

# THE TAVERNAKE

## A TALE OF LOVE, MYSTERY AND INTRIGUE

**BY E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM**  
CHAPTER II—(Continued)

"Oh, my friend Mr. Leonard Tavernake," she exclaimed, "if you were not so credibly, so adorably, so miraculously beautiful what a prig, what a prig, you would be! The cutlets at last, thank goodness! Your cross-examination is over. I pronounce you 'Not Guilty!'"

"During the progress of the rest of the dinner," Tavernake discharged the bill, carefully checked each item and tipped the waiter the exact amount which the man had the right to expect. They ascended the stairs together to the street, the girl lingering a few steps behind. On the pavement her fingers touched his arm.

"Wonder, would you mind driving me down to the Embankment?" she asked demurely. "It was so close down there and I want some air."

"I am at your service," he replied, and he drove her to the Embankment. "I will not keep you much longer," she promised. "I suppose I am not so strongly attracted to you as I have had occasion to say. I have become an unknown quantity. I think it seems absurd—but I think I am feeling a little faint."

"The air will soon revive you," he said. "As you are conversing, I am disappointed to tell you that you are very foolish not to tell me more about yourself."

"You have been very good to me," she admitted almost timidly, "and I am afraid that I have not been very grateful. I shall not see you another afternoon after this evening—I wonder—would you care to kiss me?"

"He opened his lips and closed them again. He sat quite still, his eyes fixed on the road ahead, until he had struggled something absolutely absurd, something unrecognizable."

"I would rather not," he decided quietly. "I know you mean to be kind but that sort of thing—well, I don't think I understand it. Besides," he added with a sudden naive relief, as he clutched at a fugitive but plausible thought, "if I did you would not believe the things which I have been telling you."

"He had a curious idea that she was disappointed as she turned her head

away, but she said nothing. Arrived at the Embankment, the cab came slowly to a standstill. The girl descended. There was something new in her manner; she looked away from him when she spoke.

"You had better leave me here," she said. "I am going to sit upon that seat. Then, during those few seconds' hesitation which were to await for a great deal in his life. The impulse which had him stay with her was unaccountable but it conquered."

"If you do object," he remarked with some stiffness, "I should like to sit here with you for a little time. There is certainly a breeze."

"He had no comment but walked on. He paid the man and followed her to the empty seat. Opposite, some illuminated advertisements blazed their unhealthily messages across the murky sky. The river flowed—black as tarry, hopeless. Even here, though they had escaped from its absolute thrall, the far-ears, a roar of the city beat upon their ears, and then pressed her hands to the side of her head.

"Oh, how I hate it!" she moaned. "The voices, always the voices, calling, threatening, enjoining, cursing. Take my hands, Leonard Tavernake—hold me!"

He did as she bade him, clumsily, as yet without comprehension.

"You are not well," he muttered.

"Her eyes were fixed on the death of her old manner returned. She smiled at him, feebly but deliberately.

"You foolish boy!" she cried. "Can't you see that I am dying? Hold my hands tightly and wait a minute. It is one more thing you can see—that you cannot understand."

"I saw the empty phial slip from her sleeve and fall on to the pavement. With a cry he sprang up and, snatching it in his arms, rushed out into the road."

CHAPTER III.  
AN UNPLEASANT MEETING.

It was a quarter past eleven and the theatres were disgorging their usual nightly crowds. The most human thoroughfare in any of the world's great cities, it was the heart and brightest. Everywhere commissionaires were blowing their whistles, the streets were thronged with slowly-moving vehicles, the pavements were stirring with life. In the front of the chemist's shop was gathered a crowd which had gathered in a way. After all, none of them knew exactly what they had been waiting for. There was a rumor that a woman had faintly for some time, but it was certainly she had been carried into the shop and into the inner rooms the door of which was still closed. A few passers-by had gathered together and stared and waited for some time, but had finally lost interest and melted away. A human thoroughfare, this, indeed, one of the pulses of the great city beating

time night and day to the tragedies of life. The chemist's assistant, with impassive features, was serving a couple of casual customers from behind the counter. Only the chemist himself stood in a closed door, the chemist himself and a hastily summoned doctor fought with death for the body of the girl who lay upon the floor, faint moans coming every now and then from her blue lips.

Tavernake, whose feral inaction during that terrible struggle had become a burden to him, slipped softly from the room as soon as the doctor had whispered that the acute crisis was over, and he passed through the shop out into the street, a solemn, dazed figure among the light-hearted crowd. Even in those grim moments, the man's individualism spoke to him. He was a realist at his own action. He asked himself a question, not indeed, with regret, but with something more than curiosity and actual self-protection, by concentrating his mind upon his recent course of action, he would be able to understand the motives which had influenced him. Why had he chosen to burden himself with the presence of this desperate young woman? Supposing she lived, a question—what of her? He had acquired a certain definite responsibility with regard to her future, for whatever the doctor and his assistant might do, it was his own promptitude and presence of mind which had given her the first chance of life. Without a doubt, he had behaved foolishly. Why not vanish into the crowd and have done with it? What was it to him, after all, whether this girl lived or died? He had done his duty—more or less. Why not disappear now and let her take her chance? His common sense spoke to him loudly; such thoughts as these beat upon his brain.

Just for once in his life, however, his common sense exercised an altogether subordinate position. He knew very well, even while he listened to these voices, that he could return. Having absolutely decided that he would return, he set out for home and leave the girl to her fate, he found himself back inside the shop within a quarter of an hour. The chemist had just come out from the inner room, and looked up at his entrance.

"She'll do now," he announced.

Tavernake nodded. He was amazed at the man's calmness.

"I am glad," he declared.

The doctor joined them, his black bag in his hand, prepared for departure. He addressed himself to Tavernake as the responsible person to Tavernake as the "young lady" will be all right now," he said, "but she may be rather queer for a day or two. Fortunately, she made the mistake of coming to me, ignorant of medicine and its effects, and would not have killed a whole household.

You had better take care of her, young man," he added drily. "She'll be getting into trouble if she tries this sort of thing again."

"Will she need any special attention during the next few days?" Tavernake asked.

"The circumstances under which I brought her here are a little unusual, and I am not quite sure."

"Take her home to bed," the doctor interrupted, "and you'll find she'll sleep it off. She seems to have a splendid constitution, although advice and your own medical man is not available, I will come and see her if you send for me. My name is; telephone number 724 Gerard."

"I should be glad to know the amount of your fee, if you please," Tavernake said.

"My fee is two guineas," the doctor answered.

Tavernake paid him and he went away. Already the shadow of the tragedy was passing. The chemist had joined his assistant, and was busy dispensing drugs behind his counter.

"You can go in to the young lady, if you like," he remarked to Tavernake. "I dare say she'll feel better to have some one with her."

Tavernake passed slowly into the inner room, closing the door behind him. He was scarcely prepared for so pitiful a sight. The girl's face was white and drawn as she lay upon the couch to which they had lifted her. The fighting spirit was dead; she was in a state of absolute and complete collapse. She opened her eyes at his coming, but closed them again almost immediately—less, it seemed, from any consciousness of his presence than from sheer exhaustion.

"I am glad that you are better," he whispered crossing the room to her side. "Thank you," she murmured almost inaudibly.

Tavernake stood looking down upon her, and his sense of perplexity increased. Stretched on the hard haircloth couch she seemed, indeed, pitifully thin and weaker than her years. The woman which had passed from her face, had served in some measure as a disguise.

"We shall have to leave here in a few minutes," he said, softly. "They will want to close the shop."

"I am so sorry," she faltered, "to have given you all this trouble. You must send me to a hospital or the workhouse—anywhere."

"You are sure that there are no friends to whom I can send?" he asked.

"There is no one!"

She closed her eyes and Tavernake sat quite still on the end of her couch, his elbow upon his knee, his head resting upon his hand. Presently, the rush of customers having ceased, the chemist came in.

"If I were you, I should take her home now," he remarked. "She'll

probably drop off to sleep very soon and wake up much stronger. I have made her a prescription here in case of exhaustion."

Tavernake stared at the man. Take her home! His sense of humor was faint enough but he found himself trying to imagine the faces of Mrs. Lawrence or Mrs. Fitzgerald if he should return with her to the boarding-house at such an hour.

"I suppose you know where she lives?" the chemist inquired curiously.

"Of course," Tavernake assented. "You are quite right. I dare say she is strong enough now to walk as far as the pavement."

He paid the bill for the medicines, and they lifted her from the couch. Between them she walked slowly into the outer shop. Then she began to drag on their feet as she looked up at the chemist a little pitifully.

"May I sit down for a moment?" she begged. "I feel faint."

"They placed her in one of the cane chairs facing the door. The chemist raised her some sat volubly.

"I am sorry," he murmured, "so sorry. In a few minutes—I shall be better."

Outside, the throng of pedestrians had grown less, but from the great restaurant opposite a constant stream of motor-cars and carriages was slowly bringing away the supper guests. Tavernake stood at the door, watching them idly. The traffic was momentarily blocked and almost opposite to him a motor-car, the simple magnificence of which filled him with wonder, had come to a standstill. The chauffeur and footman both wore livery of the most immaculate white. Inside a swinging vase of flowers was suspended from the roof. A man and a woman leaned back in luxurious easy-chairs. The man was dark and had the look of a Frenchman. The woman was very fair. She wore a long ermine cloak and a tiara of pearls.

Tavernake, whose interest in the passing throng was entirely superficial, found himself for some reason curiously attracted by this glimpse into a world of luxury which he knew nothing of. He was attracted, too, by the woman's delicate face with its uncommon type of beauty. Their eyes met as he stood there, stolid and motionless, framed in the doorway. Tavernake continued to stare, unmindful, perhaps unconscious, of the rudeness of his action. The woman, after a moment, glanced away at the shop-window. A sudden thought seemed to strike her. She spoke through the tube at her side and turned to the companion seated beside her, the footman, leaning from his place, held out his arm in warning and the car was slowly backed to the side of the pavement. The lady left for a moment in a bag of white satin which lay upon the round table in front of her,

and handed a slip of paper through the open window to the servant who had already descended and was standing waiting. He came at once towards the shop, passing Tavernake, who remained in the doorway.

"Will you make this up at once, please?" he directed, handing the paper across to the chemist.

The chemist took it in his hand and turned away mechanically toward the dispensing room. Suddenly he paused, and, looking back, shook his head.

"For whom is this prescription required?" he asked.

"For my mistress," the man answered. "Her name is there. 'Where is she?'"

"Outside; she is waiting for it."

"If she really wants this made up tonight," the chemist declared, "she must come in and sign the book."

The footman looked across the counter, for a moment a little blankly.

"Am I to tell her that?" he inquired.

"It's only a sleeping draught. Her regular chemist makes it up all right."

"That may be," the man behind the counter replied, "but, you see, I am not her regular chemist. You had better go and tell her so."

The footman departed upon his errand without a glance at the girl who was sitting within a few feet of him.

"I am sorry, madam," he announced to his mistress, "that the chemist declines to make up the prescription unless you sign the book."

"Very well, then, I will come," she declared.

The woman, handed from the automobile by her servant, lifted her white satin skirts in both hands and stepped lightly across the pavement. Tavernake stood on one side to let her pass. She seemed to him to be, indeed, a creature of that other world of which he knew nothing. Her slow, graceful movements, the shimmer of her skirt, her silk stockings, the flashing of the diamond buckles upon her shoes, the faint perfume from her clothes, the soft touch of her ermine as she swept by—all these things were indeed strange to him. His eyes followed her with rapt interest as she approached the counter.

"You wish me to sign for my prescription?" she asked the chemist. "I will do so, with pleasure, if it is necessary, only you must not keep me waiting long."

Her voice was very low and very musical; the slight smile which had parted her tired lips, was almost pathetic. Even the chemist felt himself to be a human being. He turned at once to the shelves and began to prepare the drug.

"I am sorry, madam, that it should have been necessary to fetch you in," he said, apologetically. "My assistant will give you the book if you kindly sign it."

The assistant dived beneath the counter, reappearing almost immediately with a black volume and a pen and ink. The chemist was engrossed upon his task;

Tavernake's eyes were still riveted upon this woman, who seemed to him the most beautiful thing he had ever seen in life. No one was watching the girl. The chemist was the first to see her face, and that only in a looking glass. He stopped in the act of mixing his drug and turned slowly around. His expression was such that they all followed his eyes. The girl was sitting up in her chair, with a sudden spot of color burning in her cheeks, her fingers gripping the counter as though for support, her eyes dilated, unnatural, burning in their white setting with an unholly fire. The lady was the last to turn her head, and the bottle of eau-de-cologne which she had taken up from the counter, slipped with a crash to the floor. All expression seemed to pass from her face; the very life seemed drawn from it. Those who were watching her saw suddenly an old woman looking at something of which she was afraid.

The girl seemed to find an unnatural strength. She dragged herself up and turned wildly to Tavernake.

"Take me away," she cried, in a low voice. "Take me away at once!"

The woman at the counter did not speak. Tavernake stepped quickly forward and then hesitated. The girl was on her feet now and she clutched at his arm. Her eyes besought him.

"You must take me away, please," she begged, hoarsely. "I am well now—quite well, I can walk."

Tavernake's lack of imagination stood him in good stead then. He simply did what he was told, did it in perfectly mechanical fashion, without asking any questions. With the girl leaning heavily upon his arm, he stepped into the street and almost immediately into a passing taxicab which he had hailed from the threshold of the shop. As he closed the door, he glanced behind him. The woman was bending across the counter towards her, wondering, perhaps, if another incident were to be drawn into his night's work. The eau-de-cologne was running in a little stream across the floor.

"Where to, sir?" the taxicab driver asked Tavernake.

"Where to?" Tavernake repeated.

"Tell him to drive away from here," she whispered, "to drive anywhere, but away from here."

"Drive straight on," Tavernake directed, "along Fleet Street and up Holborn. I will give you the address later on."

The man chuckled his speed and their pace increased. Tavernake sat quite still, dumfounded by these amazing happenings. The girl by his side was clutching his arm, holding a little hysterically, holding him all the time as though in terror.

(Continued Tuesday.)

### \$10,000,000 COST OF WAR TO THE ALLIES

**Powers Decide Against Joint Loan—Britain Strong in Finance, Says Lloyd-George.**

LONDON, Feb. 15.—Ten billion dollars have been appropriated by the Allies thus far in the most expensive war, from the standpoint of human lives, dollars and war material, ever waged, David Lloyd-George, Chancellor of the Exchequer, declared in the House of Commons this afternoon.

Lloyd-George's statement was made in response to requests for information about the recent conference at Paris, at which representatives of the Allies discussed war finance. He added that Great Britain was spending probably \$500,000,000 more than either Russia or France in the fight against German militarism.

"England," he said, "could finance her share of the war expenditures for five years, solely out of the proceeds of its investments abroad. France could finance its share for two or three years by a similar means and still have something to spare. There need be no fear as to Russia. Through its prodigiously rich national resources it is in a different position from either France or England."

The countries decided against a joint war loan, Lloyd-George stated.

A Russian war loan of \$50,000,000 has been oversubscribed in the London bond market. It was announced officially here this afternoon.

### JERSEY HOUSING LAW FIGHT

**Changes in Tenement House Statutes Are Opposed.**

TRENTON, Feb. 15.—Determined opposition to the five bills introduced by Assemblyman Ostrom, Democrat, of Hudson County, to remove from the tenement house laws some of their most vital features was shown at the hearing on the measures today before the Social Welfare Committee of the Assembly.

Representatives of the New Jersey Housing Commission and similar organizations protested against the passage of the bills. The Property Owners' League of Jersey City was represented at the hearing, supporting the measures.

### Funeral of Miss Elizabeth White

The funeral services of Miss Elizabeth White, for many years a mission and worker among the poor of South Philadelphia, was held this afternoon at the Old Pine Street Church, 15th and Pine streets. She died Friday at the Faith Mission, 29 South Reese street, where she had been a teacher in the Wharton Public School, 24 and Lombard streets. She is survived by four sisters and a brother.

### Dr. James C. Brobat

LANCASTER, Pa., Feb. 15.—Dr. James C. Brobat, 71 years old, a prominent Latin physician, died this morning. He served in the Union army and was a member of the American Legion. He was a resident of Lancaster for 50 years. He was buried in the Union cemetery.

### Michael O'Donahue

Michael O'Donahue, 52 years old, oldest surviving member of the O'Donahue family, died at his home, 128 South Broad street, this morning. He was a member of St. Monica's Church, 11th and Market streets. Interment will be private.

### Simon Brentano

BLANCKE, N. J., Feb. 14.—Simon Brentano, head of the Brentano book firm, died at his home here today.

### Spirits Club to Give Show

A novelty musical show and dance will be given tonight by the Spirits Club and the Glee Club at the Metropolitan Hotel, 15th and Market streets. Interment will be private.

### THEIR'S CAP CLUE IN \$7000 GEM ROBBERY

**Detectives Believe Man Who Was Employed on Richards Estate Committed Burglary There.**

A dirty, gray woolen cap, dropped on a lawn, is expected to lead detectives to the thief who entered the home of George F. Richards, on the Red Bridge farm, near Media, and then escaped with \$7000 worth of jewelry. Detectives from Philadelphia, Delaware county and the Burns agency are working on the case today. They expect to capture the thief by the end of the week. A man who was employed to help remodel the house last summer, and who, therefore, knew every inch of the place, is under suspicion. It is certain that no one who did not know the house could have committed the robbery.

Entrance was gained by a pantry window, left open to air the lower floor. Milk, foot prints on the sill, leading through the house, left little doubt as to the manner in which the thief got in. Just below the window, in full view of every one, lay the woolen cap. It would have been of little aid to the detectives had it not been seen before.

Eleven persons slept in the house Saturday morning, when the thief is believed to have entered. The jewelry was locked in a small safe in a linen closet. The combination lock was easy to solve. Only diamonds were taken and articles of less value were left strewn over the floor.

The thief opened a large safe containing quantities of jewelry. An intricate combination was an easy task. The members of Richards' family say the safe was locked Friday night. Nothing was taken from this safe, however, as the articles would have been cumbersome to carry.

It is believed the thief escaped in an automobile, as there were auto tracks in the driveway.

### Harlan Sign Ship Contract

WILMINGTON, Del., Feb. 15.—The Harlan & Hollingsworth Corporation this afternoon signed a contract to build a new steamship for the Anglo-Saxon Petroleum Company. The vessel will be 425 feet long and will be a duplicate of a vessel for the same company the keel of which was laid a few days ago.

### THIEF RETURNS LOOT

A conscience-stricken negro thief today sent Superintendent Robinson the loot which he gained in snatching the handbag of Mrs. Catherine Dougherty, 188 Arch street, at 18th and Arch streets on the night of February 5. The package, which was addressed simply to "The Superintendent of Police," contained jewelry, a watch and \$15 in money, belonging to Mrs. Dougherty and a diamond wedding ring and a brooch belonging to Mrs. Josephine Tyler, 151 Spring Garden street, which had been entrusted to Mrs. Dougherty for safekeeping.

### German Mask Ball Tonight

The 6th annual mask ball of the Philadelphia Turngemeinde, which will be held tonight at Turner Hall, Broad street and Columbia avenue, will be featured by a series of pantomimes, tableaux and dances. Members of the committee in charge declare the ball this year will eclipse anything before attempted by the organization. August Arnold is chairman of the committee in charge.

### Pen and Pencil Club Aids Poor

A check for \$500, representing virtually the entire proceeds of the Night in Bohemia given last December at the Bellevue-Stratford by the Pen and Pencil Club, will be turned over to the home relief division of the Emergency Aid Committee for the relief of the city's poor and destitute.

Although it had not been the original intention to contribute such a large amount, the board of governors of the club at its last meeting decided to appropriate a contribution far in excess of the original amount.

### LETTER'S Best Coal

Best 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100.

### WOMEN OF GERMANY WIN CROWN PRINCESS' PRAISE

**Real Sufferers from War Display Loyalty to Fatherland. Future Empress Devotes Time to Ministering to Wounded—Grateful for American Gifts.**

By Karl H. Von Wiegand  
United Press Staff Correspondent.  
Copyright, 1915, by Karl H. Von Wiegand.

BERLIN, Feb. 15.—The women of Germany who are the real sufferers in war, their lives in the kitchen, the dread of the casualty list, their alternating hope, fear and despair if father, husband or brother is among the missing. The future to them may hold gloom and poverty. Their nerves are on edge. It was Crown Princess Cecile, future Empress of Germany, who was talking. In the Cecilian house, the beautiful \$400,000 building of the Fatherland's Women's Association in Charlottenburg, she was seen. She was occupied, as she has been every day since the war, acting as an angel of mercy, comforting the wounded and aiding their women and children.

### EUROPE A VAST HOSPITAL

"Europe is one vast hospital," she continued. "Isn't it a pity—such a pity. How happy your American women should be. Happy mothers, happy wives, happy sisters. There is none of the heartaches and miseries of war. They have none of the suspense that is ours. Yet, to them also is denied the lesson of self-sacrifice, the unselfish and loving ministrations to the wounded which are the glory of the enemy, the doing of something for the Fatherland. Our German women have arisen nobly."

In the Cecilian house are centralized 16 departments of social work, including feeding a large number of poor children, furnishing pure milk for the children of the poor, giving practical courses in housekeeping to women and girls, conducting kitchens where the poor can get food at nominal prices, depots for visiting nurses and the like. Here the Crown Princess has centralized her activities. Especially does she take an interest in the great hospital wards.

### CHEER FOR THE WOUNDED.

The Crown Princess passed on into the large festival hall and lecture room, which has now been transformed into a hospital. The first cot she stopped at was occupied by a soldier whose shoulder had been shattered by shrapnel. As she skillfully drew from the wounded man the story of his ordeal he glanced with pride at his "lover chart." The Crown Princess inquired about his family and gave him a bouquet of flowers and a picture of herself and her children as a keepsake.

The majority of the soldiers in the ward were anxious cases, and the Crown Princess, accompanied by Frau Excellenz von Alvensleben and followed by an attendant carrying a great basket filled with flowers, passed on from cot to cot. At the bedside of newcomers she would sit down and chat.

### WOMAN'S ROLE IN WAR.

"You would like to know something about the role of the German woman in this war," said the Crown Princess when she had finally completed her visitations. "Our women are playing a big and important role. They are voluntarily mobilized for the Fatherland and as un-

### YOUTH KILLED IN BALTIMORE

**James Buckley, of This City, Meets Death on Railroad.**

James Buckley, 305 East Allegheny avenue, left for Baltimore today to claim the body of his son John, 18 years old, who was killed several days ago by a Baltimore and Ohio train near that city.

Buckley, according to dispatches from Baltimore today, went to the Friendly Inn on Friday evening, accompanied by John Fee, also of this city. Buckley is said to have left the institution about 10:30 o'clock in the evening, and the next day his mangled body was found on the tracks. Fee left Baltimore unaware of the tragic death of his friend.

### 31 TRYING FOR CITY JOB

**Cooke's Choice for Inspectorship Must Be Man With "Punch."**

Thirty-one men are trying to convince examiners of the Civil Service Commission today that they have the "punch" to obtain and to hold the \$2500 special inspectorship in the Department of Public Works, for which vacancy Director Cooke asserted he wanted a "live wire."

The Director was emphatic a week ago when he verbally disqualified all "dodos" and said he wanted the best business man in Philadelphia willing to work for \$2500 a year as one of his principal business aids.

There have been 1033 applications filed already with the Civil Service Commission for the job, and the examination that began today and will be continued until March 4.

One hundred and thirty-eight applicants are being examined today. Sixty-one young women are endeavoring to qualify as city visiting nurses at \$800 a year.

### GIVE FREELY FOR FATHERLAND.

"I do not believe that any true German mother or wife was for the war or can be. Yet there comes a time when war is unavoidable—when an unwelcome woman is forced upon a nation, and German women are mothers of sons who are or who have been soldiers. They knew and realized, as perhaps the women of no other country, that they were to be sacrificed, and they sacrificed, and they realized, with the possible exception of France, what war really meant to them before it came. That they gave freely of their sons to the Fatherland when it was in danger has been shown and is being shown daily. But that they wanted war—ask any German mother or German wife."

The Crown Princess praised the generosity and kindness of America to the women and children of all the warring nations, and especially expressed appreciation over the Christmas gifts sent to Germany.

"I hope they never may be, but I am certain that if your country should be plunged into war the American women, whom I found so vivacious, charming and beautiful, and of whose interest and work for public welfare I have heard much, will prove as noble, self-sacrificing and heroic as have been our German women," she added.

### The Drexel Institute

ENGINEERING, DOMESTIC SCIENCE AND ARTS, SECRETARIAL.

**Free Public Lectures**

Two lectures: A. Scientist in Latin America. FEBRUARY 18—Tuesday, at 8 P. M. B. "Spain—The Country, People and Arts." FEBRUARY 19—Friday, at 8 P. M.

By Her. E. Trumbull, Ph.D., Professor of Zoology, Columbia University, and Director of the American Museum of Natural History.

Illustrated by lantern slides.

FEBRUARY 22—Friday, at 8 P. M. "By Arthur Stanley Riggs, F.R.G.S., Director of the Drexel Institute, Chestnut Street. If by mail enclose postage.

### CITY'S BUSINESS BODIES TO UNITE

**"Co-Operation Instead of Competition" Will Be Slogan of New Chamber of Commerce.**

With the establishment of a fully equipped press bureau in the Lafayette Building, today the Philadelphia Chamber of Commerce took the first active step to bring the commercial and manufacturing bodies of this city together and establish among the many different commercial interests "co-operation instead of competition."

A committee of nine appointed by the board of directors to take charge of the campaign to make the chamber the biggest and most important trade organization in the world has a multiplicity of plans, and these will all be discussed at the meeting which will be called for this week. Among these objects which the committee has in mind is the increasing

### Protect Yourself!

AT FOUNTAINS, HOTELS, OR ELSEWHERE

Get the Original and Genuine

**HORLICK'S Malted Milk**

"Others are Imitations"

The Food Drink for All Ages

RICH MILK, MALT GRAIN EXTRACT, IN POWDER

Not in any Milk Trust

Insist on "HORLICK'S"

Take a package home

### To All Owners of 88-Note Player-Pianos

Philadelphia, we are opening today a handsome new demonstrating and salesroom for

**ROSE VALLEY MUSIC ROLLS**

AT

**15 SOUTH 13TH STREET**

(OPPOSITE WAMAMAKER'S)

Here you will find all the newest and most up-to-date music and you may choose any of the rolls from our February bulletin, and purchase them at prices ranging from 50% to 200% less than elsewhere.

Rose Valley Music Rolls are famous everywhere. They are wound on an all-steel spool and cannot warp, bend or break. Every roll is fresh from the factory to you, and absolutely guaranteed against imperfection. They bear the endorsement of leading musicians and are far superior in every respect to any rolls you have ever played.

**4 Music \$1**

**Rolls**

Come and Try Out For Yourself the New Rose Valley Music Roll

Every Roll Guaranteed Against Imperfection

Philadelphia Demonstration and Salesroom

**ROSE VALLEY MUSIC ROLL CO.**

15 South 13th Street