EVENING LEDGER-PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1915;

THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER By RUPERT HUGHES

old maid of re old How-her generation the early blooms Mrs. Shillaber reings to est-a stricken life-to run away, a sola, where jetted by Newt Moorring, a credit mone, back home. In i short business trip. Meldram the small talk and accompanies e, a new thing in her life. The r nother tells her that no divi-dectared by the A. G. and St. us there will be no income

Deportaries father had said that his destribed was cheered by the fact that he had left his widow and his child several shares of that soulful corporation's stock. He called it the "Angel Gabriel and St. Peter Rallway," But the few hundred dollars that had come to them like semiannual manna and quaits would not drop down this year; perhaps not next year, or ever again.

act next year, or ever again. In her dismay Debby had an impulse to consult Newt Meldrum. She hurried to Sullaber's Baznar, hoping he might be ther. Asaph met her himself and told her hat Newt had gone back to New Yerk an hour before. Debby broke down Yerk an hour before. Debby broke down Yerk an hour before. Buby broke down Stat told Asaph of her plight. She sup-posed that she would have to go to work at once somewhere. But what could she as?

de? Araph was feeling amiable; he had won a repters from Meldrum and had made up with his wife in private for the pub-le quarret. His heart melted at the haught of helping poor old Dubby bebby, whom everylody was fond of in a haifedly unflattering wdy. He had helped other sentlewomen in distress, and now he dumbfounded Debby by say-be:

Why don't you clerk here, Debby?" "Why, I couldn't clerk in a store," she gapped terrified "I don't know the least thing about it."

"You'd soon learn the stock and the prices are all marked in plain letters that you can memorize easy. You've got a lot of friends and we give a commission on all the sales over a certain amount. Better try it."

Debby felt now, for the first time, all the sweet panic that most women under-re with their first proposal. This offer re with their first proposal. This offer of the job of saleswoman was as near as Debby had ever come to being offered the job of helpmeet. She even mur-mured, "This is so sudden," and "I'll have to ask mamma." When Mrs. Lar-rable heard the news she apologized to heaven for doubling its watchfulness. heaven for doubting its watchfulness, commended Asaph Shilliber to its attention and bespoke for him a special in-roice of blessings.

And now the long drought in Debby's to her parched soul to be a choice of the source of the so

in the washable sliks. The change in he environment was complete. Instead efdesing through a nightmare of inepti-tude in the doleful society of her old mather in a dismal home where almost mobody ever called, and never a man; now she stood all day on the cd is of a mum of people; she gossiped breezily all day with women in search of beauti-ful fabrics. She handled beautiful fab-

Trying to live up to her surroundings, the took thought of her appearance. Dealing in fashions, with fashion plates at marked by the contemported to get in touch with the contemporary styles. She sweetened her sleep, kept dreams away. gage of i bounded across eight or ten periods at The old stupidity of her life had given such ruin. me leap. First, she found out that she way to an eternal hurry.

could at least put up ner hair as other women did. The revolution in her ap-pearance was amazing. Noxi site re-trimmed her old hat and reshaped her old skirt, drew it so tightly about her ankles that she was forced to the tre-menious deed of slitting it up a few inches zo that she could at least walk slowly. The first time her mother noticed it she said: "Why, Debby, what on earth:--that

"Why, Debby, what on earth!-that skirt of yours is all fore up the side." Debby explained to her with the deli-clous confusion of a Magdaley confessing her entry upon a career of proffigacy. Her mother almost fainted, bebby had gone wrong at this fate day! Mrs. Lar-rabee had heard that department stores were awful places for a girl. The papers had been full of minimum wages and things. things.

Stranger yet-Debby began to attudinize, to learn the comfort of poses. She must be forever holding pretty things for-

Prosperity lay in unfaitering courtesy, gust, And th untarnished cheer. Cynicism did not sell of envy in it;



"Why don't you come to work here, Debby?"

goods. All day long she was praising things. Enthusiasm became her instinct. Few men swam into her ken, but in learning to satisfy the exactions of women, she attained the more difficult tact. She had long since omitted male-kind from her life and her plan of life. she was content. Women liked her, women lingered to talk with her; they asked her help in their vital struggle for beauty. It was enough.

peed luck seemed to be ending. The skies over her grew dark with the abundance of merciful rain. A gentle drizzle seemed to go to the store, and taking much time at the process, she observed at her foreto her parched soul to be a cloudburst, a head a white hair. It startled her: frightened her for a moment; then she

What use had she for youth? It had never been kind to her. All the loss of it meant was that it might harm her a little at the store. She plucked out the white thread and forgot about it-nearly. Another day there was another white hair. She removed that, too. Then came another and others, swiftly, till she was afraid to take any more away.

snow softens old rubbish hes dreary yards and bleak patches. heaps and

dreaty yards and bleak patches. People began to say, "How well you look, Debby." They began to dignify her as "Deborah" or "Miss Larrabec." Her old contemners came to her counter with a new meekness. Age was making it harder and harder for them to keep to the man. Diricht colors did not become the pace. Bright colors did not become them any longer. Their petals were fail-ing from them; the velvet was losing its nap, rusting, sagging, wearing through. The years, like moths, were gnawing, gnawing.

must be forever holding pretty things for-ward. She took care of her hatds, pol-labed her nalls. Now and then she must drape a piece of slik across her shoulder and dispose of her rigid frame into curves. She began to talk of "lines"— to cold cream her complexion. The mental change in her was no less thorough. Activity was a tonic. Her patience was compelied to school itself. Froeperity tay in unfaltering courtesy. gust. And the voice said with a kind

"Why, Imborah, how well you look!" "Ob. I am well?" Deborah chanted, then repressed her cheer unconsciously. It was not tactful to be too well. "That is, I'm tol'able. And how are you this awful weather?"

"Not well, Debby. 1'm not a bit well; no, I'm never well any more. Why, your hair is getting quite white, isn't it dear? But it's real becoming to you. Mine is all gray, too, you see, but it's awfut?

awful?" "Indeed it's not. It's fine! Your chil-dren must love it, don't they?" "Oh, the children!" Joste walled. "What do they think of me? It's awful, getting old, ian't it, Debby? It don't seem to worry you, though. I suppose it's be-rause you haven't had sorrow in your life as I have. I'm tooking for something to wear, Debby. The styles aren't what they used to be. What are people coming to? I can't find a thing to wear. What would you suggest? Do help me!" Deborah empired the shelves upon the counter, sent to the stock room for new

counter, sent to the stock room for new shipments that had not been listed yet, ransacked the place; but there was nothing there for the woman whose husband owned it all,

Deborah's hand went to her heart, where there was an ache or pity for one who had never pitied her. It was Deborah now that was almost girlish in form, she was only now filling out, inking flesh upon her bones and grace into her members.

A few weeks later Deborah went again to the Shillaber home, sat again on the sofa in the dining room. The children and all come home. Josle was in the par-lor, almost hidden in flowers. She did not rise to receive her guests. They all field by and looked at her and shook their heads. heads. She did not answer, even with a mod.

Birdaline wept over her, looking older

Mr. Crankshaw, the undertaker, was there officially, and so were his camp stools. One of them had collapsed, and the bass of the choir had been unable to Some of the young people open his. giggled as always at a funeral. But even for them the laughter was but the auto matic whir of a released spring, and there was no mirth in the air. Time had sung away the rose that had been Josle. Deborah had heard the rose cry out in its agony of dissolution, and

now it was fallen from the bush, scentless and dead. The store was closed for the day and Deborah went home, thanking God that He had not put upon her body the mort-gage of beauty, whose foreclosure was CONTINUED MONDAY.





SCRAPPLE

Distinction The college is divided into two classes-these who wear a stiff collar on Sundays and these who do not.--Yale Record. you made me other one .- Punch Bowl.

YOU GET A HEALTHY RESPECT FOR FURNITURE IF YOU TRY TO BUILD A BOOKCASE



She-What makes you say that? I nearer each other!

Turkey on a War Footing





A

FARMER SMITH'S RAINBOW CLUB GOOD-NIGHT TALKS Do You Know This?

Barrow

Hubby (about to travel)-Well, Fil drop you a line from every town I

Wife-Do, dearest, do! Even if it's

never deny my wife a wish." didn't know you were so well

Easily Satisfied

tut! It doesn't cost anything

Sydney Bulletin

fixed finan

"Tut! to wish

THE PADDED CELL

PAUL, DEAR,

DON'T HOLD THE BABY UPSIDE DOWN . IT'S NOT GOOD FORM -

AND BESIDES IT MIGHT TURN OUT TO BE AN ACROBAT

OR SOMETHING

LITTLE IDEA OF

MY OWN , DEAR!

JUST WANT HIM TO

BE ABLE TO MAKE

3

42

AEH.

Easily Fixed

Ethel-You have broken the promise

Cecil-That's all right, I'll make you an-

GOOD IN THE

SUBWAY CRUSH.

15

WHAT DO YOU DO SATURDAYS?

The dear folks who run our schools realize that you cannot study ALL THE TIME. They want that busy head of yours to have a rest, so Saturday is a holiday for school children.

Of course, I don't know what your teachers want you to do on Saturday, nor do I know what your parents wish you to do.

What I am interested in is to find something to do for those who have NOTHING TO DO on Saturdays.

I want you to be earning money or doing something useful. I want you to understand that MONEY only represents SOMETHING. Do not love money-love what money does. Think of the good you can do with a penny. You can take a penny and put it in a little bank. By an by the little penny will get lonesome and perhaps cry. Then other little pernies will come. How wonderful!

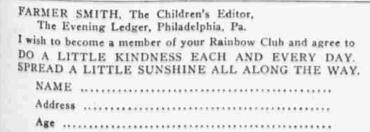
When 99 pennies come to see penny number one they all dance around In the bank and say, "Hurrah! we're now a dollar!"

So you can then take the 100 pennies to a big bank and get a bank book. Is Mr. Dollar in the bank lonesome? He is. BUT he is thinking all the time about the pennies in YOUR bank and he knows by and by there will be snother dollar and then another to keep him company.

I want to talk to you more and more about money, because the more I write the more I learn and I hope you do, too.

FARMER SMITH, Children's Editor, EVENING LEDGER,

P. S .- If you haven't a bank handy, put Mr. Penny in a cup and put a note in it with one word written on it, "Mine!" Try each day to keep Mr. Penny from getting lonesome, 'cause some day you may find the cup full of water and you will know Mr. Penny has been crying because you spent one of his brothers foolishly. Keep Mr. Penny happy by putting little brothers beside him.



The list of those who have joined Farmer Smith's Rainbow Club this week will be found on another page of this paper. Hunt for it. Is YOUR time there?

School I attend

Great Doings in Toyland "Bizz-B-i-z-z!"

"Gracious sakes' alive!" exclaimed inta Claus, "Miss B. Fuddle, won't Pou please go upstairs and see what that noise is?"

Miss B. Fuddle, Santa Claus' stetographer, went

ipstairs and soon came down with a

"My, my!" said Santa Claus, "I have never seen iss letter before." Then he read: Dear, dear Santa Juss-I am a lit-la bay in Haddon| field, N. J., and I want some bees for Christmas, as I am going to keep bees for Christmas. Your loving friend JOSEPH JEFFERSON RONEY.

"Well," exclaimed Santa Claus, "that's the first time in 2000 years I ever got a letter asking for bees! It shall be. It shall be." "It already was," answered Miss B.

Fuddle. "You are very, very careless with your grammar," said Santa Claus. Then he added, "So that noise upstairs is made by the bees?"

"It be!" answered Miss B. Fuddle. "You will have to write 9 \$90,000 words for that pun," said the josty old fellow, laughing.

1. What is the smallest bridge in the world? (Five credits.) 2. What is the difference between six dozen dozen and a half a dozen dozen? (Six credits.) 3. Which is the (Six credits.) 3. Which is the hardest of all soaps? (Six credits.) 4. A little boy received a wagon for his birthday when he was 8 years old, he is now as old as there are months in the year. How long has he had the



Sitting on a limb. Along came a Hoptoad, And squinted at him.

Our Postoffice Box My, my, that path that leads to the Rainbow is getting crowded! We don't mind a bit. No, indeed! It's

lots of fun bumping elbows with little folks who are doing things.

Winifred Black, the little girl in the picture, says that she has made a Christmas present for every one in her family. WINIFRED BLACK

How many other little girls can say the same thing? Helen Matthews, of the same thing? Helen Matthews, of Walnut street, writes that she has not forgotten to keep her Rainbow pledge one single day. Think of all the sun-shine one little person can bring into the world! James Daley, Rosewood street, and

his friends in the neighborhood have formed the Rosewood Rainbow Club. formed the Rosewood Rainbow Club. They read, go on "hikes" and do lots of interesting things. Anna Daly, Rosewood street, has organized the Rainbow Helping Hand Club among her little friends. Isn't that lovely? Write, Anna, and tell us how you are cetting along getting along.

Your Work Room

Dear Rainbow Club-I have made a sled, as I and my little brother hadn't any. I found two pieces of board about three feet long and about as wide and thick as the runners you see on sleds. I whittled one end of see on sleds. I whittled one end of each hoard into a curve to make it look like a real runner. The next thing I did was to get six small pieces of hoard all the same size. These I made into the seat of my sled. I nailed them across the runners. I cut a hole in the end and put a rope through the holes. Now we have a fine sled.

fine sled. HENRY DAVIES, Ritner street.

est. Wellington





"I'm going to see Hamiet."

with you.



"Who wrote the Fifth Symphony?" "I dunno who wrote the first one."