Alix Langing, in a foolish fit of anger at well-deserved rebuke from her husband, serry, because of her intimacy with Alan Ayne, starts to run off with the latter, Montreal. Gerry had been equally fool-h in the violence of his robuke, and,

CHAPTER XI-(Continued).

ported undelivered. Then he cabled the American Consul. There followed a long series of morsages; first quick and hopeful, then larging but not doubtful, then a wearying silence of weeks, ending with the inevitable blow. Getry had been traced to the San Francisco River. The envoy sent on his track by the Judge's orders had removed Piranhas to find the last track wonder over the erders had remoded Piranhas to find the little town in apathetic wonder over the discovery of Gerry's cance stranded three miles down the river. The paddle was still in the cance and a suit of pajamas. No further trace of Gerry had been found. His body had not been recovered, The people said it was not unusual. He had undoubtedly been attacked by tiger fish. In that case his bones would have been stripped of flesh. It was impossible to drag the great river. to drag the great river.

The Judge bid in his heart the harrowing details. To Mrs. Lansing he told the central fact. She was struck dumb with grief and then she thought of Alix. Almost hastily they decided that it was not a time to tell Alix and during long months they put her off with false news of the search. They carried it further and further into the wilds of the subcon-tinent. The country was so vast, there was no telling when the messenger would finally come upon th Gerry.

Allx bore the strain with wonderful patience. The truth was that her thoughts were not on Gerry. Something greater than Gerry was claiming all her faith-all ber strength of body and soul. She did not talk. She was holding that final communion with her innermost self with which a woman dedicates her body to pain and sacrifice. Allx was not afraid, In those days the spirit of the race-her race of pioneers—shone from her eyes and even put courage in those

Only when the ordeal was over and an heir to the house of Lansing had raised his lusty voice in apparent rage at have his lusty voice in apparent rage at have his been born to so small a kingdom did the frail Alix of other days come back. As she lay, pute and thin, but with the glori-ous light of supreme achievement in her eyes, Mrs. Lausing went on her knees beside the bed and soibled, "Oh, Alix, I love you so, I love you so?"

Allx smiled. Slowly she reached one band over and placed it in Mrs. Lan-sing's. "You are crying because you are a granny now," she said, softly, play-

Then came the day when Alix was strong strong enough. Mrs. Lansing told her in a choked voice what they knew and what every one believed. She cried softly in Alix's arms.

"Poor mother!" said Alix, her lips Wet check. you've heen! How you hid it from me! What a burden to carry in your heart and smile. But listen, dear mummy. You and smile. But listen, dear muniny, you are all wrong. Perhaps I would not have known it if you had told me-them-but I know it now. Gerry is not dead. There is no river than can drown Gerry."

"My dear," said Mrs. Lansing, fright-ned, "you must not think that, It's always the best swimmers that risk the

most,"

"It isn't that he can swim," said Alix. Her eyes turned slowly till they rested on her son. Her bosom swelled at the memory of the travall—the terrible travail that she had borne, not for the child alone, nor for Gerry nione, but for them both. "Swimming has nothing to do with it. Somehow I know that Gerry is all right, somewhere on this little world. Only, dear," and here her voice faltered that her eyes shone with tears, "this little world seems mighty big when hearts are far apart." are far apart."

Alix clung to her belief. So strong was her faith that Mrs. Lansing became infected, but the Judge field out against them. "My heart is with you," he said, at the end of months, "but my head won't turn. A naked man even in South America would have caused remark. Why shouldn't he have come back for his clothes, for his money? After all, he wasn't a fugitive from Justice. He was a man wandering over the earth in pursuit of a mere whim, and a whim doesn't last forever." Alix clung to her belief. So strong was

Allx interrupted him. "Judge, I have never been angry with you. We all owe you too much. But if you ever say was about Gerry again—" She stopped and bit her lip, but her eyes spoke for her. 'My dear girl," said the Judge, and

his color showed that he was hurt, "don't be angry with me. It shall be as you say. I've only been trying to save you from years of weary waiting. If you have the courage to wait for sorrow, I shall wait too." I shall wait too."

Alix kissed him. "There,"she said, "I'm sorry I was rough."

"You! rough!" laughed the Judge. Then he jumped up. "I'm forgetting my du-ties. I have a guest of my very own over at Maple House and I must go to him."

A few weeks before, the Hon. Percy Collingeford had looked up the Judge. It was as much a pleasure to the young man as a duty he owed to his father, se friend the Judge had been for many years.

many years.

Collingeford was no stranger to America, but he knew far more about dodging arcoyos in New Mexico on a cowpony than he did about dodging the open trenches and debris of Fifth avenue on the trait of a tea party. He was an Englishman, a younger son with enough money to put him above the remittance class, and he was possessed of far more intelligence than he had been born with. for, from his youth up, he had sought out experience in many places. He came book from the Klondika with more money than he needed for his passage, but only a few kindred spirits knew that he had made it hammering the plane in The as few kindred spirits knew that he had made it hammering the piano in The Fallen Star of Hope. He had the English gentleman's common creed: Ride straight, shoot straight, tub often and laik the King's English. That creed fulfilled, nothing class seemed to worry him the was dining with the Judge at the club one night when the name of Wayns—alan Wayns—thoused over occasionally from a neighboring tubfe. Later as they

Gerry Lansing was sitting alone in the shade of a bush, his knees gathered in his arms and his head bowed down. Great quivering sighs that were almost sobs were shaking his strong body. In one perific with 100 persons and him one terrific swirt life had wrenched him from the moorings of generations, tossed him high and dropped him, broken. He THE Firs were gay that night—gay with him hish and dropped him, broken. Ho had after all been only a weaking, waiting to fail at the first temptation. It seemed as if it could not be true. The months, Gerry could be here. Spring would have come. The Hill would be decked out in full regalla of loaf and blos-decked out in full regalla of loaf and decked out in full regalla of loaf and decked decked out in full regall decked out in full regalla of leaf and blosses. It would be in full commission to meet him. They looked at Alix and Alix seemed to look at herself. He would come into his own as never befors.

The Judge undertook the cabling. He cabled Gurry and the message was reported undelivered. Then he cabled the American Consul. There followed a long series of messages: first quick and hopeful, then larging but not doubtful, then a wearying silence of weeks, ending with the first long of weeks, ending with the first long of the bonds it had taken conturies to forge. And now the first long contented with the storm was past, the clation over, and his storm was past, the clation over, and his a frown he threw away the cigarette and a frown he threw away the cigarette and a frown he threw away the cigarette and a found so storing in which just to live had seemed enough. But it was true left we said. Gerry set down the empty bowl with a sigh. The rusks had been delicious. Before the coffee the name of neother died to in his lings and the sight had defully rolled a clearette in a bit of corn husk, scraped thin as paper. Now she slipped it into his ingers. The old negress picked world. With the drops of water from the plate. Gerry lit the cigarette, with the storm was past, the clation over, and his

with awe to see hin weeping. She tos. d across the floo him a cotton jumper and treusers and then drew back and waited for him in Gerry went to the path. He picked up the garments and looked at them. They were such simple clothes as he had seen laborers wearing. He rose slowly to his feet, dressed and followed the girl.

She led him along the path through the bad been slaves quarters. The fields still brush and out into a little valley made brush and out into a little valley made up of abandoned cane and rice bottoms. In the centre was a slight elevawas an old plantation house, white stucco once, now sadly weather-strenked, its tiles green-black with the moss of

She pointed to the house and then to hurself and amiled. He understood the pantomime and nodded. When they reached the house a withered and Gerry over shrewdly and then held out ber hand. He shook it listlessly. They walked through a long dividing hall. On each side were large rooms, empty, save one, where a big bed, a was stand and an an old bureau with the standard and large an old bureau with the second side was standard and large an old bureau with the second side was standard and large an old bureau with the second side was standard and large an old bureau with the second side was standard and took the cigarette. The girl's face lit up. She called and again the large brought free bright the second side was standard to meet them. She lonked took the cigarette. The girl's face lit up. She called and again the large brought free. This time Gerry smoked gravely. The girl's face lit up. She called and again the large brought free bright one, where a big bed, a wast stand and an old bureau with mildewed glass were grouped like an oasis in a desert. reached the kitchen. It was evalently the living room of the house. A hammock cut off one corner. Chairs were drawn up built into the masonry and a cavernous oven suped from the massive wall.

At the stove was an old negress, making coffee with shaky deliberation. On the floor sat an old darky clad only from his waist down in such trousers as Gerry vearing, except that they were soiled and tattered.

FARMER SMITH'S

sat over their coffee and cigars Coilingeford said abruptly, "I know a chap
named Wayne,"
"So" said the Judge.
"He looked up and fastened his eyes on
Gerry and then atruggied to his feet. Dim
recollections of some bygone white master brought a gleam into his bleary eyes.
"He said the Judge." ford said abruptly, I allow named Wayne."

"So?" eaid the Judge.

"Heard there people mention Alan Wayne," explained Collingeford. "I wondered if it was the same one—Ten Percent Wayne of Africa."

"That's the one," said the Judge and watched Collingeford's face.

"Hum," said Collingeford. "When I saw Wayne he was in shirt sleeves and a battered sun helmet. There are some men that won't shake hands with him, but I'm not one of them."

It was then that the Judge decided to take Collingeford to Maple House for over Sunday.

They made him sit down at the table and placed before him crisp rusks of mandioc flour and steaming coffee whose splendid aroma triumphed over the sortice.

mandioc hour and steaming cones whose aplendid aroma triumphed over the sortification of the scene and through the nostrils reached the palate with anticipatory touch. It was sweetened with dark, pungent syrup and was served black in a capacious bowl, as though one could not drink too deeply of the elixir of life. Gerry ate ravenously and sipped the coffee, at first sparingly, then greedily. The old negross fluttered nervously about

taken conturies to forge. And now the storm was past, the elation over, and his truant conscience returned to stand dismayed before the devastation of so short a lapse.

The girl, dressed in a homespun cotton robe belted at the waist, came back down a half-hidden path, shyly at first and f n with awe to see hin weeping. She tos, dhim a cotton lumber and trousers and

Gerry went to seat himself on the steps of the veranda. Before him stretched the fallow valley, beyond it gleamed the black line of the rushing river. To the right were the ruins of a sugar mill and stubles. To the left the debris that that told the story of past years fruitful in cane. All was waste, all was ruin. The girl slipped to a seat beside him.

She rolled a fresh cigarette and then shyly laid a small brown hand on his arm. Gerry looked at her. Her big brown eyes were sorrowful and pleading. She held out the cigarette with a little shrug that deprecated the smallness of the offering. Gerry felt a twinge of remorae. He patted the hand that lay on his arm, smiled, and took the cigarette. The girl's

nim. Her hand lay in his.

So they sat until the sun passed the zenith and, slipping over the caves, fell like fire on their bare feet. Gerry stood up, pointed to himself and then down the river to the town. The sirl sheet. river to the town. The girl shook her head. She made him understand that he was cut off from the town by an imday was too far gone for the journey. rie felt as though shame had left some visible scar on his countenance that men must see and read. As he stood, thought-

ful and detached, the girl grasped his arm with both hands and drew his attention to her. Then she gave one sweep of her arm that embraced all the ruin of house and mill and fields. She pointed to horself. He understood: these things were hers. Then she folded her hands and with a gesture of surrander laid them on his.

It was elequent. There was no mistake.

It was eloquent, There was no mistak-It was eloquent, 'There was no mistaking her meaning. Gerry was touched. He
held both her clasped hands in one of
his and put his arm around her shoulders. She fixed her eyes on his face for
the answer. Once more Gerry's eyes
wandered over all that ruin. After all,
he thought, why not? Why not bury his
own ruin here in company? But she read
no decision in his face though she
watched it long. What she saw was dehate and for the time it satisfied her.
Gerry all that afternoon was very silent

Gerry all that afternoon was very silent

and thoughtful-silent because ther no one he could talk to, thoughtful cause the idea the girl had put into cause the idea the girl had put into his head was taking shape, sided by a long chain of circumstoness. He looked back over his covered trail. If he had been some shrewd fugitive from justice he could not have planned it better. His sucden flight without visiting his home, his failure to buy a ticket, the culornation of the purser with its assurance of silence as to his presence or destination, all that had been wiped out by his cablegram to his mother. But then fate had stapped in again and once more blotted out the trail. Gerry pictured the finding of the canoe and paddle with his pajamas miles away from the spot where he had left them. Supposing there were any search for him from home, and there was no reason to believe there would be since he had cabled reassurance to his since he had cabled reassurance to his mother, it would come up against a blank wall with the tracing of the cance, the pajamis and the paddle. They formed a clue which could lead to but one conclu-

clue which could lead to but one conclusion.

His mother would have understood his flight from the distract that undoubtedly had flaunted tredt in every one of his familiar haunts. Secure in the retreat of Red Hill, she had probably truly pletured him fleeing from the memory of Alix and the fall of the name of Lansing. Then there was the cablegram to reassure her, In all probability there had been no search, but even if there were, it must in the end come up against this new obliteration of the trail! The fact recurred again and again in his thoughts. In the terrible hour after the seene of Alix's surrender to Alian he had longed to hide from the world, from his mother and from himself. Some genius had heard his wish. The old Gerry Lansing had been torn away in a charlet of fire, Pussion had swirled its flame about him and left ruin—ashes.

CONTINUED TOMORROW

Woman in Her Place "A woman's place is wherever she fits," said a man who could well afford to be generous and just, "This talk about

woman's place, sphere, limitation; and so on, is all piffle." If a woman can keep a set of books better than a man who is doing it none too well, why should prejudice and anti-quated ideas of sex stand between the

job and the woman? Women have proved to the satisfaction of all broad-minded and alert persons that sex has nothing to do with ability. We have women in lines that were once it was a revelation when the woman

When the question of salary is introduced, there is still a tendency to expect the woman to work for less than a man in

Many labor-saving devices are born of the thought of women. Surely it is the woman who promotes them, especially those appliances that make home work

was cut on from the town by an impassable tributary to the great river—that he would have to make a long detour inland. Then she swept her hand from the sun to the horizen to show him that the that women are physhelly superior to day was too far gone for the journey. men and standing women in the cars of

RAINBOW CLUB

GOOD-NIGHT TALKS

Dear Children-What is the difference between enough, all and too

Suppose I ask you "how much health do you want?" Will you answer enough," "all" or "too much"?

Your editor thinks you want ALL the health there is. What he wants to talk to you about today is TOO MUCH.

There is nothing in the wide world which makes you sick, tired, worried or annoyed except too much of something. The reason some children, not all, get sick is because their parents think

TOO MUCH about them. Let's see-suppose you are sitting in the trolley car and some one opposite you STARES at you. It is bound to make you uncomfortable, and yet sometimes parents, especially mothers, think about their dear little tootsic ootsies all day long, not realizing that THOUGHTS ARE THINGS. Kind thoughts are fairies and bad thoughts are worse than submarines, bombs or shrapnel.

wear out the carpet, wall paper and floor. Your mind is a beautiful house. In it are many rooms. One for study, one for music, we may say, one for play and so on. When you study too much you wear out your study room.

Mr. and Mrs. Cat By FARMER SMITH.

"Good morning, my dear," said Mr. Cat one morning to Mrs. Cat. "Have you any news for me this morning?"

"Indeed, I have a great surprise for you," said Mrs. Cat, and she showed Mr. Cat three of the fuzziest, cutest,

"Well, I do declare," said the surprised Mr. Cat. "They remind me very much of myself, only they are much smaller. Do any of them really look like me?" he said, stretching his back as if he were trying to make it hit the ceiling, and waving his tail to

and fro in the breeze, "I think they all look like you," said Mrs. Cat proudly.

"I don't know about that," said Mr. Cat, "because they have all got their eyes shut. Why, what peculiar kittens you have, anyhow. Is that the hest kind you can 'present me with, kittens with their eyes shut? No one ever accused me of having my eyes shut. I always keep them wide open."

"Oh, yes," said Mrs. Cat, "it pays you to keep your eyes open all the time. Besides, there are so many beautiful things you can see if you have your eyes open. In about nine days you will see these kittens all have beautiful eyes just like your-

self." "Now you are flattering me," said

Be careful about "too much" of anything. What would you think of a family living in one room? They would soon

Remember ALL, ENOUGH AND TOO MUCH. FARMER SMITH.

Children's Editor, the Evening Ledger.

Mr. Cat, and he stretched himself still taller.

Just then Mrs. Cat got up, and the little round ball, looking like one kitten when fast asleep.

"By the way," said Mrs. Cat, "I think it is about time you went out cunningest little kittens that you ever and got me a nice large mouse to pay for the nice things I have just said about you."

"All right, all right," said Mr. Cat, "but I think I had better keep my eyes shut so as to look like those Postoffice, George. kittens."

"Stop teasing," said Mrs. Cat. "You remember when you were young you had your eyes closed, too."

"I don't remember," said Mr. Cat. "That is why I have some young kittens for you, to remind you that you were young once yourself."

Farmer Smith, Children's Editor, EVENING LEDGER, Philadelphia.

I wish to become a member of your Rainbow Club and agree to DO A LITTLE KINDNESS EACH AND EVERY DAY-SPREAD A LITTLE SUNSHINE ALL ALONG THE WAY.

Name Address Age School I attend..... Our Postoffice Box

She won a dollar prize for one of her cans since the war began.

The method is a secret one, known only wee verses and started a bank account all her very own. Anna Marie has a famous birthday, she was born on the Fourth of



July. She has and tell us all about her home in Matilda Imperatore, South 8th

A. M. Dell'Olivastro st., sent us a very as soon as we've worked it out we're going to put it in the club news and see if you are as smart as we were, Matilda had a dream about the club, but that's a secret between Matilda it to curl.

The old saying about beauty being

'sandman." Matilda won't tell. Rodman Geisler, Haverford avenue, carried a very heavy basket for a lady and then told her all about the three kittens all tumbled up into a Rainbow Club. That's the way, Rodman.

George Tanguay, Arch street, has been sick. We missed his cheery little notes and wondered what the matter was. He writes, "When I could not read the club news myself, I always had some one read it to me." You see, he did not forget us and we did not forget him. Welcome back to the

John Dawson, Plum street, Bridesburg, Pa., is going to be kind to his home folks, to his schoolmates and to his neighbors. We would like to hear of John's adventures in "Kindland." Minnie Brownstein, South 4th street, has promised us some stories all her own. We shall be on the lookout, Minnie, so don't forget. Speaking of stories, little authors, may I ask you to please make them short. I have been unable to publish several very good stories just because they were too long. So remember, SHORT

Do You Know This? 1. What is the largest city in the world? (Five credits.)

2. Correct this sentence, Henry has broke his knife. (Five credits.)

3. How many continents are there? (Five credits.)

PURE FOOD AS NECESSARY AS FRESH AIR, EXPERT SAYS

Education of the Child Is One of the Prime Requisites in a Campaign to Get Cleaner and Better "Eats" for the City

"WHEN the public learns to demand pure food, it will get it," remarked Miss Lucile Blasss, who directs the work of a pure food department, and, therefore, is keenly interested in her work—for its corrective measures as well as from a mere business standpoint. Miss Blaces didn't lose a minute while giving her views upon the subject of the purchase and use of absolutely pure foods, but continued to direct those in her charge.



She is of the opinion that it is only a question of time, a very short time, too, when every reputable store in the country will offer only guaranteed foods—not alone the purity of food as it comes to the dealer, but the protection against contamination until it reaches the con-

"Living up to the law's demands is very well, but a concern that really strives for the desired end should set its own standard, and never allow an ince of food to fall below that point

Educating children to the necessity of avoiding doubtful foods and making them understand that not everything that pleases the painte is good for the health, will soon create a demand for food that contains nutrition and is not a detriment."

Miss Blaces is carnesty absorbed in

the subject of pure food and does not hesitate to assert that shops selling un-guaranteed foods should not be allowed

or do business.

"The co-operation of commerce and Government is a step in the right direction and only stores that conform and assist to bring about this result can hope to survive, because physicians, nurses and all serious-minded individuals are keen for this movement.

"In our every day life there are many there for this movement.
"In our every day life there are many things we can omit, both as we MUST have food, why not insist upon it being pure, wholesome, clean and palatable?
"All this can be done by starting the child

LUCILE BLAESS right. The home is the place where food purity should be taught, then the schools can help, and so on until the boys and strip become responsible heads of homes where the food question is all important.

"It is coining just as supely as many other reforms that have a running start, and a wise merchani exceeds the law limits of purity.

"Selling impure food is a penal offense, still it is true that a great amount of unfit food is sold in Philadelphia and other cities."

Now altogether for pure food and get it! is Miss Blaess's idea. Not only because she is of the opinion that because of the immutable law of supply and demand which not only controls quantities and prices but the most important feature—unality.

"WON'T WEAR OUT" CURL; NEW HELP TO MILADY'S COIFFURE

Imported Process Comes High. But Wave Is Guaranteed to Last Six Months

CALLED 'FRISURE FORCEE'

HINTS ABOUT THE HAIR FOR STYLISH AND RICH

Straight haired women can now have a curl which stays in six Rain, fog-even bathing in the surf-will not remove the curl.

Curling irons, paper curlers, kid curlers can all be relegated to the waste basket. The amount of curl must be regulated by the thickness of the pocketbook, for the process

is expensive.
It also depends on Milady's patience and courage, for it is n long, tedious and hot process,

Whether to have curly or straight hair ow is simply a question of dollars and onts-also sense. less she wants it, because a new process-frisure forces—has arrived in this coun-try in spite of the war. Now milady can have a curl put in her hair which will

Our Postoffice Box

Here is a little poet, Anna Marie

Dell'Olivastro, of Pennsgrove, N. J.

Shampoolis or even surf bathing. The process originated in England, but has been perfected by Amer-

locked when they are out of the pariors themselves.

To procure the curl milady must go lived five years in

Italy and some time she is going to write us a letter

To procure the curl milady must go through many processes, which take many hours and much money. She is almost hidden in sheets and other appared while the hair expert applies electrical processes which change the structure of processes which change the structure of the hair and make it ways and such as her hair and make it wavy and curly instead of straight.

The principle of the frisure forces is

that it changes each individual hair from a round hair to a flat one accord-ing to the explanation of one hair dresser. She says that all curly hair is Pennegrove, N. J. nice puzzle and story flat, like wood shaving, and that is why it curls. All straight hale is round, like soon as we've worked it out we're oing to put it in the club news and a perpetuat cur, see says, each indi-vidual hair must become flat. Frisure forcee, founded on this basis, makes the hair curly by flattening out each hair and making it like a shaving, forcing

only skin deep goes deeper this time it depends on the depth of the pocketok how much curl one can have In the front hair alone takes four hours and costs between \$16 and \$20. And then it lasts six months, or until new

hair makes its appearance. Then the process has to be repeated. When one has her entire head curied the price depends on the amount of hair

Parcel Post

Sheriff's Sale SIXTH AVE. NEW YORK \$8648 Ladies' and Men's Clothing New Suits \$5 up

Overcoats \$3 up Balmaroons \$3 up Trousers \$1 up Fur-Lined Overcoats, \$10 up Evening Gowns LATEST STYLES, ALL COLORS INBH LACE GOWN, size 40 Pale Blue Panne Velvet Gown, size ; Gray Gown trimmed in tridescent tin EVENING WHAPS

Dresses Latest Models for Spring Georgette Creps, Charmense, Creps Taffeth, Salio and Serge Suits

Sample Suits for Spring Plush and Fur Coats Miller

8. E. Cor. 15TH & BAINBRIDGE STS. OPEN EVENINGS

where the girl with the straying locks is envied by her sister with the luxuriant ropes of hair. Whole families of Philadelphia's social

elite are becoming curly-headed as a re-sult of this new process, according to in-formation given at the beauty parlors. In formation given at the beauty parlors. In some cases as many as 16 women from one family, including mother-in-laws, grandmothers, daughters and their sisters-in-law have come in for the frisure forces. "And they just go crazy about themselves when they see their hair all curled," said a beauty hair doctor today, talking about the process. "They stand and gaze entranced, they can hardly believe their own eves."

TAYLOR'S COMET COMING

Phenomenon Will Be Visible Here in Middle of February

A strange visitor will drop into this neighborhood about the middle of next month, and after a brilliant career will probably disappear. It is Taylor's Comet, which is running Haley's Comet a close race in the art of eccentricity.

Today it is making its passage around the sun. It can be seen with the tele-

the cin. It can be seen with the telescope in the northwestern skies, but will not be in a position to be seen here with the maked eye until the middle of February, according to Dr. Eric Doollutle, professor of astronomy at the University

of Pennsylvania.
"The orbit of the comet is a very short one, requiring only five years to make its journey to and from the sun," said Doctor Doellttle. "The orbit is elliptical. The fact that it takes only five years to complete its orbit makes it one of the most unusual and interesting comets on record. When we do see it here it will appear to be a hazy cloud, and will not be bright. In this respect it is like Haley's Comet, which started with great brilliancy, but became hazy as its orbit narrowed."

HALLAHAN'S



WOMEN'S \$5 Bronze Boots \$5 Bohemian Boots \$5 Tan Boots .33 \$5 Storm Boots \$5 Gun-Metal Boots \$5 Patent Leathers \$5 Combinations We say "\$5.00" because this is the

average price, though many of the boots offered were formerly \$6.00 to

HALLAHAN'S

919-21 Market Street

Open Saturday Evenings Open Every Evening 4028-30 Lancaster Ave. 5504-06 Germantown Ave. 60th & Chestnut Sts. 2746-48 Germantown Ave.

Farm and Garden

WM. H. BARRETT 4734 Duffield Street Landscape Gardening ng, trimming and pruning trees

Bell 'Phone Frankford 2041W

BOY SCOUTS ESTABLISH EMPLOYMENT BUREAU

Seek to Obtain Jobs for Lads Pledged to Uphold Organization's Good Name

An employment bureau has been established by the Philadelphia Boy Scouts for the purpose of procuring positions for manly lads who are dependent and need jobs, whether they be just after school positions or permanent positions. The hureau has gained much prominence in the Scout work of the city, and extensive plans have been made for the future.

Instructions have been given the Scout Instructions have been given the Scout to remember that he is to uphold the good name of the organization before his employer, and he must have a letter from his Segutmaster stating his status as a

Firms and professional men often find it necessary to employ boys at different soasons of the year, and the Scout Movement in Philadelphia considers it a distinct favor and benefit when the Philadelphia headquarters are asked to supply Scouts for responsible positions,

CORSETS

Choose from these three groups, each with its own special features and service. Sold Everywhere

First is the new EGO-SHAPE group, Nos. 318, 319 and 321-



318-Short, stocky-319-Medium height \$300 321-Tall and large ...

Three distinct models, for three distinct typesa fit for YOU without delay or alterations.

Then there is the famous trio with the semielastic Nemo Lasticurve-Back, worn by literally millions of women-



322-For the average full figure of medium height _____ 326-For a similar fig-ure, but heavier in \$300 the hips 324-For the tail,

high bust and back.

The third group is for women who don't like outside straps, but need Nemo support, and who prefer a corset "a little lighter." Made with the "Invisible" Nemo Self-Reducing Straps, concealed by corset-skirt-



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Be a Wise Woman!

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