The Trey O'Hearts

Romantic Tale by Louis Joseph Vance.

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SYNOPSIS.

By arrangement with the Universal Film Manufacturing Company, it is possible to add "The Trey O' Hearts" in The Times-Dispatch and also to see it in pictures at the Superior Theatre. Synopsis of preceding chapters: Seneca Trine, who has hunted to death Alan Law's father, using the trey of hearts as his death sign, pursues the son with equal relentlessness, employing his daughter, Judith, as his instrument. Rose Trine, Judith's double and twin, who loves Alan and is loved by him, sets out to circumvent her sister on her errand of death. In the Canadian wilds Alan saves Judith's life and she falls in love with him, but he remains true to Rose, and Judith's love turns to hatred for them both. She manages to persuade Alan and one Barcus, mate of a schooner on which he was trying to ship to New York, on an island, but they succeed in capturing Judith's boat, on which they find Rose. The three are again captured by Judith and her men, but the whole party is wrecked in a fog. Alan is captured immediately, and Rose and Barcus are then tied and thrown to a rock where the tide will reach them, but Alan escapes and gets them free in time. They put to sea, only to run aground on an unknown shore. Here Alan and Alan find a village and wards off a mob. Again they put to sea, but they are pursued by a schooner into the harbor of New Bedford, and a terrific struggle takes place between Alan and Judith's men, during which the schooner is blown up and Judith herself stunned.

CHAPTER XXXV.—FLIGHT.

"Come! Come!" he rallied Alan. "Pull yourself together and keep a stiff upper lip. Rose is waiting in the car, and if you don't want to be arrested, you'll stir your stumps, my son! That explosion is going to bring the worthy burghers of New Bedford buzzing round our ears like a swarm of hornets!"

His prediction was justified, even before it was made: already the near-by dwellings were vomiting half-clothed humanity, already a score of people were galloping down toward the head of the wharf, and in their number a policeman appeared as if by magic.

Brandishing his night stick, he made for Alan, as if instinctively recognizing the cause of the disaster, and would have done him serious injury had not Barcus, still the clear-witted one of the two, quickly released his friend and flung himself at the officer's legs, tackling clean and low.

They went down with a crash, but the fall was not enough to numb the policeman to his duty and pleasure. In a trice he and Barcus were inextricably entangled in what promised to be as pretty a scrimmage as one might wish to witness.

And before Alan could lift a hand, while still the two were floundering, rolling, scratching, pummelling, and gouging, in an instant of temporary advantage Barcus lifted an inflamed visage to Alan.

"Run, you simp, run!" he shrieked. "Make your getaway while the going's good!"

"But no—" Alan protested, stepping in to take a hand.

Chance enabled Barcus to strike the hand aside.

"Think of Rose!" he cried. "Get her out of this before we're all pinched! Run, I tell you! I can take care of myself!"

At the same time a hand descended on Alan's shoulder, and he found himself in the grasp of a bewildered but pugnaciously inclined citizen, who reaped unhappy reward for his temerity, being tripped and thrown as Alan abruptly realized that Barcus was right—that his first duty was to Rose, even at the price of abandoning a friend.

Whereupon he swung about, butted his way through a group of three confused and strong-lunged persons, and in three bounds gained the running-board of the waiting motor car, in whose body Rose was standing as if half-minded to alight.

"Clear out!" he told the chauffeur, violently. "Make youself scarce—and be quick about it!"

And while the man hesitated, Alan grabbed him by the shoulder, threw him bodily from the car, dropped into his seat, cried a warning to Rose, and threw in the clutch. The machine responded without a jar; they were a hundred feet distant from the scene of the accident before Alan was fairly settled in his place.

A backward glance showed Rose seated in safety. Another ahead showed an open street. Alan shook himself together and drew upon the lore of a master of motoring. The car shot through that street like a hunted shadow.

His knowledge of the land was simply nil, but he took to the countryside with complete confidence in his ability to find a way to that waiting special at Providence as soon as ever he had put enough distance between him and New Bedford to permit a free breath and a look round for sign posts.

As he grew more and more calm, he congratulated himself on having drawn an excellent car in the lottery of chance. It was light, but the motor ran famously, and if not capable of a racing pace, it would serve his ends as speedily as was consistent with reasonable care for the life of the woman he loved.

Yet his congratulations were premature; they were not ten minutes out of the environs of the city when Rose left her seat and knelt behind him, to communicate the intelligence that they were already being pursued.

A heavy touring car, she said it was, driven by a man, a woman in the seat by his side—Judith the latter, the man an old employe of her father's by the name of Marrophat.

Marrophat!

Alan remembered that one.

A straight and level bit of road gave him opportunity to look back and recognize this Marrophat as well as Judith, and to appreciate with a sinking heart the fact that the pursuing machine was not only more ponderously built, but capable of developing a much higher speed than his.

(Continued To-morrow.)

Freckles and Tan

BY LILLIAN RUSSELL.

Now is the time of year when we rejoice or bewail, as the case may be, in a coat of tan or a dose of freckles. Freckles and sunburn are all right if you like them; personally I do not.

The deposit of pigment or color of the skin is found in the form of fine granules and is a protection for the skin against the effects of too much light and sun. When your face is exposed to a strong sunlight the pigment is overdeveloped rapidly in order to protect the outer skin. A coat of tan is the result. The less pigment, the lighter the tan. That is why some persons burn red and others brown.

The girl with a few golden freckles on the tip of her nose is often attractive, but the girl who freckles in big, ugly brown splotches must guard her face and arms jealously, else she may be a "thing of joy, but a beauty never."

To the girl who suffers from an excess of either tan or freckles I would give this advice: First, avoid too much strong sunlight and use plenty of lemons. This juice is an excellent bleach and quite harmless. You must know that to remove freckles and sunburn you must remove the cuticle, which is usually very thin in persons who freckle quickly. A lotion of lemon juice and glycerin is usually good for this condition. If glycerin irritates your skin dilute it with water. A thin slice of lemon rubbed gently upon the face will bleach the freckles somewhat. And when the juice is left upon the face for a time it will eat away the scales of the cuticle, after which you may apply a delicate cleansing cream to heal and smooth the surface.

Our grandmothers bathed their faces in buttermilk to remove the freckles. That should be remembered, for buttermilk has many virtues.

It is not necessary to tan or freckle to any degree of seriousness. If one protects her face from the severe sun a few shades of darkness to the skin is not unbeautiful and a few coy freckles are not unattractive.

Remember, A little forethought and protection will keep any skin fair. It's simply a question of what you desire.

Lillian Russell's Answers.

Sylvia: There are some women who are so fond of dressing up that they make a show of themselves and prejudice nice people against them. Women who are quite delightful companions, fairly intelligent in every other respect. How much more charming and attractive a pretty woman is in simple clothes. A girl should never put on anything to outshine her eyes. Take the color of the eyes and keep back of that color in selecting your gowns. Overdressing, and I mean by that an eccentric display of furbelows, cheap jewelry, and artificial flowers is a strong mark of vulgarity or ignorance. Women should be more than careful of how they get themselves up. If they are insulted by rude men and women it is, in nine cases out of ten, their own fault. If a woman looks modest and refined she is seldom picked out for a rude remark.

Troubled: It is a great trial to any one to realize that one's breath is unpleasant. In health the breath is nearly odorless. Offensive breath is merely a symtom, however extreme it may be. As a rule the person who has an unpleasant breath is conscious of it. Perhaps the most frequent cause of impure breath is poor teeth or dyspepsia, either gastric or intestinal. Overwork, sedentary habits, and the habit of bolting one's food all have the tendency to cause this condition. Affection of the nose, throat, and lungs is often to blame, too. Mouth breathers invariably suffer from a bad breath.

Nan: Nothing will sooner proclaim the real person than the voice. No voice in itself is harsh. The quality of the voice depends upon the management of it. To have a pleasing voice it is essential that one have a correct carriage and that one breathes properly. The next time you get an opportunity listen to a number of women talking together. Most of the voices are shrill and high pitched. The utterance is rapid, the words are clipped, the pronunciation is often faulty. There is a slovenliness about the pronunciation that is marked. Slang, too, and extravagances of speech are frequently indulged in. Drop slang, drop provincialisms, and mispronunciations if you would be thought attractive. It isn't necessary to be affected in order to obtain purity of speech, but it is one of the greatest and universal attractions of the well-bred woman.

A. I. E. You are too self-conscious. That is why you blush when any one looks at you. When you are out or in company try and forget yourself entirely. Be able to talk about current events. Whenever you feel yourself blushing try to do something for some one else and force yourself to say something. Go out among people as much as you can.

Lass: Indeed, cold water is excellent for the face after washing it in warm water. Cold water makes the flesh firm and also clears the pores. I cannot print my full instructions for removing blackheads and pimples on account of lack of space, but shall be glad to send them to you upon receipt of a stamped, addressed envelope.

THE WAR LORD AT HOME

(Continued From Fourth Page.)

houses," sighed the Emperor, almost apologetically, once, when talking of his English visit. "Your Reynoldses and Gainsboroughs, where would they have been if Napoleon's marshals or his soldiers had seen them? Perhaps burnt or destroyed, or sent to the Louvre. Think what it means to the children of a house to live with one of those pictures, to absorb it unconsciously into their mentalities; they must grow up with a love of beautiful things—they cannot help it. We have nothing of the kind; our houses were stripped and burnt."

Miss Topham suggested something about Cromwell and the way his gentle Ironsides in their zeal smashed up the beautiful sculptures of our cathedrals and stabled their horses in the naves.

"Ah, Cromwell," he replied, "Cromwell did nothing in comparison with Napoleon; besides, that was much further back—long ago—Gainsborough and Reynolds not yet born. All our art treasures were absolutely destroyed, burnt by Napoleon. Art and war cannot live side by side. We have had too much fighting, and now must recreate, rebuild almost from the beginning."

"Yes, it is lucky for us that we live on an island, and that the French fleet met its Trafalgar," I said. "Nelson saved our art treasures for us, I suppose."

"I expect he did," returned his Majesty, nodding his head emphatically, "So you recognize that, do you?" and he turned away laughing and still nodding vigorously, thinking I am sure, a good deal about Nelson and the fleet."

Miss Topham taught the ladies of the German court how to make pancakes. "Fancy an Englishwoman knowing how to cook!" quoth his Majesty. "Ah, ah!" he laughed, "the British 'Dreadnought' again to the fore," for so Miss Topham was genially nicknamed.

One gathers that in his lighter moments the Kaiser is friendly to jokes and careless chat, not, however, on the principle of "laugh and grow fat," for he has a horror of getting stout, and keeps the enemy at bay with characteristic pertinacity.

Once at a fancy dress ball given by Prince Adalbert, his sailor son, at Kiel, the Emperor came to it, unknown to the guests, wearing the dress of his own ancestor, the Great Elector, a full-buttoned flowing wig and the long coat and breeches appropriate to the period. During the first part of the ball the dancers were masked, and the Emperor was talking with a woman, who believing him to be the crown prince, whom she knew very well, said to him archly:

"Your imperial Highness is splendidly disguised. How did you make yourself appear so stout? A little cushion stuffed inside somewhere, I suppose?"

His Majesty told this story against himself several times, especially when the young woman, who previous to her marriage was attached to the service of the Empress, happened to be present. He would roll his eyes in pretended anger while he said:

"Of course, there was no cushion—there was only me; but I believe she said it on purpose. She knew who it was all the time."

War and politics, art and music, everything, as we judge from Miss Topham's book, has come within the interest of the Kaiser. His patronage of music has been unfortunate, but he comforts himself by inveighing against the want of musical taste shown in Berlin. And here is a musical anecdote from Miss Topham:

"On my first visit to Wilhelmshohe, as we wended our way to the little chapel in one wing of the palace, the Emperor said that he hoped I would sing in a loud, deep voice in church, because the singing was usually very bad. I commented on the slowness of German hymn singing, and His Majesty told me how surprised he was once, when visiting at Windsor, 'with grandmamma' a year or two before she died, to hear the organ burst out suddenly into the Austrian national anthem, not knowing that it had been adopted as an English hymn tune."

Always the book returns to the Emperor's affection for his daughter, and only the other day there was an example of it in a pious war telegram, which he addressed to her. Says Miss Topham:

"Her bright alert intelligence evidently responded to something in himself, her constantly exhibited affection, her love for his society flattered him irresistibly, as they would any father in the world. He wrote long letters to her when away, sent her picture postcards, and small trifling presents from places where he was staying. Her first letter to him in English was something of an event; written with the greatest care, and after much anxious consultation with me as to the intricacies of 'that awful English spelling.' It received an immediate and flattering reply, also in English. 'Papa was delighted with my letter,' she said, her face glowing with happiness."

She is, this little daughter, now grown up and a mother herself, very fond of animals, and one of her childhood's thrills was the gift of a "tiny dimpled pigling" from her father. It came to her newly scrubbed and washed, with a blue ribbon round its neck, and she was charmed with "papa's scherkel," and rather annoyed at not being allowed to have it in her own rooms. Alas, Christmas brought that pigling the usual fate of fatted pigs. Fortunately—

"His mistress suffered no sentimental regrets with regard to his death, eating without a qualm the savory sausages he provided, and retaining a grateful memory of the nice sum he brought her—for naturally, although she never paid for his keep, she demanded and received the sum for which the butcher purchased his remains.

"I wish papa would give me another pig," she has been heard to sigh when money was scarce. "He was so useful."

This is a book about the Kaiser and his family at home, in peace time, which we may profitably read now, in our war time with him, just because it is so far removed from strife.

CAPTAIN OF OCEANIC LAST TO LEAVE HIS SHIP

Story of Thrilling Rescue of Crew of White Star Liner Told by Master of Aberdeen Trawler.

LONDON, September 11 (8.15 A. M.).—Captain Armour, of the Aberdeen trawler Glenovil, to-day told the Central News correspondent at Aberdeen this story of his rescue of the crew of the White Star liner Oceanic:

"It was misty and very dark on Tuesday morning off the North coast of Scotland when our attention was arrested by signals of distress in the direction of the coast. It required skilful seamanship to bring the Glenovil near enough to discover the Oceanic on the rocks.

"Finally after a long and hard tussle in the nasty sea we brought ourselves alongside. Ropes and ladders were lowered over the side of the liner, down which the crew scrambled and tumbled to our boat.

"In a short time practically every available inch of our space was occupied by men from the big boat. We got 400 of them, and then steamed off and emptied them on a larger steamer standing off, unable to get any nearer without herself running on the rocks.

"We returned quickly, but cautiously, and took off the remainder. The captain of the Oceanic was the last to leave his ship."

SOCIETY

Household Interests | Personal Notes

Fashion's Decree

To-day's Dress Hint, with authentic note as to style and fabric.

Jaunt coat costume in plaid vienna, trimmed with white cloth and worn with a Paquin skirt of blue broadcloth and black satin. To make it, it requires 2 3-8 yards of 54-inch cloth and 2 yards satin. Pictorial Review Coat No. 5705, Sizes 14 to 20 years. Price, 15 cents. Skirt No. 5717, Sizes 14 to 20 years. Price, 15 cents.

The pattern will be mailed to any address by The Times-Dispatch Pattern Department on receipt of price.

SOCIETY PEOPLE ARE RETURNING TO RICHMOND

Cool Weather Brings Early Rush to Reopen Town Houses—Some Fall Weddings.

J. Garland Tinsley and his daughters, Misses Claire and Lenore Tinsley, of "Picquenoque," are now in Atlantic City, following a summer in New England, and expect to return to Richmond some time this month. Mr. Tinsley and the Misses Tinsley spent the month of August on the Coast of Massachusetts.

Mrs. Moffitt a Delegate.

Mrs. E. E. Moffitt, of this city, who is a life member of the North Carolina Society of the Daughters of the Revolution, was appointed by Governor Craig, of North Carolina, as a delegate from this society to the Star-Spangled Banner celebration that has been held in Baltimore this week. Some of the most prominent women of the country have been in Baltimore for the centennial, and many brilliant functions have been given in honor of the distinguished guests there to attend it.

Engagement Announced.

Mr. and Mrs. R. F. Marshall announce the engagement and approaching marriage of their daughter, Gertrude Harrison, to Harmon Williams, of Barboursville. The wedding will take place in October.

In Lexington.

Among those spending September at Castle Hill, near Lexington, are Mr. and Mrs. William A. Price, Norfolk County; Dr. W. M. Armstrong Price, Jr., Morgantown, W. Va.; Dr. and Mrs. McPheeters Glasgow and family, of Nashville, Tenn. Dr. and Mrs. William Pilcher, Petersburg; Mrs. J. Taliaferro, Lynchburg; Mr. and Mrs. Giles C. Courtney, Richmond; E. McD. Moore, Princess Anne, Md.; Miss May Irwin, Lexington.

In New York.

Some of the people from Richmond noted in New York during the past week have been H. B. Croswell, Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas E. Williams, J. C. Blanton, William Russell, C. A. Mercer, G. B. Hutchings and James H. Anderson.

In White Mountains for Fall.

The Mount Washington, in the White Mountains, N. H., with over 500 guests in the house, promises to have a very gay September. The country about Bretton Woods is never more beautiful than in the fall, and the air, crisp and clear with the coldness of high altitudes, puts new life into the most jaded visitor.

A tennis match with the Balsams was played Tuesday, the latter team having come by motor from Dixville Notch, and being entertained at luncheon by the Mount Washington management.

The Foret de Danse, an innovation of the present season at the Mount Washington, is all the rage. On Saturday nights it is impossible to secure a table unless engaged in advance, and the afternoon dansants are nearly as popular.

Among the Southern guests at the Mount Washington is Mrs. F. W. Smallman, of Richmond, who arrived at Bretton Woods early this week.

From Richmond also comes W. G. Hayes, who has arrived recently at Bretton Woods by automobile, and is stopping at the Mount Washington.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick W. Scott, of "Royal Orchard," Afton, and Richmond, are at the Profile House, Franconia Notch, N. H., for a visit of several days. Mrs. Albert C. Bruce, Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Story, with their two children, and Miss C. E. Elder, are at the Mount Pleasant, Bretton Woods for several days.

Entertain at Cards.

The Misses Badenoch entertained very delightfully at cards in their home in Westhampton on Monday evening of this week. The affair was given in honor of their guest, Miss Hortense Walker, of Norfolk.

Home Wedding.

A very pretty home wedding took place at the residence of the bride's parents, 1023 Oakwood Avenue, on Wednesday evening, when Miss Verna Allen, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. K. B. Perkinson, and William Hartfield Trent were married by Rev. W. E. Gibson. The parlors were decorated with palms and ferns, interspersed with roses, lilies and white carnations. The bride was attired in a dark blue traveling suit with hat and gloves to match, and carried a shower bouquet of Bride roses.

Miss Alice Satterfield, the maid of honor, carried a boquet of Kilarney roses, and was dressed in chiffon over Nile green silk. Little Miss Yolande Liggon carried the ring in a calla lily, and was dressed in white lace over pink silk.

The bridegroom is the proprietor of the West End Coal and Wood Yard, and was attended by William Palmore as his best man.

Mrs. J. L. Satterfield played the Wedding March from "Lohengrin" as the bride and groom entered the parlors. The young couple left for a trip in the western part of the State, returning by way of Cascade, the home of the groom's parents.

After October 1 they will be at home at 10 South Vine Street.

IN AND OUT OF TOWN.

Mrs. Arthur L. Adamson has returned to her apartment at the Chesterfield, after an extended absence from the city.

Mrs. A. Seddon Jones is the guest of her daughter, Mrs. G. S. Plumley, in Charleston, W. Va., before going to visit relatives in Albemarle.

Mrs. Hunter McGuire, of this city, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Guy Davis, in Norfolk.

William Miller has returned from North Carolina, and is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. John G. Miller, on West Avenue.

Mrs. B. C. Sydnor, of Richmond, is the guest of Mrs. E. S. Martin at her home near Clover.

Colonel Cole and his daughter, Miss Alice Cole, have returned to Fredericksburg, after a short stay here.

T. J. Owen, Dr. Hagood, Misses Mattie Owen and Mary Armistead, of Halifax County, motored to Richmond last week.

Wayne Metcalf has returned to Richmond, after spending the summer with his parents in Williamsburg.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Allen have returned to the Chesterfield, after spending two weeks in North Carolina.

Miss Louise Allen has returned to her home, from a month's stay in the White Mountains.

Mrs. E. Lillian Burford has returned to Richmond, after a short stay at Ocean View and Willoughby Beach.

Miss Lelia Curry, of this city, is spending some time with friends in Fredericksburg.

W. L. Jones, who has been in Richmond for a brief visit this week, has returned to Williamsburg.

Miss Lucy Bruce, of this city, is visiting friends in South Boston for several weeks.

Hume Edwards, of Richmond, is the guest of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Edwards, in Lawrenceville.

Miss Pauline Barclay, of Norfolk, is spending some time in Richmond as the guest of Miss Laura Nash.

Mrs. R. A. Lacy, of Williamsburg, is spending several days with friends in Richmond.

Miss India Johnson, who has been visiting the Misses Pore in Clover, left Tuesday for Staunton and Richmond.

John C. Hobson, of "Mount Airy," Powhatan County, has been visiting relatives in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Tratter have returned to their home in Lawrenceville, after spending a few days in this city.

Dr. and Mrs. L. T. Stoneburner and their small son, Lewis, have returned to Richmond, after visiting relatives in Newport News.

Miss Kathleen Harwicke, of this city, who has been visiting Miss Catherine Paxton, in Buena Vista, has returned to her home.

Miss Carrie Taliaferro, who has been the guest of Mrs. S. F. Gilliland in South Boston for the past three weeks, returned to Richmond on Tuesday.

Mrs. Roberts, of Richmond, has been the guest of Miss Sallie Hart at her home near Clover for the past week.

Miss Ira McAlpin, of Lexington, has arrived in Richmond, and will spend the winter in Westhampton.

Russell Meredith has returned to Lawrenceville, after spending several days in this city.

J. S. Thompson, who has been in Richmond for a short stay, has returned to his home in South Boston.

Engagement Announced.

(Special to The Times-Dispatch.)

PAMPLIN, VA., September 11.—Mr. and Mrs. Lacy W. Thornton announce the engagement of their daughter, Minnie Lee, to Lawrence William Victor Hoffman. The marriage will take place early in October. Miss Thornton was a member of the faculty of Appomattox High School last year, and is very popular. Mr. Hoffman is cashier of the State Bank of Pamplin, and is connected with other business interests here.

Reunion of Mosby's Men.

FREDERICKSBURG, VA., September 11.—The twentieth annual reunion of Mosby's Command, Confederate Veterans, will be held Thursday and Friday, September 24 and 25, in Charlottesville, that city having extended an invitation at the last reunion. Boyd Smith is commander, and Edward Shacklett, adjutant. A big program is being prepared for the entertainment of the veterans.

An Instantaneous Wrinkle Remover

The average woman is always surprised to learn, after experimenting with all sorts of patent so-called "wrinkle removers," that the most effective remedy in the world is a simple face wash which she can make herself at home in a jiffy.

She has only to get an ounce of pure powdered saxolite from her nearest druggist and dissolve it in half a pint of which hazel. Apply this refreshing solution to the face every day for awhile. The result is charming and marvelous. Even after the very first treatment the wrinkles show less plainly and the face has a nice, firm, comfortable feeling that is thoroughly delightful and lends self-confidence in one's appearance. This harmless home remedy is used by thousands of women to obliterate the unwelcome traces of time.—Advertisement.

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Phones: Randolph 3680, 3681, 3682, 3683.

Swift's Pride Soap, 7 for 25c
Lenox Soap, 7 for 25c
Clean Easy Soap, 6 for 25c
Van Camp's Milk, 3 for 25c
Quaker Rolled Oates, 3 for 25c
Monogram Rolled Oates, 3 for 25c
Van Camp's Catsup, pints 22c
Van Camp's Catsup, ½-pints 13c
Old Dutch Cleanser 9c
Dill's Extracts, 10c size 8c
Dill's Extracts, 25c size 21c
Package Spice, 10c size 8c
Package Spice, 5c size 4c
Mitchell Jams 9c
Libby's Apple Butter 23c
Premier Orange Marmalade 9c
Canned Asparagus, 2 for 25c
Parley Salmon 10c
Van Camp's Spaghetti 9c
Van Camp's Pork and Beans 9c, 13c, 17c
Cider Vinegar, per gal. 27c
White Vinegar, per gal 19c
American Cheese 18c
Good Creamery Butter 35c
Snowdrift 35c, 54c, $1.08
Legs of Lamb 16c
Prime Ribs Beef 16c

UNION Stores, Inc.

Cor. Seventh and Franklin Sts.

THE KAUFMANN STORE

Specials To-day

To-day we offer three different qualities in light-weight Kid Gloves. These styles are mostly with Paris point backs, and some are with contrasting embroidery backs. Colors are black, white and tan, and in the $1.50 grade we show the "Pigale" (biscuit) so much in favor. Prices: $1.25, $1.50 and $2.00.

These days bring to mind the doeskin so much in favor for cool weather. A prime, select quality in Brittland's doeskin—one-button style at $1.50.

Gloves are a "hobby" with us—a hobby which we ride hard. Our stocks were never better. Our styles never more inexhaustible.

Answers to Queries from the Question Box

Mrs. Z.: Yes, we are advised by glove importers of a general advance in prices. This reason, of course, because the glove trade depends so materially upon Europe, but our prices are not to advance so long as the present stocks endure.

A Chatonnet: The manish chamois or doeskin with one or two large buttons or clasps is the proper thing for morning wear. The biscuit-colored kid to which you refer is unexcelled with tailored suits in the afternoon. White and gray are also correct for afternoon.

Small Town: Your question is not very clear. Are the purple, seven-button and eight-button Adolphe kids and Hayward brown are some of the late colors in gloves. These are designed for very special costume, usually.

Maude B.: No one glove, of course, can claim exclusive supremacy, but I should say that suede will be much favored. This because it harmonizes so well with the rich velours and satins, shiny serges and ponties. The sheen of the dressed kids looks better with the softer woven fabrics. (Signed) M. LEE.

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Smoked California Hams, pound 10c
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HAVE YOU SEEN THE New Method Gas Ranges AT PETTIT & CO.'S?

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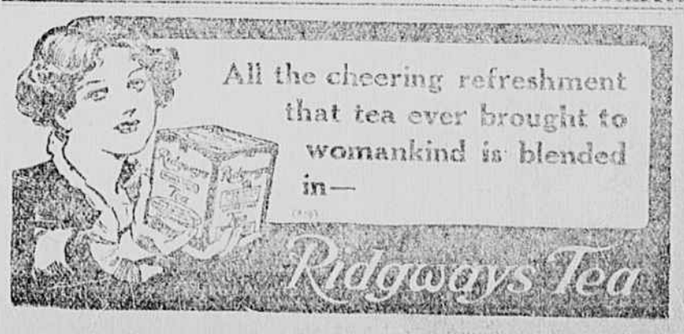
There's nothing the children will like better than sandwiches made of Bromm's Pullman loaf or "caddies" filled with something tasty.

A couple of these sandwiches and a piece of Bromm Cake will make any child happy.

L. BROMM Baking Co.

516 E. Marshall Street.

501 W. Broad Street.