to philander with woman and those who

that's worth taking, but not you.

anything from that. He went slowly

down the stairs and out into the street,

The biting winter air braced him. He

started to walk rapidly. At the end of an

He went up the avenue to his florist's and stood outside trying to decide whether it should be one mass of blood red or a color scheme. Suddenly the plate glass caught a reflection and threw it in his face. Gerry turned. A four-wheeler was passing. He could not see the occupant but on top was a large, familiar trunk marked with a yellow girdle. On the trunk was a familiar label. He stared at it and the label stared back at him and finally

passed in the window, remembered that

# THE NOVEL OF THE YEAR CHAMBERIAIN

CHAPTER V .- (Continued). MEARS crawled slowly down Alix's

cheeks. She stood with her elbows on the rall and faced the ocean as no one might see. Her hands were locked. In her aind her own thoughts were running. Symbow she could understand Alan wither at listening. If only Gerry had done this thing to her, she was thinking, the pitter was wracking misery would have been up at white heat. She was unmasted at list—but Gerry had not unmasted at list—but Gerry had not unmasted at list—but Gerry had not unmasted at list—but day of the wreck and list engagement had Gerry unmasted gimself.

blusself.

Alan was standing with his side to the rall, his eyes leaving her face only to keep track of the promenaders so that no seep track of the promenaders so that no smelious friend should take her by surgice. He went en talking. "Our judgment is calling to us to quit but it is ralling from days ago." he said. "We westin't listen their and it's only the echo been now. We can try to quit if you

calling from days ago," be said. "We vosifin't listen then and it's only the echo se bear now. We can try to quit if you like, but when I am alone I shall call for you, and when you are alone you will call for me. We will always be alone except when we are near each other. We can't break the tension, Alix. It will break us in the end."

The slow tears were still crawling down Alix's cheeks. In all her life she had ever suffered so before. She felt that each tear paid the price of all her levity. "Alan," she said with a quick ginnes at him, "did you know when we begin that it was going to be like this?"

"No," he answered. "I have triffed with many women and I was ready to mide with you. No one had ever driven you and I wanted to drive you. I thought I had diverced passion and love. I thought perhaps you had, too. But love is here. I am not driving you. We are being driven."

CHAPTER VI.

ALIX and Alan were in the grip of a A fever that is hard to break save ough satiety and ruin. They were still beld apart by generations of sound tradition but against this bulwark the full food of modern life as they lived it was firected. In Alan there was a counterpased him to accept the easy tenets of fore the fire and sat down on a great sofa he-be growing sensual cult. As he found it "You remind me today of the most beau-more and more difficult to turn his moughts away from Alix, he stroye to spiteful friend." strain-a tradition of passion that predismean the clearheadedness that only a par before had held him back from defi-alts moral surrender.

lit moral surrender.

It was only a year ago that the table talk one night had turned on what was modely's religion and he had said, "Sodery has no religion nowadays; it has even up religion for a corrosive philoso-by of monethics."

He had seen clearly then but not clearly ough to save himself. He had played with the corrosive philosophy until he had divarced flesh from the soul and now it was playing with him. He found himself powerless in the grip of his desire for

With her, things had not gone so far. From the security of the untempted she

Lovers in passension of each other can hide their happiness from a burried world, but it is hard to dissemble the longing look and the reckless craving for hodily nearness to one's heart's desire when it is yet unattained. Not many days when it is yet unattained. Not many days had passed after their return when Alan's constant attendance upon Gerry's wife became the absorbing centre of interest to their part of town life. People said little enough. Their eyes were too wide open watching the headlong rush toward cutastrophe.



"Alan," she said, "I want you to go away.'

his neck. "You mustn't do that sort of thing to me. Nance. I'm not fit for it."
He made her sit down on a great sofa hefore the fire and sat down beside her.

"What was it?" said Nance, turning her troubled eyes to him.
"She said, 'She is only beautiful in her own home.' I never understood it before.

It's a great thing to be beautiful in one's

"Oh, Alan," said Nance, catching his hand and holding it against her breast, "it is a great thing. It's the greatest thing in life. That's why I sent for you thing in life. That's why I sent for you because you are wrecking forever your chance of being beautiful in your own home. And worse than that, you are wrecking Alix's chance. Of course you are blind. Of course you are mad. I understand, Alan, but I want to hold you close to my heart until you seeuntil the fever is cooled. You and Alix

had watched her chosen world play with fire and only now when temptation assailed her, did she realize the weakness that lies in every woman once her outposts have fallen and her bare heart hecomes engaged in the battle.

Lovers in possession of each other can hide their happiness from a hurried. Her eves had been fixed in the fire, but the hand said them but Alix was gry. She speculated on the sonration of being once again roughly income but nothing but Puritan to build on. You may have built just playhouses of sand, but deep down the old rock foundable are fired in the fire purities. Her eves had been fixed in the fire, but the had said them but Alix was gry. She speculated on the sonration of being once again roughly income but alix and them but Alix was gry. She looked at him through nor rowed eyes. She speculated on the sonration of being once again roughly income but alix and them but Alix was gry. She looked at him through now the nothing but Puritan to build on. You may have built just playhouses of sand, but deep down the old rock foundable and on that."

Her eves had been fixed in the fire, but for control; a great torrent held back for control is a fire people and ours were of the front of the fire people and ours were of the front of the nation. You may have built just playhouses of such a fire people and ours were of the front of the nation. You may have built just playhouses of such a fire people and ours were of the front of the nation. You may have built just playhouses of such a fire people and ours were of the front of the nation. You may have built just playhouses of such a fire people and ours were of the front of the nation. You may have built just playhouses of such a fire people and ours were of the front of the nation. You may have built just playhouses of such a fire people and ours were of the front of the nation. You may have built

Her eyes had been fixed in the dre, but now she turned them to his face. Alan mat with head hanging forward, his gaze and thoughts far beyond the confines of the room. Then he shock himself and got up to go. "I wish we could. Nance," he said gravely, and then added half to himself, half to her, "I'll try."

For some days Alan had been prepared to go away and take Alix with him, should she consent. Upon his arrival he had had an interview with McDale & McDale in the course of which that firm opened its eyes and its pocket wider than it ever had before.

"You are out for money, Mr. Wayne,"

"You are out for money, Mr. Wayne,"

"You are out for money, Mr. Wayne," had been the feeble remonstrance of the

"Just money" replied Alan. "If you wed as much as I do you would be out or it too. Of course, you're not. What Ten per cent, under offices estimates for work and time."

When Alan left McDale & McDale's of: flees he had contracted more or less on his own terms and McDale, Jr., said to the senior. "He's only 26-a boy. How did he beat us?"

"By beating Walton's record first," replied McDale, Sr., "and how he did that time will show." As he walked slowly back from Nance's,

As he walked slowly back from Nance's, Alan was thinking that after all there was no reason why he should not cut and run-no reason except Alix.

He reached his rooms, As he crossed the threshold a premonition seized him. He felt as if some one were there. He glan-ed hurriedly about. The rooms were still in the disorder in which he had left them and they were empty. Then he saw that he had stepped on a note that had been dropped through the left.

cided he could let things go no longer. He went to Alix's room, knocked and en-

Alix was up, though the hour was early for her. Fresh from her bath she sat in a sheen of blue dressing-gown before the mirror doing her own hair. Gerry glanced around him and into the bathoom looking for the mald. "Good morning," said Alix. "She's not

here. Did you want to see her?

want you to drop Alan." POVERTY'S WOES STUN pited Alix lightly.

Gerry whirled around at her tone. Alis nostrils were quivering. To his amazement his hands fairly itched to chutch her beautiful threat. He could hardly control his voice. "Stop playing, Alix," he sulped. "There's never been a divorcee among the Lansings nor a wifebeater and one is as near this room as the other right now."

Gerry regrected the words as soon as he had said them but Alix was not anser you. She looked at him through harrowed eyes, She speculated on the sensa-ONCE-VIVACIOUS GIRL; CHILDREN IN TATTERS

Joseph McGonigle, 1306 South Napa Street, Racked by Tubercular Cough, Unable to Hold Jobs

The troubles of a family in one of the many thousands of little homes that go to make Philadelphia a great city have reduced one woman to a stumbed and devel condition in that she can answer dully conly "Yee" and "Nor" to all nuestions asked her.

The most descente of the problems that fill the four rooms of the cold little house of 128 South Napa street, to the excitation of food and fuel and every other precessity, in that Joseph Metonizle, who come from a sighted in a

McClonigle, who rose from a sickled in a hospital where he was treated for a tuberculus affection, has a relapse every time be gets a job and does not know whether to light off the wolf and stave off disaster as home as possible, or an to a hospital again to my to get really well. A dull glow came into Alix's checks.

Philanderers are of many breeds," she
aid, "There are those who have the wit-

The trouble is that Christmas comes but one only rise to a whisky or a golf club. Wintever else Alan may be he is not a Once aroused Alix had taken up the 20th and Wharton streets.

gaunter with no uncertain hand. Her first words carried the war into the en-emy's camp and they were barbed. "What do you mean?" said Gerry dully. GOT IS AT CHRISTMAS. "What do you mean?" said Gerry dully.

He had not anticipated a defense.
"I mean what you might have desinced with an effort. What are you but a philanderer in little things where Alan be in great? What have you cover done to hold me or any other woman? I respected of you once for what you were going to be. That his died. Dul you think I was going to make you into a man?"

Gerry stood, breathing hard, a great despondency in his heart. Alix went on pitllessily. "What have you become? A monumental time-server on the world and have for symmaths season her care was pointed to as the suddest in Philadelphia, and about

the fell as if some one were there. He glauced hurriedly about. The rooms were still in the disorder in which he bad stepped on a note that had been dropped through the letter-slip. He pikeed if up. A thrill went through him as he recognized Alix's handwriting. There was no stamp. It must have been delivered by hand. He tore it open and read: "You said that a moment's notice was all you asked. I will take the Montreal express with you loday."

Alian's blood turned to Hauid fire. The note conjured before him a vision of Alix. He crushed it and held it to his lips and laughed—not Jeeringly but in pure, uncontrolled excitement. It was not a coincidence that Gerry had sought out Alix at the very hour that Nance was summoning Aian. Gerry and Nance were driven by the same forewarning of catastrophe. Gerry had sought out Alix at the very hour that Nance was summoning Aian. Gerry and Nance were driven by the same forewarning of catastrophe. Gerry had felt it first but he had been slow to believe, slower to act. He had no precedent for this sert of thins.

His whole being was in revolt against the situation in which he found himself, it was after a sleepless night—a most unheard of thing sign no longer. He went to Alix's room, knocked and envent to Alix's room, kno

Africa temorrow and think for the rest

So after two days' rest, the brave Me-Gonigle left the house again to look for a new job. He does this most of the time now, getting work for a day or two and losing it again, for as soon as the Alix sprang to her feet. She was trembling. Gerry felt a throb of exultation.
It was his turn to wound.
"What do you mean?" said Alix very
quietly, but it was the quiet of suppressed. passion at white heat.
"I mean that Alan is the kind of man who finds other men's wives an economy.
He would take everything you have that's worth taking, but not you."

Allx's eyes blazed at him from her white face. "Please go away," she said. He started to spea... "Please go away," she repeated. Her lips were quivering and her face twitched in a way that was terrifying to Gerry. He hurried out repeating to himself over and over. "You have made Alix cry." You have made Alix cry."

was the truth.

"It would be better if your husband "Reception and guest night" will be the chief attraction and guest night" will be the chief attraction at tomorrow evening's meeting of the Oak Lane Review Club.

Callo Latior Common meeting will begin at luncheon will follow. Vosterday's hostors meeting of the Oak Lane Review Club. The included of the chief attraction of the Oak Lane Review Club. Alix toyed with the silver on her dressand toyed with the siver on her dees-ing table until he had gone, and then she swept across the room to her little writing desk and wrote the note that

The house him the cold, damp feeling of one that has not been properly heated all winter, and the wonder of it is that the underfed woman and her four little

800 Girls to Collect \$50,000

started to walk rapidly. At the end of an hour he found himself standing on a described pier. He took off his hat and let the wind cool his head. "I have been a brute," he said to himself, "I have made a woman cry,—Alix!" He turned and walked slowly back to the avenue and into his club but he still felt uneasy. A waiter brought a whisky and soda and put it at his elbow. Gerry turned on him. "Who told you to bring that?" Then he felt ashamed of his petulance. "It's all right, George," he said, more genially a sufferers. Thursday is legal to the content of the pullader of the property of the content of the property is a sufferer. Thursday is legal to the content of the pullader o Eight hundred girls prepared to "tag" very one in right, including 24 teams in automobiles, will be scattered over Phila-Relief Committee to collect \$50,000 for war sufferers. Thursday is the day des-ignated in a proclamation by President Vilson for Americans to contribute to he funds to alleviate suffering of nor

Elected Hospital Superintendent

LANCASTER, Pa., Jan. 25.—Miss Edna C. Taylor, of Philadelphia, a graduate of Polyclinic Hospital, that city was elected sin crintendent of the Lancaster General Hospital by the board of directors held hist night. She will succeed Miss Lillian Wardell, whose resignation takes effect

## POLISH NOBLE'S WIFE WHOSE DUBLIN HOME WAS RAIDED KNOWN HERE

Miss Zeta Rothschild Throws Interesting Light on Countess Markievicz, Whose Sympathies Are Decidedly "Pro-Irish"

AN INTERVIEW by a Philadelphia woman with the Countess Marklevicz, the Irish wife of a Polish nobleman, whose house in Dublin was raided yesterday hecause she was suspected of writing pro-HOUSE DAMP AND COLD German literature, throws an interesting light on the Dublin situation.

Shortle after the war broke out Miss Zeta Rothschid, of 1832 North 17th street, not the countess at the home of F. Sheely-Skeffington, the Irish National speaker and editor, who recently visited this city. "I know the Countess Marklevicz is interested in helping any propaganda that would further the trish cause," said Miss Bolinchild today. "But though the Irish tags of Rothschild today. "But though the Irish are not pro-English, that does not in the least mean that they are pro-German. The Irish are for Ireland, first and last.

Theore the war began there were anti-English papers. Of course, apposition to these bus increased the demand for them. "The Countess Markhevicz is known best throughout Ireland as the leader of ough military training and would be ready

Volunteers received word that a load of guns would be unloaded at Howth, on the count to miles from Dublin. Dublin Castle got the news shortly before the guns were landed. Gun-running was not in favor with Luthin Castle and the Boy Scouts went out to guard the men on the return trip. My boys carried the guns, the Counters added proudly.

The King's Own Scottish Borderers were sent from the Castle to get the guns, if possible, from the Volunteers. The soldiers and the men met at the Custom House quay. A skirming followed and seven were killed and wounded. The Boy Scouts were account of firing the first shot. Questions were asked in the House of Commons and sentiment became so high in Dublin that the K. O. S. R. were

"That is the Countess' story of her boys, when the call did come. "We guns are hidden somewhere in Ireland and much credit was given to the Boy Scouts. But all this took place before August 4, so one court really say that the Countess is influenced by pro-German motives; on the contrary she's remarkably pro-trish." Miss Rothschild added.

AN INTERESTING PERSONALITY. "The Counters Markievicz is a slim young woman of less than 30 years. Though married to a foreigner, she is always thought of as an frish girl, and when the Publin police legan to look for the source of the irrepressible weeklies, her home was one of the first to be raided.

"A succession of weekly newspapers has been taking place since the beginning of the war. From 'Shin Fein,' 'Schoors and 'Trish American,



MISS ZETA ROTHSCHILD

Paste,' 'Honesty' and the last, a four-page weekly four inches by six, called the 'Spack,' the supply has nover ceased the 'Spark,' the supply has never ceased "That the Irlsh cannot support this succession of papers is the accusation of the English, and they assume that German mency is at the bottom of the supply. The Countess, who has influential connections and is very slaring, is accused of being active in this work. A raid of her home in the hope of finding and suppressing the source or the so-called German propugation has been the result. "This raid, however," added Miss Bothschild, "is not the first the Countess has sendured. Before the war she was active in the militant suffrage movement, and several times her home was searched with the hope of finding incriminating literature.

"I thought the Countess one of the few who saw the results of the stand the Na-tionalists are taking. At the first big meeting, called a neutrality meeting by the Irish and a pro-German meeting by the English, the Counters was the only the English, the Counters was the only woman on the platform. She spoke in English and Gaelle. She realized that they were all praching treason and called on her audience to accept the atigms of 'traitors' to England and the fate that might follow. With one shout they cheered her call.

"In the paper today I read that both type and printing press had been found."

in the Counters' home. I would not be surprised at any lengths the Counters might so to further the ambition of the lrish to see Freland a nation once again." was the comment of this very

### BUSINESS MEETINGS VERY POPULAR AT WOMAN'S CLUBS

BUSINESS meetings seem to be very prominent on the woman's club programs this week. The New Century Club of Chester will hold a meeting on Friday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock. The Lady of the Lighthouse, will be given by Miss Jane

New Century Club, of West Chester, will Lord Chesterfield to his son will be given

Browning of the streets strikes his chest, it doubled him up with racking coughs. His wife picks coal and bits of wood on the railrond for fuel. Her oldest daughter, Ida, is a years old, a bright child, eager to learn, but she cannot go to school in rugs. She is no worse off than Joseph, 7 years old, Mary 4, and Harry, 16 months old.

"Neither you nor your husband drinks" the young mother was asked today. She is only 28 years old.
"No," she said, and neighbors said this was the truth.

Browning on the woman's club program, and losing it against this week. The New Century Club of Chester will hold a meeting on Friday afterneon at 2:20 o'clock. The Millitary System Viewed From An Educational Standpoint" will be discussed by Colonel Charles E, Hyatt, Miss Mile C. Burt is in enarge of the program.

Madame Jutta Bell-Ranske will entertain the club members this afterneon by a dramatic recital of libsen's "Doll House."
The affair is in enarge of the Literature Committee, of which Mrs. Charles H. Hubbard is chairman.

"Recention and guest night" will be the lumbards at 11:20 a. m., and the lumbards at 11:20 a. m., and the lumbards of losing will begin at 11:20 a. m., and the lumbards of losing will begin at 11:20 a. m., and the lumbards will be furnished by Milss Frances Shields, and a sketch. The Lady of the Shields, and a sketch. The Lady of the Lady of the Among the prominent suffragists who will see the Bidgethouse," will be furnished by Milss Frances. Shields, and a sketch. The Lady of the Lady of the Among the prominent suffragists who will see the Bidgethouse, will be furnished by Milss Frances. Shields, and a sketch. The Lady of the Lady of the Among the prominent suffragists who will see the Bidgethouse, will be furnished by Milss Frances. His bidgeth, and a sketch. The Lady of the Lady of the Among the prominent suffragists who will see the Bidgethouse, will be furnished by Milss Frances. His bidgeth, and a sketch. The Lady of the Lady of the Among the prominent suffragists who will see the Bidgethouse, will

Safely hidden under the leaves, she again went after the food, When she got the food, she saw the same thing and found out that it had fooled her same thing and found out that it had fooled her same thing and found out that it had fooled her same thing and found out that it had fooled her same thing and found out that it had fooled her same thing and found out that it had fooled her same thing and found out that it had fooled her same thing and found out that it had fooled her same thing and found out that it had fooled her same thing and found out that it had fooled her same thing and found out that it had fooled her same thing and found out that it had fooled her same thing and found out that it had fooled her same thing and found out that it had fooled her same thing and found out that it had fooled her same thing and found out that it had fooled her same thing and found out that it had fooled her same thing and found out that it had fooled her same thing and found out that it had fooled her same thing and found out that it had fooled her same thing and found out that it had fooled her same thing and found out that it had fooled her same thing and found out that it had fooled her same thing and found out that it had fooled her same thing and found out that it had fooled her same thing and found out that it had fooled her same thing and found out that it had fooled her same thing and found out that it had fooled her same thing and found out that it had fooled her same thing and found out that it had fooled her same thing and get well, wouldn't it?"

She said set well, wouldn't it?"

ONCE A VIVACIOUS GIRL.

The hear talk her metting of the Oak Lane Review Club, in the library building.

The content of the library building.

The content of the library building.

The content of the library building.

The hearted and vivacious siri, her neighbors and its problem. All this trouble has a sold start of hour club, in the library building.

The hearted and vivacious siri, her neighbors and all the library building.

T meeting of the Oak Lane Review Club, Club tea included many women well in the illurary building.

Characteria is instanced at the content of Consumers' Learne, and Mrs. Howard K.
Houston, of the Ridley Park Club.
The Custom Events Section of the



## GOOD-NIGHT TALK

Dear Children-I want to talk to you today about a wonderful game which you may play any time. As you use words all the time, the game will be an easy one. The idea is to learn a new word every day for as long a time as you can, for if you do this, you will have a very good friendyour dictionary.

No matter what you want in this world, you have to talk or write or make signs for it, and the more words you have the greater your ammuhitten, as it were.

When two boys are having a snowball fight, the one with the most mowballs is the more likely to win, all things being equal. Therefore, matter what you are to be in after life, it is always handy to have a lot of words tucked away in your head.

mow, without my explaining, whether I looked at wood or tackled it with bucksaw. So make yourself clear. The word "story" has two meanings. I am writing this in the fourth | ly warm overcoat, and we lost no time tory, therefore, I am writing a story on the fourth story of a building.

careful not to use words that have a double meaning. It would be better for me to say that I am writing a story on the fourth floor. If you want to have a word game, get up NOW and make a speech to Andrew Carnegie, asking him for a million dollars.

Reading gives you a large command of words and you would do well to Bep a little dictionary handy so that no word may get past you without your mowing what it means. You may write me letters whenever you choose and if you do not know what to write about, try this, THE HUNGRY BOY AND THE MOUNTAIN

FARMER SMITH, Children's Editor, EVENING LEDGER.

Our Author's Column The following stories were written bird at all, I am an aeroplane." shout the picture of the bird and the THELMA BAGHURST,

eroplane that appeared in this column

THE BIRD AND THE AEROPLANE

"Peep! Peep!" cried the little bird

it flew to its nest. When it ar-

"What is the matter with you?"

small and besides, I do not fly

"Oh!" said the little bird as it rest-

Yocum street.

ed in its nest, "that's different."

ETHEL MARIE HENNESSY,

MR. BLUEBIRD

One nice sunny day Mr. Bluebird

hought he would take a walk. He

walking and hopping down the

and when he heard something. He

opped upon a stick and looked at it.

e wondered what it was. He thought

would harm him. It had wings, but

of like his. For a long time he sat

exing at it. At last he said, "What

heavy bird you are?" "That, re-

anuary 10:

the top of the tree.

te you, I fly by motor."

AEROPLANE

One bright morning in July Mrs. fived it saw an aeroplane, which it Pigeon went out to hunt some food for her young ones. After she got a short distance from the nest she saw something flying in the air, which looked like a hawk to her. She immy strength," wailed the large mediately flew back to the nest to her bird or aeroplane. "Can I help you?" young and exclaimed: "Hide yourspestioned the little bird. "You are selves! Here comes a hawk to deyour you!" When the little ones were

> Pin Money Those who wish to farn money after school and on Saturdays should write a letter to Farmer Smith, Room 418,

plied the big something, "would be right if it were true, but I'm not a

Telford, Pa.

MRS. PIGEON AND THE

hought to be a large bird resting on coled the little bird. "Oh! I have lost

the EVENING LEDGER.

and found out that it had fooled her and was an aeroplane instead of a told the little ones how it fooled her. ELLAINE FRANCIS,

Then she went back to the nest and

Dudley street.

We wish to thank

also a very kind

young man who

brought in a nice

warm sweater and

a man's coat. These

we gave to the lit-

Our Postoffice Box

A vote of thanks to you, Frederick Many words have two meanings. If I say, "I saw wood," you do not Fueller, of Glenside, for answering him. "Who told you to bring that?" Then he felt ashamed of his petulance. "It's all right, George," he said, more genially than he had spoken for many a day, "but I don't want it. Take it away." He sat for a long time and at last came to a resolution. Allx loved roses. He would send her enough to bank her room and he would follow them home. He went up the avenue to his florist's and tread contribe trying to decide whether it our "want ad" so promptly and so generously. Frederick sent in a lovein giving it to the little boy who needed it so badly.



FRED, FUELLER

tle boy's father and he was very grateful for them. Another gentleman, I us his name, left a da a pair of rubbers and a pair of rubb who wouldn't tell us his name, left a pair of shoes and a pair of rubbers for this same little laddie who hadn't any. A thousand thanks for all of this kindness and please, my Rainbows, notice how the grown-ups read our column!

Mary Banik, East Oxford street, says that we are very kind to children. Good children deserve kindness, Mary, and all the children in the Rainbow Club are very good, I know.

Here is one thing to do: Get all your little friends together and make some paper dolls to send to the children in the hospitals, then make fudge. Charles Marola, South 8th street: Thanks for the names. Keep moving,

Our art gallery is indebted to

Anna Fogel and Isadore Fogel for

Martha Jaffe, West Dauphin street:

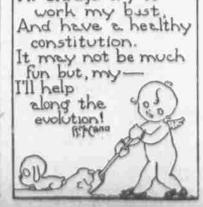
some pictures. Martha Martin, Norristown, sit right down and tells us how your friends are making money stringing beads.

Do You Know This?

1. Build as many words as possible from APPLICATION. (Five credits.) 2. Why was America named America? (Five credits.)

3. What city in Ohio has the same name as a former President of the United States?

massed in the window, remembered that he did not need them now, and drew slowly away. Two men halied him from the other side of the street. Gerry braced himself, hodded to them and halled a passing hansom. From the direction Alix's cab had taken he knew the station she was bound for. As he arrived on the platform they were giving the last call for the Montreal express. He caught sight of Alix hurrying through the gates and followed. As she reached the first Pailman, somebody rapped on the window of the drawing room. Gerry saw Alan's face pressed against the pane. He watched Alix stop, turn and climb the steps of the car and then he wheeled and hurried from the station. CONTINUED TOMORROW THE CHEERFUL CHERUB



I'll always try to

# Just Coffee

These rich, fine-flavored coffees are the choice of connoisseurs. Bradford Blend, whole, ground and

pulverized. Fresh roasted daily,

33c Lb. : 3 Lbs., 95c E. Bradford Clarke Co.

1520 Chestnut Street

