EVENING LEDGER-PHILADELPHIA, TUESDAY, FEBRUARY I, 1916.



ATNOPSIS.

ATNOPENS. The second payments of the south of the second payments of the second secon

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

has a beance in South America, has gone immediately after his elopenent with Aliz, Alan re-sees his uncle, who convinces he must not visit 15-year-old s, who loves him.

CHAPTER XV-(Continued).

Back in his rooms Alan sat down and wrote to Clem: "Dear Clem-We are all two people. Uncle J. Y. cut his other half off about 30 years ago and left it behind. The Judge has his other half behind. The Judge has his other half hocked up in a closet. He has never let it out at all. And so on, with every one of us. This sounds very funny to you now, but some day, when you are grown up, you will catch your other self looking at you and then you will understand what I mean. I am two people, too. The half of me that knows you and loves you and Red Hill and that you love has been away longer than the rest of me. He only got back 29 minutes ago, and it got back 20 minutes ago, and it He only got back 20 minutes ago, and it is too late for him to come and see you, because he and the rest of me are off tomorrow on another trip. But he wants you to know that he is awfuly sorry to have missed you. Next time I shall bring him with me, I hope, and I'll send him to you the day we arrive."

CHAPTER XVI.

THERE is no stronger proof of man's evolution than his adaptability - his power of attainment through the material at hand, however elementary. From the very beginning the necessities of his new Very beginning the necessities of his new life called to Gerry's dormant instincts. For the first week he would not hear. The past loosens its tendrils slowly. He was Batless and loafed restlessly about the house. The two darkles worked for his well-being, the two white women waited on him hand and foot. At first it was builing: then it was wearving. He

his well-being, the two white women waited on him hand and foot. At first it was lulling; then it was wearying. He began to wander from the house. But the week had not been altogether lest. He had gathered desultory but primitive information. Occasional reoc-curring words began to be more than mere-sounds. The girl's name was Margarita. The wrinkled little woman was her aunt. Dona Maria. The two darkies were lin-gering relics of slave days. They had been born here. They had gone with emancipation, but they had come back. The name of the plantation was Fazenda Flores. To them it was the world. They had wandered out of it hand in hand with liberty, but they had come back because freedom was here. They needed some one to serve. Margarita had long been an orphan. The place was hers and had once been rich. But before her day wa-ter had become scarce. The place was uncared for and had fallen into its pres-ent ruin. It was well, she said, for if she had been a woman for yearts! These things some of them distinct.

Bearched her out your also years! These things, some of them distinct, some only half-formed impressions, ran in Gerry's head as he wandered over the farenda. It had once been rich, why was it not rich now. Fertility sprang to his view on every side save one. This was the gentle slope away from the river and the gentle slope away from the river and behind the house. Even here he dis-covered hummocks in alignment, vague traces of the careful tilling of another time. He climbed the slope till he came to a describe the slope till he came

they clung to the monotonous work. The darky worked like an automaton. Work in itself to him was nothing beyond the path to food and rest at night. Labor made no demands on courage-it had no end, no goal. But Gerry's labor was digend, no goal. But Gerry's labor was dig-nified by conscious effort. His eyes were not in the ditch, but on the vision he had seen of what Fazenda Flores might be. He had fixed his errant soul on a goal. The essence of slavery is older than any bonds wrought by man The white man and the black in the ditch

were its parable. The dignity and the shame of labor were side by side, paraoxically yoked to the same task. Margarita and her aunt looked on and smilled and joy began to settle on the girl. During Gerry's first restless week she had steeled herself each night to the thought that she would wake to find him gone. But now he was taking root. It anused him to dig. Well, let him dig. Well, let him dig.

There was no end to digging. Gerry occasionally varied the work of

Gerry occasionally varied the work of digging with making some knick-knack for the house. The twisted limbs of trees became benches to supplant the rickety chairs, clumsily patched and totally in-adequate to his weight. In the same way he made the massive frame of a bed and Bonifacio remembered an art and filled in the frame with plaited thongs. Work inspires emulation. The women not out inspires emulation. The women got their store of cloth. They made clo their store of cloth. They made clothes for Gerry and fitted out the new bed. Pillows and mattress were stuffed with dry bur marigolds that faintly scented the whole room. With each achievement the sombre house seemed to take a step loward gaiety. Ruin and dil pidation put forth green shoots. The galety was re-flected in the household, They were united nected in the household. They were united in achievement. Quiet smiles were their reward to each other ...d sometimes a burst of wonder, as when Gerry found some old bottles and with the aid of a bit of string cut them into serviceable mugs. Margarita was happy. Her cup was full. All the dreams of her girlhood were

full. All the dreams of her girlhood were fulfilled in Gerry. A silent and strange lover, but a man-such a man as she had dreamed of but never seen. To herself she sang the old songs he should have to her and then laughed as he sung nodded mild approval.

Brunstte, Brunstta, Thy smarkling eyen, To grace a world Have robbed the skies. They are two stars, That shipe and see. Brunette, Brunette, Have filty on me! Here bits on me! Her young voice bubbled up from a full heart. It was joy bubbling from a well of happiness.

Brunette, Brunette. Those dreaming even. They are my skies. They are my skies. They are my skies. Such even as they. I look and sin. And then I pray! And then I pray! She leaned back further and further until she sank against his knees. He stooped over her. She threw up her arms around his neck, locked her hands and drew him down. He kissed her lips and

sighed "Ah, do not sigh," she walled. "Laugh! augh but once!"____

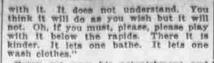
CHAPTER XVIL

FERRY did not grudge the months of G toll in the ditch. As he worked he thought and planned. This ditch was the very real foundation for the attainment of his vision. Deep and strong and care-fully graded it must be before he cleared the sand barrier to the river's surge. The ditch was slow of growth, but there was something about it which held his faith. It was rugged and elemental. It was the When it was all but done he took Mar-

with its primitive gate, a heavy log hinged on a thole-pin with a prop to hold t up and a stone to weight it when down On the Fazenda side were innumerable little trenches that stretched down into the valley.

But not until he led her to the cleft in the river gorge and showed her that half an hour's work on the sand barrier would let the river into the great ditch did she

understand. And then she caught his arm and burst into violent protest and pleading. "No, no," she cried, "you shall not do it. You shall not let in the river. One evening he sat on a bench on the rot di transfer anda, fitting a handle into a dipper The river is terrible. You must not play the priest had ecrambled to his feet.



Gorry got over his astonishment and laughed. Then he soothed her. Already the simpler phrases of her tongue came easily from his lips. He told her that she was foolish and a little coward. She must watch and see how tame the river would be. As he talked a strange figure approached on the other side of the duck the ditch

"Father Mathias," said Margarita, "it



"Is he not good to see? I found him at the river; he is mine.'

is Father Mathias. He will help me disuade you." Gerry looked with awe on the spectacle

presented by the newcomer. An old man, rubicund of face, his flat, wide-brimmed hat pushed well back on his gray head, was ambling towards them on gray head, was ambling towards them on a mule. A long cassock, half unbuttoned and looped about his waist, was supple-mented by black trousers and flaring riding boots. Over his head for protec-tion against the sun he heid an enormous white cotton umbrella lined with green. The mule stopped abruptly on the very brink of the ditch. The old priest shot off and rolled down the bank to the bottom.

bottom. The mule stood still, his fore lega slightly straddled; his pose was one of mild surprise. Before Jerry could jump into the ditch

By FARMER SMITH

should come along but Willie Hop

Toad, with his hand over the pocket

in his blouse. "Good-morning," he

"Blessing, Father," said Margarita,

"Bleasing, Father," said Margarita, gravely. "God bless thee, daughter," replied the priset caimly, "but not this accursed ditch. My hands are solled, nay, worse, scratched!" With the help of Gerry's strong srip he climbed to the top of the bank on which they stood. He smiled on them benignantly. "A strange welcome to the old Father, children. What devil dug this pit for rectinge".

"Ob. Father," cried Margarita, "curse the ditch if you will, but do not call my man a devil. Look at him. Is he not good to see? I found him at the river. He is mine."

Gerry smiled at the girl, then at the Gerry smiled at the girl, then at the priest. The priest smiled back. "Thou didat find him at the river, thou daugh-ter of Pharaoh!" cried the priest a twinkie in his eye. "A fine babe. May he grow to be a leader of his people." Together they walked down to the house. Bonifacio was dispatched to fetch a mule and then Margarita drow the old writes they was

the old priest into a vacant room. Over her shoulder she said to Gerry, "I am going to confess." Gerry flushed and nodded. He wished

Gerry flushed and nodded. He wished that he could subject his own conscience to so simple a rite. He walked about nervously, wondering what the priest would have to say to him when he came out. But when Margarite and Father Mathias floating out. But when Margaria and Father Mathias finally emerged they were all-ready talking of other things. The house-hold gathered in the litchen and there the old Father retailed the gossip of a vast countryside.

It was almost a year since he had visited this offshoot of his parish and he had much to tell. The Father was a connoisseur in gossip for women. He ouched lightly on tragedles and moral silps in his community but dwelt at ength on funerals, births, marriages, length on funerals, births, marriages, where rain had fallen and where it had not, the success or failure of each of the great church fetes and all kindred sub-jects. This was the link, mused Gerry, that joined Fazenda Flores to the world and the world to Fazenda Flores. The next morning Gerry was up early. He was excited. From this day the ditch, the parched slope, the valley would know thirst no more. With the long dry sea-son even the green bottoms had begun to wilt. He called Bonifacio and as they started off Father Mathias and Margarita.

started off Father Mathias and Margarita joined them

of his introduction to the ditch. thou here, child. Perhaps I shall find that to solemnly bless in your man's

ing torrents and cattle starving to death on a river bank?" Gerry was surprised. "So you bless my

One morning Dr. Bull Frog was sitting on his front doorstep when who

jumped down on to the sand-bank him-self and dug a small trench to the water. The river surged through it gently. Gerry Soon it came in rushing surges. Hours passed. Bonifacio slept, but Gerry and the priest had forgotten time. The ditch filed. The water started to flow back into the river. Along all its length the ditch held. Gerry heaved a great sigh. The pricat gave him his hand.

might have been added the real under-lying reason why it is impossible for Philadelphia to have clean stress; and that is, the ignorance and indifference of our citizens. If they were not totally indifferent to the cleanliness and beauty of the city they would have realized long ago that street cleaning by contract is an inefficient and antiquized system. A city should own and direct its own street cleaning and refuse collection and disposal; but even the contract system, bad as it is, might be rendered more tol-erable if the contracts could be awarded for a term of years. No competition is possible under the one year contracts which our laws force upon the city. The man who siready owns a plant must al-ways be the one to whom the contract is awarded. might have been added the real under LITTERED STREETS DUE CHIEFLY TO SCAVENGERS WHO OVERHAUL REFUSE

Mrs. Imogen Oakley Shows How Ordinances Against This Practice Have Been Consistently Ignored

UNSCIENTIFIC METHODS

Superior to the "Contract" Cleaning

This is the seventh of a speedal series of theles written especially for the Evening edger by Imagen R. Onkley, which will deal the municipal leave which every ritisen ght to know. Mrs. Oakley is correspond-g secretary and a member of the board aught to know, Mrs. Oakny is correspon-ing secretary and a member of the board of directors of the Cluic Club, chairman of the Cluic Secular Reform Committee of the State Federation, adelyary chairman of the Club Secular Reform Committee of the General Federation, vice president of the Pennsylvaria Limited Suffrace Lengue, a member of the Executive Committee of the Woman's Lengue for Good Government, and a member of the National Municipal League.

By IMOGEN B. OAKLEY

One of the many reasons why Phila-delphia streets are full of ashes and apers is that scavengers are permitted o overhaul the boxes of rubbish and gar page which are set out to awalt the co ector. In their search for waste which hey think can be of use to them they scatter the contents of boxes, sometimes going so far as to dump them all out on he pavement.

the pavement. On May 25, 1874, Councils passed an ordinance which it was supposed would restrain these scavengers. The ordinance declares it to be a nuisance, and forbid-den under penalty of a fine of \$5, "to cast or throw any filth, garbage or refuse matter of any bind into any street court. matter of any kind into any street, court, lane, alley, market house, wharf, dock or sewer inlet." This, it will be noticed, is a very comprehensive ordinance and penalizes not only scavengers, but all classes of citizens who directly or indirectly throw waste upon the streets of the city.

This ordinance, however, has not de-terred acavengers from plying their un-lawful trade, nor has it served to keep the streets free of litter, because it, with all other ordinance sciences it, with all other ordinances relating to street

cleaning, is under the control of the police, who are merely "authorized" to enforce lt. The late administration made a desperate attempt to clean the streets, but the officials of the street cleaning department found all their efforts thwarted by three things: First, the lack of a law compelling the use of tight covered re-

ceptacles for rubbish and ashes; second, the non-enforcement of the law forbidding scavengers and citizens in general to scatter waste over the sidewalks; and third, the nonenforcement of the law forbidding the sweeping of stores, offices and house out into the streets.

ST. AUGUSTINE, FLA.

Steam heat, electricity. Mrs. & Miss Eckert

HAMILTON, BERMUDA

Centrally located, opposite Victoria Park. Exclusive family house. Modern. Close to all attractions. \$15 up. Eugene A. Davis. IMPERIAL HOTEL Centrally located Near all attract.

Thoroughly modern. Rooms single & en suite. Sun parior and ballroom. Excellent table and service. Booklet. R. L. BUCKLER, Mgr.

POINT PLEASANT HOTEL

PAGET, BERMUDA

VICTORIA LODGE





GOOD-NIGHT TALKS

Dear Children-Before you read this talk, get up and look out of the window. Now, do you realize what it means to be able to walk and to LOOK? There are many, many little ones, my dears, who can neither walk nor SEE and to these we want to do some acts of kindness. In all my talks I try to, tell you just what to do so that there will be no miss-under-standing. (Had you ever looked at this word in this light before?)

Go to a store and buy a composition book for five cents or less. If you are trying to do good, there is no reason why you should be generous and pay 10 cents, for 10 cents will buy two books.

After you have the book, look through the magazines you have at home and through the SUNDAY PUBLIC LEDGER and cut out all the pictures you can find and paste them in your composition book, which now becomes a scrapbook

Underneath the pictures, you may put two or three lines of printed matter so as to describe what the pictures are. If you choose, you can cut out the stories which appear in our club news and illustrate them with pictures you cut out of the magazines and newspapers.

After all this is done, write to me on a POSTAL CARD and tell me you have a scrapbook and I will tell you what hospital or "shut-in" to send the fell off. FARMER SMITH, scrapbook to.

Children's Editor, EVENING LEDGER. P. S .- Why not have a scrapbook party at your home?

"Good-morning to you," answered the big fellow. "I have an idea," began Willie.

"Is it in your pocket?" asked the good doctor.

said to the doctor.

"No, no," laughed Willie. "Pennies are in my pocket," said Willie.

"You don't tell me!" exclaimed the big fellow, so surprised his glasses

"Yes," answered Willie. "I have three pennies and I want to put them in your bank."

"You will not let him do it, Father?" the girl was saying. "The ditch is ac-curaed. You yourself have cursed it." "That was but a playful anathema," said the priest, smiling at the recollection of his introducing of the introducing of

ditch." The girl went slowly back to the house and the priest walked on with Gerry. "Irrigation." he began, "Is destined to be the salvation of all this country. Water, we have in plenty; but it rushes by in great rivers, leaving the overhanging land thirsty. I pleture all these barren cliffs leaning over, longing for a drink. Where else can you see cactus overhang-

Gerry was surprised. "So you bless my ditch?" he asked with a smile. "Yee," replied the priest. He had dropped the "thou" that the church ac-cords her children only. He talked like one man of the worl.' to another. "Your ditch, I can bless." Gerry had led him to a point of rock from which he had first concelved his vision. "You have not been a slave to haste," continued the priest. "The curse of my people is that they toll to avoid toil." worked to avoid toil."

"It is 'rue," said Gerry, "though I had never thought it out. I am striving to make nature do the toiling. Man, toil-Under his direction Bonifacio was dig-ging a great hole just at the back of the sand-bank. Gerry measured its capacity and finally called the old darky out. He

The river surged through it gently. Gerry climbed out. With each pulse of the come-and-go a wave rushed through the little trench, widening it and occasionally carrying away a block of the sand-bank into the hole. Gradually, then in rapid progression, the barrier was leveled. The hole filled with water that roave till it began to trickle down the long length of the ditab. Then collowed the long strength of

London's Destructor System Vastly

ro, and with it the necessity the house-keeper is now under of putting her wasts into three separate receptacies. Ashes must go into one, garbage into another, and papers and rubbiah into still another, and three separate collections must be made. It is difficult for the intelligent housekeeper to keep her waste thus sep-arated, and for the women in the tene-ments it is imponsible. ments it is impossible. LONDON'E EFFICIENT SYSTEM. This whole problem of the collection and disposal of waste could be solved by the adoption of the destructor system which I saw in operation in London, and which is used in many towns in England and on the Continent. Under this system all household waste of every description -ashes, garbage, papers, tin cans, broken glass and crockery, wooden and paper boxes, rags and excelsion-is put into one receptacle. This simple plan prevents the littering of the streets when the receptacles are emptied, for the wet garbage holds the ashes, and the mixture of gar-bure and ashes holds the papers. This mixed waste is taken to a furnace known

Is awarded.

technically as a destructor, where it burns without the use of any other fuel, ince there is always enough dry waste o consumo the wet waste.

Before Philadelphia can have clean atreets the contract system will have to go, and with it the necessity the house-

7 IT.

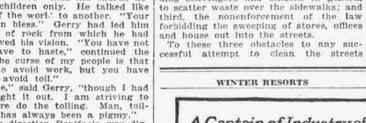
The power generated by the fires of the destructor is used in some towns to pump water into the reservoirs, and in others to provide electric lighting. In London the ash that results from the oremation of the refuse is used to macadamize roads, and the clinkers which come from the fusion of the old glass and crockery are ground up, mixed with hydraulic cement and made into bricks. These bricks find a ready sale for paving streets, building firebacks to furnaces and for all other purposes for which fireproof and water-proof bricks are in demand.

If this simple, cleanly, economical and scientific method of collecting and dospos-ing of household waste is successful and profitable in England, why can it not be equally successful in this country? Be cause, we are told, there is so much wet waste in the household refuse of American citizens that the destructor process becomes impossible. It is true that we have more wet waste than they have in England, particularly in summer when green corn and watermelon refuse fill the garbage cans, but as we are a wasteful and extravagant people, we have also much more dry waste.

It is not the wet waste that goes into the garbage furnace that makes the de-structor process a failure in this country; it is the politics that go into the garbage furnace

Eliminate the politics and the well waste will burn.

WINTER RESORTS



time. He climbed the slope till he came to a depression running parallel to the river. It made a line and beyond that line was dessert untamed. Cactus and thorn dotted its barren soil. Gerry fol-lowed the depression down to its end, then turned back and followed it up. It wandered among rocks and hillocks to a natural cleft in the banks of the great ther

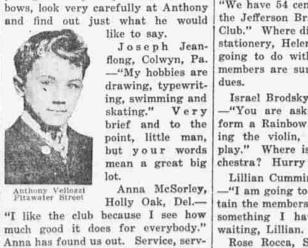
natural eleft in the banks of the steat river. The cleft was long and straight, and at its end he saw the turmoil of the rushing current. The water surged up the cleft to the gentle slope of sand at his 'cet in an eternal come and so. What a place for a bath, he thought, and then found Margarita panting beside him. She had followed him. She had been running. She held one hand to her heart and with the other clutched his arm. When she had got her breath she motioned him to stand still. Then she picked up a large stone and, running down the hard sand hank behind a receding wave, dropped it and ran back.

and ran back. The water rushed after her, picked up a stone, played with it, and then the terrific undertow carried it whirling down the cleft and away. Gerry smiled and medded his thanks and comprehension. He climbed a point of rock and gazed around him. Far down to the left gleamed the old plantation house in the midst of its waste lands. His eye followed the long depression and he began to underand many things. The ruin was a young ruin like himself. In itself it con-tained the seeds of rejuvenescence. It had been robbed of its talisman and its talisman was water. Tons of water flowed past it and left it thirsting for draws it rejection is cover with the birth drops. Irrigation is coveral with the birth of civilization. It had been here in this depression, lived, and passed away before he and the girl were born. He tried to resolute the second seco explain to her what ence had been, but she shrugged her shoulders. She was not interested; she did not understand. Together they walked back to the house. Gerry was silent and thoughtful. He saw a vision of what Fazenda Flores had once been, what work could make it again. The following day he rooted out two

rusty spades from the debris in the old mill, fitted new handles to them and took the old darky, Bonifacio by name, off with him to the depression. They began the long task of digging out the silt of years. Day after day, week after week,

MARRYING OFF MAYBELLE

Our Postoffice Box Anthony Vellozzi, Fitzwater street -You didn't send us a letter. You just gave us your picture, so, Rain-



Anna Lipschultz, Columbia avenue

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

Name

Address

Age

School I attend

ice, service!

THE WAY.

to us. Helen Flaherty, North Fawn street-'We have 54 cents in the treasury of the Jefferson Branch of the Rainbow Club." Where did you get that pretty stationery, Helen, and what are you going to do with the money? Your members are surely faithful to their

> dues. Israel Brodsky, North Reese street -"You are asking for members to form a Rainbow Band. I am studying the violin, and maybe I could play." Where is the rest of the orchestra? Hurry up and tell me.

Lillian Cummings, Paulsboro, N. J. -"I am going to do my best to entertain the members once in a while with something I have done." We are

Rose Rocca, South 5th street-"I

have been taking care of a sick

woman, one of our neighbors, for the

last two weeks and I feel ever so

glad just because I have done this."

Here is more service, little Rainbows.

Oh, I hope that every little child in

the world learns our secret some day,

Do You Know This?

from PERCEPTION. (Five credits.)

is "West." (Five credits.)

1. Make as many words as possible

2. Name a State in the East that

3. What is the Panama Canal?

:::

Rose knows our secret, I am sure.

don't you?

(Five credits.)

111

-This is a special little note to you

"Ahem! Ahem! guess you the mud bank," said the good doctor, Anna. How are you and please write trying to tease Willie.

"No, INDEED," said Willie indignantly. "I want you to start a real bank and let me put my pennies in it." "Br-r-r-r! Of course!" exclaimed the good doctor, trying to laugh and sold. clear his throat at the same time.

Without waiting for an answer, Willie took his pennies and gave them to Dr. Bull Frog. Then he started off. "Whoa! Whoa!" shouted Dr. Bull Frog. "Do not leave your money without something to show for it."

Just then along came Rover, the big dog, and Dr. Bull Frog and Willie had to scoot under a board.

ary 8.

home?

school?

your home?

your school?

closer together?

"Wonderfully graded, he said. "You are a born engineer." Gerry started opening the sluice gates.

the lowest first. The water gurgled out the lowest hist. The water gurgied out into the main trench and from there was distributed. At first the thirsty soil swal-lowed it greedily, but gradually the rills stretched further an. further down into the valley. Under the blazing sun they looked like streams of molten silver and wold

Margarita came running up to them from the house. She looked reproachfully at Father Mathias. Gerry put his arm around her and made her face the valley. The priest stretched out his arms and blessed the water. Then he looked at the girl and smiled. She smiled back at him, but trouble was still in her eyes. CONTINUED TOMORROW.



PEMBROKE, BERMUDA The Valencia and Cottages

GRASMERE-BY-THE-SEA Located near city and ocean; boating, bath-ing, fishing; all conveniences. Excellent table. Booklet. N. E. LUSHER, Prop.

KEY WEST, FLA.

ISLAND CITY HOUSE Tourist and commercial. Modern in every de-tail; table and pervice first class. Rooms with bath. Mrs. SHERMAN & BURBUS. THE JEFFERSON-European plan. Daily concerts by U.S. Marine Band. Home of the green turtle, lobater and other sea food. U.S. Army and Naval Station. Tarpon and 69 other kinds of fahing.

LEESBURG, FLA.

SUNNYSIDE ON LAKE HARRIS NEAR LEESHURO, A refined private home in a beautiful grange grove. White for literature and terms. G. R. NEEDHAM, Leesburg. Fis.

HAVANA, CUBA

THE LOUVRE AMERICAN Plans Central to all attractions. Orchestra. Ger-man, English, French and Spanish spokes. Booklet. J. CASTRO.

FORNOS HOUSE EUROPEAN ONLY rooms. Every room with private balcony. Hot and cold baths. Moderate terms. Oppe-elte Central Park. Near sil theatres.

CHARLESTON, S. C. VILLA MARGHERITA

Only Inn overlooking Harbor and Battery Park; refined patronage; Southern cooking. Write for booklet and terms.

CALHOUN MANSION opens for exclusivé paironage; original Ca-icolal furnishings; Southern cooking, yacht-ing, golf, tannia. Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Bertolett.

ORLANDO, FLA.

TREMONT HOTEL MODERN IN Rooms single, en suite with bath; under ewner's supervision; excellent table; North-ern cooking. Write Capitan J. W. Wilmed.

::: It's a Great Sport for These Long Evenings :::



Plot by J. P. McEvoy

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