### NEGROES CRANE NECKS TO CATCH GLIMPSE OF WHITE PHILANTHROPIST

Interested by Work of Black Evangelist, "W. R. Austin" Promises to Lift Mortgage on Varick A. BETSY ROSS LEGEND M. E. Temple.

A curious crowd of men and women among them many white people, thronged the Varick A. M. E. Temple, at 19th and Catharine streets, last night, where the Rev. Alexander Willbanks, the black evangelist, is holding a revival. They came to get a glimpse of the mysterious wealthy white man who has promised to lift the mortgage on the church.

"W. R. Austin" is the latest spelling of the rich man's name. He admits this is not his correct name. Tomorrow night, he says, he will reveal his identity. Hundreds of applications have been received by the Rev. Sylvester L. Corrothers, pastor of the church, for tickets for the services then. Admission will be by

"Austin" did not go on the platform with the evangelist last night. He held a conference with Mr. Corrothers in the Caurch a few minutes. There was a craning of necks, and some of the men and women in the rear of the edifice stood

The congregation became enthusiastic when Mr. Corrothers announced that the rich white man had promised to "lift the mortgage and also make all necessary repairs to the church." The mortgage is about \$45,000 "Austin" spent nearly all day yesterday with the paster making arrangements to settle it, Mr. Corrothers

ALSO WILL PURCHASE TENT The philanthropist also declares he will purchase a tent, capable of accommodat-Ing more than 5000 persons, for Willbanks. the evangelist. Should this be done, the tent will be erected on a vacant lot and the revival will be transferred there. Willbanks has calls, he says, from nine requests received are those from Brooklyn and Boston. close watch is being kept at the

church for suspicious characters as the result of the appearance in this city of "Austin." The reports of his liberality it is feared by the church officers, wil attract thugs to the neighborhood with the intent of holding him up and rob-bing him. Hisecoats on the beats about the church have been asked to keep the corners clear outside the edifice, and evry precaution is being taken to see that mysterious philanthropist does not

Members of the congregation and nexts preachers who have been attending the revival services are elated by the nu of converts obtained by Willbanks. night he caused 25 men and women to "strike the pike." The results of his work are being compared with those of Sunday's, According to those who have kept tally every night, Will-banks has averaged two converts to every hundred in his congregations.

White men and women frequently bank asks all sinners in the church to arise, but so far none has "struck the pike." A number of personal workers who helped in the Sunday campaign, and some of the choir have been alding in services. They also are assisting banks to induce men and women to "strike the pike."

"DEATH IN THE POT."

The sermon last night was "Death in the Pot," the "pot" referred to being Willbanks opened up with a tirade against some person whose identity he has not been able to learn who, he which shows George Washington consays, is working among the congregation after the services. According to the evangelist, this man is distributing literature among the Negroes to prove there is no

There's just as much hell now as ere was 40 years ago," shouted Will-nks. "In fact, there's more, because they had to enlarge it to accommodate the crowds. Every day they're building Ross he would have extensions and new wings. If you people through subordinates.

'I'm going to bust that man wide open I catch him. I'm going to prove there

is a hell, and when I get through with him, he'll know it."

The attendance last night was smaller than usual, probably less than 1300 people sent. It made up in enthusiasm for what it lacked in numbers long before Willbanks began to Spirit of the Hoty Ghoat" in his feet and run up and down the aisles, men and women were standing up and professing

# SAID TO HAVE FLAWS

Historical and Patriotic Organization Criticise Plan for Monument.

The introduction of a bill in the Legis lature providing \$25,000 for the erection of a monument over the grave of Helsy Ross, in Mt. Moriah Cemetery, as the maker of the first United States flag, has aroused much adverse comment among members of various historical and patriotic-hereditary organizations, who declare that the story of Betsy Ross is too approval by the State.

by many that Betsy Ross actually. signed the Stars and Stripes and thus cause further inaccuracies in order to perpetuate "a merely popular and picturesque tradition of American history Officers of the Historical Society Pennsylvania, the Pennsylvania Society of Stans of the Revolution, the Order of Society of the Cincinnati, the Colonial Wars and similar organizations while not openly opposed to glorification of Betsy Ross, do not encourage it. Even the story of the house on Arch street, which is believed by many to have been the home of Bets; Ross, and the legend that the first flag was made there, is not taken seriously by them.

"NO DEEDS ON RECORD." There are no deeds on record, they

say, to show that the house now designated as "the birthplace of Old Glory" is authentic. It is only that Betsy Ross other cities to conduct revivals when he lived in a house on Arch street above id. gets through here. Among the latest they say, but they dismiss the matter with that remark, preferring not to discourage those whom they believe actuated by splendidly patriotic motives In restoring the building.

"Betsy Ross was a seamstress in the employ of the Government during the Revolution, making uniforms and standards," said an officer of one of the societies who requested that his name withheld, "and it is only natural that such a person should be given the job of sewing together the first flags, after they had been adopted by the Continental Congress Where this duty was per-formed is not known. It may have been in Betsy Hoss' home and it may have been in the old State House.

"There is no desire on my part to dis-credit Betsy Ross or to spoil a pretty breasts of the young. story that I cannot refrain from denying. and that is the one circulated by unin-formed persons that Betsy Ross actually designed the Stars and Stripes. Nothing is more ridiculous.

ORIGIN OF THE STRIPES. "The design of the stripes was taken

from the flag of the Philadelphia Troop of Light Horse, now the First City Troop, which consisted of Il yellow and black alternating stripes. This design contained stripes representing the several provinces of that country. The design was decided upon at a session of the Continental Congress, and Retsy Ross

There is a certain picture in existence ferring with Betsy Ross in her home in regard to the designing or making of the flag. This also, is entirely out of accord with the known habits of Washington. If Washington had wanted to take up such a matter with Betsy Ross he would have had her come to him in the State House. It is more likely, however, that whatever instructions he had for Betsy Rosa he would have transmitted to her

CHILDREN'S CORNER

Billy Robin's New Helper

ONE bright morning in the early a purpose. (As indeed they had, but, of spring, Mr. and Mrs. Billy Robin got course, the robins didn't know.) up extra early and hustled around for their breakfast. Then Mrs. Billy said to her mate, "Now today I want us to select our nesting place and begin building." "Oh, do you think there is any rush?

"There will be worms to dig after the neat is built," Mrs. Billy answered, "but now we must get to work. Of what use is it for us to hurry north before the birds, if we fool around after we here and let the late comers get all best nesting places?"

Billy couldn't answer such a sensible guestion as that, so he set out with her in search of their nesting place. And, if the truth must be told, when he got tarted he liked the nest-hunting job as well as she did—it was only the getting at it that bothered him.

They hunted awhite and then decided on an apple tree at the back of the gar-den; nothing could be better than its



Then began the real work of

mted the course halrs, the tiny

Mrs. Billy got so excited over the find that she left her building and flew down to get some threads heraelf! Between the two of them, those robins got every thread, and then they flew back and wove the soft down into the nest. And all the Spring is going to last quite a while, you know, and I do like to dig for worms in this nice soft mud," replied Billy coaxingly.

"There will be worms to dig after the set is a built." Mrs. Billy apparend "but them there for us, but who put them there?"

But, of course, Billy knew no more about it them the built." about it than she did, so he couldn't an-

swer her questions.

The next morning right after breakfast the robins started looking for more sup-plies so they could finish their nest; and what should they find but more white threads! Just as soft and fine as those of the day before and spread all over the bushes as before.

They gathered them all up and finished the nest in the best kind of style, then Mrm. Billy said, "I feel sure somebody put those threads there for us we never had such soft clean white threads before -- and I intend to watch and see who is

helping us." So next morning she waked up before he sun and watched. And what do you suppose she saw. She saw a little white-naired old lady come out of the house, in her hand she carried a bit of cloth which she raveled as she walked. Then she spread the ravelings carefully over the rose bushes! "Now I know my new belper," sang Mrs. Billy, and she flew right down and thanked the lady!

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A BAFFLING MYSTERY AND BREATHLESS TALE OF ADVENTURE

By WILLIAM HAMILTON OSBORNE Author of "The Red Mouse," "The Running Fight," "Catspaw," Etc.

CHAPTER XXIII-(Continued) You are right," admitted the banker, that is the name she assumed to escape the very trouble that has arisen. But she has gone back—to New York— or elsewhere. I don't know where. She has brought suit against the bank." Just what we'll have to do," said

Chaig.
The president shrugged his shoulders. "As the present representative of the bank," he said, "all I can say is that is the advisable course for all concerned. You can have an early trial-Mr. Le-clere can come down here you can fight t out together, and the bank will just bok on-to the victor will belong the

Jerome Leclere," mused Craig, "He ate you, didn't he? I saked him me," said the president. "Mr.-is. Miss Arany, asked him to the real Miss Ballantyne ""
I didn't ask him to," said Billie, bel-"I didn't ask him to," said Billie, bel-ligerently, "and I am the real Miss Bal-

Did he write?" demanded Craig "Cowen, Covington & Brown wrote for sim and he advised it," said the banker. "May I see the letter?" queried Craig. "You may," said the banker, and he

Craig studied it for a moment, "It doesn't say which buckle the wrong evidently the all-night light in front of woman got," he said. Again the banker shrugged his shoul-

again the banker was a far-away man-ders. His manner was a far-away man-ner—he was thinking apparently of something else. At times he was inter-rupted by the eashier who entered and Will you wire to Cowen's firm," asked

Craig. "and ask which buckle, number or number two, the wrong woman No." said the president curtly, "the

bank will obey instructions, nothing else. We are not even to be paid for this service, Mr. Rutherfordventured Crale

"That the bank cannot allow," returned "I can show you we're right," went on

Craig, "if you will wire-"I shall not wire," said the president. "it's useless. Your course is clear. You must stand suit."

"Will you let me have a telegraph blank" asked Craig. The president sent for a telegraph pad.

Craig wrote two telegrams, one to Cowen's firm and one to Leclerc "Now," he said to the president, taking a \$5 dollar bill from his pocket, "will you have these sent, and will you receive the

"I'll do that for you. Mr. Rutherford." replied the president. "How long are you to be in town?" For two days at least," said Craig.

He left with the banker the name of his hotel. "Now." he said to the president, "can

was not Helderman's lawyer. All during ful of one thing-he had not mentioned Helderman's name. There was no par-ticular reason for this save that Helderman had come to Miami incog. And the

on-committal. So Craig and Billie went to consult their Inwyer-and retained him on the spot. This lawyer was an old fogy, but he was honest-Craig made sure of that. What is more he believed their story.

The old lawyer described them. As he did so, Craig glanced significantly at Miss

in this thing. We'll wait and see."
They went back to their respective hotels. When Craig reached his, he found two telegrams which had been sent him by the president of the bank. One was from Cowen, Covington & Brown,

Care of Peninsula Bank, Miami, Pla-"We made no memo of it. We think it was the first buckle. We acted as mere agents for Leclerc. Ask him-

"Cowen, Covington & Brown." Craig, disgusted, read the other telegram. It was short and to the point "The buckle I delivered was buckle

number two. The wrong woman got it. "JEROME LECLERC." Craig showed the telegrams later in the

evening to Billie Ballantyne "Cowen's firm has mixed it up more than ever," he commented. "The bank probably knows Cowen's firm by reputation-ten chances to one it knows nothing of Leclerc save his correspondence. We've got to wait. Let's forget the claim to-night. Look at the moon. Let's stroll night. Look at the moon, Let's stroll through Miami hand in hand." "Hand in hand," echoed fillie Ballan-

"Figuratively speaking," apologized Rutherford.
"Figuratively speaking," she echoed-

Craig hoped he detected a bit of disap-pointment in her voice.

"Figuratively speaking—except when we reach a dark spot," he returned.
"I'll see to it," she answered, "that we

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HOME HAPPINESS

The Evening Ledger next Saturday, April 3. It is a story of a big man, who happens to be a ward boss, and of a dashing girl, who happens to be the daughter of the traction company's president. There are, besides, a lot of people you will recognize at once—the sort that live right around the corner from you, and there is a promoter who is worthy of being a brother to Wallingford himself. The story is full of humor -the good American sort, and full of action. Read it every day in the Evening Ledger, beginning April 3.

"A Tale of Red Roses," George Randolph Chester's spark-

ling story of love and a traction company, will begin in

don't reach dark spots. The moon shall grasp she had left something harsh,

so my chaperon. Come on They reached a dark spot, nevertheless Cralg's figurative speech still stood good. For there was something that hap pened in that dark spot that made their forget, for the Instant, even the moon. They strolled past the Peninsula Bank but on the opposite side of the way. The Peninsula Bank was surrounded by rees—it was hidden from the moon—it was shrouded in shadow. It seemed like a sleeping mystery. But it was not al-ogether mystery. For a bright light

As they watched, this light went out.
Another faint light was still discernible,

"Let's walt and see," said Craig, hoping for courage, in the shadow, to shuffle off that figurative speech.

"This is a terribly dark spot," whis-pered Billie Ballantyne Then she stopped whispering. The door of the bank opened. Two men came out upon the steps. One turned and locked the door. Together they descended the stone steps, and sauntered along the side-

out of the shadow and in the moonlight. Let's wait and see."

They waited—and suddenly Craig caught Bille's hand in his—an act due

"It's Helderman," he exclaimed, whisto his excitement. pering, "Helderman and the president of

the bank. By George. Billie nodded. Then she released her You're not so very figurative after "Did you see him?" demanded Craig, excitedly,

She had and she had recognized him. They were sure. Craig drew her into the moonlight and

looked at his watch.
"Nine five," he said. "Let's go back. want to telegraph." He telegraphed that night-by cipher prearranged-to Crowder in New York "Saw Helderman at nine five in Miami onight. Bet you a pair of boots—the \$20 and. "RUTHERFORD."

He smoked in his hotel till midnight. Then they brought him his answer. It was also in cipher-from Crowder. Trans-"Now." he said to the president, "can you give me the name of a good lawyer here in town."

The president gave him a name. The cash. Don't like \$15 hats nor \$20 hoots. "CROWDER."

Inweer was not the bank's lawyer. It the next day Craig returned to the

president of the bank. Just as he ex-pected, the telegrams from Cowen and Leclerc had failed to clear up the mat--had, in fact, hopelessly involved it Craig, hopeless, threw discretion to the

"Even Mr. Helderman," he said, "could tell you that I'm right-at least I think he could," he ventured. The banker merely stared at him. "Mr. echoed the banker, as hough puzzled-'Mr. Helderman"

"I heard something about this," said the lawyer. "There's been a man and a woman-strangers, about fown. I caught a glimpse of them myself."

"I heard something about this," said thin last night-don't say I didn't, Mr. President."

The president stared again "Me.

to indulge your vagaries, I would not ave the inclination. Your questions asonce, business or otherwise, with some other man. This often happens in banks Ballantyne.
"It looks," he said, as they left the office, "as though Helderman-or his counterfeit presentment-were mixed up affair."

other man. This often happens in ballantyne of the man may be, is certainly none of your affair." "If it's connected with the Ballantyne affair, I have a right to know," said

The hanker rose, dismissing him with a curt nod. "Mr. Rutherford," he said, "you have no right to know anything-it is this bank who wants to know. We do not tell you—you must tell us, about the Ballantyne affair. Have you arranged for the bringing of your suit?
Well, then, this interview is at an end.

Good day."
Craig and his charge had made full arrangements with the old-fashioned law-yer. They had done all they could. They

went back to New York.

No science had Craig reached his apartment than be was called up insistently upon the telephone. He answered. The voice was Billie Ballantyne's. Mr. Rutherford," the cried, exultantly-

her tone was all triumph, victory—"come
come to me quick—I have good news."
He went to the West 10th street house and Billie was waiting for him in the little reception room down stairs. "Glad to get in now and then," amiled

She hardly heard him. She was a-quiver with excitement.
"Think," she exclaimed, "think what Craig shook his head. "I can't think well when you're around," he said. "What

have you got?" She held out her hand and placed her hand in his, She withdrew it as quickly as she had extended it, but in Craig's

"Herfect

Fresh Air

HEATERS

PROVIDENCE

COAL

He looked at it. "The blue buckle," he exclaimed

The blue buckle-blue buckle number two," she cried.

He stared at it. She was right. This was the genuine article—the open sesame

that they'd sought for.
"How did you get it?" he demanded.
"Just came, by mail," she answered. She was exultant. "Plain sailing now," she said. Craig was puzzled, but he said nothing about his

oubts. But-it all looked too easy for him. The good fortune seemed too omin

"You know what this means," he ex laimed, "It means another trip to Floriwent back to Miami by the first They walked, side by side, into

the Miami bank. like to see the president," said Craig. They were ushered into the president's room. A strange man was sitting I wish to see the president," said

Craig. "I am the president," returned the

etrange man.
"But—the other man," said Craig.
"The other man has resigned," explain-

ed the stranger. "I have been president for two days now." "At any rate," said Craig, "I'll state He stated it, laying the two buckles

side by side. "I'm familiar with the matter," said the new man. "My predecessor put me in possession of the facts. Let me go over be papers, if you please.

He went over the papers, scrutinized the tue buckles with a magnifying glass and laid them down. Then he nodded.
"Follow me," he said. They followed him. He stepped to a huge rafe and unlocked an inside drawer. He took there-

lowed him, down a winding staircase, into stuffy little vault. Box seven," he repeated. He handed a key to Billie Ballantyne.

"Insert that key there," he said. He, in urn, inserted another. The lock yielded withdrew the box.

He withdrew the box.
"Terhaps," he commented, "it is more comfortable upstairs in my room."
Billie, clutching the box firmly to her, preceded them. They clustered about it as she laid it upon the table of the new president.

She opened it. It contained nothing-except strips of paper cut the size of folded stocks and bonds. Billie fell back with an exclamation of

"I thought so," said Craig to himself.
e turned to the new president.
"Mr. President," he said, "may I ask if this bank has recently changed hands? The president eyed him coldly.

"Are you a stockholder in this bank.
Mr. Rutherford?" he queried.
"I am not, sir."
"Under the circumstances then, sir, no

information can be vouchsafed. I can tell you nothing, sir." He told them nothing. Craig and Billie the latter weeping hot tears of mortifi-

cation—went back to New York, At a glance Craig understood what had happened. Helderman had bought the unlocked drawers, procured keys, rifled box number seven, and then, in his ex-ultation, had sent blue buckle number two to Billie Ballantyne. Rutherford could have killed the man with pleasure. But he contained himself, Crais rang up Crowder immediately on

Craig rang up Crowder immediately on his arrival in New York—and again was both astounded and annoyed to receive assurance that the New York financier was at home—and had been there right

"Look here, Crowder, have you seen him with your own eyes?"
"Not tonight. Sims is on the job to night; and he reported to me, not half

"Yes, if it's urgent. What do you "I don't know what I know yet-but it's important. I'll meet you up there on the corner, inside the hour. I'm able to navi-

"Can you go up there right away?"



"He only cares that you have long, bright hair, redder than rust, and eyes like blue flowers, and a skin like milk.

Such a beauty is Alaire Austin-the courageous heroine and mismated wife in

# by REX BEACH

None of the many novels Beach has written excels this wonderfully absorbing tale of the Texas frontier.

Order an April Hearst's from your newsdealer and begin it now.

"All right-see you there," was the

Craig hung up the receiver and ventured

block away from the desired corner. he looked out of his cab and gave a low whistle of astonialment. Then he stuck his head out of the window to get

a better view. Was that Helderman walk-ing yonder, or wasn't it? The man caught sight of his astonished The man caught sight of his astonished face, and made him a signal to stop. Craig did so, alighted and walked back, wondering in his hind what he should say to this extraordinary man. He went as rapidly as possible toward the man, who stood idly upon the street corner, seemingly indifferent to his approach.

"Who are you?" Craig demanded, as he reached him.

"I'm Helderman," the man replied. coolly, at the same time giving an odd

"You're his double, you mean," retorted You're his double, you mean, retorted Craig, thinking that at last he had come upon the mysterious person who took the place of the banker when the latter was upon some nocturnal adventure, or was paying a flying visit to the South, "You're his double, you rascal, and your little shoulder twitches are not much good at close range. All the same, I'd like to talk to you!"

Suddenly, the man took hold of his arm. It was not the grip of Helderman's fron hand. He pulled Craig along the road toward the shadow of a cluster of

"I can't fool you, Mr. Rutherford," he said in a different voice from the one in which he had previously spoken.
"Who are you?" Craig insisted, recognizing but unable for the moment to

lace the voice. The man paused and glanced warily about: then he put his hand to his face, covering his goates, and looked directly into Rutherford's eyes. "Crowder!" he exclaimed, "By the great horn spoon!"

Sure thing!" said the detective, grinng. "Why this disguise?" asked Craig. "Just trying a little experiment—but I

didn't fool you much."
"No, not after the second good look."
"So you think you would know Helder-man anywhere?" asked Crowder, casually.

Among a million men."
You believe that there's only one Helderman?" continued Crowder.

Rutherford saw the drift of his remarks, The detective was following exactly the same lines that he had come up to investigate.

vestigate.
"There's only one Helderman like the one I know," he insisted.
"But you suspected me of being his double, awhile ago," Crowder said,

Not for long. Helderman cannot be imitated successfully. You are not such a bad actor, as he is an impossible man to copy. I can't see why you are masquerading. Anyone who knew him at all

would be sure to find you out."
"I've done it in order to fool Heldermin's servants. I've tried it on all the
people in his house," replied Crowder.
"Unsuccessfully, I'll wager," returned Craig; "if you couldn't fool me, you couldn't fool them." Yes, I could-under one set of condi-"Never! They'll never believe you or

mybody else to be the real Helderman. "Maybe not; but if there was a doubleif they believed there was a double-they would take me for him."
"Well, do they think there is one?" asked Craig, mentally admitting the clev-

erness of the detective's reasoning.
"Not on your life! I've had half a
dozen doubles trying to get into the house, and they always get turned down cold and informed that the police will be summoned if they don't vamouse. So I'm dead sure there is no double!" "And you have never succeeded in get-ting into the house," Craig concluded.

"I have, though!—but without a first guise!" Crowder contradicted. As he it his face wore a bewildered expression which seemed at variance with his wore. "What did you find out" Crais urga, as the secret service man appeared the posed to sink into deep study. "I can't make head or tail of it, & flutherford, and that's a fact! It's great detective same to look wise as pretend to know more than you do; he this lob has had my sont ever sines tackled it—and I've run down some very pretty cases in my time! The other night passed Heiderman soins away from the house. He was carrying a black travelin bag. It was my chance, I thought, hurried back to put Sims wise-and the he was—Helderman, still in the house! "Oh, you did let him get away from you then!" Crais groaned.
"What do you mean," asked the a

"What do you mean?" asked the da-

tective, sharply. "Is that what rou had on your mind when you wanted to meet

Hutherford nodded.

"I've had reliable advice tonight, Crosseder, that Helderman is still in Florida."

The detective stared again.

"Now see here, Mr. Rutherford, we'll investigate that story later. But let us tell you what I did that night after I say him starting off with the bags. I dashed up to the corner in front of his house, and there was that hig room all lighted up, as usual, and Helderman, i'd swear to it!—marchine back and forth in front of the wieds. I pelted up to the door and rang the bill before the dogs knew I was about, I was surprised that they let me in; but the butler did do so. I asked for Mr. Helderman, and he said he had just gone out that big room, and pretty soon the butler opened the door. I went in and—just st the situation in your mind, Mr. Rutherford. Not more than two minutes better I had been on the outside, looking at Helderman inside, I went into that big room—and It was empty. Even the cole. derman inside. I went into that big -and it was empty. Even the a didn't seem placed the same way. Even the chairs

24th and Market streets, which has been urged by Director Cooke as the proper place for the building, is favored by Frank I. Reiszner, president of the Market Street Business Men's Association. Mr. Reiszner declared that he was nor speaking for the association in issuin

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

Favors Convention Hall Plan

The proposed Convention Hall site at 24th and Market streets, which has been

## Unitarian Christianity

Our lives are glorified by a divine love. Surpassing our deserts, unshaken by our follies, ever tender and enlightening, this blessing comes to men from God. We Unitarians hold that the love comes from God, the Father, and so we love and worship Him, and see in all men our brothers. Others say that the love comes from Christ, the Son, and so they worship Jesus, and often, also, deny the name of brother to such as differ on this point.

But why not be brothers since, after all, we both accept the Divine Love?

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Tonisht at 8 o'clock Rev. E. H. Reeman will preach on Divinity in Humanity.

Thursday and Friday the preaching will be by Prof. W. W. Fenn, D. D., the dean of the Harvard Divinity School.

On Easter, morning and evening. Rev. C. E. St. John will interpret the

On Easter, morning and evening, ev. C. E. St. John will interpret the



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