip.

"Tell me!" he said hoarsely.

"Tell you what? O, please Dick, don't speak to me like this, you make me feel somehow sordid and horrible!"

"Then tell me the truth! How many men have come before me, how many men have told you they loved you only to be refused sweetly and politely, to have their hearts crushed and flung back at them as you have done with mine!"

"Dick, you have no right to speak to me like that," but even as she spoke Cleo was aware of the truth of his words. It was true what he said, but why should he blame her? Why should he speak to her as though she had deliberately set out to make men fall in love with her? She had never done that. She knew it, she was certain of it, and yet Dick's whole attitude made her feel guilty, put the blame on her when she felt it wasn't deserved.

Her shoulder ached cruelly from the grip of his fingers. She felt suddenly very tired and more than a little frightened.

"Dick, please!"

"Answer me!" The words were like a command.

Cleo lifted her eyes to his suddenly. They were guiltless of any wrongdoing, but shining with a kind of pity. "If it will make you any happier, Dick, yes, what you say is quite true. But why should you want to know, and why are you treating me this way?"

Her answer brought a sound from him that was like a snarl.

"I thought so, you're nothing but a professional coquette, playing with men for your own amusement, and I am the last victim! I hope you're entirely satisfied with the result!"

Tomorrow—The Threat

Paul and Virginia By HELENA HOYT GRANT

Paul—and Fashion

"VIRGINIA stared at him severely.

"Paul, it's positively disgraceful—... hat of yours. Why in the world don't you get a new hat?"

He scoffed openly.

"Don't need a new hat."

"Don't be absurd, dearest, of course, you do. Why, that terrible old hat is at least a year old. You promised to get one for Easter, and you didn't, and——"

"Oh, all the stores were crowded," he answered carelessly. "But, Paul, that hat's a sight. It's out of shape."

"I'll have it cleaned and blocked," ... suggested.

"... that's no good at all. Get a new ... do dear."

"Of course, he promised.

"Well, honey, where's the new hat?" ... demanded as he kissed her that ...

... fixed her with a melancholy eye. "... didn't get one."

"... you promised."

"Sure, I know—but I didn't get one, ... I'm not going to get one till I get ...

Virginia gasped.

"You mean to say you're going to ... that disreputable old felt hat till ...

... wagged his head soberly.

"Exactly."

"... don't see why."

"No, of course you don't. That's ... because you didn't go round with ... trying to buy a new hat, that's the ...

Virginia was nonplused.

"Oh, well, of course, if you insist ... going around looking like an old scarecrow, I can't help it. I can't actually drag you——"

"A man can't buy a regular hat any more," insinuated Paul darkly.

"Why not, for goodness' sake?"

He laughed sourly.

"They don't make 'em. One has to be either a Willie boy or a cowboy, or a fellow made up to look like Monte Cristo these days if he expects to get a hat to fit him."

"Paul!"

"Fact, dear. I tried all over town. The Willie-boy style is apparently most in demand. It's shaped like a toy Noah's Ark and has a broad sweeping deck all around it with a nice cute bow in the stern."

Virginia smiled at that.

"I know—I've seen them. Aren't they funny?"

"There are some real nice cowboy hats to be had with a wide sweeping brim," Paul went on, "but I don't think I'd dare walk into the office wearing one of 'em. Then, of course, there are the Italian count kind."

"I don't believe I've seen——"

"Oh, yes, you have. They're soft and crushy and cost about ten dollars. Very swagger if a fellow has a mustache and a goatee to go with 'em."

"But, Paul, you could have gotten a derby," suggested Virginia.

Paul stared blankly.

"Derby?" he repeated. He shrugged disdainfully. "When I buy a derby hat, darlin', I'll get Congress shoes and celluloid cuffs an' wear side whiskers to match."

He gazed affectionately at the old felt hat in the hall.

"Aw, I don't need a new hat, anyway," he grinned.

Tomorrow—Changing Tastes

Woman's Life and Love By WINIFRED HARPER COOLEY

Your Baby and Hers

WINIFRED HARPER COOLEY

"TAKE away her baby the moment it is born, if she be in prison—that is the bill that has passed the Legislature of New York State, and is awaiting the signing or veto of the Governor.

How horrible and unnatural.

Imagine a crowd of men legislating against the one saving grace of the world, a mother's love and responsibility——

Here is a case that would at once be affected by the passage of the bill, or rather, its begetting a hide-bound law:

A girl was convicted of perjury, nothing else. She was not a natural thief or murderer or prostitute or drunkard. She merely had lied, in trying to save her lover, the father of the child.

A prison sentence was passed. She did this an unselfish thing. How many women have risked death and dishonor for their lovers, and been extolled to the skies. It ever has been regarded a virtue to sacrifice for the men we love. Yet, this poor girl, ignorant of the morals in the technical sense, a lover, thinking only of how to help her man, is cast into prison several years. She confesses that she will become a mother. The father of the man who was being tried. She lied to save him. She lied for him. She caught.

If the bill is signed by the Governor, that every baby born in a prison is to be taken away from its mother, this one will be taken.

"...RE gives a child to its mother, ... the care and rapture are the ... things in the world. To be ... there are a few unnatural mothers ... are hardened criminals ... women. In cities, Societies for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children have been formed, and it has seemed ... to protect little ones from ... parents at times. In a case ... parents are so monstrous as to ... abuse their children, of course ... intimate for organized society ... and interfere with "natural" ... little ones cannot be abused.

... abuse children and to sin ... law of society are very ... things. The girl who lied ... may have many fine ... qualities. She may passionately ... her baby, and if the State ... of it, she may go to the ... and become a real ...

IT MAY be argued that when women have been imprisoned they have shown themselves unfit to be mothers. That may be true, in some cases. They may be drunkards or diseased, depraved creatures, whose care of a baby would be bad for the baby physically, and later, morally. But innumerable cases of women who are jailed show them to be merely the victims of some temporary unfortunate circumstances, or the companion of some man who got into trouble, and to whom they clung in loyalty and affection.

The innocent baby who comes into a woman's life usually will appeal to her so strongly that nothing else on earth matters. She will give it sustenance and care, and dream dreams for its future. The external circumstances cannot affect a baby, if prisons are decently warm and clean and sanitary—as all should be—and the early care of a real mother is the best thing that any baby could have.

If it were a question of incarcerating some half-grown child, that were different. The environment of a prison would affect its after life, and its memories would be terrible. But the new-born babe has no memories. It only feels the warm mother-breast, and drinks in life and joy and strength.

FANCY the wild anarchy bred in the young woman who is forced to go down into the Valley of the Shadow of Death, to bear a child, knowing that the State is to tear it away the moment it is born! How can the mere men legislators sleep in peace, knowing they have enacted this monstrous law?

Choose This

If you want to be particularly 1922, choose white for your "fussy" dress. Rarely have there been so many good-looking frocks as have been seen lately in this—shall one say shade for lack of a better word? Very dashing is the white Canton crepe with red beads to brighten it, or the crinkly crepe with the lavender thread weaving its way all over it in a fascinating design. And for evening wear the well-cut white chiffon with the pointed skirt drapery and the simple roses fastened in the girdle is exquisite.

Interesting Women

Miss Genevieve Cline, said to be the first woman Federal appraiser of customs in the United States, has just entered upon the duties of her position in Cleveland.

TWILIGHT LEAGUE TROPHIES

To encourage independent baseball among the players on the various teams of the Philadelphia Baseball Association, the Public Ledger offers a number of valuable trophies. See the Sports Pages of the Public Ledger every morning for the official score of each game played. "MAKE IT A HABIT."—Adv.

CROSS-STITCH MOTIF

A peacock blue worsted dress, made very simply like this, with a design in white, is just what every woman needs to slip on in the morning or to wear with a cape on cool mornings for shopping and marketing. This frock was one of the prize winners at a fashion show held recently in New York

Read Your Character

By Digby Phillips

Selling the Down-Stroke "b"

Again you have an inquiry from a prospective customer. This time the handwriting is characterized by that type of "b" and "d" in which the stem of the letter is made, not in the conventional fashion with a loop, but with a single down-stroke.

Now, aside from any information which may be gleaned from the wording of the letter, can you tell your salesman anything that will help him when he calls upon this prospect to explain your proposition?

You can, merely from the way in which the "b" and the "d" are formed. This prospect is one who has what we speak of loosely and in a general way as "character." Whether a man or a woman, the salesman will not find this prospect the kind who is easily influenced by the will power or forcefulness of another. This prospect will not sign the order merely because the salesman urges it.

It is a case in which the salesman will have to present his story clearly and logically, in a practical way, explaining its constructive advantages, and then allow the prospect to make his or her decision on the strength of it. The right time may be taken to suggest the decision, but it will do more harm than good to try actually to force that decision, particularly to force it prematurely.

Tomorrow— Buying from the Open "a"

Adventures With a Purse

WHEN it comes time for you to wear thin dresses, you know what that means, a petticoat with double panel front and back. If you are foresighted, and will get one right away, I think I can save money for you, for I saw some for $2.45. They are of reasonably heavy quality wash satin, and are made quite plainly with a hemstitched border. There are not a great many of them, and it looks as if the sale were a popular one, but I think if you lose no time about getting one, you will not be disappointed.

Oh yes, and there's something else I want to tell you about before I forget it, and incidentally before it is too late for you to buy some if you are interested. And that is the figured voile. I bought some gray linen for a plain little summer dress, and wanted something inexpensive to use with it. I leaned toward gray dotted swiss with a white dot, but I found that rather more than I wanted to pay. So I found the voile—a very good quality, in gray with a small white dot—exactly what I wanted. It is thirty-six inches wide and is only sixty-five cents a yard. It comes in a number of patterns and colors.

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

Things You'll Love to Make

Capes are quite the thing! If you have one from last year and do not care to invest in a new one you can give A NEW TOUCH TO LAST YEAR'S CAPE with the use of some leather or kid trimming. Cut the leather into strips two inches wide. Make two rows of slits in your cape 2¼ inches deep. Buttonhole these with silk. If the cape has no lining you can have the slits picoted. Run the leather strips through the slits. Cover a large button mold with leather and join to it two leather ribbons. Use this ornament to fasten the collar. A NEW TOUCH to LAST YEAR'S CAPE transforms it into a very fascinating garment.

FLORA.

Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

Miss Goldman Will Help You

Dear Cynthia—We are two Jewish girls at the ages of eighteen and nineteen, and will appreciate very much if you can advise us where we can meet some intelligent young men.

Our question may seem very forward, but as we do not go to dance halls or run around as some other girls do, we therefore haven't many friends or anywhere to go for enjoyment, except to take in a show or a picture. But that kind of amusement is getting monotonous, and we would really like to make some new acquaintances. We will be very grateful to you for any information you will give us, and wishing your column all the luck in the world, we are

"TWO LONESOME FRIENDS."

If you go to Miss Goldman, at 1505 Arch street, and tell her your problem she will be glad to have you join the Girls' Service League, which gives very nice parties and gives an opportunity to meet people.

"B. Frank" on the 1922 Girl

Dear Cynthia—By what standards do these young ladies judge men? Of course, I mean the ones who are disgusted with us. Do they look for "good" ones in bad places? I'll bet anything with a hole in it, doughnuts or Chinese money that if yours truly paraded six males before their critical eyes they'd chose the lemons first. Ever since Adam proved himself no gentleman by blaming Eve for his error and she no lady by blaming hers on the serpent humanity in general has been busy working overtime, including holidays, hanging their bad judgment on the other fellow. After all, don't women in the vast majority pass up the ready-made good man for the species who is a run-around so much he is baggy at the knees, shiny and needs making over? Don't they like to shake out to the passing crowd their reforming jobs? Doesn't it tickle their vanity to the boiling point to be able to point to a crook they have made go straight when they could just as easily have married an honest man and saved all the hard work? Yep, it is all too true, Maria, all too true. And if they fail, whoopee, how we men get it. Did you ever see a game woman? Regarding kissing, is not this type adventurous? Think how the girls make up today and the risk they run of getting "painter's colic." However, I beg of you not to think too harsh of them; twenty years from now they'll be winding the clock at 10:30 P. M. and telling their daughter's beau to beat it like they did in the "long, long ago." Such is life. B. FRANK.

"Betty" Wants a Boy Friend

Dear Cynthia—I have just been reading your column lately and feel in need of your advice already.

I am fifteen and not bad looking, but a girl friend I go with is considered pretty. She does not have bobbed hair. When I am with her no one ever looks at me. She dresses very stylishly and has ideas about society. Although she is a year younger than I am she goes to dances. I do not want you to think I am jealous of her, because I like her very much and would like to be like her in some ways. She gives one the impression that she knows she is pretty without the help of the beauty parlor.

Both of us like "Kitten" very much. We do not make a practice of smoking only when we go on hikes. We like all kinds of sports. What I want to know is this:

Do you believe there are any boys and who would consider us as companions wanting to be like them? I have never told a boy I smoke, fearing he will get a wrong impression of me. Is it wrong to smoke in this way?

Do you think it is wrong for my friend to go to dances and to think about clothes all the time?

I should like a boy for a friend in this way:

To go in swimming with.
To go skating with.
To go canoeing with.
To dance with.

Taking everything in one, I should like a boy to have fun with. Do you think any boy would like a girl like I want to be? BETTY.

That is a very nice way to want a boy for a friend, Betty. Cynthia is sure there are lots of boys who would like to have fun with you in this way. But she doesn't think they will like to see a little girl like you smoking. Don't do this until you are older, dear, if you must do it at all. Your little friend is growing up too soon. If she goes out so much now she will have nothing left to do when she gets older.

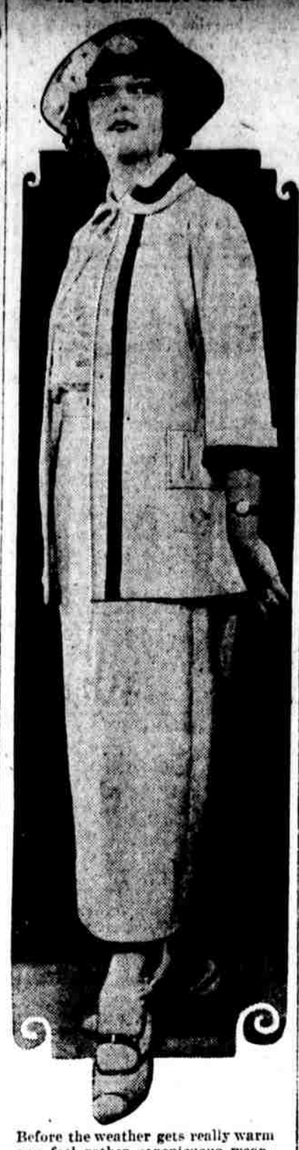
WHAT'S WHAT

By Helen Decie

In his book, "The Amateur Emigrant," Stevenson, then an experimental steerage passenger, wrote of "certain cabin passengers, picking their way among us with little gracious titters of indulgence and a Lady Bountiful air about nothing, which galled me to the quick. It was astonishing what insults these people managed to convey by their presence, their eyes searching us, an amused laugh at our expense hovering on their lips."

It is not only in luxurious steamships, where artificial class-distinctions are made by means of extra payments, that these would-be-superiors exhibit a "Lady Bountiful air about nothing." A snob is not happy unless he or she can find an "inferior" to snub or to patronize. Whether crushing or condescending, snobbish manners are bad manners. A really well-bred man or woman always puts others at their ease; genuine courtesy equalizes every situation for the time being.

A SUMMER SUIT



Before the weather gets really warm you feel rather conspicuous wearing a light dress in town. But a suit puts you at your ease, no matter what its color, and one of light jersey, even in white, would be comfortable and appropriate for the early season. This one is made with a box coat and three-quarter-length sleeves, bound in dark green

Can You Tell?

By R. J. and A. W. Bodmer

What Memory Is

Memory is the conscious representation of a past experience. When we say a person has a good memory we mean that such a person is able to recall past events or impressions received by his brain, fully and accurately. It is said that every experience and impression we receive, and our understanding of every event we take part in or witness, is recorded in the brain storehouse called memory, that none of it is absolutely lost, and that certain combinations of new circumstances will bring any or all of these impressions back to our consciousness again. Many of the impressions are never recalled, but the ease with which we do remember things when the right combination of circumstances is presented to suggest the former impressions is proof that all of them are recorded in the brain and might be brought to the surface again under just the right circumstances.

It is said that there is no form of animal life that does not possess the power of memory, more or less developed. The power of many animals in this direction, especially the elephant, the dog and the horse, is well known.

As to when the ability to remember begins in us is, however, another question. It is difficult to determine this. The question as to how old a baby is, for instance, before he begins to remember that he was alive last week, or yesterday, or even an hour ago, is one that has not yet been solved. If and when we are able to answer that, we shall probably also be able to say whether memory of our life here stops at death, which is, of course, the greatest question of all.

Tomorrow—Where Did the Game of Dominoes Originate?

Wedding Flowers
"The Sign of the Rose"
CHARLES HENRY FOX
221 S. BROAD ST.
Walnut 0799

"Continuous Clarification" assures absolutely clean clothes

At considerable cost we have installed what is known as "Continuous Clarification"—a process that insures "100% clean" cleansers coming in contact with your garments at all times. As the dirt is removed from your suit or gown, instantly it is removed from the cleanser. That's why clothes sent to us are returned so remarkably fresh and bright, and so much like new.

Ours is the only establishment in Philadelphia using this new and thoroughly satisfying process.

Don't lay away any clothes for the summer unless we have cleaned and made them moth proof.

JOHN DORFNER & SON
& ALFREDS
Cleaners & Dyers
516 Race St. 1035 Chestnut St.
phone
Market 64-20
Established 1848

The Right Weight

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—What is the correct weight for a girl of seventeen years whose height is sixty-one inches? H. A. D.

Do you come near 114 pounds? That is what you should weigh.

A Shower in May

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Will you please tell me a novel and humorous way, to word an invitation for a linen shower? Also refreshments and how can I serve them, as the space is limited? What shall I decorate with? BELLA NAPOLI.

Send a letter to each one of your guests-to-be, saying: "Dear Mary—It's not April, but there are still showers, and, although I'm no weatherman, I forecast one for May 27. Just to set your mind at rest, though, you'll need to take a piece of linen instead of an umbrella, because it's that kind of shower. And it's to be at my house in honor of Margaret Brown. So please let me know if you will come."

Decorate with plenty of flowers, any that you may have in your garden, and wild flowers besides. You can serve ice cream and cake or fruit punch and sandwiches, and the guests do not need to go into the dining room for this. They may remain where they are and have the refreshments passed to them.

Shouldn't Have to Reduce

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—I am eighteen years old, five feet one inch tall and weigh 107 pounds. What should I weigh? I may sound under weight, still I appear plump on account of my legs and arms. I hate plumpness, so won't you tell me how to get thin legs especially?

Is it proper to speak of a man or boy as fellow, not "fella"? "Young man" sounds so sedate and "boy" so childish.

Should a girl take the boy's arm in walking? It seems so cold to walk apart. Besides, all the girls do it, and it's much more "comfy." EIGHTEEN.

You are right about your being under weight, for the correct weight for your age and height is 114 pounds. So don't try any strenuous reducing methods. The best thing to do would be to build yourself up a little more, although, if you want to make your legs thinner, standing on tiptoe and then slowly bringing the heels back to the ground is a good exercise. Walking up and down stairs is another one.

If you don't like to say "boy," surely "man" will seem far from childish and will have the proper sound you want.

No, you shouldn't take the boy's arm when you are walking together. In coming to street crossings he will always help you across, but the rest of the time you are perfectly able to take care of yourself, aren't you? Comfort yourself with the fact that all girls don't do it, because it's really so.

An Excellent Self-Applied Cure for a Bad Attack of Self-Pity

When You Stop to Think How Much You Have to Be Thankful For, You Can't Feel Sorry for Yourself

SHE was feeling so sorry for herself that it was difficult for her to smile. And you could tell by the way she looked that her thoughts were going around in an endless chain of imagined wrongs and possible injuries.

It was pretty easy to see that her mind was saying, "Well, I suppose I might just as well get used to being unhappy. Nothing seems to go right, and nobody seems to want to be bothered with me. I guess I'm not meant to have a good time like other people."

With this process it isn't hard to work up a bad attack of self-pitying tears.

Whenever I get a letter from a girl who is making herself miserable like this, or whenever I see some one with that trembly lip which gives her away so I want to offer my easy little prescription for this type of the blues.

You use it at night after you get to bed.

There's plenty of time for this, because when you are sorry for yourself you lie awake for a long time patting yourself on the back for being so nice to yourself and reflecting how sad it is that you are the only person in this whole big world who is nice to you.

WELL, just as you reach that point in your meditations at which the first tear begins to roll out of your eye and down wetly around your neck to the pillow, apply the formula as directed.

Here are the directions: Without brushing away the tear, or moving your head away from the moist spot on the pillow, start at this morning when you got up and count up the things you have to be thankful for all through the day.

There's breakfast, you know, lots of people don't have any—but, no, before that, you have running water, soap and towels.

Suppose you lived in a tiny house out in the country with no water nearer your bedroom than the pump down in the back yard!

BREAKFAST and all its appurtenances, the fresh tablecloth or dollies, perhaps some flowers as a centerpiece, the food you eat and all that, may be taken as a single item or in several parts.

Oh, yes, the clothes you put on, don't forget them.

You know, these things that you take for granted are so scarce in Russia, and even some parts of our own country, that they are valued as you would value a handsome automobile or a huge diamond.

AFTER breakfast there are more obvious things to be thankful for; the new hat that you bought, for instance, or the enjoyable time that you had at lunch, or the pleasing movie that you saw in the afternoon.

But when you are curing yourself of self-pity, there are lots of little everyday happenings that you can put in there: The fact that you made the car you started for, the money with which you bought the hat, the cool weather, the compliment of the friend you met, who said you were looking well.

And then you got home; you got there safely and it was a nice place to get to.

The brushing you gave your hair and the bathing you gave your face and hands refreshed you.

The dinner you ate was good; it made you feel better. Perhaps you didn't have to get it ready or cook it yourself.

Perhaps you didn't have to wash the dishes; but if you did, perhaps the water was nice and hot, so that you got through with it all quickly.

And perhaps you had help with it.

THEN, even if nobody asked you to go anywhere in the evening, you were comfortable at home.

And there was a comfortable bed, in a comfortable room in your own home—why, it goes on until you get so sleepy that you can't be bothered to think of any more things that are good.

This prescription is not to be used all the time; you may find yourself growing fatuous and entirely too glad for the comfort of your family and friends to bear.

But occasionally, especially in attacks of self-pity or the blues or extreme wearied-with-life-ness, it is unsurpassed as a cure.

At What Age Should You Take Needless Risks With Your Health?

Is that a queer question?

Then many people are doing a queer thing—and often it turns out to be a serious thing.

The Federal Bureau of Education says in its rules for the health of school children that children should not drink coffee or tea.

This rule is based on the well-known fact that the drug element in coffee and tea whips up the nerves, and that serious ills often follow.

If it's a good rule for children to keep away from the harm of nerve-stimulation, isn't it a good rule for everybody?

Think it over.

Granted that your body may *stand* more, can your judgment afford to *risk* more? Any doctor can tell you what coffee and tea often do to the health of adults as well as children.

There's no sacrifice in being safe, Postum is a delightful, satisfying mealtime beverage, wholesome and pleasant alike for adults and children. Postum has no age limits!

Your grocer has both forms of Postum: Instant Postum (in tins) made instantly in the cup by the addition of boiling water. Postum Cereal (in packages of larger bulk, for those who prefer to make the drink while the meal is being prepared) made by boiling for fully 20 minutes.

Postum *for* Health—"There's a Reason"

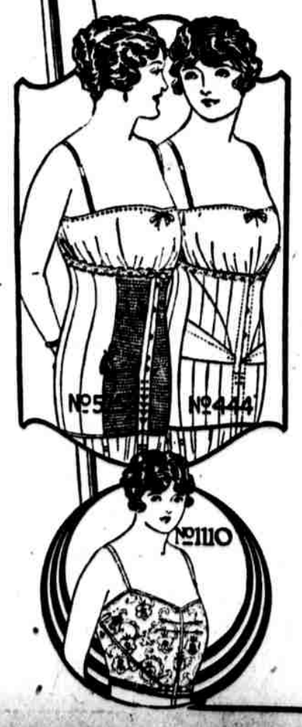
Made by Postum Cereal Co., Inc., Battle Creek, Mich.

Nemo Week
Begins MONDAY MAY 1ST
in all good stores in the U.S.A.

Featuring NEMO SERVICE
and a full assortment of
Nemo Corsets

Self-Reducing Corsets - $4.00 to $9.00
Wonderlift Corsets - - 6.50 to 13.00
KopService Corsets - - 3.00 to 10.00

The prices of the following Specials are a Most Attractive Inducement
See them in your favorite Corset Department



$5 JUSPUL No 575
$4 SELF-REDUCING No 444
AND
$1 CIRCLET MORE THAN A BRASSIERE No 1110

Eighteen Other Circlet Models
$1.00 to $5.00

The Circlet is adjustable and controls the figure above the waist as the corset does below. Together they Complete Correct Corseting.