the sister in a much-placated humor and

regarding the girl with a far more indul-gent countenance than Sally had found

any reason at first to hope for.

As for that young woman, the circumstance that she was inwardly all ashud-

der didn't in the least hinder her exer-cise of that feminine trick of mentally photographing, classifying, and catalog-

ring the other woman's outward aspects

analyzing the precipitate.

The result laid the last lingering ghost

of suspicion that all was not as it should

be between these two-that Blue Serge

ad not been altogether frank with her. She had from the first appreciated the

positive likeness between Mrs. Standish

and the portrait in the library, even though her observation of the latter had

been limited to the most casual inspec-

the first word.

## FATHER PENN ON EDGE FOR CLEAN-UP WEEK

Phladelphia and Spotless Town Will Be Synonymous Terms in Near Future.

Father Penn's hat is in the ring. Furthermore his sleaves are rolled up, and there's a grim determined expression on his face. He's out with a big stick, too. and it's got bristles on the end-being a broom. By his side there's a mop and a pail, and, though some people scorn manual labor as beneath them, it's plain to see that he's just aching to get busy on the gigantic job that soon will confront

From all of the street cars and from the pavillon in City Hall courtyard this picture of Papa Penn stares at the citizens of Philadelphia, and it is but one of the ways being used to advertise the nearness of the third annual municipal houseclean-

ing week. On next Monday the crusade begins. It will last six days. And such a metamor-phosis is expected to take place that a man leaving town on the 2d of May and

man saving to the 9th will think himself the victim of a strange dream.

Spotless town and Philadelphia will then spotless town sub-be synonymous. In the meantime no tense is being left unturned to inculcate in every man, woman and child during in every man, woman and child during this preliminary week a desire for a splo this preliminary with that will be the envy of and span city that will be the envy every other municipality in the country.

Thousands are visiting daily the exhibit a the City Hall pavilion, which the Clean-up Week Committee has put on in the City Hall pavilion, which the Clean-up Week Committee has put on view. There comparative tables showing the results of the two previous crusades are demonstrated so that he who runs may read. This year the propaganda has been so widely spread it is expected more rubbish than ever before will be gathered

up and carted away.

Hundreds of extra teams are to be supplied by the Department of Public Works to dispose of the accumulations which rooms, closets, hallways, cellars, garrets, roofs and fire-escapes are now littered, and the more teams the department is called upon to send out, the better it will like it.

NOT HOUSECLEANING ONLY. But housecleaning isn't the only thing the committee is interested in. The word has gone forth that lawns, gardens, back fences, alleys and vacant lots must also be spruced up.
"Make two gardens grow where but

one dump bloomed before," is one of the "Get out the paint can," is another, and steps, shutters, sheds, porches and sills are expected to become immaculate as a

Realizing the all-round value of a clean eity from the standpoint of a good busi-pess proposition, as well as from an aesthetic and sanitary outlook, big corporations are doing yeoman service in co-operating in the clean-up plans. In addition to the Father Penn placards put up by the Philadelphia Rapid Transit Company, the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company has made plans to distribute through its agents 250,000 pamph-lets to its industrial policy holders explaining the importance of a comprehensive clean-up campaign. Moreover a number of moving-picture houses have been induced to insert some "clean-up"

pictures in their regular films. FOR A BETTER CITY.

Better health, fewer fires and cleaner streets, to say nothing of a vastly im-proved city, are expected to be the direct and immediate results of the strenuous week. It has been estimated that al-most half the fires that occurred in Philadelphia last year might not have taken place had careless housekeepers paid more attention to the inflammable rubbish poked here, there and everywhere in their houses. And the advice of the Fire Marshal is that if you would protect your life and your property don't cultivate the habit of accumulating useless

Flies, mosquitoes and rats will also flee before the clean-up enthusiasts. Book-lets have been issued pointing out the best methods of preventing and swatting all three of the pests, and Herman Hornis, city entomologist, is supplementing nig, city enton the printed matter with daily lectures at

noon at the pavillon. Finally the many complaints regarding the uncovered ash-warons of the street cleaning department will at last be anwered, According to Assistant John Keeson, of the Bureau of Highways, a wagon cover has been designed, to be exhibited at the street cleaners' parade on Thursday morning, that the contract-ors will be required to use hercafter, and ors will be required to use hereafter, and in the future any person who sees a cart trailing a cloud of ash dust after it as long as a comet's tall is requested to make a report to the bureau immediately. Philadelphia is just in the right spirit to be clean and to stay clean. But everybody is asked to do his share.

MORENO'S PAYMASTER

TO STAY IN THIS CITY Admiration for Philadelphia Causes

Him to Quit Argentine Navy. When the Argentine battleship Moreno When the Argentine battleship Moreno left for home waters with a thousand saflors and marines eagor to return to their native shores, it left one man behind who was not homesick and who preferred to live in Philadelphia rather than any of the sunny southern cities of the Southern hemisphere. That man, who came up from the southern country to be the Southern hemisphere. That man, who came up from the southern country to be Paymaster on the biggest battleship affoat, a position that many naval men would take pride in holding, resigned his commission and decided to remain after spending a few days here in finding out the comforts and pleasures in which this dity abounds

the comforts and pleasures in which this city abounds.

A. Calderon Chaves, 214 Spruce street, is the man who was so taken with this city. In his estimation the municipal improvements here are better than any of the far-famed cities of the more Southern climate. The parks, the railways, the broad streets, the lighting system, the theatres, stately buildings, everything is better than his native cities or any other, says Chaves, and they all go to make this an ideal city.

is better than his native cities or any other, says Chaves, and they all go to make this an ideal city.

Philadelphia is a better city in every respect than Buenos Aires, Chaves says. Although the subways of Buenos Aires are white, the cars white and the crews sarbed in white linen, the efficiency that marks this subway is lacking. The streets are wide down there, but they are not an straight as Broad street and the thousand others here. The schools here are better, and that is one of Chaves' reasons for staying here. He intends to maater the English language at the University and aiready has made samarkable steps in it.

As for the navy, the former officer of the Moreno thinks that we can't be beaten; that is, he added, if we stay out of war for we haven't enough ships to combat with any of the European forces to the sea. On the army he made no comment. But when dancing was mentioned he grew enthusiastic. The one-step, hesitation and all the newer ones he danced and liked the way they were canced up here, with one excauption—the Argentine tange. Where that dance set the Argentine tange, where that dance set the Argentine tanged onto it he could set tell, but he did know that it wasn't taything like the tange danced it more slowly and smoothly, he said.

Oxford Colleges Bar Liquor OXFORD, England, April 2.—Jesus College had decided to bar alcoholic beverance while the war continues. Similar action has been taken by Oriel. It is sheeted that other colleges wil do likewise, and that the entire university will such her alcoholic drinks.

## AN OUTSIDER—A GIRL'S ADVENTURES IN SOCIAL PIRACY

By LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE, Author of "The Lone Wolf," "The Brass Bowl," Etc.

SYNOPSIS.

Sally Manvers, 27 years old, out of work and desperate, is locked out on the roof of her house, in New York. Driven to seek shelter by a storm she tries the trap-door of other houses and finally enters the house of other houses and finally enters the house of a rich family. No one is at home and Saily, fascinated by beautiful clothes, changes her own for them. As she is leaving she sees a main trying to open a safe. As he works and as she watches, the man is suddenly attacked by another burging. The two men grapple and the first is likely to be overwhelmed when Saily breaks in, selzes a revolver which has been dropped in the souffle, and covers the men. The one in blue serge, the first burgiar, assumes that she is helping him, and they drive out the other. Then Saily slees from the house.

Wandering aimisesty, Eally meets the burglar she has betriended at Grand Central Station, and insists that he get her an accommodation to Boston. They so down to the retairant, and here the birgiar restends that Sally is one of bis profession. CHAPTER IV-Continued.

His eyes affixed the point of interrogaion to the simple deciarative. She started nervously in response, divided between impulses which she had no longer sufficient wit to weigh. Should she confess, or try to lie out of it? Must she believe this glibly simple and adequate account or reject it on grounds of pardonable skepticism?

If this man were what he professed to be, surely he must recognize her bor-rowed plumage as his sister's property. True, that did not of necessity follow men have so little understanding of women's clothing; it pleases them or it displeases, if thrust upon their attention but once withdrawn it is forgotten utter-ly. Such might well be the case in this present instance; the man gave Sally, in-deed, every reason to believe him as much bewildered and mystified by her

as she was by him.
On the other hand, and even The infatuate impulse prevailed, to con-feas and take the consequences. "I'm afraid—" she began in a quaver.

"No need to be-none I know of, at least," he volunteered promptly, if with-out moderating his exacting stare. "You don't understand-

She hesitated, sighed, plunged in des-peration. "It's no use; there's nothing for me to do but own up. What you were not tonight Mr. Savage, I was." "Sounds like a riddle to me. What is the answer?"

"You were fust make-believe. I was the real thing—a real thief. No, let me go on; it's easier if you don't interrupt. Yes, I'll tell you my name, but it we mean anything. I'm nobody. I'm Sarah Manvers. I'm a shop-girl out of work.'
"Still I don't see—"

"I'm coming to that. I live on your block-the Lexington avenue end, of course-with two other girls. And this afternoon-the studio was so hot and stuffy and lonesome, with both my friends away-I went up on the roof for better air, and fell asleep there and got caught by the storm. Somebody had closed the scuttle, and I ran across roofs looking for another that wasn't fastened down, and when I found one-it was your house-I was so frightened by the lightning I hardly knew what I was doing. I just tumbled in-

"And welcome, I'm sure," Blue Sergo interpolated. She blundered on, unheeding: "I went

all through the house, but there wasn't anybody, and-I was so wet and miserable that I-made myself at home-decided to take a bath and-and borrow some things to wear until my own were

dry. And then I thought—"
She halted, confused, realizing how impossible it would be to convince anybody with the tale of her intention merely to borrow the clothing for a single night of arabesque adventure, finding it difficult now to believe in on her own part, and hurried breathlessly on to cover the hiatus.

"And then I heard a noise on the roof. I had closed the scuttle, but I was fright-ened. And I crept downstairs and—saw the light in the library and— That's all." And when he didn't reply promptly, she added with a trace of challenge: "So now you know!"

He started as from deep reverie.
"But why call yourself a thief-for

"Because-because-" Her overstrung nerves betrayed her in gusty confession. "Because it's no good blinking facts; that's what I was in my heart of hearts. Oh, it's all very well to be generous, and for me to pretend I meant only to borrow, and—and all that! But the truth is, I did and—and all that! But the truth is, I did steal—and I never honestly meant to send the things back. At first—yes: then I meant to return them, but never once they were on my back. I told myself I did, I believed I did; but deep down, all along, I didn't, I didn't, I didn't! I'm a liar as well as a thief!"

"Oh, come now!" Blue Serge interjected in a tone of mild remonstrance, lounging back and eying the girl intently. "Don't

in a tone of mild remonstrance, lounging back and eying the girl intently. "Don't be so down on yourself."

"Well, everything I've said was true except that one word 'borrow;' but that in itself was a lie big enough to eclipse every word of truth. You see, but you'll never understand—never! Men can't. They simply can't know what it is to be clothes-hungry—starving for something fit to wear—as I have been for years and years, as most of us in the

years and years, as most of us in the shops are all our lives long."
"Perhaps I understand, though," he argued with an odd look, "I know what you mean, at any rate, even if I'm not ready to admit that shop-girls are the only people who ever know what it is to

ready to admit that shop-girls are the only people who ever know what it is to desire the unattainable. Other people want things, at times, just as hard as you do clathes."
"Well, but—" She stammered, unable to refute this reasonable contention, but, womanlike, persistent to try. "It's different—when you've never had anything. Try to think what it must be to work from 8 till 6—sometimes later—6 days a week for just enough to keep aliye on if week, for just enough to keep alive on, if you call such an existence being alive! Why, in 10 years I haven't seen the country or the sea—unless you count trips to Coney on crowded trolley-cars, and mighty few of them. I never could afford a vacation, though I've been idle often enough— never earned more than 10 dollars a week, and that not for many weeks together. I've lived on as little as

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5-on as little as charity, on nothing but gave her no chance to utter more than the goodness of my friends—at times. That's why, when I saw myself prettily dressed for once, and thought nothing could stop my getting away. I couldn't resist the temptation. I didn't know where I was going, dressed like this, and not a cent, but I was going some place, and I wasn't aver commiss back! and I wasn't ever coming back!

"Good Lord!" the man said gently. "Who'd blame you?" "Don't sympathize with me," she pro-"Don't sympathize with me," she protested, humanly quite unconscious of her inconsistency, "I don't deserve it. I'm causht with the goods on, literally, figuratively, and I've got to pay the penalty. Oh, I don't mean what you mean. I'm no such idiet as to think you'll have me sent to jail; you've been too kind siready, and—and, after all, I did do you a considerable service; I did help you out of a pretty dangerous fix. But the penalty I'll pay is worse than jail: it's giving up these pretty things and all my giving up these pretty things and all my silly, sinful dreams, and going back to that scrubby studio—and no job——"

She pulled up short, mystified by a sudden change in the man's expression, perceiving that she was no longer holdng his attention as completely as she She remarked his look of embarrassment, that his eyes winced from something he saw beyond and unknown to her. But he was as ready as ever to ecover and demonstrate that, if his atthe substance of her harangue, for when

she paused he replied:
"Oh, perhaps not. Don't let's jump at
conclusions. I've a premonition you
won't have to go back. Here comes some



"MY DRESS! MY HAT!"

that-or I don't know!" And he was up before Sally had grasped his meaning—on his feet and bowing civilly, if with a twinkling countenance, to a woman who swooped down upon him sudden, wild flutter of words and gestures. 'Walter! Thank God I've found you!

I've been so upset—hardly knew what to do—when you didn't show up." What more she might have said dried instantly on the newcomer's lips as her gaze embraced Sally. She stiffened slightly and drew back, elevating her vebrows to the frost-line.

'Who is this woman? What does this Without awaiting an answer to either question, she observed in accents that had all the chilling force and cutting edge of a winter wind:

"My dress! My hat!" CHAPTER V CONSPIRACY.

"My dear sister!" interposed Mr. Savage with an imitation so exact of the woman's tone that he nearly wrung a smile even from Sally. "Do calm yourself-don't make a scene. The matter is quite easy to explain-"

But what-"Oh, give us a chance. But, permit me!" He bowed with his easy laugh, "Adele, this is Miss Manvers—Miss Manvers, my sister, Mrs. Standish. And now" -as Sally half started from her chair and Mrs. Standish acknowledged her exist-

ence by an embittered nod—"do sit down, Adele!" With the manner of one whose amaze-

ment has paralyzed her parts of speech, the woman sank mechanically into the chair which Savage (having thoughtfully waved away the hovering waiter) placed beside the table, between himself and his guest. But once seated, precisely as though that position were a charm to

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one who'll have a word to say about | of the ego. And if she had not always been pampered with every luxury that money has induced modern civilization to invent, the fact was not apparent; she dressed with such exquisite taste as only money can purchase, if it be not innate; she carried herself with the ease of affluence founded upon a rock, while her nervousness was manifestly due rather to impatience than to the vice of worry-

"And now " Mr. Savage wound up with graceless grin, "if you'll be good enough explain what the dickens you're doing here instead of being on the way to Boston by the 11.10, I'll be grateful, Miss Manvers will quit doubting my veracity— secretly, if not openly—and we can progeed to consider something I have to suggest with respect to the obligations of a woman who has been saved the loss of a world of gegaws as well as those of a man who is alive and whole exclusively, nks to-well, I think you know what

I mean." "Oh, as for that," said Mrs. Standish absently, "when you turned up missing on the train I stopped it at the 125th street tation and came back to find out what was the matter. I've been all through this blessed place looking for you—"
"Pardon!" Mr. Savage interrupted.
"Did I understand you to say you had stopped the train?"
"Cartiely Why not?" You don't in

"Certainly. Why not? You don't im-agine I was going to let myself be carried all the way to Boston in igno-

Then, one infers, the II:19 doesn't normally stop at 125th street?"
"No. I had to speak to the conductor.
Do be quiet. It doesn't matter. What
were you going to say?"

"Nothing much, except that the clothes Miss Manners stands in are hardly to be considered an adequate reward." "True. But you mentioned some sug-gestion or other--"

"Without being downright about it, thereby sparing Miss Manvers any em-barrassment she might feel should you break the spell that sealed them, promptly her lips reformed the opening syllables of "What does this mean?"

Mr. Savage, however, diplomatically him with a gesture of infinite ennul.

"Why is it," she complained, "that you never get anywhere without talking all around Robin Hood's barn?"
"Objection," Mr. Savage offered prompt-

ly, "on the ground of mixed metaphor."
"Objection sustained," his sister con-ceded. "But do come to the point."

"I wish only to remind you of the news Imparted by our respected aunt in her let-ter of recent date."

The woman frowned slightly, as "Do hold your tongue," he pleaded, ith a rudeness convincingly fraternal, mental effort; then a flash of comprehension lightened her blue eyes. Immediately her brows mutely circumflexed a question. "and listen to me. I am deeply indebted to Miss Manvers-for my very life, in fact. Oh, don't look so blamed incredulous; I'm perfectly sober. Now will you A look of profound but illegible significance passed between the two. Mr. Sav age nodded. Mrs. Standish pursed specu please give me a show?"

And, the lady executing a gesture that intively her thin, well-made-up lips and visibly took thought, according to the habit of her sex, by means of a series of matched well her look of blank resignation, her brother addressed himself to a terse summing up of the affair which, while it stressed the gravity of the advenintuitive explosions. Then she nodded vigorously and turned upon Miss Manvers a bewildering smile, for the first time adintuitive explosions. ture with the fat burglar, did not seem to extenuate Sally's offense in the least, and so had the agreeable upshot of leaving

dressing her directly.

"My dear," she said pleasantly enough
—though, of course, the term had no accent whatever of affection—"this halfwitted brother of mine once in a while
atumbles upon the most brilliant inspiration imaginable. I'm sure he has seen enough of you in this last hour to be making no mistake in offering you as onanswer to a very delicate question which has been distressing us both for a long If you're not overserupulous She paused with a receptive air.

In detail and, at the same time, distilling her more subtle phases of personality in the retort of instinct and minutely "I'm sure I don't know what you're driving at," Sally said, bluntly: "but I'm hardly in a position to be nice-minded about trifles."

"It's this way," Savage interposed. "we're offering you a chance to get away, to enjoy a summer by the seashore, to mix with a lot of mighty interesting people, and all that sort of thing-everything you tell me you've been pining for-if you'll consent to sail under false colors." "Please!" Sally begged with a confused and excited little laugh.

"He simply can't help it; indirection is Walter's long suit," Mrs. Standish took up the tale. "First of all, you must know this aunt of ours is rather an eccentric-frightfully well off, spoiled, self-willed and quite blind to her best interests. She's been a widow so long she doean't know the meaning of wholesome restraint. She's got all the high-knee action of a thoroughbred never properly broken to har-ness. She sets her own pace—and heaven help the hindermost! All in all, I think Aunt Abby's the most devil-may-care per-

'You're too modest," Mr. Savage commented abstractedly.
"Be quiet, Walter, Aunt Abby's pas-

sionately fond of two things—cards and what she calls 'interesting people.' Neither would matter much but for the other. She gambles for sheer love of it, and doesn't care a rap whether she wins or leses. And her notion of an interesting person is anybody fortunate or misfortu-nate enough to be noticed by the newspapers. A bit of a scandal is a sure bait for her regard—"

Pausing, Mrs. Standish smiled coolly. Take me, for example. Until I found it necessary to get unmarried my aunt never could find time to waste on me. But now, in spite of the fact that the decree was in my favor. I'm the object of her mad attachment. And if Walter hadn't come into the limelight through a Senatorial inquiry into high finance, and made such a sick witness, and got so deservedly roasted by the newspapers—well, now nothing is too good for him. So, you see, the people Aunt Abby Insists on entertaining are apt to be a rather dubious lot. I don't mean she'd pick up with anypody openly immoral, you know; but she certainly manages to fill her houses-she's got several-with a wild crew of adventurers and-esses-to call 'em by their

They're smart enough, God knows and they do make things hum, but they charge her—some of them—fat fees for he privilege of entertaining them. Funns things have happened at her card tables Walter and I have been scheming to find some way to protect her without rousing her resentment by seeming to interfere. If we could only get evidence enough to talk privately to some of he riends-about time tables, for instancet would be all right. And only recently he herself showed us the way-wrote me that she had quarreled with her corresponding secretary, a spinster of acid maturity, and discharged her; and would we please look round for somebody to re-place Miss Matring. Do you see?" "You mean." Sally suggested, dum-

founded. "you mean you'll recommend me for the position?" "I'll do more. I'll see that you get it; I'll take you with me tonight, and by to-morrow noon you'll be engaged. But you must understand we're giving you the chance solely that you may serve us as well as Aunt Abby, by keeping your eyes and ears wide open and reporting to us in

strictest confidence and secrecy anything that doesn't look right to you." "But-but I-but how-why do you think ou can trust me?" the girl faltered. 'Knowing what you do--" betrav us."

'But-but after I've stolen-" "Don't say it!" Savage cut in. "You atole nothing, if you please; you merely anticipated a reward for a service not yet rendered."

"But- Oh, it's kind of you, but don't rou see it's impossible?

"Nothing is impossible except your re-fural," said Mrs. Standish "Do be sen-sible, my dear, and realize that we-that

I intend you shall have this chance. What can you possibly find to object to? The decoit? Surely an innocent deception, practised upon a dear old lady for her

"Deceit," Mr. Savage propounded very sagely, "is like any other sin, it's only sinful when it is That's elementary soph-Datry, but I invented it, and I'm atrong it. Besides, we've got just 20 minutes to get aboard the Owl-and I've got to beg, borrow, or buy transportation to beg, norrow, or ony transportation of it, because there wasn't a room left but the two I bought for you and me-and now Adele will have to have one of the

But I've nothing to wear but these

Don't worrk about that," Mrs. Standish reassured her. "Twe got nine trunks on the way-and you unquestionably fill things out like a woman with a per-

"But how will you explain? Who am You can't introduce me as a. hopsirl out of work whom you caught "La mult porte consell," Mr. Savage an-

nounced sagely, and with what was no doubt an excellent accent. "Let Adele sleep on it, and if she doesn't come come through in the morning with a good, old-fashloned, all-wool, yard-wide lie that will believe." will blanket every possible contingency. I don't know my little sister."

An elder brother, let me tell you, Miss Manvers, is the best possible preceptor in prevarication. "Elder!" exclaimed the outraged young man, "Well, of all—" He turned appeal-ingly to Sally, "What did I tell you?"

> CHAPTER VI ALIAS MAINWARING.

Fickle-minded fortune favored Mr. Savage's belated application for additional sleeping-car accommodation; somebody turned back a reservation only 10 minutes or so before train time, in consequence of which Mrs. Standish and Miss Manvers enjoyed adjoining compartments of lux-ury, while Mr. Savage contended himself

with less pretentious quarters farther aft Thus it was that at one minute past o'clock, when a preternaturally self-retained that nothing more would b quired of him till morning and shut himself out of her presence, the girl subsided upon the edge of a bed of such sybaritic character as amply to warrant the designation de luxe, and, flushed and tremblin with excitement (now that she dared once again to be ber natural self) and with all incredulity appropriate to the circum stared blankly back from a long mirror framed in the door

It was truly a bit difficult to identify that modishly dressed and brilliantly animated young person with S. Manyers the hardware notions in Huckster's Bar-gain Basement, while reason tottered and common sense tittered when invited to credit the chain of accidents resposible Strange world of magic romance, this, into which she had stumbled over

threshold of a venal misdemeanor! Who

"That's just the point. Don't you see? now would dare contend that life was We can trust you because you won't dare ever sordid, grim and cruel, indigestible ever sordid, grim and cruel, indigestible from soup to savery? Who would have the hardineed to upheld such contention when made acquainted with the case of Sarah Manvers, yesterday's drudge, un-lovely and unloved, today's child of for-ture, chosen of a golden destiny?

Sally's jublistion was shadowed by a pensive moment; dare she assume that the winters of her discontent had been forever banished by the wave of chance's

She shook a confounded head, smiled an uncertain smile, sighed a little, broken sign, and with determination bade adjeu to missivings, turning a deaf ear to the dull growls of mother-wit arguing that the board of health ought to be advised about the state of Denmark. Sufficient unto the night its room de luxe; she found her couch no less comfortable for the sword that conceivably swayed above

it, suspended by a thread of casual favor. For a time she rested serenely in the dark-only half undressed in view of the ever-possible accident-cheek to pillow, face turned to the window that endlessly screened the sweeping mysteries of that dark, glimmering countryside, quite resigned so to while away the night, persunded it was inevitable that one with so much to ponder should be unable to sleep

a wink. Deliberately, to prove this point, she

And immediately opened them to broad daylight, revealing, through that magic casement, the outskirts of a considerable city; street after suburban street wheeling away like spokes from a restless

A simultaneous pounding on the door warned her she had but ten minutes in which to dress; no time to grasp the sub-stance of a dream come true, no time even to prepare a confident attitude with which to salute the fairy godparents of her social debut—time only to struggle into her outer garments and muster a half timid, deprecatory smile for those whom she was to find awaiting her in the corridor impatient to be off none corridor, impatient to be off, none too amiably conscious of foregone beauty sleep, accepting their protegee with a matter-of-course manner most disiRu-

(CONTINUED TOMORROW.)

NO VARIETY WAR HERE

Suit Against Vaudeville Trust May

Have No Local Effect. The vaudeville situation in Philadelphia and other large cities may not be affected by suits brought in New York against the so-called "vaudeville trust." Failure to obtain booking for any of their European acts caused Charles F. Bornhaupt and Clifford C. Fischer, who maintain theatrical agencies at 1493 Broadway, New York, to enter suit for \$600,000 damages against the United Booking Offices of America, the Central Vaudeville Promotion Company, H. B. Marinelli, Limited, A. Paul Kelth, Frederick F. Proctor, Edward F. Albee, John J. Murdock, Morris Meyerfield, Jr., and

The plaintiffs charge these defendants with conspiracy because of their refusal to book any European acts except through the H. B. Marinelli Agency. Some time ago the Marinelli concern en-tered suit against the United Booking Offices for \$300,000 damages and since the withdrawal of the suit, the petitioners allege, the privilege and license to book European acts has been vested in the Marinelli concern exclusively.

FALLACY

IN ONE YEAR

90,000

BABIES

BORN

BLIND



## Facts Versus Fallacies

FACT is a real state of things. FALLACY is an apparently genuine but really illogical statement or argument.

INTEMPERATE to a degree are the assertions made by the platform exhorter when Prohibition is the theme. Fortified by the knowledge that seldom are public speakers interrupted, they give, to support their arguments, figures foolishly untrue and impossible of proof.

FOR INSTANCE. One platform speaker said that \*90,000 babies were born blind last year as products of saloons." Insensibly we feel a thrill of horror when we hear that. The mind grasps the enormity of the figure-thinks of the hapless baby-its helplessness-its lifelong misery (if it manages to live) brought on, too, through no fault of its



BUT THE FACTS rob this picture of its horror. According to the last census of the United States-that of 1910-the total number of blind persons in the entire United States is given as 57,273. Immediately the untruthfulness that "90,000 babies were born blind last year as products of saloons," becomes mani-

YET IF the above remark, flagrantly untrue, were to remain unchallenged, it would pass for truth!

THE FALLACY of Prohibition has been amply proven many times. But when men, supposedly intelligent, mount a lecture platform, and, secure from interruption or refutation, deal in figures which they know are untrue and which exploit a FALLACY, it is very fortunate, indeed, that the United States has a Census Bureau! For the United States Census deals only in FACTS!

> Philadelphia Lager Beer Brewers' Association (The next article will appear Saturday, May 1st)



