EVENING LEDGER-PHILADELPHIA, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1915;

The "Broad Highway" is the title of a new serial story

SMITH PROMISES JOBS **TO 4000 REPUBLICANS** AS HE OPENS CAMPAIGN

Candidate for Mayor Favora Speedy Transit, Parks, Harbor Improvement and Good Paving

VARE LEADER WITH HIM

sising to restore City Hall jobs to 4000 Republican Organization men to were ousted from City Hall during he Blankenburg administration, Thomas smith. Organization "harmony" capsidate for Mayor, actively opened his ampaign last night by addressing workers in the 21st and 22d Wards.

th was accompanied by W. Freeland Sendrick, Receiver of Taxes, and a Vare ant, in order publicly to place the of approval upon him. He Vare stantp ed that he would make his camign on the platform of a constructive istration, and announced that he avored high-speed transit, more parks and parkways, harbor improvements, imgroved street paving and a perfected erage system.

"I have one political ambition," he said "and that is to show the people of Philcan give a clean, honest, consistent and progressive administration."

Smith paid a glowing tribute to Con-resuman William S. Vare for Vare's magnanimity" in withdrawing from the mayoralty contest in favor of the Pen-rosp-McNichol candidate, Smith.

The meeting in the 22d Ward was held in Parker's Hall, Price street and Germantown avenue. The 21st Ward meet-ing was held at the rooms of the 21st Ward Republican Club, 4419 Main street,

anayunk. Tenisht the "harmony" candidate will led into the Vare balliwick, in an effort to arouse enthusiasm for him mans the Vare followers, who have been ed since Congressman Vare quit a mayoralty race in favor of Smith the historic City Committee meeting he mayoralty

Smith, accompanied by Kendrick, at 8 clock will visit the East End Repub-tan Club, Broad and Elisworth streets, where the 25th Ward workers will be essembled to meet him He will then go to the Union Republican Club, Broad reet and Snyder avenue, where he will dress a combination meeting of the active Organization men of the 1st, 2d, 3d, th and 39th Wards. At 9 o'clock he will speak in the 45th Ward, 20th street Snyder avenue; at 9:30 in the 36th Point Breeze avenue and Wharton street, and at 10 o'clock in the 30th ward, son and Fitzwater streets.

CITY MUST PAY \$10,000,000

Ryar Notifies Councils Court Order Means Immediate Payment of Parkway Damages

Not less than \$10,000,000 will be paid by the city within the next year for properties condemned along the Parkway, ac-cording to City Solicitor Ryan, who points out in an opinion to Councils that recent decision of the Supreme Court makes the 1916 payments obligatory.

The court decided that the Reformed Church in America owned the property at 152 Arch street and is entitled to have amagen assessed immediately. Mr. Byan says 188 properties are legally in be some position as the church, and this et will have to be taken into considern by Councils in fixing the appropriations for next year.

Ryan calls attention to the fact that such money will be needed for the Parkway, upon which, from inco to a spended. upon which, from 1906 to date, only Blic.671 has been expended. He also salled attention to the fact that the city is within \$2,500,600 of the limit of the total borrowing capacity, based upon the value of real estate.

"I have no pride where triendship is concerned," said Madge. "Our friends will take us as we are-won't they?" "I did not think there was a woman in the world who could turn one room into it as you do, dear," Warren told her. "We seem to have a wonderfully con-venient flat, yet we have but one room and kitchen. I wish dad could see you as you reaily are," he added regretfully. The farmer had not sent a wedding present to his son, but each Monday morning two weil-fed, roauting chickens came to the tiny flat by parcel post. "It will keep them from starving, at heast," Wentworth told himself, "that is if that chorus girl wife of his has smose

If that chorus girl wife of his has sense enough to cook them." In his obstinate mind he doubted even that accomplish ment "Warren, dear-I am going to ask your father to come in and have dinner with

Madge said for the hundredth time "No-1 will not listen to you this time. I know you think he should make the first advance and I have let you talk me out of asking him in, but now I am going to. so you may just not argue." She pressed her soft lips against his protesting ones and Warren felt glad that she had at last overcome his stubbornness. He regretted companionship of his father more than even Madge realized.

Wentworth smiled half sorrowfully as he read the prettily worded note of invitation. It had been Madge and not Warren who had written it. In his heart he supposed the couple to be in want and needing his aunistance. The meagre salary his son was getting assuredly could not support a wife in the city. The farmer did not hesitate to accept.

He, too, was glad in his heart that pride had gone before a fall, as he supposed was the case. In his pocket was a roll of bills, for which he expected to be asked

When he was greeted at the door of the flat by a dainty little vision in a soft pink gown Wentworth drew a gasp of surprise. "Come in," she said, with an alluring

warren has not come in yet." She led the amazed farmer into the chintz-hung room, offered him a great cozy chair, put an ash dish beside him and told him to consider himself perfectly at home. "I must attend to the dinner," she then

"I must attend to the dinner," she then said. "You will excuse me, will you not?" She sent him another smile and silpped into the kitchen, leaving an im-pression of affection and good will that her words had failed to suggest. Went worth leaned back and eyed his dainty surroundings.

"And on 15 a week!" he gasped in-wardly. "I guess Warren picked a win-ner after all." And when Warren came in, went first to the kitchen and took his wife in his

arms, before greeting his father, Went-worth knew that his son had found com-Wentand son had clasped hands, but no words came to break the slience of a moment fraught with emotion.

'You may come into dinner now." cried Madge from the kitchen, and Went-worth brushed his eyes swiftly while Warren slipped his arm across his father's shoulders. Madge was laughing a triffe hysterically when the two ap-peared in the door, but her heart gave a hound of naminase Warren

und of nappiness. ain Wentworth gasped in amaze-Again ment. The kitchen to which he was taken seemed not a kitchen at all, yet he knew it to be the room in which

the diffiner had been cooked. It was white from celling to floor and a rug, guickly put down, was a brilliant red. He suspected the gas stove to be be-hind the pretty scarlet screen and the sink and kettles hiding behind a small cabinet that dexterous hands had whisked across it. Snowy muslin concealed every-thing that suggested a kitchen. The dinner was excellent and never had his own

chicken been more tastefully cocked. "I am far too overcome to express myself." the farmer said when the emotion of meeting had in a measure passed "I did not know this world of ours pro duced such women as you." he told Madge, and his genial face was wreathed by a smile that had not entered there since Warren had left the farm. "I suppose there is no chance of you coming back with me-the farm is waiting and 1-" He did not finish, but drew a quick breath to hide the shake in his voice.

Madge cast a glance at Warren's moist yet glowing eyes, then slipped out of her chair and put her arms about Went

LAZARRE By MARY HARTWELL CATHERWOOD

turesque period.

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CHAPTER VII-(Continued). PLACED Eagle by the fire and she sat there obediently, while I talked to

Madame Ursule apart. "Was her mind in this state when she came to you?" "She was even a little wilder than she

is now. The girls have been a benefit to ber

"They were not afraid of her?" "Who could be afraid of the dear She is a lady-that's plain. Ah, Williams, what she must have child? M's'r gone through!"

'Yet see how happy she looks' "She always seemed happy enough. She would come to this house. So when the Jordans went to Canada, Pierre and I both said, 'Let her stay.'

"Who were the Jordans?" "The only family that escaped with their lives from the massacre when she lost her family. Madame Jordan told me

the whole story. They had friends among the Winnebagoes who protected them. "No, the people in La Baye did that. We knew she had another name. But 1 think it very likely her title was not used in the settlement where they lived. Titles are no help in pioneering."

"Did they call her Madeline?" "She calls herself Madeline." 'How long has she been with your family ?

"Nearly a year." "Did the Jordans tell you when this change came over her?"

"Yes. It was during the attack when her child was taken from her. She saw other children killed. The Indians were afraid of her. They respect demented people: not a bit of harm was done to her. They let her alone, and the Jor-dans took care of her."

The daughter and adopted daughter of the house came in with a rush of outdoor air, and seeing Eagle first, ran to kiss her on the cheek one after the other.

"Madeline has come down," said Marie. "I thought we should coax her in here some time," said Katarina. Between them, standing slim and tall,

their equal in height, she was yet like a little sister. Though their faces were unlined, hers held a divine youth To see her stricken with mind-sickness and the two girls who had done neither good nor evil existing like plants in sun-shine, healthy and sound, seemed an in-

iguitous contrast. "Paul has come," Eagle told Katarina and Marie. Holding their hands, she walked between them toward me, and bade them notice my height. "I am his Cloud-Mother," she said. "How droll it is that parents grow down little, while their children grow up big!"

Madame Ursule shook her head pitifully. But the girls really saw the droi side and laughted with my Cloud-Mother droll Separated from me by an impassable barrier, she touched me more deeply than when I sued her most. The undulating

ripple which was her peculiar expression of joy was more than I could bear. I left the room and was filnging myself from the house to walk in the chill wind; but she caught me. "I will be good!" pleaded my Cloud-Mother, her face in my breast.

Her son who had grown up big, while she grew down little, went back to the family room with her. My Cloud-Mother sat beside me at table, and insisted on cutting up my food for me. While I tried to eat, she asked

Marie and Katarina and Pierre Grignon and Madame Ursule to notice how well I behaved. The tender-hearted host wiped his eyes. The river piled hillocks of water in a strong north wind, and no officer crossed

from the stockade. Neither did any neighbor leave his own fire. It seldom hap-pened that the Grignons were left with rmates alone. Engle sat by me and watched the blaze streaming up the chimney. Our singular relationship was estab-

lished in the house, where hospitality made room and apology for all human weakness.

the September 14th issue which will begin in the of the EVENING LED-EVENING LEDGER on Sep-GER and will be continued tember 14, 1915. The story is therein daily. September unique. In England it has had an unusual vogue, not merely 14 is the EVENING LEDbecause it, iss a well-written GER'S first anniversary. story, but because it describes The issue of that day will be with a truly vivid power the full of good things. Midst the deeds and manners of a picmass, see that you do not overlook the great new serial,

"THE BROAD HIGHWAY"

By JEFFERY FARNOL

want to

long.

to me.

since I first wanted her. It is not a mind | sharp-cornered boards. Remembering the that changes."

change which had come upon the life ro-'Well, that's unusual. Young men are corded in it. I hesitated. Remembering how it had eluded me before, I opened it. often fickle. You never made proposals for her? date.

"I did, madame, after her husband died "But she was still a wife-the wife of

an old man-in the Pigeon Roost settle-

some bright poppy leaves, crushed inside its lids, slid down upon the bedcover. "Her father married her to a cousin meat." "Her father married her to a cousin nearly as old as himself, when she was a child. Her husband was reported dead while he was in hiding. She herself thought, and so did her friends, that he THE Padlocked Book-In this book I

thought, and so did her friends, that is was dead." "You told me." I said to Madame Ursule, "the Indians were afraid of her when they burned the settlement. Was the change so sudden?" "Madame Jordan's story was like this: It happened in broad daylight. Two men which will never be delivered, because I shall burn it when it is finished. Yet that will not prevent my tantalizing you about it. To the padlocked book I can say what

into the woods hunting bee trees. is expedient. The Indians caught and killed them within two miles of the clearing-some of those very Winnebagoes you treated with for Inat is a footish woman who does vio-lence to love by inordinate loving. Yet first I will tell you that I sink to sleep saying. "He loves me!" and rise to the surface saying, "He loves me!" and sink again saying, "He loves me!" all night land.

"It was a sunshiny day in September. You could hear the poultry crowing, and the children playing in the dooryards. Madeleine's little Paul was never far away from her. The Indians rushed in

with yells and finished the settlement in a few minutes. Madame Jordan and family were protected, but she saw children dashed against trees, and her neighbors struck down and scalped before she could plead for them. And lit-tle good pleading would have done. An time I ever saw your tawny head and tawny eyes, though you did not notice me, I said, "Whether he is the king or Indian seized Paul. His father and the old servant lay dead across the door-step. His mother would not let him go. The Indian dragged her on her knees and struck her on the head. Madame Jordan ran out at the risk of being scalped herself, and got the poor girl into her The Indian came back for Madecabin. leine's scalp. Madeleine did not see him. She never seemed to notice anybody again. She stood up quivering the whole length of her body, and laughed in his face. It was dreadful to hear her above the cries of the children. The Indian went away like a scared hound. And none of the

others would touch her." We rose one morning to find the world buried in snow. The river was frozen and its channel padded thick. As for the bay, stretches of snow fields, with dark pools and broken gray ridges met ice at the end of the world.

The whole festive winter spun past. Marie and Katarina brought young hand a strange current runs through me 'twosing to the peaks of hope in the seat, and plunged them down to despair, quite in the American fashion. "Christ-mas and New Year's days were great festivals, when the settlement ate and drank at Pierre Grignon's expense, and made him glad as if he fathered the whole cost Madawa Grignon anus and looked going to serve in a temple. post. Madame Grignon spun and looked to the house. And a thousand changes passed over the landscape. But in all

to me. He follows, he thinks about me. He used to slip past my windows at Lake that time no one could see any change in my Cloud-Mother. She sewed like a George, and cast his eyes up at the panes. But Louis is my sovereign. child. She laughed, and danced gavottes.

they

about the wor'd to turn men over her lap and give them the slipper. They pine **RIFLEMEN AT SEA GIRT** Am I helping forward the general good or am I only suffering Nature's put

A woman can fasten the bonds of habit on a man, giving him food from her table hourly strengthening his care for her By merely putting herself before him every day she makes him think of her What chance has an exiled won against the fearful odds of daily life?

Remembering

The story begins in

The few entries were made without ate. The first pages were torn out,

place again. Rose petals and violets and

CHAPTER VIII.

am going to write you, Louis, a letter

That is a foolish woman who does vio-

say. To you I must say what

crumpled, and smoothed and pasted

What is so cruel as a man? Hour after hour, day after day, year after year, he presses the iron spike of silence in.

Coward !-- to let me suffer such anguish Is it because I kissed you. That was the highest act of my life! I ground down the black stairs of the Tulleries blinded by light. Why are the natural things called wrong and the unnatural ones just? Is it because I said I would come to This is what I meant ou sometime? that it should give me no jealous pang to think of another woman's head on your breast; that there is a wedlock which appearances cannot touch.

No. I never would-I never would neek you; though sometimes the horror of do ing without you turns into reproach What is he doing? He may need meand I am letting his life slip away. An I cheating us both of what could have Am harmed no one?

is not that usage is broken off. Yet if you were to come, I would punish

ou for coming! Fine heroic days I tell myself marching to meet each other. If the has been particularly hard, I day 'Perhaps 1 have carried his load, too,

and he marches lighter." You have no faults, no doubt, but the only one I could not pardon would be your saying, "I repent!" The instinct to conceal defeat and pain

is so strong in me that I would have my heart cut out rather than own it ached. Yet many women carry all be fore them by a little judicious whining and rebellion.

I never believe in your unfaith. If you prought a wife and showed her to me should be sorry for her, and still not believe in your unfaith. Louis, I have been falling down flat

and crawling the ground. Now I am up again. It didn't hurt, It is the old eGrman fairy story.

Every day gold must be spun out of straw. How big the pile of straw looks

every morning, and how little the hand-ful of gold every night! This prairie in the Indiana Territory that I dreaded as a black gulf, is a grassy

The days when I see you are real days, valley. finished and perfect, and this is the best I love the garden; and I love to ho the Indian corn. It springs so clean from the sod, and is a miracle of growth. of them all. God forever bless in paradise your mother for bearing you. If you never had come to the world I should not have waked in life myself, and why this is I cannot tell. The first After the stalks are around my knees, they are soon around my shoulders. The

broad leaves have a fragrance, and the silk is sweet as violets. (CONTINUED TOMORROW.)

not would make no difference." Because I knew you were more than the king JONAH FOLLOWS THIS JONAH

Sire, you told me once you could not No Luck at All for Lansdale Milkinderstand why people took kindly to man

you. There is in you a gentle dignity and manhood, most royal. As you come It seems there certainly was a Jonah into a room you cast your eyes about unfearing. Your head and shoulders are erect. You hovering about the milk route conducted by Jonah Godschalk, of Lansdale. Even by Jonah Godschalk, of Lansdale. Even though the milk was good, with a nice big collar of thick yellow cream every morning, a "jinx" sheemed to follow Jonah's journey. are like a Hon in suppleness and tawny color, which influences me against my will. You inspire confidence. Even girls like Annabel, who feel merely at their

finger ends, and are as well satisfied with one husband as another, know you to be solid man, not the mere image of a man. Soon after Godschalk discovered that many of his customers had bad memories concerning bills, one of his horses was killed in a runaway. The animal had always been "rambunctious" on account Besides these traits there is a power going out from you that takes hold of people invisibly. My father told me there of having to get up early in the morn-ing, and before its demise it kicked God-schalk's wagon into toothpicks. was a man at the court of your father who could put others to sleep by a waving of his hands. I am not comparing you to

The horse was barely laid at rest when this charlatan; yet when you touch my Its successor became affected by the circuitous route one day and ran up against a stone wall and died. But the jinx didn't stop there. Finally a son of Godschalk was injured by a train and then Godschalk was attacked with ty-nhold fever. When we were in Paris I used to dress myself every morning like a priestess And what was it for? To worship one dear head for half an hour perhaps.

phoid fever. You robbed me of the sight of you for After recovering the milkman drove his wagon again until it was struck by a trolley car. There wasn't enough of the wagon left to alt on. Despite the Jonah, however, Godschalk You are two persons. Lazarre belongs

scenery. Steamship connections at Seattle, Tacoma, Portland. Great Northern Pacific

BEGIN TEAM MATCHES Interesting Individual Sheots

> Will Follow These in Tournament

SEA GIRT, N. J., Sept. 10 .- Riffemen in attendance at the 35th annual 10-day rifle shoot tournament here shot the opening stages this morning of the interstate regimental team match, the New York company team match and the Gould rapid-fire match. With the excention of the New York company team match, the last stage of which opened at Il o'clock, none of the events will be shot off until this afternoon.

The Second New Jersey regimental team, winners of the Columbia trophy match yesterday, were leading at the end of the 200 and 600-yard stages of the Inter-state Regimental match with a total of 565. They were being hard preased by the 71st Regiment of New York, with 554. Two teams, the Third New Jersey and the Third District of Columbia, have 505. The Second New Jersey team expects 10

The Second New Jersey team expects to repeat its sensational shooting of yester-day on the 1000-yard range and win the Interstate event. The First Corps Cadets of Massachusetts had 541 and the Fourth New Jersey 521.

As soon as the team events are ended two individual matches will be shot. One of these, the Swiss match, is one of two the most interesting matches in the tou nament. Each marksman shoots until he misses the bull's eye of his target. A miss puts him out of the match at once. The event is shot on the 500-yard range. The event is shot on the 500-yard range. The Remington expert match at 1000-yards, one of the classics of the tourna-ment, will be shot at 3:45 this afternoon. Several of New Jersey's cracks will take part in these matches. Lieutenant Col-onel William A. Tewes, Captain Charles F. Slivester, Major William B. Martin, Major Winfield S. Price and others will enter. Slivester is shooting in his best form. On the 1000-yard range in yester-day's Columbia trophy match he scored a possible.

a possible Woman Injured in Auto Accident

Mrs. John Roby, of Brooklyn and Pop-lar streets, is in the Roosevelt Rompital today with concussion of the brain, intoday with concussion of the brain, in-curred when she was hurled from a motorcycle as it collided with a parcel post automobile at 10th and Spring Garden streets. The woman was riding with John Palmer, of 16th street and Columbia

Upper Darby to Have Improvements

improvements have been opened by the Upper Darby Township Commissioners. They include a bridge over Darby Creek.

a concrete foot bridge at Kershaw's Bank, a segment sewer at Addington and repairs to the Naylor's Run bridge.

SEE

California's

Expositions

Ula the Scenic Northern Route-the

Northern Pacific Ry

Palatial through trains daily from Chicago, St. Louis and Kansas City to Spokane and North Pacific Coast Points,

crossing three ranges of moun-tains, including the famous

American Rockies and Pictur-

esque Cascades-hundreds of miles of stupendous mountain

Bids for a number of important pul

THE DAILY STORY

Madge of the Chorus

Farmer Wentworth's habitually genial face was swept by a mighty thundercloud. His son Warren stood quietly by and there was a smile, half sorrowful, but whoily determined, on his countenance. "I am going to marry her in any case, father," the boy said. "I love Madge and

nothing you or any one else says or may do will prevent me." "Then you will not get one cent of my

money to squander on your chorus girl wife!" thundered old Wentworth. "They are all alike, every one of them, and the more decent the young cub the more eas-By they pull the wool over his eyes."

"I had hoped to bring Madge here-to he farm with me." Warren said; "but ince you refuse even to meet the girl I m going to marry I will leave and seek suployment in the city."

My dear son." the farmer laughed mically. "a chorus girl would fit into to life about as well as a cock in a badway flat. I doubt if she can darn nock of sween a foor" he finished or sweep a floor." he finished

any case I shall marry Madge week from today," Warren told his r, "if I have found any kind of symeat by that time."

Syment by that time." mtworth laughed, but there was a i lack of mirth in his laughter. "You regret as all men do who select a mate from the chorus. Keep me ed." He turned and left the room we warren could speak another word. In the day the boy left the farm Wentworth sank into a loneliness profound that even the thought of fm's wife as a visitor was balm. wh's wife as a visitor was baim. the city young Wentworth looked where for work and in the end was a small salary in an automobile He had tried to persuade Madge

marriage on so meager a weekly was out of the question, but the true to her instinct, would not

of it. You will not marry me now and a share all your trials and poverty--not marry you at all." The girl's arms went about Warren's neck the whispered wonderful things into ar. In the end he clasped her tightly is arms and realized that one wis love was worth the entire uni-Nothing could ever give him contentment and happiness that the presence offered.

will take a tiny, tiny flat," she told nd winstever we do will be lovely. a rather live in one room and a and have that pretty and dainty siz rooms of ugliness. You just mee how corily j can fix things

In the how could i can fix things if found their one room and kitching matriced and went to house it is resurded the furnishing and even is resurded the furnishing and even is a tate of constant adoration be of the wonderthi makeshift at the is to be used it. The work works is nearly chints-covered things in the furnished a room that even is the metty chints-covered things with all his gold the furnished a room that even is that furnished a room that even is the second-hand shop. A take and high cheet of drawer is that base that and shop is a second-hand shop. A take and high cheet of drawer is that a second-hand shop.

worth's neck and rested her cheek against "If you can love me-I will even helt milk the cows, and I am frightfully afraid of them." laughed Madge. The farmer drew her closer to him. "I not only can, but do." he said. "You are not in this." he added to Warren over

top of Madge's sunny head. (Copyright, 1915.)

ATTEMPT TO "GET" E.-K. PRICE

Dr. Ely Starts Petition to Remove Park Commissioner

A petition is being drawn up under the auspices of the Lemon Hill Association for the removal of Eli Kirk Price from the Fairmount Park Commission. The first step in the movement was taken on

City Hall plaza last night at a meeting under the auspices of the association. The Rev. Dr. James B. Ely asked for volunteers to sign the petition, and more than a thousand men and women signi-fied their willingness to do so. Church people sny that Mr. Price is chiefly re-sponsible for the refusal of the commis-sion to renew the permit of the Lemon Hill Association to hold religious meet-ings in Fairmount Park.

Police Court Chronicles

Dickie Bird was a high flyer, accord-ing to his own way of thinking. He lived on the fat of the land and never worked. on the fat of the land and herer what, for he had a nerve that flinched at noth-ing. Although birds of a feather arc supposed to flock together. Dickie was somewhat exclusive. This was due to somewhat exclusive. This was due to suspicion of mankind generally and self-protection. Having little faith in the

Dickie usually tool

protection. Having ways of commerce,

what he wanted where he found it and what he wanted where he found it and abided by results. In many stores he usually found the proprietors busy, so he figured that it would be foolish to delay business by stopping to pay for the arti-cle desired. He applied this method in a butcher shop near Front street and Girard avenue and left the place with a chicken of comfortable proportions. Bird was wading into the fowl with much enthusiasm as he sat tailor fashion before an open-air fire, when Policeman

much enthusiasm as he ast tailor fashion before an open-air fire, when Policeman Rafter discovered the banquet. Peace at any price is Dickie's policy, and he im-mediately offered the cop a leg as a quiet bribe. Hut Rafter was determined. "Any crime about eating in the street?" queried Dickie. "That part's all right," said the bluecost. "but you'll have to ex-plain to the court where and how you got the chicken." Dickie agreed and accommanied the

d they would unwind from her like the cloud which she felt them to be. The family had long fallen into the habit of treating her as a child, playing some im-aginary character. The

She seemed less demented than walking in a dream. Her faculties asleep. It was somnambulism rather than madness. She had not the expression of in-

same people, the shifty eyes, the cunning and perverseness, the animal and torpid If I called her Madame de Ferrier instead of my Cloud-Mother, a strained and

puzzled look replaced her usual satisfac-tion. I did not often use the name, nor did I try to make her repeat my own. It was my daily effort to fall in with her happiness, for if she saw any anxiety she

"Don't you like me any more, Paul? Are you lired of me, because I am a Cloud-Mother?" "No," I would answer. "Lazarre will

never be tired of you." "Do you think I am growing smaller? Will you love me if I shrink to a baby?" will love you.' "I used to love you when you were so tiny, Paul, before you knew how to love me back. If I forget how"-she clutched the lapels of my cost-"will you leave

me then? "Eagle, say this: 'Lazarre cannot

leave me "Lazarre cannot leave me." I heard her repeating this at her sew-ing. She boasted to Marie Grignon-"Lazarre cannot leave me!-Paul taught

me that. My Cloud-Mother asked me to tell her the stories she used to tell me. She had

forgotten them. "I am the child now," she would say.

"Tell me the stories." I repeated mythical tribe legends, gath-ered from Skenedonk on our long rides, making them as eloquent as I could. She listened, holding her breath, or sigh-ing with contentment.

Eagle watched me with maternal care. If a hair dropped on my collar she brushed it away, and smoothed and set-tled my cravat. The touch of my Cloud-Mother, familiar and tender, like the touch of a wife, charged through me with torture, because she was herself so un-

conscious of it. Before I had been in the house a week she made a little pair of trousers a span long, and gave them to me. Marie and Katarina turned their faces to laugh. My Cloud-Mother held the garment up for their inspection, and was not at all sensi-

their inspection, and was not at all sensi-tive to the giggles if provoked. "I made over an old pair of his father's." she said. The discarded breeches used by the pouched turkey had been devoted to her whim. Every stitch was neatly set. I praised her besutiful needlework, and she said she would make me a coat. The more I thought about it the tess endurable it became to have her depen-dent upon the Grignons. My business af-fairs with Pierre Grignon made it pos-alble to transfer her obligations to my account. The hospitable man and his wife objected, but when they saw how I took it to heart, she me my way. I told them I wished her to be regarded as my wife, for I should never have another; and while it might remain impossible for her to marry me, on my part I was bound to her.

to her. "You are young, M's'r Williams," said Madame Ursule. "You have a long life befors you. A man wants comfort in his house. And if he makes wealth, he needs a hand that knows how to distribute and how to save. She could never go to your home as she is."

"I know it, madame." "You will change your mind about a

girls manifested increasing interest in what they called the Pigeon Roost settlement affair. Madame Ursule had no

doubt told them what I said. They pitied my Cloud-Mother and me with the condescending pity of the very young, and unguardedly talked where could be heard. Judged,

two months.

"Oh, she'll come to her senses some 'Oh, she'h come to her senses some time, and he'll marry her of course.' was the conclusion they invariably reached; for the thing must turn out well to meet their approval. How could they foresee what was to happen to peo-

ple whose lives held such contrasts? Those spring days I was wild with restleasness. Life revived to dare things. We heard afterward that about that time the meteor rushed once more across France. Napoleon landed at a Mediter-ranean port, gathering force as he ranean port, gathering force as he marched, swept Louis XVIII away like a

cobweb in his path, and moved on to Waterloo. The greatest Frenchman that ever lived fell ultimately as low as St. Helena, and the Bourbons sat again upon the throne. But the changes of which I knew nothing affected me in the IIlinois territory.

Sometimes I waked at night and sat up in bed, hot with indignation at the injustice done me, which I could never prove, which I did not care to combat, yet which unreasonably waked the fight-

ing spirit in me. Our natures toss and change, expand or contract, influenced by invisible powers we know not why.

by invisible powers we know not why. One April night I sat up in the velled light made by a clouded moon. Rain points multiplied themsetves on the win-dow glass; I heard their sting. The im-pulse to go out and ride the wind, or pick the river up and empty it all at once into the bay, or tear Eagle out of the cloud, or go to France and proclaim myself with myself for follower; and other feats of like nature, being particu-larly strong in me, I struck the pillow beside me with my flat. Something bounced from it on the floor with a clack like wood. I stretched downward from one of Madame Ursule's thick feather bads, and picked up what brought me to my feet. Without letting go of it I lighted my candle. It was the pad-locked book which Skenedonk said he had burned.

had burned.

had burned. And there the scoundrel lay at the other side of the room, wrapped in his blanket from head to foot, mummled by sleep. I wanted to take him by the sleep. I wanted to take him by the scalp lock and drag him around on the

He had carried it with him, or secreted It somewhere, month after month. It could imagine how the state of the writer worked on his Indian mind. He repented, and was not able to face me, but felt obliged to restore what he had with-held.

Ho waiting until I slept, he brought forth the padlocked book and laid it on the pillow beside my head; thus beseech-

the pillow deside my head, thus beseech-ing parton, and intimating that the sub-ject was closed between us. I got my key, and a fit of shivering seized me. I put the candle stand beside the pillow and lay wrapped in bedding, clenching the small chilly padlock and

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is apart from mine.

Is apart from mine. We are in a ship going to the side of the world where you are. Except that we are going towards you, it is like being pushed off a cliff. All my faith in the appearances of things is at an end. 1 have been juggled with. I have mis-judged.

He sees and

judged, I could have insisted that we hold Mont-Louis as tenants. The count is our friend. It is not a strong man's fault that a weak man is weak and unfortu-nate. Yet seeing Cousin Philippe wince, I could not put the daily humiliation upon him. He is live over eather come back him. He is like my father come back, broken, helpless. And Paul and I, who are young, must take care of him where he will be least humbled.

Why should we lay up grievances against one another? They must disap-pear, and they only burn our hearts. Sometimes I put my arms around Ernestine and rest her old head against me. She revolts. People incline to doubt the superiority of a person who will as-sociate with them. But the closer our poverty rubs us the more Ernestine in-sists upon class differences.

There should be a colossal mother going

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managed to sell his route to Edmund Smith. Two days after Smith got the route his motortruck was struck by another auto and badly damaged. The hope of Smith is now somewhat dampened. OCEAN TRADE LURES VESSELS Four Coastwise Schooners Will Take

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The lure of high freight rates and the

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the ocean, were chartered today to carry refined petroleum in barrels to the Bay of Biscay. For each barrel the owners of the vessels will receive 53. The schooners are the Sunlight, Grace Seymour, Henry W. Cramp and Frederic A. Dusgan. As each vessel will carry from 5090 to 9000 barrels, they will receive about one-third of their value for the single voyage. Owners of the craft are endeavoring to book cargoes for the return voyage. return voyage.

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