

SPECIAL FEATURES OF INTEREST TO WOMEN READERS

MARY BOYLE O'REILLY, FROM HER NEW YORK HOME IN GREAT EAST SIDE OF N. Y. GOES MARKETING WITH MRS. YODELMA

And she finds out there how these Americans, preserving their bargaining traditions of the Orient, have solved that bogle—the high cost of living.

By Mary Boyle O'Reilly. NEW YORK, June 10.—The high cost of living is a frequent topic of conversation on the East Side—and a favorite.

We denizens of the most congested district on earth have met that bogle in the open—and he is ours!

With conscious superiority, the housekeepers of the tenements make a shopping expedition just an opportunity for gaily and adventure with their friends, the push-cart people.

For marketing in the Ghetto, you must know, in no horsemanship of a routine order, but an absorbing, exhilarating gambler with wit, gesticulation and shrewd phrase—all frankly enjoyed by the combatants, not to mention the observers.

The push-cart people speak all the tongues of the Pentateuch—but most of them are Jewish.

With the sky for a roof, a gay little cart perambulating beyond reach of the rent collector, a genius for the business of bargaining, and miles of moving market have practically here solved the high cost of living.

Kind Mrs. Yodelman—fifth floor, next door—first introduced me to the joys of street shopping. Each of us carried a "net" to eliminate the cost of delivery.

Mrs. Yodelman needed meat for flavoring, meat ritually clean. A white-coated butcher cut half a pound for 6 cents, exhibiting as he did so the rabbi's kosher seal.

Mrs. Yodelman wanted fish, the crisp Sabbath-night fish of long, long memory. New York knows none better. NOR CHEAPER, than can be bought for reash in the Ghetto beside the wharves.

An egg cart came next. "Fresh eggs, 3c each, 11 for 25c."

"Do you want fried or boiled eggs?" inquired the merchant, solicitously.

I confessed a preference for purchasing eggs raw.

Commented the friendly vendor:

"I tell you truth, My fried eggs, two for 3 cents, wid catsup, eat good, no smell at all. But my boiled eggs, 3 cents, THEY are white—like silver!"

Slowly we filled our nets: A string of garlic for 2 cents, a couple of red peppers for 2 cents, half a head of lettuce for 2 cents, a wreath of twisted bread well poppy-seeded for a penny—this for children—and cereals in bulk, not expensive boxes, with enough more of the staple foods to fill the corner closet and back stairs ice box, no more.

And then—

Hardened housekeepers, though we were, the chant of a strawberry seller hypnotized us.

"Fresh berries, 7 cents a box." Militant and accusing, Mrs. Yodelman turned out a basket silently to display a small potato hiding in its depth!

Artichokes tempted me, the Jerusalem artichokes that the Waldorf serves at a dollar or so a portion.

"Nine cents!"

My mentor became maternal at this.

"What for you buy so costly?" she demanded. "Artichokes is only water—not nourishment like bread!"

"But all right. Just this once, then. So I buy for you. Watch me!"

"Artichokes—good, fresh?" she arraigned the huckster. "Ver' well. I take one—5 cent."

The wall of a stricken spirit cleft the air!

"Five cent—woman—lady—I am poor man. The wife an' mine small children starve. My artichokes best in New York—9 cents. Feel—see!"

"Ah, Mrs. Yodelman! Wait wan minute! You my frien!—to you—hush! One artichoke—8 cent!"

Bulging net on arm, Mrs. Yodelman adjusted her shawl with shrugging shoulders.

"Was I born yesterday?" she demanded of high heaven.

"Was my mother no housekeeper?"

"Was my grandmother a fool?"

"NO!"

"I give you 6 cents. What? Come then!" this to me.

"SUCH artichokes!"—this to the peddler.

With a spring of desperation



The Push-Cart Grocer Who Feeds the Great East Side.

the man barred our passing away? "See! Fine artichokes—7 hands supplanting. "Mrs. Yodelman—ma'am—cent! Me, I must do business. lady!" he moaned. "Why you go See! Seven cent—two for 13."



Mrs. Yodelma n Bargains.

"No? "Ah—Ah—Ah—" Before our despair proved fatal I interposed a humble request for half a dozen. My friendly neighbor's stricken face accused. "SIX!" she cried. "SIX—with-out making a price!"

"Four, five, six," counted out the push-cart man, smilingly adding a baby artichoke for good wishes.

The push-cart people are orientals, inheriting the social life, the trading customs of the bazaars. To them all money, earned by effort, may not be lightly spent. Women, with them, have their recognized responsibility in the family economy.

And so the housemothers, bred in that old-world tradition, have successfully solved the high cost of living on the east side of New York!

A Chic Little Blouse



The material named harmonica is a high cotton fabric novelty for the spring, produced by a well-known French manufacturer and having for its principal characteristic a pleat produced in the weave. In the waist pictured the lower half of the sleeves and the front and back panels are of harmonica embroidered in black and red floral designs, while the remainder of the bodice is in all white. The small collar points which turn away from the neck and those on the sleeve are faced with red crepe and trimmed with little tassels in red, white and black, giving an Eastern touch to the design. This is a chic little waist for a young girl.

The Home Beauty Parlor

Portia: You should avoid wrinkles by protecting your skin against the tendency to sag. Aside from the flabbiness, the folds will gradually wrinkle your skin and spoil your appearance. Get an ounce of amozoin, dissolve in 1/2 pint water and add two teaspoonfuls glycerine. Stir and let stand one day. At low cost, this makes a perfect wrinkle remover in the corner of a protecting and stimulating cream-jelly. It is delightful to use and most beautifying in results on sensitive skins. Use it freely, both before and after exposure to sun and wind. It will not grow hair, but will act as a preventive of the loose sagging which makes wrinkles. Mother: You are absolutely right in your desire to have your skin look velvety. A splendid thing to use on the face is this home-made prescription: Get 4 ounces of spumax at any reliable drug store and mix it with 1/2 pint hot water or witch hazel and two teaspoonfuls glycerine. Let stand till the dust of soap is removed. Rub into hair roots with the tips of the fingers and you will find a wonderful aid to your itching scalp. It removes dandruff and promotes a healthy growth of hair. Shampoo frequently. Ethel: I always wash my head against egg shampoo. The animal substance mixes with the

The Dustman

AS TOLD BY AUNT GERTIE. CHAPTER III. Wednesday night when the Dustman pushed open the window, ever such a little bit, the rain beat in upon little Hjalmar. In front of the window there was quite a lake of water, and upon it a ship!

For the Woman Who Likes a Striking Gown



"Will you take a sail with me, little Hjalmar?" asked the Dustman.

"You shall see some foreign lands if you will," he added. "You shall be at home in bed again by morning, too."

That was enough for Hjalmar. He dressed in his Sunday best clothes and went floating down the street in company with the Dustman in the big ship.

They soon lost sight of land, and all they could see was a group of big storks flying toward a warmer climate, for it was winter time, you see.

One stork soon got very tired. He lagged behind and began to fly lower. At last he fell onto the deck of the ship.

Hjalmar was very sorry for him, so he put him in with the ducks and chickens to rest. They all made fun of him; told him he was lean and lanky; that he had very long legs, and that he was very foolish.

But Hjalmar liked the look of the stork. He went up quite near him and overheard him telling the ducks and chickens all about the country of Africa, where he was going.

"There are great deserts there," said the stork.

"The weather is very warm, too," said the stork.

"There are wonderful pyramids that took hundreds of years to build," added the stork. "And there are ostriches, too."

The ducks and chickens laughed, loudly. They thought the poor stork a fool. Hjalmar was very interested. He saw that the other birds did not like the stork, so he opened the door to the cage in which they were all kept and let the stork out.

The stork bowed his head as if it were thanking Hjalmar. It didn't look a bit tired, so it flapped its wings and flew away!

"Oh, the bird has flown," said Hjalmar. "I wish it had stayed longer."

As he looked after it, a cock crowed in the neighborhood yard. Hjalmar woke up with a start.

The first rays of daylight were coming through the window. But the Dustman and the ship and the lake had disappeared.

"What a wonderful time I've had," said Hjalmar. "I hope the Dustman takes me with him again."

(To Be Continued.)

Guaranteed Eczema Remedy. The constant itching, burning, redness, rash and disagreeable effects of eczema, tetter, salt rheum, itch, piles and irritating skin eruptions can be readily cured and the skin made clear and smooth with Dr. Hobson's Eczema Ointment. Mr. J. C. Evesland, of Bath, Ill., says: "I had eczema twenty-five years and had tried everything. All failed. When I found Dr. Hobson's Eczema Ointment I found a cure." This ointment is the formula of a physician and has been in use for years—not an experiment. That is why we can guarantee it. All druggists, or by mail. Price 50c. Pfeiffer Chemical Co., Philadelphia and St. Louis.

SOCIETY

One of the most delightful musical events of the season was the annual musicale of the music students of Annie Wright seminary in the school hall last evening. Among the girls who took part in the program were Miss Ruth Davis, Miss Lillian Gassert, Miss Lula Shedden, Miss Elma Stephens, Miss Jessie Smith, Miss Mary Tarbell, Miss Helen Cummings, Miss Doris Bryant and Miss Theresa Holmes. A quaint Chinese operetta formed part of the program.

bride's home, Rev. E. C. Wheeler officiating.

Rev. A. J. Willman of Spokane will preach at the Swedish Methodist church, corner of J and South 10th street, Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock.



Are You FAT? I Was ONCE. I Reduced myself

I was Fat, Uncomfortable, Looked Old, Felt Miserable, suffered with Rheumatism, Asthma, Neuralgia. When I worked or walked, I puffed like a Porpoise. I took every advertised medicine I could find. I Starved, sweated, exercised, Doctored and changed climate but I ruined my digestion, felt like an invalid but steadily gained weight. There was not a single plan or drug that I heard of that I did not try. I failed to reduce my weight. I dropped society, as I did not care to be the butt of all the jokes. It was embarrassing to have my friends tell me I was getting stout, as no one knew I better than myself.

SOMETHING HAD TO BE DONE. I began to study the cause of FAT. When I discovered the cause I found the remedy. The French Method gave me an insight. I improved on that. Removed the objectionable features, added more pleasant ones, and then I tried my plan on myself for a week. I worked like Magic. I could have

STRAINED WITH JOY at the end of the first week when the scales told me I had lost ten pounds by my simple, easy, harmless, Drugless Method. It was a pleasure then to continue until I regained my normal size. I feel fifteen years younger. I look fifteen years younger. My Double Chin has entirely disappeared. I can walk or work now. I can climb a mountain. I am normal in size. I can weigh just what I want to weigh. I am master of my own body now. I did not starve. I did not eat all I wanted to. I did not take Sweated Baths. I did not Drag. I used no Electricity, or harmful exercises, but I found the Simple, Safe, Common Sense WAY of reducing my weight and I applied it. I have tried it on others. My Doctor now says I am a perfect picture of health now. I am no longer ailing. I am now a happy, healthy woman. Now I am going to help others to be happy. I have written a book on the subject. If you are fat, I want you to have it. It will tell you all about my Harmless, Drugless Method. To all who send me their name and address I mail it FREE, as long as the present supply lasts. It will save you Money. Save you from Starvation Diets. Harmful Exercises, possibly save YOUR LIFE. It is yours for the asking without a penny. Just send your name and address. A Postal Card will do and I'll be glad to send it so that you can quickly learn how to reduce your weight and be as happy as I am. Write today as this advertisement may not appear again in this paper. HATTIE BELL, 936 Barclay, Denver, Colo.

Fifty-three former graduates of Annie Wright seminary attended the annual alumnae luncheon yesterday afternoon at the school. Miss Grace McDonald of Seattle, president of the alumnae, presided as toastmistress, and delightful speeches of response were made by Miss Seebor, Dr. F. T. Webb, Miss Fitch and Bishop F. W. Keator.

The Misses Elva and Sylvia Donahue will be hostesses Friday afternoon for a bridge tea at their home, 1601 North 8th street. Seventy-five invitations have been issued to girls of the younger social set.

Tonight's program for the Seventh Ward Prohibition club, which meets at the home of Mrs. Kaax, 646 North State street, will be in charge of George H. Slyter, Mrs. N. Nicholson and Mrs. Eva Hunt.

The Homesteaders will entertain with a dance at Eagles' hall this evening.

Mrs. C. T. Dustin entertained Altrus Table Round last Tuesday afternoon at her summer home.

Robert F. Taber of Port Gamble and Miss Mae Elizabeth Deming of Berkeley, Cal., were quietly married yesterday afternoon at the home of Rev. W. Chalmers Gunn, on South Steele street. The young couple will make their future home in Port Gamble.

The Seaside club will entertain with the first of its summer dancing parties Friday evening at the Hesperides hotel.

Miss Clara J. Fisher, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Fisher, 602 North C street, was married last evening to Richard J. Witton, the ceremony taking place at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Witton left early in the evening for British Columbia on their wedding trip, and will be at home to friends, upon their return, at their country home, "Whiturst," near Tacoma.

A social entertainment will be given Wednesday evening in Eagles hall by the United Garment Workers, local No. 201. A program of readings and music will be presented and refreshments will be served.

Miss Adilyn Marshall, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George W. Marshall, of North 30th street, was quietly married this afternoon to Guy Van Winter, son of Dr. and Mrs. Cyrus Van Winter. The wedding took place at the

Cynthia Grey's Answers

Shirking Duty. Dear Miss Grey: I will thank you for your kind advice. I am a young wife of 18 and have been married five months; but I am very unhappy.

My husband works well, three out of four places they do not pay him, he says; but I cannot understand why they should not. When I ask for an explanation he will never find out the reason.

He does not drink or gamble, and I would be very grateful if you can tell me how to find out if he is paid, and it would break my heart if I should find out if he gives his money to other women when I need it so much. He denies it if I mention such a thing. AN UNHAPPY WIFE.

A.—Your husband is shirking his duties as a married man, and you are entitled to an explanation. I advise you to go quietly to his employers and tell them your story; if he is not being paid they will be apt to tell you the reason.

The Habit of Swearing. Dear Miss Grey: I am a lady of 25 and engaged to be married soon to a man past the twenties. I have known him for some time, but he has had some great trouble in his past life, and since has taken to swearing. Instead of drinking as most any man would in a case of that kind.

I have coaxed, begged and teased him in every way, shape and manner to stop it, but he says if I loved him I could overlook it, while I say if he loved me he could stop it.

In swearing, he doesn't mean anything, for it comes as natural to him as eating and sleeping, but he does it in such a blood-curdling manner it fairly makes me shiver to hear him, and besides, it is very embarrassing to me to have him swear. No matter where we are, or who we are with, he does not realize how it sounds.

What I want to know is: how I can break him of this habit. He did not swear before and considered it a crime, and I see no reason why he should do so now. MOLLY.

A.—Swearing is a habit just as much as drinking or smoking, and you cannot break the young man off if he is determined not to stop.

Don't "beg and tease" him to give it up, but have a sensible talk with him some time when he is not swearing; try to show him how other people regard it and him, and how it embarrasses you; then offer to help him by reminding him each time he swears. I'm sure you can influence him to stop it if you go about it in the right way and are clever.

A Girls' Outdoor Club. Dear Miss Grey: Will you please tell me how I can organize a club for girls, similar to the boy scouts?

I am sure there are many girls here who would favor such a movement, considering the good times we could have; but first, we need a nice lady to act as our instructor and leader. There is just where the difficulty lies, for I do not know of such a lady, nor do I know how to find her.

Will you please tell me what to do about it, also

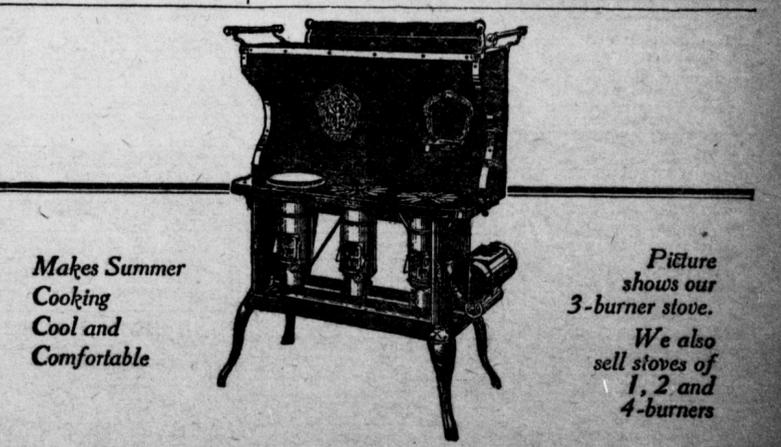
can you give me the addresses of a good outdoor club? A SCHOOL GIRL.

A.—If you have a lady teacher, why not ask her to be your leader? I am sure she would be very glad to do so. If not, surely among the girls' mothers is one or several who are free to act as your guide. Have a meeting of all the girls who are going to belong, make known the names of the candidates for leader and let the girls vote on it, the one receiving the largest number of votes to be your leader.

The Y. W. C. A. have the best organized girls' outdoor clubs there are, and if you will write to the president and explain that you live in the country and wish to form such a club she will send you information I am sure.

Second Citizenship Papers. Dear Miss Grey: If a man comes from another country, takes out papers and becomes a citizen of the United States, can he get a second act of papers and become a citizen the second time?

Kindly answer soon and greatly oblige. G. F. Mc. A.—You may become a citizen of the United States a second time, but you must surrender your Canadian certificate of citizenship—that is, you cannot be a citizen of both countries at the same time.



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