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VICK'S "VAPORUB" SALVE
 "JUST RUB IT ON"
 It does the work—25c and 50c sizes. Get a jar today
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OLD BAY LINE

Steamers leave Norfolk 6:30 P.M., daily, and
 on Sundays, November 12th and 26, December 10th
 and 24th, and alternate Sundays thereafter until fur-
 ther notice.

On Sundays the Old Bay Line has no steamer
 Sailing tickets routed via that line will be honored for
 passage by the Chesapeake Steamship Company.

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THE BUSY BEE CAFE

Everything good to eat. Wholesome food properly
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 Oysters in every style.
 Bottled and Fountain Drinks.

THE BUSY BEE CAFE

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To further introduce our
 matchless glove cleaning we will
 clean them free for a limited
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Special attention to clean-
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 Our method is the "Hoffman Sanitary Way".
 Satisfaction guaranteed.

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 You fishermen and oystermen who
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LAMBERTVILLE RUBBER FOOTWEAR
 gives perfect satisfaction in wear
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 the Lambertville dealer, write us
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Lambertville Rubber Co.
 Lambertville, N. J.

"Snag-Proof"
 Hip Boot
 all size,
 long-
 wearing
 rubber
 reinforced
 with heavy
 duck

ROYAL BAKING POWDER
 Absolutely Pure
 No Alum—No Phosphate

GRANDMOTHERS
HERE AND THERE

CONTRAST OF NEW YORK 'MOM-
 KINS' WITH REAL GRAND-
 MOTHER OF LONDON

By MARGARET MASON

(Written for the United Press)
 The Two Grandmothers
 In New York town a lady grey
 Is tripping all the hours away.
 At the dansants along Broadway.
 A bottle blonde she is I ween,
 The rouse pot off her face hath seen
 She has a debutantish mein.
 Her skirts are short to an extreme.
 And yet a Grandmama is she
 Her years they number sixty three.

In London town a lady rare
 With gracious mein and kindly air
 And tender eyes 'neath snowy hair
 Is working all the hours away.
 Her share in England's bloody fray
 To tend the wounded day by day,
 Though worn and tired she does not
 stay.

And yet a grandmama is se,
 Her years they number sixty three.

London, Oct. 26 (By Mail) — In
 American cities the Grandmother is
 as extinct as the Dodo bird. To be
 sure we have a bit of giddy stuff
 that is turned out daily by the mas-
 suse, the hair dresser, the smart
 dressmaker and the beauty doctor
 to fox trot and flirt and Bridge it's
 way through a butterfly existence.
 It doesn't even answer to the name
 of Grandmother however for the
 youngest generation has been pain-
 stakingly drilled to call it either by
 it's Christian name or a pet one.

Oh where are the Grandmothers
 of yesterday? The Grandmother of
 memories and storybooks. In rust-
 ling black silk skirts with a bit of
 old lace at her Ivory throat and fall-
 ing over her Ivory hands. A wee
 lace cap on her silver hair and the
 peace and understanding and love
 of a double maternity shining in her
 old young eyes.

And I am a old sleuth! I have
 tracked her to her lair! I have dis-
 covered her in her old time charm
 and old time lace and her habitat
 in England!

American parents take their off-
 spring to the Zoo and to the Mu-
 seum of Natural History to see the
 Ichthyosaurus. Surely the next step
 should be to take them to London
 to show them a Grandmother.

You can imagine the dramatic
 situation.

Little Robert, meeting a lovely
 white haired old lady in Hyde Park
 "Oh mother what is that?"

Mother—"That is a Grandmother,
 My son."

Little Robert—"Oh I want to
 take her home with me."

Mother—"No my child, the air of
 America is fatal to Grandmothers.
 Her hair would turn red or yellow,
 she would contract fox trots and be
 just like your "Momkins."

Little Robert (shuddering) "How
 terrible."

He walks slowly away looking
 back sadly.

And there you are!

Now I don't for a minute mean to
 imply that a woman should not be
 as young as she can nor on the
 other hand do I mean that the Eng-
 lish Grandmother is an old trump.
 The true secret recipe for a suc-
 cessful grandmother is one who
 knows just when and how to grow
 old gracefully. The English Grand-
 mother has solved the problem for
 American Grandmother has not.

Although the English Grandmoth-
 er is a rare one in all senses of the
 word she by no means is a back
 number. Indeed she keeps abreast
 of the times, is up to all the burn-
 ing questions of the day and is al-
 so in the thick of the wonderful
 war work that the women of Eng-
 land are doing.

I know of one wonderful old gen-
 tlewoman of eighty years. She is
 erect and entertaining and charm-
 ing and dear. She has had fourteen
 children and at present four of her
 sons are in Parliament, two in the
 House of Lords and two in the
 House of Commons.

This dear old lady has turned her
 motor over to the wounded soldiers
 and goes out behind a plodding old
 Dobbie because she thinks it wick-
 ed to pay the high price for petrol
 just for her own selfish comfort.
 In many other ways she is doing
 her bit for the war and she is but
 one among many. She of course
 wears one of those sweet little lace
 caps on her snowy hair and a bon-
 net when she goes abroad.
 To American eyes it is a start-
 ling and surprising sight to walk
 along the smart shops on Bond st.,
 and glimpse whole windows full of
 bonnets and little lace caps not
 of the boudoir persuasions that we
 know so well, but real Grandmoth-
 er ones.

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Are My Children

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