BRITAIN HASTENS NOTE TO ANTICIPATE PROTEST OF U. S. ON SEIZED SHIPS

Asquith Government Hopes to Present British Side of Case Before Receipt of Second U. S. Communication Now Under Way.

WASHINGTON, June 18. regiand hopes to "beat the United males to it" in her reply to the Amerion protest against the Order in Coun-

With the admission that an answer is being perpared to the American measars of March 30 comes the intimation that England hopes to dispute any claim ust American trade has suffered by ching some of Secretary of Commerce Balleld's figures. These figures, which sal with the trade balance since war begin, will be depended on by the British recisa Office to show that, while it is gos that the trade with Germany has empletely stopped, exports to the counmes contiguous to Teutonic territory is s large that there can be no doubt that such of the goods ultimately reach Ger-

Ansough this Government has been told that the British reply is being prepared, pere is as yet no intimation as to when may be expected. It is considered cerme however, that its representations off be unsatisfactory to the Administra-

The President has directed that combeariment, showing just what cargoes are been held up by the British and frach navies. In addition, he will mainten that whether American trade has mised or lost is not the point at issue. What he will incist on is that America's gest to freedom of the sea, whether in gest or passengers, be recognized. If this country now should make prog-

me in its negotiations with Great Britain as expected here that such negotiations assoultedly would have a bearing on the istions between this Government and Germany and upon the German reply to the recent note of President Wilson. were no indications in official

earters here today that the German re-ity will be forthcoming within the next s days, and prior estimates that Ger-may will require at least three weeks to amulate its reply are held to be correct Count Von Bernstorff, called on Acting bretary of State Lansing today and could published reports that he had lossed the State Department in the mator of sending a special envoy to the Foreign Office in Berlin.

The State Department announced that the Ambassador declared he did not know a Dr. Alfred Meyer," the person alleged to have been sent home to Germany after mission in this country under er of the safe conduct issued to Dr. Mejer Gerhard. The Ambassador also secured to the Secretary of State that as personally knew that Dr. Meyer Ger-tard had no other business in this country than that of commissioner of the ferman Red Cross.

In Ambassador complained to the desumment that part of the American press eperiment indicated its sympathy with in in the absence of proof that the at-lacks were justified.

INTERNATIONAL CRISIS · CABINET MEETING TOPIC

WASHINGTON, June 18. The international situation occupied such of the Cabinet's attention today. t had before it Ambassi confidential Berlin reports, be said German sentiment was becoming increasingly friendly to the United Sates. It is understood, he added, that is had been assured the German reply will be prepared without unnecessary dear, but that, because of the Kaiser's abstead on the Galician battle front, it would not be possible to hurry it through which a few days.

EYER-GERHARD EXPLAINS U. S. TEMPER TO VON JAGOW

SERLIN, June 18.—Dr. Anton Meyer-benaid, special envoy of Count von autions, held a conference with Dr. m Jacov, the German Foreign Minister, 537. Doctor Meyer-Gerhard has been abusted to give no interviews to the attucted to give no interviews to the same that the has now entered fully upon a last of explaining to attaches of the firsten Office the exact attitude of the firsten people toward Germany. Em
New William is expected in Berlin withthe next few days.

OLD TWO MEN FOR ALLEGED ROBBERY OF GIRL IN AUTO

Starist Rescues Victim and Catches Her Supposed Kidnappers.

today by Magiatrate Grelis at the and Midvale avenues station on state preferred by Miss Beatrice Eddies of 2000 Yellan street, Nicetown alt says they induced her to enter automobile by saying it was a then attacked her and robbed her

by the street are Thomas Ulrich, of the sold street, and Henry F. Felst, and North Taylor street. Two other who were in the car secaped. Miss safe solved the machine at 3th and Allegheny avenue. She says stack took place at Fern Hill Park, asshickon and Roberts avenues. and Mrs. 1. T. Shoemaker, of 6910 is street. Germantown, passing in automobile, heard the girl's screams. Britch, the chauffeur, saw the other slowing to the control of th dowing the girl was put out of the Mr. Shoemaker picked her up and gl Ulrich. Later he got Policeman is and after a short chase Ulrich's he was overtaken and the two were

NEILSON LEFT \$14,000

and Former Common Council Atmache Filed for Probate.

Nellson, attache of Common for almost 50 years, who died two san left an estate of \$14,000, which admitted to probate today, dis-in private bequests. Malagn lived at 187 West Mount at avenue. At the time of his

he was index clerk and journal

R. Neel, late of 1938 North Ed-iaft an estate of \$24,000 to his and four children. Other wills today include those of Eliza-tales, who laft \$2000; James Scott.

Disparty of Margaret R. Ardis-son appraised at 5th 50 19; Eliza-limitation, Bass 29; J. Anna R. 883,20032; Mary A. McArdis.

E. PUSEY PASSMORE HEADS PENNSYLVANIA BANKERS

Association Holds Election and Hears Governor Rhoads.

Governor Rhoads.

CAPE MAY, N. J., May 18.—The Pennsylvania Bankers' Association today elected the following officers for the ensuling year: President, E. Pusey Passmore, vice president, of the Franklin National Bank, Philadelphia: vice president, J. W. B. Bauman, president of the Farmers' Trust Company, Lancaster: secretary, B. S. Kloss, Tyrone, Pa., treasurer, G. J. Newman, president of First National Bank, Leechburg, Pa.

Governor C. J. Rhoads, of the Federal Reserve Bank, spoke upon the technical handling of banking. Dr. Edwin E. Sparks, of the State College, asked the bankers to establish a scholarship of the school and the association decided to do it. Doctor Sparks said that he expected, also, that Governor Brumbaugh would approve the appropriation for the farm demonstration of 3102,000, for each dollar of which the United States Department of Agriculture would put up another dollar. The trust company section of the association today also elected George W. Reilly chaliman and decided to continue it for another year. The interest in the section, however, was not large.

Following Governor Rhoads the associa-

It for another year. The interest in the section, llowever, was not large. Following Governor Rhoads the association was addressed by President George E. Vincent, of the University of Minne-

'JITNEYING" PUBLIC VEXES PRIVATE OWNER

Kensington Mill Head Forced by Ride-hungry Mob to Carry "Anti" Sign on.

A picture illustrating this news story be found on the back page.

Things have come to a pretty pass, in the opinion of Henry M. Schadewald, when a man must needs label his perfectly good, latest make, Hudson model, "Not a Jitney" in order to educate an obtuse public to the fact that there are a few motors in the city still

reserved for private use.

This is what he had to do, however, for every time he rolled in from his home at 102 Manheim street, German-town, to the Schadewald Mills, which he owns, in Kensington, pedestrians desiring to be conveyed to town for a "jit" would step out and hall him. The pristing glossness of his well-conditioned cat, he says, served only to make it a shing the make it a shing to the says. ing mark among those of more ancient vintage. And those who wished to speed townward seemed to prefer his car above all others.

Of course, he didn't have any intention of stopping them, but what can a help-less motorist do? A few months of rid-ing in autos has imbued the lowly pedestrian with a new arrogance, and if ar oncoming machine doesn't halt at the behest of his opulent wave of the hand, he forces the issue by autocratically step-ping out in front of it. "It got so bad, by George"," Mr. Schade-

wald said, "that they wouldn't wait for me to pull up and explain that my car wasn't a 'jitney.' They'd jump on the runningboard while I was doing my best to evade them. A man can't go 10 feet in his car in this city without having them swarm all over him. They're absolutely

"Only the other day, in Camden, I was coming up from a trip down in Jersey when a woman stepped out at 8th and Market streets and hailed me. It was late at night, and I was in a hurry, but she got so close I had to stop. "Take me to the ferry with all possible speed," she said, haughtily, her little nickle in her hand. And when I explained that I wasn't 'jitneying,' she actually cussed me!

I had to do something as a matter of self-protection," he said, "and so I had my agent in California send me a pennant such as motorists have had to use out there. It is of dark blue material and bears the words, 'Not a Jitney', in gold letters, the 'not' emphasized by cap-

Even the law, according to Mr. Schade-wald, adjudges a man innocent until he is proved guilty. The same forbearing spirit should be shown to automobiles. No car should be halled as a "jitney," he said, until its actual identity has been discovered.

In the meantime people are laushing at

In the meantime people are laughing at him and his little sign. But he doesn't care. He thinks he has the laugh on

*As regards this word the quotation is not verbatim. Modification has somewhat weakened the original lauguage.

NOTE WITH DEAD FOUNDLING

Mother Left Repentant Note in Grip With Child.

The mother of the week-old dead infant found in a red grip in a pew of St. Stephen's Roman Catholic Church, Broad and Butler streets, left a pathetic note of self-accusation sticking in the handle of self-accusation sticking in the handle of the bag. She evidently felt that the Rev. Charles Scanion, rector of the church, would find the body, for she left a request that the grip be taken, un-opened, to an undertaker. The mother insisted several times that the bag be left unopened.

Insisted several times that the bag be left unopened.

According to the mother's note the child had been dead since Monday. She promised to send ils to the priest as soon as she could get the money. "I intend to repent the rest of my life for being such a sinner." the note said. It added that the child was baptized at home. Deputy Coroner Edward Greenhalgh said the mother's request to have the child buried with prayers will be granted.

Police Pursue Baseball Pools Police Pursue Baseball Pools
Another arrest has been made in connection with the campaign against baseball gambling pools. Thomas Akers, 40 years old, proprietor of a milk and cigar shop at 1800 North 8th street, has been arrested by Detectives Ayres and Walters, who testified that they found 2000 baseball pool tickets in Akers' possession and that he has 15 agents. He is being held in \$800 bait for a further hearing before Magistrate Carson today.



"Why I Am Playing Big League Ball at 41" is the first story John Henry (Honus) Wagner has told for publication. Read it in Sunday's Sports Magazine - only with the Public Ledger.

\$4,000,000 COMPANY PLANS \$2 "MOVIES"

Will Produce Masterpiece Films in Own Theatre at Regular Drama Prices.

BY THE PHOTOPLAY EDITOR, The Mutual Film Corporation, known throughout the length and breadth of the land because its chief director is D. W. Griffith, filmer of "The Birth of a Nation," is in the threes of internal dissensions. It was announced today that Harry E. Aitken, its president, would secede and form a new corporation, backed by Wall street money. This in itself would not mean much, for anybody with enough money can film pictures, but Aitken is taking with him Griffith, Thomas H. Ince, another master director, and Mark Sennett, the wizard of

The new company is to have a capitalization of \$4,000,000, with a pledged reserve of \$20,000,000 to be used in case of need. The new company purposes the production of master films, which it will exhibit at its own theatres at \$2 a seat, even as "The Birth of a Nation" is being shown in New York, Boston and Los

In so far as the Mutual is concerned, it appears that John R. Freuler, president of the North American Film Corporation, is in control of the situation, but any changes that are contemplated now are wholly dependent upon the developments of the coming week and what efforts are made to bring about an amicable settlement of the differences of the warring factions.

The other faction is led by President Altken, who is said to be backed by the New York Motion Picture Corporation. As head of two companies, the Reliance and the Majestic, and as backer of D. W. Griffith, maker of the Griffith features, Mr. Altken's position is strong. Altken's position is strong.

Also in this coterie would be Thomas H. Ince, the Keystone Comany, the Bron-cho Company, the Domino Company and the Kay-Bee Company of the New York Motion Picture Corporation, which is co rolled by Adam and Charles Kessel and C. O. Baumann.

The Lubin two-reel drama, "Such Things Really Happen," in which the fake type of scenario teaching school is ex-posed, has created a great deal of inter-est and discussion throughout the entire photoplay world.

Emmett Campbell Hall, author of the Lubin "Road o' Strife" serial, who wrote "Such Things Really Happen," has been almost swamped with letters since the play was released last month. Hall for some time past has been on the trail of some time past has been on the trail of the so-called schools that for a certain price guarantee to make a photoplay-wright of any one. He has put several of them out of business and he wrote the "Such Things Really Happen" drama to reach a wide public and show the methods used by some of these fake schools.

Hall's advice to would-be playwrights to get some of the good photoplay writing textbooks on the market today read the trade magazines carefully, senread the trade magazines carefully, send a two-cent stamp to the Lubin scenario department for one of their instruction booklets and go to work, with lots of emphasis on the "go to work."

One of the most peculiar effects of the great popularity of "The Goddess," the Vitagraph "serial beautiful," can be found in a request received by Miss Anita Stewart, who plays the title role from the Brooklyn postoffice asking that the Vitagraph star kindly discontinue her clipping service until an appropriation for additional carriers has been passed by the Postmaster General.

Miss Stewart has a contract with a clipping bureau that sends her all of the clippings containing her name. When "The Goddess" was released a flood of clippings from the many hundreds of newspapers that are publishing the story time to dress for the picnic

The two postmen who are kept busy all day handling the Vitagraph mail manifully stood up against the onrush until it became toe heavy to handle.

Then came the complaints and the sub-sequent request to the Vitagraph star. So far Miss Stewart has had two automo-bilefuls of clippings hauled away from the studio and there remain 17 sacks still to be handled.

Edmund Breese, whose success in "The Shooting of Dan McGrew" was instantaneous and universal, has been engaged by the Popular Plays and Players Company for a long period of years. He will be a company to a long period of years. be seen again soon in another equally famous production, as the Popular Plays and Players have purchased the exclusive producing rights to all the vivid poems of Robert W. Service, "The Spell

Theatrical Baedeker

Police Court Chronicles

Quick flashes of light in the dark spots on Kensington avenue mystified the residents. The light flitted from one block to another and looked as though balls of fire were dropping from the sky. Word of the phenomenon was sent to the 4th and York streets police station.

The house sergeant dispatched two trusty plain clothes men to Kensington avenue and Cumberland street. They saw the flash at Huntingdon street, and Investigation proved that it was caused by a weird-looking photographer who was taking pictures of a saloon.

In order to get plenty of evidence the sleuths did not go too near. The stranger slouched along for a couple of blocks and



then, stopping suddenly, took the picture "He's a German spy," whispered one of

took him to the 4th and York streets sta-tion. His camera was immediately investigated. It contained a half pint of whisky

town. "I'm going on a picnic with some friends tomorrow," said Steck, "an' I was just practicing handling the camera."

"I'll bet he's making plans to blow up the mills," said his pal. But the photographer continued right along and flashed two more mills and a salcon. Then the sleuths pounced upon him and

and a couple plate holders.

The prisoner, who was 6 feet 4 inches tall, said he was Charles Steck, of New-

There were no mysterious cards or passports found on him and the sleuths were disgusted. Asked why he was taking pictures of saloons and mills, Steck said, I just stopped to use the firsh when there was

THE GIRL WHO HAD NO GOD

By MARY ROBERTS RINEHART Author of "The Man in Lower Ten"

pointed. The latter. The police are dusty. To get money for Borolay's release a flever robbery is perpetrated at the country citch. Only \$1000 in cash is the result, the rest being lewelry. White Ellinor waits for the sarden wall to her, ward, the assistant rector, comes to her. She sends ward away and gets the loot. To get more money Huff, one of the men, takes it on himself to hurn the parish house. Ellinor, forbids the deed, but Huff commits it. Ward marrowly escapes death while clinging to the steeple. He returns and talks to Ellinor. She offers to aid him rebuild. Ellinor, in the council, vetoes the plan to steal the money

Hin. Ellior drops one of the stolen jewels, Ellior drops one of the stolen jewels, beinging to a Mrs. Bryant int Wards collection box. Later Burnday, into prison, orders the pearl returned. Ellio confesses that she gave it away. The whom "is the question." whom is the question. She confesses that she put it into Ward's collection nate. An anonymous letter solves the difficulty. Ward calls on Ethner and finally Eliner confesses her position and her knowledge of the parish house fire. But shoots Ward, but does not rob him. Boroday is informed of this by the chief of police.

CHAPTER XI-(Continued).

"Seventy-eight thousand dollars," said the Chief, and put his cigar back in his mouth. "There is a story behind it, Boroday, and it's that story I am going to get. I'm warning you because you've played pretty square with me. I needed that pearl in my business." Boroday rose.

"All right, Chief," he said. "Lam sorry about young Ward. I hope he wasn't killed.

"He wasn't killed," replied the Chief. "And I haven't said his name was Ward. If you haven't had your breakfast yet, we might breakfast together. I oversleep and haven't had time for anything.

Ward came back to consciousness in the great four-poster bedstead in which old Hilary Kingston had lain in state. felt very little pain and no curiosity at all as to his surroundings, only an overwhelming lassitude and weariness of life. Something-something that mattered very much had gone out of his existence. He could not remember what it was,

There was a uniformed nurse by the bed. He had a curious antipathy to asking her anything. He had made a promise of secrecy to some one-about what? Toward evening he had managed to evolve out of his reviving consciousness

some faint memory of what had happened to him. He remembered that he was walking down a hill and that he had fallen forward. For quite a half hour, late in the afternoon, he struggled to remember why he had gone down the hill. Then he got it. He had been up at the

Hall to see Elinor. It was Elinor who had gone out of his life. He slept very little during the night, and, as his fever rose, he called the nurse "Elinor," and begged her frantic ally to tell him that something was not "Of course it is not true," said the

nurse, who was accustomed to being called various things. "You did not mean it at all?" He eyed

her wistfully. The nurse was large and plain, with a wide, flat face. "You, with the eyes of a saint," said poor Ward, "to no one near me. I'd a just as leave taken the picture of a drug store or a pump. It didn't matter."

Magistrate Glenn let him go home in

A GREAT MYSTERY STORY

The nurse put her hand, which was large and III-shaped but very light and tender on his head. And so he went to

went out into the hall where Elinor was sitting on a straight chair. She had sat there almost all of the time since Ward was carried up the night before.

"He is sound aslesp," she said smiling-"He thinks I am some one named Zinor," and he calls me that. As my ty. "He thinks I am that As my Ellnor," and he calls me that As my own same is Barah, it's rather pleasant." Ward had been shot on Sunday night. By the following Wednesday he was out of danger.

Saint Jude's brought himself and his rheumatism back to his parish, and saved

his daughter's reason.
For three days Ellnor had hardly slept or eaten. Never once had she been in or eaten. Never once had she been in Ward's room, but always, day and night, she was just outside. When on that Wednesday evening the doctor said Ward would live, she went down once more into

her garden.

Many times during those three days had Elinor tried to pray to Ward's God and found herself voiceless and inarticulate. But now, out of the depth of her great relief, came welling the first prayer of her life. She stood waist-deep among her phlox and larkspur.

"I thank Thee," she said. "I thank Thee" * *

Nothing had been heard of Huff. The assault on the assistant rector of Saint Jude's had been of a line with the other mysterious happenings around the village. The little town was hag-ridden with fear. Extra constables had been sworn in, and from the Hail, during her long night vigils, Elinor had seen many lighted win-dows where before there had been but the

The problem of her future began to obsess her. It was plainly impossible to stay on here—not that she feared ex-posure; she was quite past fear—but the thought of going on with her life was intolerable. To meet Ward, to see again the scorn and loathing in his eyes, more than all, to continue to deserve those were the things that to Elinor

seemed worse than death itself.
All the philosophy that old Hilary had taught her failed her now. The revolt taught her failed her now. The revolt of the individual against laws made for the masses—what had it brought her but isolation and grief? Of what use was revolt? All must go through the mills of the gods. She knew that now. There were no exceptions. And something else she had learned: that if one is to live through great crises one must have a higher power to turn to for help. She had felt it vaguely at the time of her father's death. Sitting outside Ward's door she had known it. Every breath had been a prayer to something, she knew

not what, to save him.
"I thank Thee," she said again.
The phlox and larkspur quivered about her as if under the touch of a gentle

but beyond a telephone message announce ing his release she had heard nothing of him. Over the wire he had advised ex-treme caution. She judged from that that things were not going well. She knew that Huff's reckless crime would demand a scapegoat. There were bound to be arrests. All this Elinor knew quite well. It was in such an at-mosphere that she had drawn her earliest

breaths-the play of cunning against cun-ning, wit against wit. She did not send for Boroday. She dared not. But because the intimacy be-tween her and the middle-aged Russian had always been very close, he seemed to feel her need. And so, on that Wednesday night, an hour or so after midnight,

Old Henriette came down and tapped softly at Ellnor's door.

"Boroday," she whispered. "He has rung from the arbor." That was one of old Hilary's devices: a hidden wire from the arbor to the house. It prevented collisions. Unless otherwise summoned, no member of his band ever came directly to the house. Elinor went out and found him there.

He bent over her hand and kiesed it, as was his custom, and then resistent that she was crying, he held out his arms and she want into them. Very tender was the Russian with her that might very fatherly. He put her into one sit the arbor seats and gat down beside her. "Now tell me," he commanded, "every thing from the start. It was Walter, I know, But why?"

When she did not speak, the Russian nodded.

"Jealousy of gavess too be her and

'Jealousy, of course, but what mad-

There in the arbor, with her hand be-tween two of his Ellinor sobbed out the story of the pearl and her attempt to return it. Huff's threat against Ward. Ward a ovening visit, and the scene be-tween them; and jast of all, the shot that had nearly saided sverything in this world for Ward and for her. Boroday, listened quictly; better than old Hilary, ever could, he understood. He had been reared on an ancient faith.

reared on an ancient faith.

"He is recovering?"

"Yes."

"And he cares for you, of course?"

"No. I think, perhaps, before he knew."

"Bahl" said the Russian, and rose "What sort of love is that which changes?
I have seen the man. If he cured at all, he still cares."

He stepped to the door of the arbor He stepped to the door of the arbor and drew a long breath. Over on the next hill, sleeping through all this turnoil, lay old Hilary. Under these same stars Huff fled the law, Ward tossed on his bed. Elimor ast despairing and ashamed. What did it all mean? What was the answer?

was the answer?

Perhaps, had he known it, old Henricite

Perhaps, had he known it, old Henricite

Perhaps, had him—Henricite, who had

Perhaps, had he known it, old Henricits could have told him—Henricite, who had begun to measure her days from the end and not from the beginning, and who now sat on the edge of her hed mumbling. Between her fingers she ran the beads of an old rosary which she had found beneath a carpet.

"I had thought," said Elinor, wistfully, "that if I could get away somewhere and start all over again, perhaps some day I might be good—like other women. I can never go back to things as they were before."

"No," said the Russian "I can see that

before."
"No," said the Russian, "I can see that.
But make no mistake. You are good as
few are good."
"I could sell the house and—and I de

"I could sell the house and—and I de not want the jewels. If only you and the others would divide them."

But Boroday would not hear of this. To a certain extent he was reconciled to her going away. Things were closing in on the band. Before long they would probably all have to separate. It were better that Elinor be in safety.

So for a little time they discussed ways and means, available money, the question of a home for old Henriette.

"In some ways," Elinor said, "I 'cel as though I am deserting him." She glanced toward the graveyard where old Hilary slept. "But all I can think of now is to get away, to forget everything." "When will they be able to move Mr. Ward?"

"In a week, I should think."

"In a week, I should think." (CONTINUED TOMORROW)

Youth Accused of Stealing Auto A mania for "Joy riding" resulted today in James Foster, 18 years old, 1543 Seybert street, being held in \$500 ball by Magistrate Morris, at the 19th and trate Morris, at the 18th and Oxford streets station, accused of stealing an automobile. Foster is said to have stolen the machine, which belongs to Oliver Jones, of Maryate City, N. J., from a garage in Saybert street, where it had been left for repairs. After taking a number of friends for a "joy ride," he is said to have deserted the car.

PHOTOPLAYS

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