THE BLUE BUCKL

By WILLIAM HAMILTON OSBORNE

Author of "The Red Mouse," "The Running Fight," "Catspaw," Etc.

(Copyright, 1914, McBride, Nast & Co.) SYNOPSIS.

message he takes is that a valuable the message he takes is that a valuable the message he takes is that a valuable dissent necklace is being grouppied into the conflict An elderly man and a young seems are guilty. Again simplicing seems are guilty. Again simplicing the Talcotts. Later Mrs. Fried against the Talcotts. Later Mrs. Fried is attacked by a ruffian, who attempt to enable the bire burkle from her calls Rutherford resemble ther. Following the woman he loves he catches a glimpse of her in fielderman's suite with her arms shout his disch.

about his neck. New York, Mrs. Talcott at the dock. New York, Mrs. Talcott peces her way into Craise's cab and aska the for home. As they examine the house Crais attenues to declare his lave, but Mr. Talcott's voice is heard, warning him of his presents.

CMAPTER VIII-(Continued). The sudden stop of the other man med odd, although he immediately remed his pace, as if to pass Rutherford ike, any casual pedestrian. Instead, orever, the night panorama on the gon seemed to catch his eye, and crossed the street to stand and gaze

The view certain over the river, e view certainly justified the inspec-but Craig suspected that it was gused to cloak the man's real inons. Rutherford tried a little ruse, sallons. Rutherford tried a little ruse, othering himself together for one of the head-on rushes for which he had a record, he flung himself toward the leasty-appreciator.

Nothing could have been more unexpeted than to see a well set-up young man in evening togs suddenly dart across

san in died drive with the energy and medignified drive with the energy and metion of a sprinter. The other man exerced as if he considered flight, but here was no time. His pursuer was upon hm. He turned quickly.

"Gee, Mr. Rutherford! You scared me!"
It was Crowder, the secret service man.

What are you doing here?" Rutherfard asked, sharply.
"Ob. just out for a little exercise! And in't that view up and down the water at night perfectly great, with the lights cancing along the shore!"

"Do you generally take your airings in the evening?" asked Rutherford. "Have to, or get my neck broken, trip-

the over the leading strings of the ladies' togs!" said Crowder, querulously.
Rutherford knew that the officer had some object in view which he was not willing to disclose. It came disagreeably to his mind that he himself might be upder surveillance. Men like Crowder seer neglected a clue. With his usual meer surveillance. Men like Crowder over neglected a clue. With his usual matness of speech, Craig turned upon

ook here, Crowder, are you following Not just now. I was surprised to see

res. in fact," replied the officer.
"But you have followed me, or may do "You do, Mr. Rutherford," was the brief

Thanks, I'm glad to know," Rutherford observed quietly. He was thinking that he would exercise due caution in se he should have time to see Miss Balntyne. Suddenly his previous conver-tion with Crowder came to his mind. He tapped Crowder on the shoulder and estured toward the window in front of saich Heiderman was pacing up and

Crowder," he said, "who is that man That's Helderman," said Crowder.

Now you see the difference, don't you?"
"As how?" queried Craig.
"The difference," went on Crowder, "beween the real Helderman in there and the fake Helderman that you saw on the

Graig laughed. "That's the man, Crow-ir, that I saw upon the Gothic. Every nove he makes, every twitch of his shoulders, every tilt of his chin-every little twin brother—could be so like this man. He's like a finger print, Crowder. There's ally one Helderman in the whole wide wild - and Helderman was on the

Helderman was right there in that mem for the last ten nights," said Crow-

Weren't you mistaken possibly?" asked Not I," said Crowder, "nor half a dozen ther men. Call me by any name you like. That is the man there in the window that

has been there in that room for the last tra nights."
"And that," said Craig, determined to have the last word on the subject, "is the man upon the Gothic."

Craig did not get the last word, how-ser. Crowder had it. "Either we are ooth crazy, Mr. Butherford," he said, "or is one of us is a most infernal liar."
Is changed the subject. "What do you that of Helderman's palace, Mr. Rutherfad", he are the subject. bed?" he naked.

"It's a palace, all right," said Craig. How did he get it? He must be made

Money."
"I'll tell you how he got it, Mr. Rutherber, it you'll tell me how much of it
a mortgage and how little of it is equity,
its decrease for thingse in any way he
tas. He gets money and way he can,
tau and the rest of New York may be
bets in Helderman. The Sunday supplesents can paint him as big and as white
to they please. But I don't believe in
him. He may be a big man in some
tays, but he is small enough to stoop to
any means, and with Helderman the end by means, and with Helderman the end but he is after always justifies the

"What have you got against him?" siled Craig seriously.
Crowder's tone was creatfallen. "Nothias," he conceded. "I have had my mads on him at least a dozen times and a always gets away. I know he has sured a dozen tricks, Mr. Rutherford, and I can't prove a single one of them. The tricks were turned all right—I can sowe that—but I can't lay 'em at Helder-ove that had 'em at Helder-over that had 'em at Hel ove that—but I can't lay 'em at Helder-san's door. I'll get him some time, never

They had moved forward until they tood before the gate of Helderman's slace. It was a real one, as atrong in way as the fence, but beautifully made wrought iron, twisted in a Venetian ettern. An electric light glared flercely tough the eyes of a bronze lion, casting illumination down upon the pushton embedded in the pate-post.

Good-night, Crowder, "said Rutherford.

Yes, Mr. Helderman asked me to call

That accounts for it!" the officer ex-

For what?"

"Dogs are not loose tonight, Goodsales, Mr. Rutherford."

Crowder glanced ahead into the shadand moved off quickly as if he saw one. Rutherford pushed the button ir the lion's head. Almost at once

sails awing open.

Sails awing open.

Sails awing open.

State awing open.

State of the sail of the s

and marger benefics, by a given at dwarfed codars.

If was not a shrub or flower that more than three feet above the lawn The o' simplicity had been well attracted and little trees.

might look from the windows of the

He looked again toward the remarkable glass window. Helderman still paced the chamber; and a rosy light, on if a grate fire leaped and danced, gave an air of cosy comfort to the interior.
The door-bell had hardly sounded faint-

to his touch, when a man in livery opened the door. "Mr. Rutherford," announced Craig.
"Mr. Helderman expects you, air. Will

you please be sented."

As he spoke, a deep grawl punctuated the man's formal request—so did the

rattling of chains,
"You needn't be uneasy ,sir," said the butler. "They are securely fastened." The man moved away to announce him to his host. Rutherford was ill at ease.

It was a strange welcome indeed, to be usked to sit in a room with some beasts which needed confining with chains. He silently resented such a situation; it reminded him too much of some fanastic tale of adventure in the Far East.

He peered in the shadowy spaces of the great hall, but saw nothing. He rose and moved forward a few steps, and stopped short. The hourse, rumbling pro-

test which greeted film was too positive to be disregarded. He saw something moving, and gradually by the dim light filtering down from a dozen beautiful but untilluminating lamps of Japanese bronze, he made out the sprawling figures of two huge beasts, lying with stretched necks upon a dals covered with tiger skins. They were tugging at their chains, and he approached them with some feeling of security.

Massive Great Danes they were. An animal-lover, he knew the gentle nature of such dogs when not on guard. He of such dogs when not on gillard, rie neared them, believing they were stretching their neeks out for a careas.

Ife had extended a hand to touch one, when both animals leaped up viciously,

and the nearest all but seized his hand, With great, gaunt, slavering jaws wide open, they tugged and writhed in unmistakably victous rage. Craig sprang back just in time, and at a safe distance heard the rattle of the heavy chains with considerable satisfaction. Up and down leaped the beasts, howling, and seeming to focus in their evil eyes all the light

that fell faintly from the tamps of bronze. Every detail of this scene photographed itself upon the beholder's mind. He saw he dull gold embroidery on the ancient banners drooping from the walls. He noliced the rich tapestry which hung be-hind the dais where the dags were chained. Even the flickering light from a deep-set fire-place beyond the richly carved banister of the staircase made a certain definite impression upon blm. Then the stairway itself suddealy super-seded all the other curious details in in-terest. He noticed a landing, half-way up, on which stood a tall lamp, like some Buddhist altar light, and from this lamp came a soft, ruddy glow which, as it encountered a velvet curtain, seemed to turn its mellow, reddish purple into

the color of wine. The Great Danes had ceased their uproar and sunk down; but they still re-garded him with bloodshot eyes. He knew that their savageness had only one explanation. The brutes were underfedmust be with intent, in this house of pulent, even barbaric, luxury,

Rutherford shrugged his shoulders in ellent disapproval of the sort of welcome that Helderman extended to invited guests—and turned to find his host at his elbow. He had a disagreeable impression that the man had been there several minutes, a stealthy observer of the ef-fect produced upon his guest by this re-

markable reception half.
"Ah, this is kind!" the financier exclaimed, with voluble hospitality, as if anxious to disabuse Craig of the idea that he had not tarried a moment in welthe man upon the Gothic. There's no man coming him. "I am more than glad to held such an exhibition of abject terror ling could copy all those tricks. It is see you! Come in. I shall take you to be study of a lifetime, and those tricks my sanctum where I admit few. I canthese the sank, shivering and whining to the last the families. No brother—no not have my thoughts disturbed, my thoughts disturbed. nental housekeeping put out of order, by the presence or the memory of the presence of those who are-well, not to the manner born. Have you ever noticed hat the entire atmosphere of a room, its tone, you might say, can be spoiled for a day, for a week, for all time, by the admission of some foreign element? Rooms are as sensitive as persons!"

Rutherford perceived that Helderman Mus flattering him. Nevertheless, he felt the charm of this strange man, in his momentary graciousness. He could not help feeling pleased to be received without question into the financier's inner

Craig scrutinized him most carefully. At his close range he watched the man for ery one of those tricks and mannerisms hat had become so familiar to him on board the Gothic,

Yes he Rutherford—was right, and Crowder must be wrong. This man was the man who had paced with him the decks of the steamer—the man who had received that secret service message in the wireless room. This man must be Helderman-the was occupying Helderman's house-therefore the man upon the Gothle had been Helderman. Then Crowder and his six other witnesses-the wondering night watchmen-had been dreaming, or else they had been fooled. Crowder possibly was crazy—and yet he

As Craig recalled his conversation with the secret service man he remembered that it was Crowder who was cool as well as positive; that it was he—Futher-ford—that had been a bit uncertain.

Crowder must be right-and Rutherford was right. What then was the reason for this mystery and what was its solu-tion? Was there another Helderman? Helderman's very personality made this hing impossible

thing impossible.

There was only one Helderman and that Helderman now stood before him.

"You are welcome!" Helderman continued, with a broad sweep of the hand, as they entered the adjoining room.

Craig glanced around this room which he had already seen from the outside and

"Simple, isn't it?" the banker observed.

"Simple, int it, the hander observed, noticing his lack of response.
"Very," Rutherford acquiesced.
"Simplicity is a hobby of mine. Straight lines, sharp corners! This is where I do my real work. I want no disturbing ornament, nothing that can woo the senses and befuddle the wits. I can make fortunes here!"

He tapped his white forehead and again waved his hand about the room, Certainly, the room should have satisfied his ost exacting demands; it was simplicity simplified. There were by actual count only five pieces of furniture—a table and four chairs. They were Sheraton, or some one of the severe and light styles of which Rutherford knew little. And the walls were white and bare. The place

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but only seemed to accentuate the hard coldness of the lines. There seemed to be no warmthe in it. The fireplace was be no warming in it. The Greplace was so situated that the passer-by, looking through the window, would see only the dancing glow from the fire, but not the fire itself; while in lieu of a mantel, as if further evidence of his host's eccentricities. Rutherford noticed a queer balcony hanging upon the wall apparently without door to enter it or stair to reach it.

Tarking Madagrams, suggest that he had Perhaps Helderman guessed that he had verstimulated his taciturn guest's curisaity for he diverted Crafg's attention

o the window. His long, white hand stretched out like that of a conjurer toward the Hudson. Rutherford followed his gesture, and gave a little exclamation of delight. It was a fairyland scene. The trees and shrubs across the drive bordering the river formed a foreground without interrupting the view. Here, yonder, everywhere, tiny lights denced and flickered. These were mani-made lights, while far above them answered back the lights of other worlds. Down in the broad channel a floating ralace moved as if enchanted amid a blaze of light which shone for out in a circle of surrounding water. Only the nighttime can weave such a spell upon a

thing as prosale as a ferry-boat!
"You understand! I knew you would.
Yet many shallow souls remark about my sindow and wonder why I allow people to gaze in at me! What do I care for the idle looks of insignificant men, when I an gaze out upon a picture that no rrist's hand could ever hope to duplicate: Would it be same to shut one's self from a

It struck Rutherford as odd that Helderman should harp so on this subject-should seek to render commonplace some-thing that was really unusual—when he took such pains to render almself con-

thing that was really unusual—when he took such paths to render himself conspicuous by less extraordinary means.

"You've been in the Adirondacks?" he asied, then continued, as Craig assented;

"The mountains are treated with proper respect. Every house it literally full of windows. There dwellers go to feast upon the scenery. Yet here in New York; You'd think it was the proper thing to lose your eyesishit and taste for beauty while you are in town. Why, I would build a glass house if I could?"

"It would limit you's stone-throwing privileges," observed Rutherford.

"Not at all, It would be like fighting in the open, where I would have just as good chance to aim as the other fellow. I fancy in a give-and-take fight I can hold my own."

It was the old Helderman, purposeful, self-confident, Craig had begun to wonder what all this grandiloquence was leading up to, when his host indulged in another of his eccentricities.

"Sit here," he said abruptly, "and don't move, I want to show you the power of mind over matter!"

love. I want to show you the power of Without waiting for his guest to reply Helderman rose and walked into the hall,

The clark of chains was heard, and the sullen growls of the dogs. Then Helder-nan backed rapidly into the room, shoutng in a warning tone; "Do not move, as you value your life!" Into the bare white chamber their gaunt, powerful bodies hurled forward like catapults, leaped the Great Danes. Straight at Craig they charged, as though

he were quarry thrown to their mercy. Craig sat sill and scarcely breathed. Was Heiderman going to let them spring upon him? It was unbelievable. Craig sat as if fascinated. It was only ora moment, but the mental agony was inspeakable. Another leap and the huge leasts would be upon him, would pin him

to the floor. Helderman lifted his bare hand as though he brandished a whip. He spoke

Helderman lifted his bare hand as though he brandished a whip. He spoke one word.

Craig had witnessed animals, even wild ones, made fearful by the power of a single will; but never before had he beheld such an exhibition of abject terror as now struck these two dogs. Down they sank, shivering and whining to the floor. They crawled upon their bellies up to their master and licked his feet.

His face wore an expression of blended surprise and admiration.

"By Jove! This is great! You the smuggler! You, with your clean, upstanding look of innovence! Clever boy!"

"It depends upon the point of view—as I said before!!" said Craig. "You see, I never know when I'm lucky—and I gave it up!"

"Ah, to some lady-love!" Helderman laughed with velled suggestiveness. "It is those charming creatures who get us

Rutherford wet dry lips.

"It depends upon the point of view," he observed.

Inwardly, he was angry—a seething, white-hot anger, that he should have been made the pupper of any sheb besthal exhibition. But inultion told him to conceal his anger, Just as he had concealed his fear, from this domineening man. He recalled the unexpectedly strong grip of the other's hand upon his shoulder, on shipboard; his power over the wireless operator, the power that his money gave; and he mentally resolved to be always master of himself, when in this man's presence. There, and there only, lay safety.

Helderman dismissed the subject with a wave of his hand. He felt evidently that he had made his point. He was content.

"My not? It's perfectly safe with them, isn't it?"

"Vess—but how about your friend, the muggler?" rejoined Helderman, facetionsly.

"My friend the smuggler should have consulted me beforehand, about wishing to lease my pocket!"

(CONTINUED TOMORROW.)

Baby Little Hurt in Long Fall

A fall from a second-floor window did not more serious damage than to scratch and slightly bruise 2-year-old Pauline Goettel, 1555 North 30th street, because she struck a clothesline in her dessent. The child's mother, Mrs. Lena Goettel, was cleaning a second-story room in which

"My dear young friend," he said-Craig sould have kicked him for calling him his dear young friend—"you remember once upon the Gothic telling me I had nitched my wason to a star."
"Very likely," said Crais, s bit con-

temptuously.
"Do you remember the occasion?"
went on Helderman. "Do you recall what provoked that brilliant remark of

what provoted that it is yours?"
"That remark," said Craig, "was first made by a man far more brilliant than myself. There are no such things as verbal quotation marks or I would have 'I am talking now," said Helderman, "not of what you said, but of what I said that went before it. I told you then that some day I hoped to own all the trust companies in the city of New York-I only needed money, a little money, to buy one—"
"The endless chain," said Craig, "I recall it now."
"I told you then," said Helderman, "frat I needed something more—a young

man upon whose face was stamped OPPENHEIM, COLLINS & CO. sincerity of purpose - frankness - hon-

Craig smiled grimly. "You answer that description yourself, Mr. Helderman," he said. Ironically.

"Ah," returned Holderman, "but unfortunately, while they admire me, they do not trust me. I am honest, yes-but they consider me too smart-much too while, as Craig turned and looked down toward the gate and fence, he could see that all the baldness and severity had been concealed from any observer who been concealed from the windows of the best to redeem the austerity of the place.

I shall be the begins. I shall set the best to redeem the austerity of the place. shall be the brains. I shall get the money-somehow I shall get it-and you shall do the talking-you shall make the bargains,"
"I," thought Craig to himself, "shall

"In" thought Craig to himself, "shall be the catspaw."
"But I know nothing about business."
protested Craig aloud,
"So much the better," said Helderman.
"When they see you know nothing about business they think they can pull the wool over your eyes. That is just exactly what I want them to think. But behind you stands my brain."
Craig shook his bead. "I don't see it, Mr. Helderman," he said. "The whole thing would be distasteful to me."
"Distasteful," echoed Helderman. "Is it distasteful to a young man to have money?"

Craig almost laughed aloud. It was craig almost laughed aloud. It was evident Helderman knew nothing of Rutherford's comfortable finances.

"Is it disfasteful," went on Helderman, "to be a power in the financial world, to be able to command large sums? Is it

be able to command large sums? Is it distasteful to take in the deposits of all New York to pay New York I per cent. Interest on its money—and to make—not for New York, but for oneself—30, 40, 50 per cent on those deposite?"

"It would be distasteful." said Crais. "for the thing to go to smash."

"Think," went on Helderman. "You a

"for the thing to go to sminsh."

"Think," went on Helderman. "You, a young man, could build a house like this here on the drive—how could you do it? I shall tell you how. You build your house. It costs you say a million—I am wrong, it costs you not a cent to own this house—you borrow from your trust company—your own frust company—a million and a half. You have your house for nothing, and you have a cool half-

for nothing, and you have a cool half-million to spend upon your friends."
"That is high finance." said Craig, laughing. He shook his head with finality

laughing. He shook his head with finality that could not be mistaken. "I can't go in with you. Mr. Heiderman," he said. "It would take me 10 years to understand this thing, and I am not the man to tackle anything unless I understand it. I am sorry, but I can't go in."

Craig told himself inwardly that he wouldn't have touched the thing with a 10-foot pole. He also told himself that he understood it well—and further that he knew Helderman now much better than he had ever known him. Helderman than he had ever known him. Helderman had laid his cards face upwards on the table. He had made his methods cleat

Helderman regarded his guest quizzically, trying to penetrate his reserve, and learn just how much of an impression he had made. Then he reseated himself on one of the slim-legged chairs in

front of the fire.

"Smoke?" he asked.

Rutherford accepted the proffered cigar with a low, lighted it, and rose to tose the match into the grate. His continued silence nettled his host.

"I hope you didn't mind my dogs."

silence nettled his host.

"I hope you didn't mind my dogs," said Helderman. "I have had them so long I know all their ways."

"Oh, not at all." replied Craig, "I had forgotten all about them. To tell you the truth, my wits are wool-gathering tonight. Seeing you again has brought freshly to mind that little episode with the wireless in which you and I figured."

Craig had deliberately introduced the subject to test how much or how little the banker knew about it. Crowder had shaken his confidence in his own senses.

"Yes, yes! I recall it now. It was about

"Yes, yes! I recall it now. It was about a message the little red-check would not sell for good money. I read it though?"
"Are you-sure" Craig asked quietly.
"Perfectly!" the banker responded, look-

ing at him quickly. "It was about a smuggled necklace."

"Then it may surprise you to know that I left the ship with that necklace in my outside pocket."

Helderman leaned forward in his chair. His face were an expression of blended

sloor. They crawled upon their belies up to their master and licked his feet. Then, under a gesture that seemed to hurt them like a lash, they crawled through the open door.

Helderman immediately closed it, and turned to Rutherford.

"Wonderful, isn't it—the influence of mind over matter."

Rutherforg wet dry lips.

"It depends upon the point of view," he observed.

"It depends upon the point of view," is their conversational tone.

"What is those charming creatures who get us into trouble," I hope the fair one is pleased with your ill-gotten gains!"

"You misunderstand me. I gave it up to the Government."

"What!" Helderman half sprang from his chair, and then as sudderly quieted down again. "What possessed you to do that, my dear fellow?" he asked in a conversational tone.

"Why not? It's perfectly safe with

Baby Little Hurt in Long Fall
A fall from a second-floor window did
no more serious damage than to scratch
and slightly bruise 2-year-old Pauline
Goettel, 1838 North 30th street, because she
atruck a clothesiline in her descent. The
child's mother, Mrs. Lena Goettel, was
cleaning a second-story room in which
a window was open this afternoon. Pauline was left in the room when the mother
went out for a few moments. Mrs. Goettel
returned just in time to see the baby
toppling over the windowsill. The child
was treated at the Mary J. Drexel Home.

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opening at Oppenheim, Collins & Co. today shows that this enterprising store is keeping up to the standard of fashlon for which it has been known in the past. The tallored suits, gowns, blouses and evening gowns show goed taste and elegance in the highest degree. One very handsome costume navy blue Rabardine, with a short liten cont and full skirt. The tunic on the skirt is scalloped, in accordance with the new pointed effects, which are seen on all the fashionable tunics since Lucille on all the fashionable tunies since Lucille started the vogue. The upper part of the tunic is simply shirred on a left. The only ornament on the cost is a touch of black embroidery and dult silver buttons. The somire effect is releved with a vestue and collar of black-and-white-striped material.

One of the handsomest evening fowns seen tala senson is being shown at this opening. It is made of violet and white-flowered taffeta, on very plain lines. The

opening. It is made of violet and waite flowered taffets, on very plain flows. The bedice consists of a broad band of flesh-colored satin ribbon, and the tiny sleeves of plaited net have shoulder strains of violets. The skirt is full, with a flare violets.

violets. The skirt is full, with a fareeffect, outlined with the violet ribbon,
A dainty Valenciennes lace particost
peeps out from under the skirt, making
a sort of timle. A beginn of violets
finishes off the girdle. The whole costune is stimping in its qualit simplicity.
The talored suits show The tailored suits show : tendency in cult and coforings. Navy blue is used on most of the factionable suits, and the Prince Chap box coar is very popular. One severely tallered coat is very popular. One severely tallered coat is made in Prince Chap style, with pockets, revers and trimmings outlined with black braid. The sairt has no trimming except saile plaits, and a boutquet of dull flowers relieves the plainness of the coat. The complete absence of all the light blues, which used to be for all the light blues, which used to be

ATTRACTIVE DISPLAY AT BLUM'S OPENING

Artistic Creations in Women's Wear Appeal to Good Taste.

Some of the most attractive gowns shown this season are to be seen at the opening at Blum's today. Blouses, tail-ored costumes, hats, evening and afterored costumes, bats, evening and afternoon gowns are also included in the display, and to describe each would be impossible. The tendency in evening gowns
is evidently toward the folip Varies
and the shepherdess type. One very attractive costume is made of flowered
pussy willow taffeta, in pink and white
colorings. The bodies consisted of a very
simple neasant corselet, laced with narrow black velvet ribbon. The little
sleeves are puffed at the shoulders, and
about four inches long. A wide lace
bertha fusished off the top of the bodies.
The skirt is very wide, with three rows The skirt is very wide, with three rows of cording at the horn. This gives the lesired bouffant effect.

A most artistic evening gown is made of several color combinations, lavender being the predominant shade. The foundation is flesh pink charmense, with a crystal robe on pale like chiffon over this. Over the robe a tiny coatee of lavthis. Over the robe a tiny coates of lavender silk net is caught down with rose-buds. The skirt is a double tunic outlined with flesh pink charmense. A wide girdle of pink and blue satin shows through the drapery. The real hearty of the gown is in the delicate Wateru colorings, which are combined with truly artistic taste. artistle mate.

The street gowns show a tendency to-ward dark colors and plain trinomings. Black and white checks, navy blue serges and gabardines, coverts, and dull grays are seen. The high waist line is out-lined with a fancy beit to contrast with the gown in most street costumes. Oriental and military embroidery and tallored braidings, side platts, or box platts, are the most conspicuous ornaments on the new spring street rowns.



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BAN ON BOATHOUSE BOOZE

Crescent Club Abolishes Buffet, and Others Likely to Follow.

Indications today are that buffets for the sale of intoxicating liquors in the boathouses in Fairmount Park will some be discarded. Whether a rule exists pro-hibiting the sale of liquors in Fairmount Park is a question on which the Park Commissioners hold varying views, al-though the majority of the commissioners seem to be of the opinion that there should be such a rule, rigidly enforced, if one does not exist at present.

if one does not exist at present. The ausmition arose when the Crescent Beat Club, of the Schuylkill Navy, abolished its buffet with the amounteement by Captain Brey to the effect that racing trophies and booze are rarely found on adjoining shelves. "Rowing and booze are not good mixers." said Captain Brey Threedore Justice and Dr. J. William White, of the Fairmount Park Commissioners, have declared themselves as opposed to the walls of liquor within the sail to the sale of liquor within the

Churchmen Support Governor The Brumbauah local option bill was commenced last night, when more than 700 members and friends of the Hope Presbyterian Church 33d and Wharton streets, pledged their aid to the Covernor to obtain its passage. Amous the speak-ers were Dr. Luther M. Allen, Benjamin H. Henshaw, former committing Magis-trate in City Hall; James Clark and John

Arrested on Charge of Robbery Edward Munn, of 222 South isth street, was held without buil for court last night on a charge brought by Daniel Daniels, of 191 East Palmer street, that Munn had held blim up and taken his watch and 33 in money. Munn was arrested by Police-man Frown, of the 3d and De Lancey

RAID ON "ARSENAL" YIELDS SIX USERS OF DRUGS

Three Men and Three Women Arrested-Two Others Caught After Chase, Three men and three women were taken at 2 o'clock this morning in the first raid this week on the amenal, the restaurant at 19th and Winter streets, said to be the headquarters for drug peddlers and victime. Two of those arrested were held. in \$500 ball for a further hearing. At the

> were held is a similar amount of ball for Curiber hearings.
>
> Pending the further hearings the police of the 11th and Winter streets station are. rying to find what has been done with thout 500 heroin tablets said to have been in the possession of Robert McCay Saturday night. When he was arrested this morning, according to Special Policemen Stocker and Barron, he had only seven pilm left.

same time two men arrested by police of

the 16th and Buttonwood streets station

McCay and Louise Hart were held by Magistrate Emely and the four others were discharged. The Hart woman told the police she bought tablets from McCay Saturday, and at that time he had about 500 of them. Done victims from all parts of the tenderloin were flocking toward the arsenal when the police got wind of the hig supply and raided the place.

The men arrested and held at the Tenth and Buttenwood streets station are Harry Smith and Michael Meloholr. Special Policemen Weekesser and Haines causht them after following them for some hours. Each is said to have had a quantity of cocaine in his possession.

Submarine Launched at Fore River QUINCEY, Mass., March 15.—The sub-marine L-3 was launched today at the Fore River yard. The sponsor was Mrs. Charlotte S. Akkins, wife of Naval Constructor L. N. Atkins.



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This Lincoln Drive Home, \$10,500

McClatchy homes are located in the very heart of the exclusive section of West Germantown-amidst refined surroundings. By motor a delightful spin along the Wissahickon Drive, turning into Lincoln Drive. There are seventy trains daily, and these homes are only 5 minutes' walk from Carpenter Station (P. R. R.) and Trolley. Notwithstanding unusual business conditions, twenty of my all-stone residences were sold last season. This was because of the exceptional offering of location, price and terms

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