

LOVE PIRATES—THE MASCULINE OR FEMINE HEART-BREAKER

Natural History of the Sweetheart Stealer and Philanderer Like That of Birds of Prey.

By ELLEN ADAIR

THE world may, speaking roughly, be divided into two wide classes, consisting of those who give and those who take. And without a doubt there is a great deal of stealing which is never recognized by the police or the law.

The sweetheart stealer is a most objectionable individual and far more common than one would think. This person may be of either sex, and can be likened to the frigate, or the man-of-war bird, that beautiful sea-bird of the tropics which, though a mighty fier, is incapable of swimming or diving, and can therefore only pick up a precarious living on flying fish. Being thus unable to fish for themselves, these pirate-birds resort to plundering gannets and terns, which as they fly homeward with their catch of fish, are compelled to drop their dinners which are caught by the swooping bird in mid-air.

The natural history of the sweetheart stealer is much the same. These pirates of the lovers' world seem incapable of attracting affection on their own account. They must steal. They cannot acquire. Few girls are sufficiently wide-awake to recognize the real love-plate when they meet him. He is a philanderer, of course, and all philanderers are exceedingly attractive and well-dressed as to looks. Moreover, he has a spurious glitter that attracts these foolish damels away from more solid friendships and which generally leaves them in the end like the maiden all forlorn in the story books, without any lover at all!

There is a period in the dawning of a love affair when the interference of a third party may break up everything. The relationship at this interesting stage generally goes under the name of an "understanding." As a matter of fact, this is entirely a misnomer, as it is the most fruitful period of all in misunderstanding. And it is precisely at this period that the love-plate steps in and spoils everything by his interference. He starts paying perfectly meaningless attentions to the girl, and as he has a strong and ethereal offer no insurmountable obstacles, he very often succeeds in driving the first lover from the campaign. Human nature is very weak, and fattery will do much toward making a girl drop her first love.

Prize Suggestions

A prize of \$1 will be awarded daily for the best practical suggestion. No suggestions will be returned.

Roosevelt Hospital Graduation

The Training School of the Roosevelt Hospital graduated four nurses last night. The Rev. H. H. Holtzinger was the chief speaker, while the diplomas were awarded by Dr. T. N. Schwenk. The graduates were Miss Ade T. Carlson, Miss Ellen Norton, Miss Lillian K. Lenders and Miss Regina M. Demaree.

Lansdowne High School Opened

More than 2000 persons inspected Lansdowne's new High School, which was formally opened last night. Addresses were made by members of the School Board, and at the close of the opening exercises the Alumni Association's annual banquet was held.

Plain Materials Are Trimmed With Plaids This Season

GOLF and tennis are occupying the time of the smart woman at this time of the year. Whether she is at a seashore, country or mountain resort, or just at her own city "country club," she needs a smart sports costume. Brightly colored and white corduroy and white crepe skirts are very popular, but they have their drawbacks. The strenuous sporting life will soon make this charming combination look shabby. Hence the introduction of the regulation outing suit, certified and vouched for by the best American designers.

Suffragist Address Tonight

Mrs. Livingston Will Speak in Bridesburg.

That phase of the campaign of the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union which concerns itself with woman suffrage will be discussed by Mrs. Delviah Knox Livingston, superintendent of franchise for the Union, at the Kirkbridge Street Methodist Church, Bridesburg, tonight.

Mrs. Livingston has been connected with the temperance movement ever since she was 19 years old. She was formerly president of the Rhode Island branch of the Union until she took up her suffrage work in the national body.

She will repeat the address tomorrow night in the East Allegheny Avenue Methodist Church.

Suffrage Events

- EQUAL FRANCHISE SOCIETY.**
8:30 p. m.—Open-air meeting at the Postoffice Plaza, 5th and Chestnut streets. Speaker, Miss Bertha Sapovite.
- NON-OPEN-AIR MEETING AT THE LANDSBERGER HILL, LANSDOWNE.**
8:30 p. m.—Meeting at the home of Mrs. Ella Frank, 224 North 9th street. Speaker, Miss Anna McKee.
- NON-OPEN-AIR MEETING AT 28th STREET AND LEVY'S BERRY ROAD.**
8:30 p. m.—Open-air meeting at Front and Diamond streets. Speaker, Miss Anna McKee.
- WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE PARTY.**
8:15 p. m.—Meeting of the party have headquarters, 1723 Chestnut street, to make headquarters in northeastern section of the city and vicinity. Purpose of tour is establishing headquarters in various sections and securing suffrage. Among those who are at the city, Miss Kate K. Hall.
- WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE PARTY.**
8:30 p. m.—Open-air meeting at Longshore and 13th streets. Speakers, Mrs. Margaret Gifford, C. C. Knapp and Mrs. Margaret Gifford.
- SOCIALIST PARTY.**
9:30 p. m.—Meeting at 1718 Broad Street. Speakers, Mrs. Margaret Gifford and Mrs. J. H. Bennett.
- WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE SOCIETY OF COUNTY OF PHILADELPHIA.**
8:30 p. m.—Meeting of the society's executive board at temporary headquarters, 1723 Chestnut street, second floor. Meetings to be held at same time and place throughout the summer in order to keep up the suffrage work during the season.
- SUFFRAGE BRANCH, WOMAN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION.**
8:30 p. m.—Meeting at the Bridesburg Methodist Church, Bridesburg. Speakers, the Mrs. Max Lehmann.

LIVING MORE COSTLY TWO OLD WOMEN'S HEARTS SWELL WITH PRIDE IN NEW ARCHBISHOP

Prices in Philadelphia Restaurants Soar Above Those in British Capital.

England is worrying over the high cost of living—the problem which has probably been discussed more than any other in this country in recent years—and needless it must seem to Philadelphia. Prices of foodstuffs have increased so much because of the war, according to dispatches, that it is giving the people and the Government much concern. Nevertheless a menu containing dishes for every meal of the day taken from a leading hotel and representative restaurants in London show a scale of prices which would make Philadelphia chuckle with glee if they were in vogue here. Such matters as woman suffrage and prohibition would be forgotten in the joy caused by a condition of affairs which would promise the solution of the high-cost-of-living problem.

Only one item on the menu of the Savoy Hotel in London is listed at a higher price than the same article on the menu of one of Philadelphia's leading hotels. Curiously that is a dessert, peach Melba, which may be caused by the comparative scarcity of peaches in the "light little isle," or by the superior facilities and skill of American chefs in dessert making. Only four dishes can be bought for the same prices in the London hotels which rest cost more in Philadelphia. The four are consommé, fillet de sole, pudding and ice cream.

These menus show that even with the great advance in the price of foods in London because of the war it is possible to get cheaper meals in the hotels and restaurants there than can be obtained in this city in time of peace. Following is a comparative list of prices in London and Philadelphia:

	London	Philadelphia
SOUP.		
Consommé	25	25
Tomato	25	25
FISH.		
Fillet de sole	70	67
MEATS.		
Mutton chops	37	33
Calif's liver	37	30
and bacon	37	30
York	37	30
Roast beef	37	30
VEGETABLES.		
Asparagus	45	45
Tomatoes	25	25
Mushrooms	25	25
SALADS.		
London salad	62	70
EGGS.		
Podding	25	12
Strawberries	15	15
Peach Melba	87	70
CHEESE.		
Camembert	6	3
Bouquet	12	3
Tea (per cup)	12	3



Above is Mrs. Annie Clinton, Godmother to Archbishop Kennedy. Below is Mrs. Thomas Carroll, who was bridesmaid to Archbishop Kennedy's mother.

TWO women living in Conshohocken, long past the three score and ten of years, feel a personal interest in the elevation of the Right Rev. Thomas F. Kennedy, rector of the American College in Rome to the archbishopric. They are his aunt, Mrs. Annie Clinton, of 224 East 6th avenue, and Mrs. Thomas Carroll, of 8th avenue and Maple street. Mrs. Clinton takes great pride in being

Godmother of the prelate and feels that her promise to see that the infant Lord has been amply fulfilled. Mrs. Carroll's joy is in the recollection that she was the bridesmaid for the parents of the Archbishop when they were married and that she carried his cradle to church when he was to be baptized.

Both these women were overjoyed when they heard that the Holy Father had conferred additional honor upon "Father Tom," as they affectionately know the distinguished prelate who has been in charge of the Papal College since 1901. They take it that this favor is the beginning of additional honors and pray daily that God will bestow upon the one who was reared in St. Matthew's parish, Conshohocken.

"Father Tom" deserves any honor the Holy Father can give him," said Mrs. Clinton this morning. "As a boy he was a dutiful son and a God-fearing Christian, with a heart that went out to every one. I remember one day when he was a little boy and he was crying because he was leaving the old home in Marble Hill because his mother had given me nothing to take away with me. He was only to be appeased when it was promised that his mother would send me some scrapie, which was his mother's at the time, after it had cooled. It is a great thing to feel that your godson has so risen that he is consulted by the Pope, and I know he will do nothing for others as he has with all his relatives. May he be created a Cardinal and if it pleases the Lord become the Holy Father before we all die."

Mrs. Carroll cherishes an autographed photograph of his Grace, which was sent to her from Rome shortly after "Father Tom" became a Bishop. When the prelate visits his home he always looks in on the one who was his mother's bridesmaid and what they gossip about no one ever knows. Nor is it likely that the rector of the American College will ever tell. Such conversations are not for every one's ears.

Police Seek Stolen New Auto

The police of the Germantown station are searching today for thieves who stole an automobile belonging to Walter M. Schwartz, of Allen's lane and McCalmont street, last night, as it stood in front of the residence of Harry E. Valentini, 5133 Morris street. The car was a new Stutz runabout, valued at \$200.

MUSIC AT BELMONT MANSION

The programs for concerts this afternoon and tonight at Belmont Mansion by the Fairmount Park Band are as follows:

PART I—AFTERNOON.

- Overture—"On the Cliff".....Reisler
- (a) "Eisa Entering the Cathedral".....Wagner (b) "Polish Dance No. 3".....Schwarzke
- Reminiscences of the most Popular Works of Sullivan.....Lampson
- Melodies from "The Pink Lady".....Caryl
- (a) "L'Arlecchino".....Pestalozza (b) "Gipsy Girl".....Rosenkowitz
- Waltz from "The Merry Widow".....Lamotte
- "Songs of the Day".....Lampson

PART II—EVENING.

- Overture—"Euryantus".....Weber
- "Intermezzo from Nalpa".....Delibes
- "Grand Scènes from 'Die Nibelungen'.....Wagner
- Fantasia—"Cremore de la Crema".....Tobani
- Descriptive Fantasia—"The Cavalry".....Linder
- (a) "The Gipsy Girl".....Caryl (b) "The Star of India".....Braton
- Melodies from "The Little Cate".....Caryl
- Star Spangled Banner.....

THE DAILY STORY

The Resurrection of Ezra Tuttle

"Tain't no use, Mandy," gasped the doctor, falling back weakly on the bed and drawing the faded pink border of the blanket around his shoulders. "I ain't 'kilt' it; I'm all of a sweat now an' shakin' like a leaf jest from tryin' to git over to that 'ol' rockin' chair."

"Maybe if Uncle Ezra had modern treatment he would have rallied better," ventured Miss Callum, testing a fresh rug. "Doctor Pratt is too old-foggyish to suit me. Doctor Graham says—"

Mrs. Tuttle's spoon fell against the side of the pan with a clatter.

"Why, Harriet," she exclaimed, "I sh'd think you'd be ashamed to run down Doctor Pratt. I believe you think the sun couldn't rise if Jack Graham had any objection. He ain't been out of college more'n two years an' don't give nothin' but sugar pellets an' water for medicine, anyhow. The idea of comparin' him to Doctor Pratt!"

"He has made cures when Doctor Pratt couldn't," returned Miss Callum composedly. "also, please recollect that I have studied anatomy—I can smell your porridge burnin', Auntie."

"The doctor's fault your Uncle Ezra won't try to walk—it's his own stubbornness. He's made up his mind he's goin' to jay an' I'll take a small earthquake to budge him. His father was the contra'it critter the Lord ever made."

An imperative knock prevented her reply and Mrs. Tuttle involuntarily started forward, but the door opened of itself admitting a stout, red-faced, elderly lady, dressed in a flowered heliopolite silk of gorgeous pattern.

In one hand she carried a huge bird cage draped in white, in the other an old-fashioned valise. She halted on the threshold, puffing stertoriously.

"Aunt Algida Callum," cried Mrs. Tuttle in voice of dismay.

"The visitor nodded her head.

"I don't wonder you're spriced at seein' me, Mandy Tuttle," she wheezed hoarsely. "I've heard you'd declared you'd set foot in this house agin; an' I'm sure when I said it I never thought I'd live to see the day a doctor that was young enough to be my gran' son would show me his duty; but he did, an' I'm here to help nuss 'Em."

The old lady deposited the bird cage on the ironing-board.

"I'd A-mighty!" groaned the deacon, lividly alarm depicted on his wasted features, "I believe she's comin'."

Mrs. Callum loomed in the doorway, the parrot cage in one hand and a bowl of porridge in the other. Placing the cage against the wall she advanced toward the bed.

"You ain't lookin' ez bad as I cal'ated to find you, nephew," she commented wheezily. "Don't say nuthin', it's weak-nin' for sick folks to talk. I'm going to help Harriet and Mandy nuss you. You drink this porridge now 'fore it gets cold; then Mandy'll git you over to the rockin' chair—Harriet will make the bed nice an' fresh."

Deacon Ezra gazed impotently at the extended bowl.

"Don't be upbush," his great-uncle continued reprovingly. "If I kin swaller that bog you robbed me of, you kin drink this, Ezra."

"I ain't going to git up," the deacon shouted feebly after her retreating back, "an' I don't want none of your nussin' nuthin'!" He flopped over determinedly, face to the wall.

The prolonged, banish chuckle from behind the footboard brought the deacon back to his surroundings with a jerk.

"Wh—what's that?" he whispered to himself. "There ain't nobody in the room."

The chuckle was repeated, ending with a burst of shrill, unholy laughter.

"You're drunk, you're drunk; gimme a cracker!" he shrieked tauntingly.

"Exasperation seized the sick man's arm as he flung it forth, but the cane missed the green head by a good foot.

"I'll throw that parrot down stairs on top of Abner Callum if I dis a-bow' of it," panted the deacon, hitching himself to the edge of the bed and then to his feet.

Iron grit, inherited from Puritan ancestry, alone forced his tremulous legs across the floor, but he reached the cage—and to his surprise a faint sense of exhilaration followed the effort.

"Mebbe I ain't goin' to die after all," he thought with growing wonder. "I'm weak a rat, but I don't feel so all gone like."

David eyed the tall, gaunt, blanket-draped figure bending over him, with frank distrust.

"I will fear no evil," he repeated, drawing a deep breath and releasing his hold on David's habitation, "an' I reckon you needn't nuther; I s'pose what the Bible says about the sparsers is true about you, too, if you do swear. It looks terrible good doo' doors, though them cads need cradlin' the wust way. I'm goin' to set down by the window an' look out a spell."

A weak later the restricted deacon, sitting in dressgown and slippers on the sun-bathed porch, shook hands with Dr. John Graham and out short his words of congratulation with the abrupt assertion: "So I was you set Aunt Nabby on to me!"

The doctor cast an eloquent look of re-

MRS. WILSON HAS STANCH SUPPORT FOR SCHOOL POST

Henry R. Edmunds Believes Her to Be Amply Qualified.

Henry R. Edmunds, president of the Board of Education, announced today that he intended to vote for Dr. Lucy Lansdowne Wilson, head of the department of biology of the Philadelphia Normal School, for the principalship of the new high school for girls to be opened in September at Broad street and Snyder avenue.

"I believe that Mrs. Wilson is an unusually capable woman," said Mr. Edmunds. "In fact, I doubt whether a man can be found in Philadelphia who is a greater scholar or more competent educational administrator than she. There are several applicants for the position and I anticipate an interesting contest."

Among the other educators who have been prominently mentioned in connection with the office are Dr. Theodore L. McDowell, district superintendent of elementary schools; Prof. J. Linn Barnard, of the School of Pedagogy, and Prof. Mathias Rover, head of the department of mathematics of the William Penn High School. Doctor McDowell is expected to obtain enthusiastic support from David H. Lane. Mr. Lane has on several occasions nominated him for other higher offices without success. Doctor McDowell is an expert on higher education.

Sealed Songs

Love touched my eyes and made them see
The world grow strangely roseate;
And all the darkness of the years,
Their long and useless, endless fears,
Were lost in light; life's long arc
Of joy were paid in full by Fate.

Love touched my ears and made them hear
A hymn of hope, a low, sweet strain;
And all the uncompleted past,
The barren dreams, the doubts amassed,
Were caught to tremors at last,
And courage calmed the pulse of pain.

Love touched my heart and made it stir
To one strange, new, and old, and
And life took up its lightened load;
And marched a-singing down the road,
Till happiness and wonder flowed
In veins where grief was wont to creep.

Love touched my lips—and struck them dumb;
And all the glory in my sight,
And all the harmony that fell
Upon my ears, and all the spell
That held my heart, I could not tell
Thee, love, my Lady, of the Light.

—Merle W. Crowe, in the Southern
Woman's Magazine.

PHILADELPHIA BAND CONCERT

Tonight's Program on the City Hall Plaza.

The program for the concert on City Hall Plaza tonight by the Philadelphia Band is as follows:

- Overture—"If I Were King".....Adam
- (a) "Au Village".....Ghil (b) "Polish Dance".....Schwarzke
- Euphonium Solo—"Katy Doring".....Rollinson
- Grand Scènes from "Les Contes d'Hoffmann".....Grieg
- Ballad Music to "Henry VIII".....Saint-Saens (a) The Gathering of the Clouds. (b) "Dance of the Gipsy Girl".....
- Melodies from "The Pink Lady".....Caryl
- (a) "L'Arlecchino".....Pestalozza (b) "Gipsy Girl".....Rosenkowitz
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WOMEN'S LIBERTY BELL STARTS ON STATE TOUR

Crowd of Suffragists at Sayre Give Touring Party Rousing Send Off.

SAYRE, June 23.—Cheered on its way to an enthusiastic crowd, the Woman's Liberty Bell started from here this morning on its State-wide tour. A long string of rally-decorated automobiles, filled with officers of the State suffrage association and leaders from all the neighboring counties trailed after the big motor truck bearing the bell, giving the people of this county a picturesque demonstration of the enthusiasm which is to mark the suffrage campaign in this State from now on.

The ceremonies accompanying the start of the bell tour attracted one of the biggest crowds ever assembled here. In addition to the scores of suffragists who hurried from all over the State, every man, woman and child in town who could get away from home, office or shop duties hustled over to Howard Eimer Park to see the official presentation of the bell to the State suffragists by its donor, Mrs. Katherine Wentworth Ruschenberger, of Stafford, and the start of the bell party on their 500-mile tour.

Dr. George S. Carling, Mayor of Sayre, spoke at length to the State suffragists, and expressing the hope that their bell would accomplish its mission so well that it might pass forth its message of political emancipation to the women of Pennsylvania on the north of November 3.

In the party when it left here yesterday were Mrs. Roosevelt, Miss Hannah J. Patterson, State chairman of the Woman's Suffrage party; Mrs. Francis H. Hagerman, county chairman of the women of Adams; Mrs. John C. Mather, chairman of the Pennsylvania Woman Suffrage Association; Mrs. C. W. Ruschenberger, Mrs. Maxwell K. Chapman, chairman of the Senanton; Mrs. F. W. Taylor, chairman of Canton; Mrs. John Rockwell, chairman of Monroeton; Mrs. Simon Kendall, chairman of Towanda; Dr. F. J. Ringold, Mayor of Towanda; Miss Helen Todd, one of California's suffrage leaders; Miss Louise Hall, speaker and director of the bell tour, and a number of others prominent in the Pennsylvania suffrage campaign.

The Blind Squirrel Gets a Name

AFTER Reddy Squirrel made the acquaintance of the little blind squirrel, he went over to the little fellow's home every day, and many a fine chat they had. From the blind squirrel Reddy learned many things about the park which was now to be his home; and about the woody creatures which lived therein. And also (if the truth must be told) Reddy learned many lessons of kindness and patience from the good little fellow; though Reddy didn't realize it at the time!

One bright morning, after they had chatted a few minutes, Reddy said, "Why do we stay around in this one place all the time?"

"Surely, they want us to feast with them," replied the blind squirrel, fearlessly, so out they went and ate all the children had. It was not long till the children spied the blind squirrel's lack of an eye.

"Oh, look," cried the biggest boy, "this is a half-blind squirrel! Let's call him Cyclops, and come here every day to feed him." So they called the way the blind squirrel got his name.

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Little Hints on Style

One is really able to say this summer that clothes for women are delicate. They are full enough to be graceful, they are ruffy and frilly, the colors are tasteful and so are materials.

Particularly charming are the taffeta cuts in either white or pale shades, made in the most picturesque shapes, with ruffles of the same, or lace, or wreaths of flowers. In fact, you cannot have one too fancy, and they may be cut any shape you please, the old Godey's Ladies' Book yielding up some fetching ones. Such combinations as pale blue with silver lace, rose taffeta with a scalloped ruffe of the same headed with a hand of chifon roses, white taffeta with black patterned collar, cuffs and sash, are just suggestions.

Nothing is more trim than the sailor suits as seen abroad, with short, full skirts and high Russian boots.

White collars and cuffs are so perishable for the children's dresses! Why not make them of a contrasting color in linen?



"Surely, they want us to feast with them."

the time? Seems to me we ought to explore more of the park. Maybe we would find a part that we would like more than this.

"I doubt that," replied the blind squirrel, "and, you see, I cannot go very far in safety. This part of the park I know very well and I feel secure here. Maybe there would be danger elsewhere. But don't mind about me," he added, as he saw how disappointed Reddy looked; "you go ahead and explore all you want to. Then you can come back and tell me all about it—that will be a lot of fun."

"Do you think so?" asked Reddy, doubtfully. "I'd like it better if you went with me. Seems to me nobody can go anywhere with me this morning. Mrs. Reddy was busy at the nest; you think there is danger in exploring; I don't believe anybody loves me!"

"Oh, dear, you mustn't think that!" exclaimed the little blind squirrel in distress. "Please, please don't think that; I'll go with you! Only, you see, with only one eye exploring isn't as much fun as you might think." But the blind little fellow started down from the tree to go with Reddy.

Then all of a sudden Reddy saw how selfish he was in wanting the blind squirrel to go with him. Of course, exploring wasn't much fun when one was half-blind. Why hadn't he realized that himself! "Indeed, I don't go with me," Reddy exclaimed, excitedly. "I wouldn't have you go with me—you might get hurt."

"Oh, I guess not," answered the blind squirrel, who, now that he was started, really wanted to explore a bit for a change. "I guess you can take care of me all right!" And he came on down the tree.

"Well," said Reddy, thoughtfully, "if you think you're not afraid!" Then a bright thought occurred to him. "I'll tell you what we can do. I'll go ahead and see where is the best way to go, and you can follow me when you see it is safe."

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The world grow strangely roseate;
And all the darkness of the years,
Their long and useless, endless fears,
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Of joy were paid in full by Fate.

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Upon my ears, and all the spell
That held my heart, I could not tell
Thee, love, my Lady, of the Light.

—Merle W. Crowe, in the Southern
Woman's Magazine.

Now Is the Time

to think about choosing a school for your boy or girl. Don't wait until the last minute to decide a question that means so much to the future of your son or daughter. Get in touch with LEDGER CENTRAL at once and make use of the complete information on file at our Educational Bureau. We can tell you about any preparatory school in the East. There are many things we know outside of what the school catalogue tells you. Get the benefit of our personal investigation. This information is yours for the asking. Just call and talk it over.

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