EVENING LEDGER-PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAY 1. 1915:

AN OUTSIDER - A GIRL'S ADVENTURES

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

Copyright, 1914, by Louis Joseph Vance. STNOPSIS

BILLY MANYORM 21 years old, out of work the mouse, in New York. Driven to see the house, in New York. Driven to see there houses and maily enters the house of the houses and maily enters the house allow fraction of the house and allow fractions and the see is is leave to rich family. No one is a thore and allow fractions are and the see is is leave allow fractions and a see watthe to the see how one of the house and the see is the beaution of the set of the set of the set of the beaution of the set of the set of the set of the beaution of the set of the set of the set of the beaution of the set of the set of the set of the beaution of the set of the set of the set of the beaution of the set of the set of the set of the beaution of the set of the set of the set of the beaution of the set of the set of the set of the beaution of the set of th

CHAPTER VIII

A THIEF IN THE NIGHT

She sat beside the wide window of her bedchamber, on that third midnight at Gosnold House, in a state of lawless exaltation not less physical than spiritual and mental, a temper that proscribed sleep hopelessly.

The window was open, the night air still and suave and warm, her sole pro- able distrust. Devilish hard luck. tection a filmy negligee over a nightdress of sheerest silk and lace. And 11 that hour Sarah Manvers was as nearly a beautiful woman as ever she was to be-her face faintly flushed in the stark moonlight faintly shadowed from within by the rich darkness of her blood, her dreaming eyes twin pools of limpid shadow, her dark lips shadowed by a little elusive smile.

was relishing the sensations of life She was relating the sensitivity into intensely, almost painfully; she was in-tensely alive for the first time in all her life, it seemed, in throat and wrists and temples pulses sang, now soft, now loud; and all her body glowed, from crown of head to tips of toes nestling in silken mules, with the warmth and the languor of life.

She was deeply and desperately in love. The genius of her curious destiny, not content with making her free of all the good material things of life, had granted her as well this last and dearest boon. And though her years were twenty-seven, she had not loved before. She had dreamed of love, had been in love with and with being loved, had believed she loved; but nothing in her experience compared with such rapture as tonight obsessed her being, wholly and without respite.

Life, indeed, grants no compensation for the ignominious necessity of love than this, that no other love was ever real but today's alone.

And so the beauty of that moonlight midnight seemed supernal. Becaimed, the island lay steeped in floods of thereal silver, its sky an iridiscent dome, i's sea a shimmering shield of onalescence its lawns and terraces argentine shad owed with deepeat violet. There was never a definite sound, only the sibilance of a stillness made of many interwoven sounds, soft lisp of wavelets on the sands a hundred feet below, hum of nocturnal insect life in thickets and plantations, sobbing of a tiny, vagrant breeze lost neless in that vast serenity, walland hot ing of a far violin, runor of a distant motorcar. A night of potent witchery, a woman willingly bewitched. In fancy she still could feel the plusing

parted lips breathed his name to the sympathetic night that never would betray her. "Donald-Donald-Donald Lyttleter

Lyttleton—" Now all the while she wasted sighted for him by the window Mr. Lyttleton spent idly speculating about her-lounging in a corner of the smoking room, on the edge of a circle of other masculine guests making common excuss of alcohol to de-fer the tiresome formalities of going to bed and getting up again in the morn-ing. If this gentleman was Sally's junior in

If this gentleman was Sally's junior in the matter of a year or two, he was over-whelmingly her senior in knowledge of his world-a world into which he had been brought neither to toll nor yet to spin, but simply to be the life and soul of the party. And at 55 he was foryond permitting sentiment to run away with judgment; he could resist temptation with as mich fortitude as associations. Judgment, he could resist temptation with as mich foritude as any man, always providing he could see any sound reason for resisting it—any reason, that is, prom-leing a profit from the deed of abatinence. Mr. Lyttleton had ten thousand a year of his own, income from a principal for-tunately beyond his power to hypothe-cate; he spent twenty thousand with an pasy conscience, he scenario desired in

sany conscience, he carneally desired to be able to spond fifty without fear of consequences. Talents such as his mer-ticed maintenance - failing independent means, such maintenance as comes from marrying money and a wife above sus-picion of parsimony. If only he had been able, or even had cared to behave him-self, Mr. Lyttleton's fortunes might long since have been established on some such satisfactory basis. But he was sorely handicapped by the weakness of a sentinental nature; women would persist in falling in love with him-always, unhap-pily, women of moderate means. He couldn't help being sorry for them and seeking to assunge their sufferings; he seeking to assuage their sufferings; he couldn't forever be running away from some infatuate female, and so he was forever being found out and forgiven-by women. Most men, meanly envious, disliked him; all men held him in pardon-

Take this Manwaring girl-pretty, intelligent, artiess little woman, perhaps a bit mature, but fascinating all the same, affectingly naive about her trouble, which was simply spontaneous combustion, one a more of those first-sight affairs. He had, noticed the symptoms immediately, that night of her introduction to Gosnold House. He hadn't paid much attention to her during luncheon, and only sought her out-when they sou us on the sour of er out-when they got up, on the spur of the moment, for that informal after-dinner dance by moonlight on the veranda-partly because he happened to notice her sitting to one side, so obviously longing for him to ask her, partly because it was his business to dance, and partly because -well, because it was less dangerous. everything considered, than dancing with

Mrs. Standish And then the eloquent treachery of Sally's eyes and that little gesture of surrender with which she yielded herself to his guidance. It was really too bad, he thought, especially since she had occasion to tell him frankly she hadn't a dollar to bless herself with. Still, he must give himself credit for behaving admirably; he hadn't encour-aged the girl. Not much, at all events. Of course, it wasn't in human nature to ignore her entirely after that: moreover, to slight her would have been conspicu-cus, not to say uncivil. But one must

ous, not to say uncivil. But one must draw the line somewhere. Tonight, for example, he had danced with her perhaps too often for her own good, to say nothing of his own. And they had sat out a dance or two-aw-fully old-fashioned custom; went out years ago-still, one did it, regardless, now and then.

Curious girl, the Manwaring; one moment almost melting into his arma, the next practically warning him against melting into his arma, herself. And curiously reticent-said she was "nobody"-let it go at that. Very probably told the truth; she seemed to nobody who was anybody, and though she was apparently very much at her case most of the time, and not readily impressed, he noticed now and readily impressed, he noticed how and then a little tensity in her manner, a covert watchfulness of other women, as though she were waiting for her cue. At this juncture in his reverie Mr.

Lyttleton peremptorily dismissed luckless Miss Manwaring from his mind, comunless they season it up with cocktails and carrying on; and even that sets to have all the same flavor of tastelesaness Miss Manwaring from his mind, com-pounded his nightcap at the buffet, and joined in the general conversation. Coincidentally the reverie of Miss Man-waring at her bedchamber window di-gressed-to review fragmentarily the traffic and discoveries of three wonderful days. Days in whose glamourous radiance the romance of Cinderella paled to the com-plexion of a sordidly realistic narrative of commonplaces; contemplating them, Sally, for the sake of her self-convait

tacitly accepted, meeting, chatting, treat-

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE

Suburban

Ing and parting with its denisens with a gesture of confidence that was never the gesture of S. Manvers of the hardware notions; a Nebcdy on terms of equality with indisputable Somebodics-vastly important Sombodies, indeed, for the most part; so much so that by com-mon consent mankind had created for them a special world within the world and set it apart for their exclusive shelter and set it apart for their exclusive shelter and delectation, for them to live in and have their being untroubled and un-confamiliated by contact with the commalts For all that, Sally couldn't see why

they must be so cared for and catered to. The only thing that apparently dis-tinguished them from those who incked their advantages, who looked up rever-only to them and read enviously of their doings in the papers, was their natur-ance, a quality estensible inimitable; yet she imitated it with seemingly flawless art. A contradiction that defied her with to reconcile. She wasted time in the endeavor; her

own personality was prepossessing; she had sufficient tact never to seek to in-gratiate herself, her solecisms were few and insignificant, and the introduction of Abigail Gosnobl was an unimpeachable redential

credential. As for her antecedents, the lie which credited her to the city of Massillon passed unchallenged, while a conspiracy of slience kept private to the few ac-nualisted with it that hideous secret of her department store servitude! Mrs. Gosmold would have said nothing out of shear kindness of heart even if it had not been her settled habit to practice the difficult arts of minding her own business lifficult arts of minding her own business difficult arts of minding her own business and keeping her own counsel. Savage was still in New York, but had he been at Gosnold House would have imitated the example set by his amiable sister and held his tongue even when most exasperated with Sally. Mr. Trego, of course, knew no more than what he had been free to survive free the what he en free to surmise from the girl's impulsive confersion that she had been out of both work and money when be-friended by Mrs. Standish; but, whatever his inferences, he kept them to himself A simple, sincere, stubborn soul, this Mr. Trego; so, at least, he made himself appear to Sally, persistently seeking her

and dumbly offering a friendship she, in the proceupation of her grand passion, had neither time nor wish to cultivate, and which he himself ingenudefense. He frankly professed a mortal dread of "these women," one of whom, he averted myneteiously, was bent on marrying him by main strength and good-will first time she caught him with lowered guard. wered guard.

Ills misgivings were measurably cor-roborated by the attitude toward Sally adopted by Mrs. Standish in her capacity as close friend, foil, and confidant of Mrs. Artemas. In the course of those three days the girl had not been insensi-ble to intimutions of a strong. If as not three days the dirl had not been insensi-ble to intimations of a strong, if as yet restrained, animus in the mind of the older woman. In alarm and regret she did her futile best to discourage this gentleman without being overity discour-teous. She could hardly do more: impos-shift to explain to her benefactress that he was not the man of her heart's chi

Unfortunately, Trego was indifferent to tempered rebuffs. "If you don't mind," he interrupted one "If you don't mind, the interrupted one of Solly's protracted anulas, "I'll just stick around and keep on enjoying the society of a human being. Of course, I know these others are all human in their new these others are all human in their way, but it fan't your way or mine. Per-haps it only seems so to me because I don't understand 'em. It's quite possi-ble. One thing's source the don't understand em. It's duite possi-ble. One thing's sure, they don't under-stand me. At least, the women don't; I can get along with the men-most of 'em. They're not a bad lot, if imma-ture. You can stand a lot of foolishness

from children once you realize their grown uppishness is only make-believe. "They don't know how to enjoy them-"They selves," he expatiated: "they've much of everything, including spare time. What's a holiday to anybody who has never done a stroke of work? You and I know the difference; we can appreciate the fun of loading between spells of work; but these people have got he standards to measure their fun by, so it's all the same to them-flat, vapid, monotonous,

all your life, and now you've got it you're as pleased as a child with a new toy. Wait till the paint wears off and it won't shut its eyes when you put it down on its back and sawdust begins to leak out at the joints." "Wouldn't it be more kind of you to have us to discuss the sawdust for

leave me to discover the sawdust for myself?"

"It unquestionably would, and I ought to be kicked," Trego agreed heartily, "I only started this in fun, anyway, to make you see why it is you look so good to me different-so sound and same and whole-some that I just naturally can't help pestering you." pestering you. She did not know what to say to that.

the suffered him. Her duties as secretary to Mrs. Gos-old proved, when inaugurated the second

morning after her arrival, to be at once light and interesting. Her employer was conservalive enough in an unmannerly age to insist on answering all personal orrespondence with her own hand; what used between her and her few intimates was known to herself alone. But she carried on, in addition, an animated corque dealers, charitles, professional poor clations, social workers, and others of hat ilk-which proved tremendously diverting to her amanuensis, especially when it transpired that Mrs. Gosnold had mind and temper of her own, together with a vocabulary amply adequate to her powers of iconic observation. This last fift came out strongly in her diary, a daily record of her various interests and netwrites which she dictated, interspersng dry details with many an acid antation

When all was finished Sally found she ad been busied for little more than two hours, and was given to understand that her duties would be made more burden-some only by the addition of a little light skkeeping when she settled down to the

routine of regular employment. Of the alleged high play, at cards or otherwise, she had yet, at this third midight, to see any real evidence. Mrs. Gos-old most undoubtedly played a stiff game r bridge, but she played it with a masterfacility, the outcome of long practice d profound study; her losses, when she and profound study; her losses, when she lost, were minimized. Nor was there ever a sign of cheating that came under Selly's bservation. Everybody played who didn't dance, and vice versa, but nobody seemed to play for the mere sake of winning money. And while the influx of week-end uesta by the Friday evening boat rought the number at Gosnoid House up a twenty-two, they were all apparently ruestra amable, self-centered folk of long and intimate acquaintance with one another as well as with their hostess and all her eighbors on the Island. Of that dublous crew of adventurers she had been led to

expect there was never a hint. Such provision as their hostess made Such provision as their hostess made for her guests' entertainment and anuse ment they patronized or ignored with equal nonchalance, according to individual while they particulated of intervent with equal nonchalance, according to individual while, they commanded breakfasts for all hours of the morning, and they lunched at home and dined abroad, or reversed the order, or sought all their meals in the homes of neighboring friends, quite without notice or apology. Such was the modish manner with them that summer of 1914-a sedulous avoidance of anything reasembling acknowledgment of obligation to those who entertained. Indeed, if one interpreted their attitude at its face value, the shoe was on the other root. at its face other foot.

And they brimmed the alleged hollow And they brimmed the alleged hollow-ness of their days with an extraordinary amount of running about. There was increasnt shifting of interest from one foral point to another of the colony, a perpetually restless swarming hither and continual kaleidoscopic parade of the most wonderful and extravagant clothing

only this bubble might not burat! of course, it must; even if not too good o be true, it was too wonderful to be en-furing; the clock strikes twelve for every

NATIONAL PARK, N. J.

could prevent her carrying to her grave the memory of this one glorious flight: "better to have loved and lost-" The wraith of an old refrain troubled Sally's reverie. How did it go? "Now die the dream-"

Saturate with exquisite melancholy, she leaned out over the window-sill into the warm, still moonlight, drinking deep of the wine-scent of roses, dwelling upon the image of him whom she loved so madle

What were the words again?

For wholly as it was your life, Can never be again, my dear, Can never be again."

She shook a mournful head, sadly en-visaging the lovelineas of the world

Visaging the loveliness of the twest through a mist of facile tears; that was too exquisitely, too poignantly true of her own plight; for, wholly as it was, her life could never be again. mist of facile tears; that was

And not for worlds would she have had

t otherwise. Below, in the deserted drawing-room, a time-mellowed clock chimed sonorously

the hour of two. Two o'clock of a Sunday morning, and all well; long since Gosnold House had lapsed into decent silence; an hour ago she had heard the last laggard footsteps, the last murmured good nights in the corthe law firm of McClean & McClean. In ridor outside her door as the men folk took themselves reluctantly off to their 1874 he was elected to the bench on the

She leaned still farther out over the She leaned still farther out over the sill, perring along the gleaming white fa-cade; no window showed a light that she could see. She listened acutaly; not a sound but the muttering of freiful little waves and the drowsy complaint of some

bird troubled in its sleep. Of all that heedless human company, it eemed, she alone remained awake. Something in that circumstance proved,

almost resistlessly proverative to her in nate but for adventurs. For upward of two hours she had been passive there in her chair, a prey to uneasy thoughts: her chair, a prey to unensy thoughts; now she was weary with much thinking, now she was weary with much funking, but as far as ever from the wish to alsopp never, indeed, more wide awake-pos-seased by a demon of restlessness, con-sumed with desire to rise up and go out into the scented monstruck night and lose herself in its ioneliness and-see what the chernel are she should see.

Why not? No one need ever know staircase at her end of the corridor-little used except by servants-led to a small door opening directly upon the terrace. Providing it were not locked and the key removed, there was no earthly remon why, if so minded, she should not go quietly forth that way and drink her fill of the night's loveliness.

To a humor supple to such temptation the tang of lawlesaness in a project innocent enough was irresistible. Besides, what was the harm? What could be the objection, even were the escapade to be discovered by misadventure? the family. **PROUDFIT**.—Fell asleep very peacefully, at her old home in New Castle, Del., April 30, 1915. ANNIE COWPER FROUDFIT, widow of inte Rev. Alexander Froudit, D. D. and daughter of late Mary Cowper and Janea Logan Smith, Funeral at New Castle, Mon-day, May 3, at 3 o'clock. Interment private.

Among other items in her collection of borrowed plumage she possessed an eve-ping wrap, somewhat out of fashion, but eminently adapted to her purpose-long nough to cloak her figure to the ground, thus eliminating all necessity for dressing against chance encounter with some other uncasy soul. Worn with black stockings and slippers, it would render her almost invisible in shadow.

In another minute, without turning on a light, she had found and donned those several articles, and from her door was narrowly inspecting the hallway before venturing a step access the threshold. It was guite empty and silent, its dark-

ness moderated only by the single night-light burning at the head of the main

noiselessly down the steps, to find the CONTINUED MONDAY.



Grave Digger and Wife Arrested William Connell, in years old, a gravedigger, and his wife Lillian, 28 years old, 2778 Emerald street, were arrested by the Society to Protect Children from Cruelty. accused of keeping a disorderly house. Miss Peachey, agent of the society, had been investigating the case for some time, and described various debauches at the Emerald street house at the hearing before Magistrate Campbell at the Belgrade and Clearfield streets police station today. Their three children, Lillian, 5 years old; Emma, 3 years old, and William, 2 years old, were given into the custody of the society. Connell was discharged on probation, but his wife was mmitted to the House of the Good Shepherd.

Permitted in all classifications except the and Situations Wanted, Lost and Found, Par-senals, Boarding and Rooms. One Insertion Three Insertions in a week... 202 per ins Eaven consecutive Insertions... 150 per insertion Eaven consecutive Eaven Consecutive Insertion Eaven Consecutive DEATH NOTICES-either paper-DAILY ONLY In Effect December 1, 1914.

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early this morning after an illness of only nine days. He was the senior member of

was present on the occasion when Presi-dent Lincoln made his address at the dedication of the National Cemetery. He ads at office rates.

VANLUVANEE. -- MARY AGNES VANLU-VANEE, Widow of Charles D. Vanluvanee, daughter of Dr. Yulliam Wetherill and grand-dunghter of Jacob W. Seitzinger, of Reading, died April 20, 1907. CHAMIERMAID and laundress, Prol., for family of 3. Telephone Bryn Mawr 26.

COOK, chambermald and walitress; two experi-enced white girls assist with washing rec-erence; two in family. Phone Hryn Mawr E64 Address Box B3, Rosemont, PJ. 664 Address tot who have worked to SOOK and chambermaid, who have worked to rettor, for subtrain realisment reference required, call before 11 o'clock this morning. G. A. Bisler, 240 N. 6th st.

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MAN AND WIFE, age not over 40; one mut he good cook, the other for general house work, for suburban residence; best reference resulted; call this morning before 11 o'clock, G. A. Binler, 249 N. 6th st.

day, May 3, at 3 o'clock. Interment private. RUPP.—At Lancaster, Pa., April 29, MARY HELES HUPP, formeris of az4 Presion at., West Philadelphia, daughter of the late Louis and Mary Helen Rupp, aged 57 years. The relatives and friends are invited to strend tend the functual services on Tuesday after-noon, at 2 o'clock, at the residence of her sister, Mrz. M. Ottenheimer, 5455 N. 21 at., Olnoy, Phila Interment private at North-wood Cesnetery. MIDDLE-AGED woman for general housework family 21 moderate wages F 309, Led. off. Of ERATORS on all parts of shirtwalsts, siles and cotton. The Hugedorn-Merz Company, WYETH, On April 30, 1915, HENRIETTA BRANTON WYFTH, Due notice of the funeral will be given.

SCHOOL, TEACHER wanted to travel during summer vacution; relificad putif: salary and commission; write for a personal interview, P 553, Ledger Central.



William McClean

GETTYSBURG, Pa., May L-William McClean, ex-Judge of Adams County, died

was one of the four men who made ad-dresses at the 50th anniversary of that

memorial event. Judge McClean was 83

IN MEMORIAM EMERY.--In remembrance of the passing of JOHN CLAYTON EMERY, May 1, 1998

Deaths

BROOKE, On April 29, 1915, at Media, Pa., HUNTER BROOKE, Jr., agod 45 years. Fu-neral aervices on Monday morning, at 11.45 o'clock, at the residence of his aust, Mrs. George M. Lewis, West State at., Media, Pa. Interment private.

LEETHER.-On April 30, 1915, ALFRED, pon of the Inte George Henry and Elizabeth Wallach Leether. Due notice of the funeral will be given. PLUMMER.-On May 1, 1915, EVERETT H. PLUMMER, 3d, aged 5 weeks, son of Everett H. Flummer, Jr., and Emma B. Flummer, of 249 S, 40th at Interment at West Lautel Hill Cemetery at convenience of the family.

years old.

OBITUARIES

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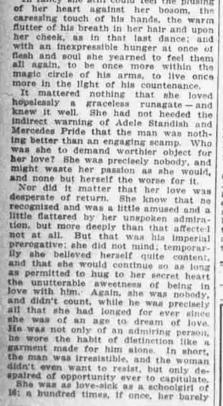
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have all the same flavor of tastelessness after a while. That's why so many of these women are going in for the suf-fragette business; it isn't that they care a whoop for the vote; it's because they want the excilement of wanting some-thing they haven't got and can't get by signing a check for it." "You're prejudiced." the girl objected. "You're at loose-ends yourself, idle and restless, and it distorts your mental vision. For my part, I've never met more of commonplaces; contemplating them, Sally, for the sake of her self-conceit, felt constrained to adopt an aloof, super-ior, skeptical pose. Conceding freely the incredible reality of this phase of her history, she none the less contended her history, she none the less contended that no more true permanence inhered in it than in a dream. She recapitulated many indisputable signs of the instability of her affairs. And of all those the foremost, the most glaring, was her personal success, at once actual and impossible. She saw her-self (from that remote and weather-beaten coign of skepticism) moving freely to and fro in the great world of the socially elect, unhindered, unquestioned, tacitly accepted, meeting, chatting, treat-

"That's your stigmatism." he contended. You've been wanting this society thing

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