EVENING LEDGER-PHILADELPHIA, MONDAY, JANUARY 31, 1916.



SYNOPSIS.

STNOFSIS. - Langing has exiled himself in South (a) When he saw his wire. Alls, (b) a stirting because of Alix's unit-a stirting because of Alix's unit-stirting because of Alix's unit-with Alian Gerry decided to take the stirting because of Alix's unit-stirting because of Alix's unit-base and decides to live with her "The has exiled himself. First his necession of his profilency. Later the studenty realised the signifi-i her elopement the united of the Alian alone. He went to Africa winder of bridsos. His efficiency in the appelation. Ten Percent

meanwhile, when all traces of anish, moves to Gerry's old home Hill, where she lives with her in-law. All genoment of the fact, scomes the father of a boy back in

Hill. is in Maple House. Red Hill, at a use the collingford, an Englishman of tre, has not the had met Alan Africa, and now starts to speek of as he remembers her during her by trip through Europe the year he-CHAPTER XIV .- Continued.

rRS. J. Y. for a second was puzzled M"That isn't Mrs. Lansing-it's Mrs. Gerry you're thinking of. Mrs. Lansing is her mother-in-law. They live next

The next morning, with Clem as cicer-The next norming, with Giem as cleer-one. Collingeford went over to The Firs to pay his respects to Alix. They found her under the trees.

"How do yo't do?" said Alix. "The Honorable Percy, isn't it?"

"What a memory you have for trifles," mid Collingeford, laughing. "May I alt

"Do," said Alix. She was perched in "Do," said Alix. She was perched in the middle of a garden seat. On each side of her were piled various stuffs and all the paraphernalia of the sewing circle. Collingeford sat down before her and stared. Clem had gone off in search of game more to her tuste. Alix seemed to him very small. He felt the change in her before he could fix in what it lay. She seemed still and restful in spite of her fying fingers. Spiritually still. Her eyes, glancing at him between stitches, were glancing at him between stitches, were smused and grave at the same time. "Doll's clothes?" said Collingeford, wav-

ing at a beribboned morsel.

ing at a beribboned morset. "No," said Alix. Collingeford star d a little longer and then he broke out with, "Look here, what have you done with her? Over there, the young Mrs. Lansing-spice, deviltry, scintillation and wit-blinding. Over here, Mrs. Gerry-demure and industrious. Dest tell me you have gone in for the Don't tell me you have gone in for the Quaker pose, but please tell me which is the poseuse; you now or the other one." Allx laughed. "I'm just me now, minus the deviltry and all that. Come, I'll show

you what I've done with it." They threaded the trees and came upor a mighty hower, half sun, half shade, where in the midst of z nurse and Clem and many toys a baby was entired on a rug. "There you are," said Alix. "There's my spice, deviltry, scintillation

and wit all done into one roly-poly." "Well, I'm blowed," said Collingeford, advancing cautiously on the young mon-arch. "Do you want me to-to feel him or say anything about his looks? I'll have to think a minute if you do.'

"Booby," said Alix, "come away." But Collingeford seemed fascinated. He equatted on the rug and poked the mon-arch's ribs. Nurse, mother and Clem few to the rescue, but to their amazement the monarch did not bellow. He approthe monarch did not bellow. He appro-priated Collingeford's finger. "I wonder if he'd mind if I called him a 'young 'un," sollloquized the attacking giant. Then he pulled the baby's leg. "When he grows up tell him I was the first man to pull his leg. My word, he hasn't a bone in his body, not even a tooth.". "Silly," gaid Clem, "of course not." "What are you staring at him that way for?" said Alix. "Can a baby make you

for?" said Alix. "Can a baby make you think? A penny for them."

'I was just thinking," said Collinge ford gravely, "that a baby is positively the only thing I've never eaten." A horrified silence greeted this re-mark. The nurse was the first to recover.

She strode forward, gathered up the baby and marched away. Alix and Clem fixed their eyes on Collingeford. He slowly

"It's true," said the Judge, and added grimly, "he disappeared the day you went to Montreal." Alan colored and his face turned even Alan colored and his face turned grave. "I am sorry," he said. "I didn't know

'Sorry for what?" asked the Judge; but Alan refused the opening and the Judge hardly regretted it. His heart was heavy hardly regretted it. His heart was heavy over Alan for his own sake. He had broken what the Judge had long rever-enced as a charmed circle. He had exiled himself from that which should have been dearer to him than his heart's de-sire. The Judge wondered if he realized it. "You're not going out to Red Hill?" he asked, trying to make the question

he asked, trying to make the question casual.

Alan glanced at him sharply. What Man glanced at him sharply. What after a pause, "I shall not break the com-munal coma of Red Hill for some time. I'm off again. McDale & McDale have baned me to Ellipson's. Us become a I'm off again. McDale & McDale have loaned me to Ellinson's. I've become i

loaned me to Ellinson's. Eve become a sort of poobbah on construction in Africa. They get a premium for lending me." Alan's speech habitually drawled ex-cept for an occasional retort that came like the crack of a whip. The Judge looked him over curiously. Alan's dress was al-most too refined. His person was as well cared for as a woman's. Every detail about him was a studied negation of work, utility, service. The Judge thought of Collingeford's story and wondered. They walked in silence for some time

They walked in silence for some time and then Alan took his leave. The Judge ollowed his crect figure with solemn eyes Man had deteriorated. One cannot be the fly in the amber of more than one woman's memory without clouding one's soul, and a clouded soul has its peculiar cir-cumamblency which the clean can feel. The Judge felt it in Alan and winced.

If Alan did not go to the Hill, the Hill, In certain measure, came to Alan. The next afternoon found the Captain once more established in his chair in a window at the club with Alan beside him. The Captain had not changed. His hair was in the same statement of the captain has a same statement. the same state of white insurgency his eyes bulged in the same old way, and be still puffed when he talked. His garb was identical and awakened the usual in-

"You'll never grow old, sir," said Alan, "You'll never grow old, sir," said Alan, "Old," said the Captain. "Hinh, I grew old before you were born." The Captain spoke with pride. He straightened his builet head and poised a tot of whisky with a steady hand. "What did I tell you"" he said into space.

"How's that, sir?"

"What did I tell you," repeated the Captain, swinging around his eyes, "about women?" Alan flushed angrily. He had no retort

for the old man. He sat sullenly silent. The Captain colored, too. "That's right," he said, with a surprising touch

or choice, "Suils, Every badly broken colt suiks at the grip of the bit. What you need, you're going to get it." And then the old man revealed a sur-prising knowledge of words that could lish. At first Alan was indifferent, then annaged and finally resempired bimself

FARMER SMITH'S

"what's this I hear about Gerry disap- | the Captain had not stopped to stuff his The Cantain's code was peculiar, to say

The Cantain's code was peculiar, to say the least, and held the passionate pligrim in ample regard, but, as he pointed out to Alan, it was a code of honor. It played a same within rules. He further remarked that the hawk was a bird of evil repute, but, personally, he preferred him to the cagle that fouls its own next. There were other assessed theory of the him to the cagle that fouls its own nest. There wore other program phrases that hung in Alan's mind for some time and half awakened him to a realization of where he stood. Many a man, propped up by the sustaining atmosphere of a narrow world, has passed mercileas judg-ment on such sins as Alan's-mental, un-proved, sitting in judgment over the bar that twists in the flame. But the Captain was not one of the world's confident army of the untexted. He had roamed the high seas of pleasure as well as the ocean

seas of pleasure as well as the ocean wave. Alan would have struck back at a saint, but he took chastisement from the old sinner with good grace. Alan left the Captain and presented

himself at the downtown offices of J. Y. Wayne & Co. They were expecting him and he was shown in to his uncle immediately, to the exasperation of several pompous, waiting clients. It was the first time that uncle and nephew had been face to face since their memorable interview at Mapie House.

J. Y. Wayne was aging. He had lived hard and showed it, but there was no weakness in his age and he met Alan without compromise. He nodded toward chair, but did not offer his hand. When a chair, but did not offer his hand. When he spoke his volce was low and modulated to the tone of business. "I wanted to see you to tell you that you have over-paid your account with me. The balance has been put to your credit. You can see the cashier about that. I want to tell you too that I have made incomed tell you, too, that I have made too much money myself to admire a surprising capacity in that direction in any one else.

"Don't think I don't appreciate the sig-"Don't think I don't appreciate the sig-nificance of your wiping out a debt which you incurred unwittingly. I can see that you had to do it because a Wayne must carry his head high in his own eyes. But—" and here J. Y.'s eyes left his nephew's expressionless face and looked vaguely into the shadows of the room. His voice took a lower key. "With all your sacrifice to pride you have failed in your sacrifice to pride you have failed in pride. You have not been prou'l in the things that count."

things that count." J. Y.'s volce fell still lower. His words hung and dropped in the silence of the room like the far-away throb of a great bell on a still night. "Yesterday Clem was crying because you had not come to the house. I try to think. Alan, that it's because Clem is there that you have not come. If I could think that..." Y.'s eyes came slowly back to Alan's fuce. A dull red was burning there. J. Y. went on. "Shame is a precious thing to a man. Different croeds-different circumstances -carry us to various lengths. Ethics are elastic today as never before, but, as long as shame holds a bit of ground in a man's battlefield, he can win back to any

battlefield, he can win back to any

ocaten at his own game. He came out of that interview thoroughly chastened and with an altogether new respect for the old Captain. No one knew better than Alan that it took a special brand of courage to whip him with words, but



THREE AGED DEACONESSES STILL RULE HOME

FOUNDED BY SEVEN OF THEM YEARS AGO

Left to right, Sister Marianne Kractzer, Sister Superior Wilhelmina Dittman and Sister Magdalene von

TT 1S no unusual thing for a woman to] grow old. But it is a rare thing indeed for a woman to have the evening of her life close about her with the knowledge that the work which she inaugurated in her youth stretches out over the land like a veritable monument to her life's efforts. This however, is the satisfying expe-rience, not of one, but of three of the gentle, aged deaconesses of the Philadel-phia Motherhouse of Deaconesses, which institution is under the same roof with

the Mary J. Drexel Home They are Sister Superior Wilhelmine Dittman, or as she is known to those of the mothernouse, Frau Oberin; Sister Marianne Kraetzer and Sister Magdalene von Bracht.

It was a small band of seven deaconcases, of which these three women are the only remaining members, who at the earnest collicitation and urgent appeal of John D. Lankenau, president of the Ger-

man Hospital, finally consented in 1884 to leave their homes in Isherlohn and come to Philadelphia to inaugurate the Female

To the women themselves, according to Sister Magdalene, it is far more signifi-cant. It means a voluntary consecration of their lives in the service of their Lord, in His poor and needy members, without



vesterday, a picturesque figure in the starched linen garb, with a question in her eyes as to the intruder's designs upon "I am Sister Supertor here, yes," s "I am Sister Superior here, yea," she

work. We are like one family here; all like children, and I am, so to speak, their mother. The denconesnes are not sularied workers. Their needs are met by the motherhouse. Their clothes are fur-nished them and spending money given them. They marry if, after prayerful consideration and patition for divine guid-ance, they feel they can best serve their Lord in that way. Many of them have married." married

Sister Marianne then came. She is 6 years of age, a woman with a heart of gold that bespeaks itself clearly in each word and action. Sister Marianne has worn and action. Sister marianne man many of the endearing attributes of a child; she laughs softly and shyly and her clear, perfect skin, with its ruddy glow, might well be envied by any miss in her teens. Sister Marianne has grown

in her teens. Slater Marlanne has grown old gracefully. "I served in the hospitals at the front during the Franco-Prussian war," she explained. "Yes, yes, war is terrible, ter-rible. It is so long since we have now had word from our homeland, and our dear ones are being slaughtered. Ab, this country is performed to a neutral and so country is perhaps not so neutral, not so neutral," and she shook her head slowly not so and sadly.

Then her manner changed and she was again the sweet child-woman. "Here," she said, handing her interviewer a much covated picture of Frau Oberin, Slater Magdalene and herself, taken at the time of the 25th jubiles of their work here, "I have received consent of Frau Oberin to give you this picture, but she scolded me, she scolded me," and her low, mellow haugh revealed the innate sweetness of

te soul of her. Sister Magdalene served, too, during the Franco-Prussian war in one of the hos-bitals at the front. She is head sister of he German Hospital. Sister Magdalene s 65 years old, yet each day finds her busily engaged superintending the affairs of that big institution.

Household Preparedness

What about your awnings for next

Are you going to wait until the sun declares war on your rugs, curtains and everything fudable, or will you order your awnings so that summer will find cou prepared to defeat the onslaught of heat and glare?

Then there is the matter of acreens. It takes a bit of time for any concern to fit and make acreens the way they should be made, so buck up and got ready for the army of flies and mesquitoes that swoop down upon us without notice.



RAINBOW CLUB

So, we can now offer you your choice of four beautiful models; La Valliere with instep strap and side buckle; plain vamp with French with chiffon rosette. All kid lined and of fine quality satin, in the following

Orders 10c ex-

Mail

a g e and size

whom

material remuneration. Or, as Sister Mag-dalene says, "It is our wish to serve Christ in this way."

GOOD-NIGHT TALK Dear Children-Let us talk today about two words: "Thank you." Perhaps some of you have read about Ralph Waldo Emerson, and as you

grow older you may enjoy reading what he has written. When you try to

The

Little Journeys to Little People By FARMER SMITH One summer's day, or, to be exact,

her. What she said was-and it fell from her lips in a low, droll tone, with the peculiar inflection of her mother tongue, work in this country. It is truly a great and the second design of the second second

Frau Oberin, who has been sister su-perior of the motherbouse since 1999, has passed her 66th year. She came slowly down the long corridor leading to the office the somewhat stern features and placed

withered and drew back.

Then the Judge and Mrs. Lausing came out to them, Collingeford was intro-duced. Mrs. Lansing turned to Alix, "Have you asked Mr. Collingeford to duced. stay to lunch? The Judge has asked himself."

"No, mother," said Alix, "I'm afraid we couldn't give the Hon. Percy anything new to eat. He says-

"My dear Mrs. Lansing," interrupted Collingeford, "it's all a mistake. I pesitively loathe eating new things, no mathow delicious and rosy and blueeyed they look."

"Are you speaking of cabbages?" inquired the Judge. "No, babies," said Clem. "He wanted to eat the baby,"

Mrs. Lansing laughed. "I don't blame him," she said. "I've often wanted to tat him myself."

Collingeford spent a good deal of his week at The Firs, Clem went to see the baby daily as a matter of course and he went along, as he said to himself, as another matter of course. Clem talked to the baby, Collingeford to Alix. He said to her one day, "I've read in books about babies doing this sort of thing to gad-

abouts..." "Gad-abouts." interrupted Alix, "is

just, but cruel." "Well, butterflies," compr. mised Col-Ingeford. "But I never believed it really happened."

"Oh," said Alix, "It wasn't the baby. like it just as much as I do." We Not altogether, in see, Mr. Collinge ford, Gerry I unsing-I'm Mrs. Gerry-disappeared over a year ago-before the disappeared over a year ago-before the baby came. He thought I didn't love him I might as well tell you all about it. I believe in telling things. Mystery is al-

believe in telling things. Mystery is al-ways more dangerous than truth; it gives such a lead to imagin thon." So she told him and Collingeford latened, interested. At the end he said nothing. Alts looked at his thoughtful face. "What do you think? Isn't there a chance? Don't you think he's possibly-probably alive?"

"chance? Don't you think he's ponsibly-probably alive?" The Judge was not there to hear the mask appeal of faith for comfort. Col-lageford met Alix's eyes frankly. "If I were you," he said. "I would probably heldeve as you do. I've met too many dead man in Piccadilly looking uncom-monly well ever to say that a man is dead because he's diappeared. Then there's the other side of it. Bodsky says a man is never dead while there's any-body left that loves him."

b man is never dena wints body left that loves him." "The Judge told me about Bodsky. He's the man that said there had been lots of murderers he'd like to take to his club. If murder he most while. I'd like to tak isn't the only boy who says this, either. must be worth while. I'd like to talk Nita Pryor, Huntingdon street-

"I don't suppose," said Collingeford absently, "that Bodsky has talked to a woman since he killed his mistress." Alls started and looked up from her work. "Don't you think you had better come back-and bring the talk back with you".

It was Collingeford's turn to start "I ber your pardon," he said. "You are ught, I was in another world. Only you granddaddy. da't get a wrong impression. Every-Y says it was an accident—except Bod-He has never said anything."

CHAPTER XV.

ALAN WAYNE had been away for a Fran. He had not returned from picture-just yet. F. S. dineal; but had gone from there to in South America and, later, to

an inch of nickels and dimes." I hope had been in town for several days he met the Judge one afternoon in uber on the avenue. "get" he said without preamble.

read a book and you do not understand it, simply put it aside and wait January 27. I took a little trip to the until you can understand it. Mr. Emerson said, "The highest price you can pay for anything is to ask for it."

There are many persons who do kindness for us and we are never able to repay them. For instance, I may ask a policeman the way to some street phia. and when he has told me, the least I can do to repay him is to say "Thank you."

When I leave the policeman, he at least has a kind thought for me, because I have shown my appreciation for what he has done for me.

It is the little things which go to make up life and the little things are often what annoy us the most. To think a person is a small thing and takes little time and effort, yet it shows that we are thoughful of others.

It is useless for us to leave an impression behind which is unfavorable. for it is just as easy to leave a person smiling as it is to leave him frowning. Remember and never forget that it is not WHAT you say that counts, but the WAY you say it. Put a smile in your voice when you say "Thank

you.' SAY WHAT YOU MEAN AND MEAN WHAT YOU SAY. FARMER SMITH. Thank YOU for reading this.

man.

STOFMAN

Children's Editor, EVENING LEDGER.

Farmer Smith, Children's Editor, Our Postoffice Box EVENING LEDGER, Philadelphia. H. Stofman, McKean street-"I I wish to become a member of like the Rainbow Club very much and your Rainbow Club and agree to I hope that every one will learn to DO A LITTLE KINDNESS EACH AND EVERY DAY-SPREAD A heartily indorse LITTLE SUNSHINE ALL ALONG this hope, little THE WAY.

> Elizabeth Name Smith, Gray's Address avenue -- "I am going to try very hard to have my School I attend name on the Honor Roll." And

not a single thing about the club that we know it is I don't like." That's the spirit, Jogoing to be there, seph; don't knock, boost. because when one

tries "hard," one generally succeeds. Fannie Dragota, South 13th street "When I read the stories and the David Sohns, Sansom street-"The Postoffice Box it makes me very Rainbow button is so pretty that the happy, I don't know why." We know members whose names I sent in can hardly wait to get theirs." David why ,only it's a secret and we're not going to tell.

Gertrude Segal, North 6th street-'Please send me the names and addresses of little children in the hos-I think I have lived up to my pledge pital who would like to have scrapbecause when I went to visit grandbooks." Indeed, you shall have the mother I carried grandfather's meals names and I hope that more of my upstairs to him, as he is not able to Rainbows will want to follow your come down to the dining room." Invery good example. Rainy days and deed you have, little girl. Love to scraphooks. Remember those words, little folks, you are going to hear Helen Pryor, Huntingdon streetmore about them!

"Will you put a picture of yourself in the EVENING LEDGER?" The EVENING Do You Know This? LEDGER isn't big enough to hold my 1. Who built the first steamboat? Harry Leiber, Catharine street-"I (Five credits.) am saving my money and now I have

2. Where is William Penn buried? (Five credits.) 3. In what part of Philadelphia was

Joseph Kull, Poplar street-"There's his home located? (Five credits.) Day Nursery, 420 to 428 Bainbridge street, which is conducted by the Young Women's Union of Philadel-

So many boys from the nursery had paid your editor a visit that he thought it about time he returned their calls.

It is a wonderful place and if you cannot visit it yourself, you might send some picture books over there for the young children. Picture books are especially wanted.

The Rainbow Club congratulates the officers of the Young Women's Union ,the Misses Berg, Fleisher, Kohn and Jastrow and Mrs. Goldsmith, upon the wonderful work they are doing for Philadelphia's young people.

Later we are going to use pictures of the work done by the boys at this day nursery.

Your editor saw the babies, who were all tucked in dainty cribs on the top floor. One baby seemed to know me, for he said, "Goo-o-o!" which means, in baby language, "How do you do?"

Can't you suggest some other places as nice as the Day Nursery for your editor to visit and write about?

"Just a Little

Act of Kindness' (By Catherine Murray, Mill st., Danville, Pa.)

One day Mr. Stevens invited a friend to dinner. As they were walking along the street on their way to Mr. Stevens' home, they passed a very rich little girl and her mother. On the steps of a drug store nearby a poor woman sat exhausted with her day's work. As she was rising little Ella Moxley (the rich child) ran up to assist her. When Ella had helped her to her feet the poor woman thanked her sincerely and then went on her way, while little Ella went back to join her mother, who was waiting for her.

When they had walked away from the spot, Mr. Stevens turned to his friend and said, "I'll bet that child belongs to Farmer Smith's Rainbow Club which I read so much about in the EVENING LEDGER." And he had guessed right. She did belong to the club and was proud of it.

WANTED ACCAT-A little boy of 5 years who has overcost to wear can have one that id like to give him. Address George Tanlike to give him Rainbow Club.





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