

SMITH PROMISES JOBS TO 4000 REPUBLICANS AS HE OPENS CAMPAIGN

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

VARE LEADER WITH HIM

Fronting to restore City Hall jobs to the 4000 Republican Organization men who were ousted from City Hall during the Blankenburg administration...

Smith was accompanied by W. Freedland Kendrick, Receiver of Taxes, and a Vice President in order publicly to place the stamp of approval upon his candidacy...

Smith paid a glowing tribute to Congressman William S. Vare for Vare's "magnanimity" in withdrawing from the mayoralty contest in favor of the Penrose-McNinchey ticket...

CITY MUST PAY \$10,000,000

Ryan 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, according to City Council order...

THE DAILY STORY

Madge of the Chorus

Farmer Wentworth's habitually genial face was swept by a mighty thundercloud...

"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 chortling wife!" thundered old Wentworth.

"I had hoped to meet Madge here—to the farm with me," Warren said; "but since you refuse even to meet the girl I am going to marry I will leave and seek employment in the city."

"My dear son, the farmer laughed ironically. "A chorus girl would fit into farm life about as well as a cock in a roadway flat. I doubt if she can darn a sock or sweep a floor."

"In any case I shall marry Madge one week from today," Warren told his father, "if I have found any kind of employment by that time."

"Wentworth laughed, but there was a great lack of mirth in his laughter. "You will regret as all men do who select a belle from the chorus. Keep me posted," he turned and left the room before Warren could speak another word.

Later in the day the boy left the farm and Wentworth sank into a loneliness profound that even the thought of Warren's wife as a visitor was balm.

In the city young Wentworth looked everywhere for work and in the end was given a small salary in an automobile garage.

He had tried to persuade Madge that marriage on so meager a weekly wage was out of the question, but the girl, true to her instinct, would not listen to him.

"You will not marry me now and you will not share all your trials and poverty—I will not marry you at all," the girl's eyes were fixed on Warren's neck...

"In the end he clasped her tightly in his arms and realized that one woman's love was worth the entire universe. Nothing could ever give him contentment and happiness that she had not offered.

"I will take a tiny, tiny flat," she told him, "and whatever we do will be lovely, provided rather live in one room and a kitchen than have that pretty and dainty little six room apartment. You just wait and see how cozily I can fix things up."

"I found their one room and kitchen, were neatly furnished and went to housekeeping. Warren left Madge to do her own thing as regarded the furnishing and even found a lover as he was, found himself in a state of constant agitation because of the wonderful makeshift that she had made out of the place."

"The one big room seemed turned into a bedroom, yet Warren did not know that the pretty chintz-covered things were some from the store where Madge had furnished a room that even Warren Wentworth, with all his gold, could never live in. The two wide couches were covered in rose chintz, as were the seats in the parlor. You just wait and see how cozily I can fix things up."

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"I have no pride where friendship is concerned," Madge said. "Our friends will take us up for us. They will not think there was a woman in the world who could turn one room into six as you do, dear." Warren told her, "We seem to be wonderfully convenient flat, yet we have but one room and kitchen. I wish dad could see you as you really are," he added regretfully.

present to his son, but each Monday morning two well-fed, roasting chickens came to the tiny flat by parcel post.

"It will keep them from starving, at least," Wentworth told himself, "that is if that chorus girl gets the money to buy them. In his obstinate mind he doubted even that accomplishment."

"Warren, dear—I am going to ask your father to come in and have dinner with us," Madge said for the hundredth time.

"No—I 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, but now I am going to do it myself. 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 the companionship of his father more and more as Madge realized.

Wentworth smiled half sorrowfully as he read the pretty words of his daughter. It had been Madge and not Warren who had written it. In his heart he supposed the couple to be in want and he supposed the couple to be in want and he supposed the couple to be in want.

"The farmer did not hesitate to accept. He, too, was glad in his heart that pride had gone before a fall, as he supposed Warren had said. 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 smile, "I am so glad to welcome you. Warren has not come in yet." She led the amazed farmer to the chintz-hung room, offered him a great cozy chair, put an ash tray beside him and told him to settle himself perfectly at home.

"I must attend to the dinner," she then said. "You will excuse me, will you not?" She sent him another smile and slipped into the kitchen, leaving an impression of affection and good will that Warren had never before experienced.

Between them, standing arm and arm, their eyes 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 so much for her evil existing like plants in sunshine, healthy and sound, seemed an incongruous contrast.

"Paul has come," Eagle told Katarina and Marie. Holding their hands, she and Marie looked toward the door 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 droll side and laughed with my Cloud-Mother. Separated from me by an impassable barrier, she touched me more deeply than when I used her hand toward like and rattle which was her peculiar expression of joy was more than I could bear. I left the room and was flinging myself from the house to walk in the chill wind; but she caught me by the hand and said, 'I will be good!' pleaded my Cloud-Mother, her face in his 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 to cook. Madge and Ursule to notice how well I behaved. The tender-hearted host wiped his eyes.

The river filled hillocks of water in a strong north wind, no officer crossed from the stockade. Neither did any neighbor leave his own fire. It seldom happened that the Grignons were left with the winter alone. Eagle by me and watched the blaze streaming up the chimney.

Our singular relationship was established in the time when hospitality made room and apology for all human weakness.

I believed if her delusions were humored, they would unwind from her like a spider's web, which she felt to be the family had long fallen into the habit of treating her as a child, playing some imaginary character.

"She seemed to be demented when walking in a dream. Her faculties asleep. It was somnambulism rather than madness. She had not the expression of insane people, the shifty eyes, the cunning and perverseness, the animal and torpid presence.

If I called her Madame de Ferrier instead of my Cloud-Mother, a strained and puzzled look replaced her usual air of content. I did not 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 was quick to pick it up.

"Don't you like me any more, Paul? Are you tired of me, because I am a Cloud-Mother?"

"No," I would answer. "Lazarre will never be tired of you, because you are so good. Do you think I am growing smaller? Will you love me if I shrink to a baby?"

"I used to love you when you were so tiny, Paul, but now you are so big and strong. If I forget how, she clutched the lapels of my coat—"will you leave me then?"

"Eagle," said this: "Lazarre cannot love me."

"Lazarre cannot love me," she heard her repeating this at her sewing. She boasted to Marie Grignon—"Lazarre cannot love 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, gathered from Skenedon on our long rides, making them as eloquent as I could. She listened, holding her breath, or sighing with contentment.

Eagle watched me with maternal care. If a hair dropped on my collar she brushed it away, and smoothed and settled my cravat. The music of her mother, familiar and tender, like the touch of a wife, charged through me with torture, because she was herself so unconscious 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 sensitive to the giggles or the low, throaty "I made over an old pair of his father's," she said.

The discarded breeches used by the pockmarked turkey were devoted to her whim. Every stitch was neatly set. I praised her beautiful needlework, and she said she would make me a coat.

The more I thought about it the less endurable it became to have her dependent upon the Grignons. My business affairs with Pierre Grignon made it possible to transfer her obligations to my account. The hospitable man and his wife objected, but when they saw how I took it to heart, gave 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.

"You are young, M's Williams," said Madame Ursule. "You have a long life before 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 wife."

"Madame has not changed my mind."

AZARRE

By MARY HARTWELL CATHERWOOD

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BOOK III CHAPTER VII—(Continued.)

I 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 her."

"They were not afraid of her?"

"Who could be afraid of the dear child? She is a lady—that's plain. Ah, M's Williams, what she must have 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 hid among the Winnebagoes, who protected them."

"No, the people in La Baye did that. We knew she had another name. But I think it very likely her title was not used in the settlement where they lived. Titles are hard to pioneer."

"Did they call her Madeline?"

"She calls herself Madeline."

"How long has she been with your family?"

"Only 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, and she hid. She herself thought, and so did her friends, that she 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 went into the woods hunting bee trees. The Indians caught and killed them within two miles of the clearing some of those Winnebagoes you treated with for your land."

"It was a sunshiny day in September. You could hear the poultry crowing, and you could hear the Indians rushing in with yells and finished the settlement in a few minutes."

"The children were protected, but she saw children dashed against trees, and her neighbors struck down and scalped before she could plead for them. And little Madge, she was only a child, and she died. His father and the old servant lay dead across the doorway. His mother would not let him go. The Indian dragged her on her knees and struck her on the head. Madame Ursule herself, and got the poor girl into her cabin. The Indian came back for Madeline's scalp. Madeline did not see him. She never saw him again. She was left 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 scolding hen, 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 ice ridges met to the westward. The snow was deep. The whole festive winter spun past. Marie and Katarina brought young men to the peaks of hope in the "twosing" seat, and plunged them down to despair, quite in the American fashion. Madge and Ursule'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 tribe and New Year's day was a great festival to the house. And a thousand changes passed over the landscape. But in all that time no one could see any change in my Cloud-Mother. She seemed like a calm, unshakable rock in a storm. The girls manifested increasing interest in what they called the Pigeon Roost settlement affair. Madame Ursule had no doubt told them of my Cloud-Mother and me with the condescending pity of the very young, and unguardedly talked where they could be heard.

"Oh, she'll come to her senses some time, and he'll marry her of course. Rain reached; for the thing must turn out well to meet their approval. How could they foresee what was to happen to people whose lives had been so cruelly broken? Those spring days I was wild with restlessness. Life revived to dare things. We heard afterward that about that time the meteor rushed once more across France. Napoleon gathered force as he marched, swept Louis XVIII away like a cobweb in his path, and moved on to Waterloo. The great Frenchman then came to the bay, or to the St. Helena, and the Bourbons sat again upon the throne. But the changes of which I knew nothing affected me in the slightest."

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 I unconsciously spoke of to my spirit in me. Our natures toss and change, expand or contract, influenced by invisible powers we know not why.

One April night I sat up in the veiled night and looked out at the stars. Rain poured; I heard their stinging. The impulse to go out and ride the wind, or pick the river up and empty it as at once into the bay, or to France and proclaim myself with myself for follower; and other feats of like nature, being particularly strong in me. I struck the pillow beside me with my fist. Something bounced from it on the floor with a clack like wood. I stretched downward and saw a small, round, thick, feathered head, and picked up what brought me to my feet. Without letting go of it I lighted my candle. It was the padlocked book which Skenedon said he had buried.

And there the second lay at the other side of the room, wrapped in his blanket from head to foot, mumbled by sleep. I wanted to take the book, the scap lock and drag him around on the floor.

He had carried it with him, or secreted it, she revolved. People incline to doubt the superiority of a person who will associate with them. But the closer our poverty rubs us the more Ernestine insists upon class differences.

There should be a colossal mother going about the world to turn men over her lap and give them the slipper. They pine for it, but she never gives it. Am I helping forward the general good, or am I only suffering Nature's punishment?"

A woman can fasten the bonds of habit on a man, giving him food from her table, hourly ministrations, the horror of her, by merely putting herself before him every day she makes him think of her. What chance has an exiled woman against the fearful odds of daily life?"

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! It is because I kissed you. That was the highest act of my life! I groped down the black stairs of the Tuileries blinded by light. Why are the natural things called wrong and the unnatural ones just? Is it because I said I would come to you sometimes? This is what I meant: 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 ask you, though sometimes the horror of doing without you turns into reproach. What is he doing? He may need me—and I am letting his life slip away. Am I cheating us both of what could have harmed no one?

It is not that usage is broken off. If you were to come, I would punish you for coming!

Fine heroic days I tell myself we are marching to meet each other. If the day has been particularly hard, I say, "Perhaps I 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 before them by a little judicious whining and rebellion.

I never believe in your unfaith. If you brought a wife and showed her to me I should be sorry for her, and still not believe in your unfaith. I have fallen down flat and crawling the ground. Now I am up again. It didn't hurt.

That is the old-fashioned fairy story. Every day gold must be struck out of straw. How big the pile of straw looks every morning, and how little the handful of gold every night!

This praise in the Indian Territory that I dreamed as a black girl, is a grassy valley.

I love the garden; and I love to hoe the Indian corn. It springs so clean from the sod, and is a miracle of growth. After the stalks are cut, my knees are soon around my shoulders. The black leaves have a fragrance, and the soil is sweet as violets.

(CONTINUED TOMORROW.)

"THE BROAD HIGHWAY"

By JEFFERY FARNOLD

since I first wanted her. It is not a mind that changes."

"Well, that's unusual. Remembering how it had eluded me before, I opened it. The few entries were made without date. The first pages were torn out, crumpled, and smoothed and pasted to again. Rose petals and violets and some bright poppy leaves, crushed inside its lids, slid down upon the bedcover."

RIFLEMEN AT SEA GIRT

BEGIN TEAM MATCHES

Interesting Individual Shoots Will Follow These in Tournament

SEA GIRT, N. J., Sept. 9.—(Hilfmen in attendance at the 35th annual 10-day rifle shoot tournament here about the opening states this morning of the interstate regimental team match, the New York company team match and the Gould rapid-fire match. With the exception of the New York company team match, the last stage of which opened at 11 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 300-yard stages of the Interstate Regimental match with a total of 55. They were being hard pressed by the 1st Regiment of New York, with 54. Two teams, the Third New Jersey and the Third District of Columbia, have 53. The Second New Jersey team expects to repeat its sensational shooting of yesterday on the 100-yard range and win the Interstate event. The First Corps Cadets of Massachusetts had 51 and the Fourth New Jersey 52.

As soon as the team events are ended two individual matches will be shot. One of these, the Swiss match, is one of the most interesting matches in the tournament. 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 Remington expert match at 100 yards, one of the classics of the tournament, will be shot at 2:45 this afternoon. Several of New Jersey's cracks will take part in these matches. Lieutenant Colonel William A. Tewes, Captain Charles F. Silvester, Major William B. Martin, Major Winfield S. Price and others will enter. Silvester is shooting in his best form. On the 100-yard range in yesterday's Columbia trophy match he scored a possible.

Woman Injured in Auto Accident

Mrs. John Roby, of Brooklyn and Poplar streets, is in the Roosevelt Hospital today with concussion of the brain, incurred when she was hurled from a motorcycle as it collided with a patrol car automobile at 10th and Spring Garden streets. The woman was riding with John Palmer, of 15th street and Columbia avenue.

Upper Darby to Have Improvements

Bids for a number of important public improvements have been opened by the Upper Darby Township Commissioners. They include a bridge over Darby Creek, a concrete foot bridge at Kernshaw's Park, a segment sewer at Addington and repairs to the Naylor's Run bridge.

SEE California's Expositions

Via the Seacoast Northern 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 mountains, including the famous American Rockies and picturesque Cascades—hundreds of miles of stupendous mountain scenery.

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Write, call or phone for literature and information and let us tell you more about the "SEE AMERICA" route.

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OCEAN TRADE LURES VESSELS

Four Coastwise Schooners Will Take Up Lucrative Business of Carrying Cargoes of Oil

The lure of high freight rates and the scarcity of steamships has caused a revival of oil-carrying to foreign shores in sailing vessels. The coastwise trade is being abandoned for the more lucrative transatlantic business. Four schooners, none of which ever before have crossed 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 \$1.50.

The schooners are the Sunlight, Grace Seymour, Henry W. Cramp and Frederic A. Dugan. As each vessel will carry from 500 to 600 barrels, they will receive about one-third of the value for the single voyage. Owners of the craft are endeavoring to book cargoes for the return voyage.

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE

GERMANTOWN

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Police Court Chronicles

Dickie Bird was a high flyer, according to his own way of thinking. He lived on the fat of the land and never worked, for he had a nerve that finched at nothing. Although birds of a feather are supposed to flock together, Dickie was somewhat exclusive. This was due to suspicion of mankind generally and self-protection. Having little to lose in the way of commerce, Dickie usually look what he wanted where he found it and abated 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 article.

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 walking into the fowl with much enthusiasm as he sat tall for fashion before an open-air fire, when Policeman Raffier discovered the cop's peace at any price is Dickie's policy, and he immediately offered the bag as a quiet bribe. Mr. Raffier was determined.

"Any crime about eating in the street?" queried Dickie. "That part's all right," quailed Dickie, "but you'll have to explain to the court where and how you got the chicken."

Dickie agreed and accompanied the cop to the East Girard avenue station. He told the remains of the chicken along, and was down to the wishbones when he faced Magistrate Stevenson. Bird wasn't quite sure where he got the chicken, but one was missing from a nearby but.

Dickie was suspected.

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