# THE NOVEL OF THE YEAR BY GEORGE A. CHAMBERIAIN

field himself. First his o sent the young man his profitsery. Later y realized the similation she jumped off the fing out of the station. He went to Africa ridges. His efficiency peliation, "Ten Fercen

CHAPTER XIX-Continued. Er made a strange picture, sitting

sets by side on the twisted log. Gerry looking more and more like a Greek His halr, close cropped by Mar-its seemed to have bronzed with his The cotton jumper and trousers The cotton jumper and trousers a molded themselves to his limbs. His it was trimmed down to perfect lines, sen he moved one could see muscles pling as though work were play. His a were deep and clear. They had forten the look of whisky. On his feet a rawled sandals. Like a native he cleared to keep them on with the see rawhide sandals. Like a native he ad learned to keep them on with the ad learned to keep them on with the state of a leather button held between his ear His feet were white. His face, like a body, was alive. He held his big lim-leaf hat in his hands, for he was not the shade of the priest's great the wathless too, had taken off his

ather Mathias, too, had taken off his t and laid it carefully on his pudg rechief he mopped his gray head, his istening tenaure and his fat jowls. Set him there was nothing in training the set of the set of

weet his eyes. They gleamed and hand from a passive mask; they swept lerry from head to toe. "Flesh is not my burden, my son."

Gerry knew himself in the presence of father confessor. He began to tell is story dreamily. In that blaze of tropsel light, parched headed his conv. he well. light, perched beside his own handi-ik) a frocked priest at his side; a le, with head and ears pendent, before in; and down in the valley, the planta-on house, Margarita, the river—it was ard to picture Alix. He seemed to be the free-swinging orbit of another there. He told a lucid story, but as he soke he seemed to see himself and Alix minished by a greater perspective than see time-dies buzzing under glass, aguely he felt that he must still love lix were Allx of his life. But she was She belonged to a mechanism of life whirring of whose tiny wheels wned out the low tones of elemental ngs which, once heard, left no place

a man's heart for lesser sounds. Gerry did not picture himself as en-anced by the simple life, but he felt because of that while once Nature's usic had seemed but the shrilling of cadae, matching the acute note of an life al whirl now it sang to him in the ep tones of a resonant organ—sang th him—for he felt that he was of the , that his body was a vibrating,

sed cord in a monster harp. he priest did not watch him as he ked, but, when he had finished, turned id seemed to drill him with his piercing yes "It is well," he said. "Life has iffeled you that later you may buffet ife. But it is not with that distant ure that I would meddle. To me you may a sudden factor in the life of of the most innocent of my flock morence. Not I. Margarita is innocent ome. She has married you in her heart. one day you will go away—" Gerry book his head in denial but the priest re-umed, "some day you will go away and t will kill her. But in the meantime fou make her live a life of sin. Why do out? Why not marry her?" Gerry looked around in surprise. "Marry as! Hayen! I told you that I away as!

Gerry looked around in surprise. "Marry ler! Haven't I told you that I am mar-

The priest shrugged his shoulders. "All hat, my son, is locked in the confessional. Phy make a mountain of a distant mole-ill? Need your two worlds ever clash? ou lose nothing. You give peace to the by who is ready to renounce the rights and who is ready to renounce the rights and privileges of Mother Church rather han say a word that might frighten you way. She made me swear that I would sever breathe to you of marriage." Gerry miled but the priest continued calmly, the girl is all I am thinking of—the girl and the children." "excluding of Gerry Verse" excluding the girl is all in the children."

"Children!" exclaimed 'Gerry. Years itate of remote contingency. It was the priest's turn to sinile. "Yes," se said, "children. They happen, some-

It was the priest's turn to smile. "Yes," be said, "children. They happen, some-jaw."

Gerry did not smile. He was trying to seture himself in relation to children. "It would not be fair," continued lather Mathias, "to the children. This lace is Marsarita's. It was worth sthing without your ditch. It will soon a worth a great deal. Say you died—by you left her with children—they could stinherit. After all, it is a small thing for you left her with children—they could stinherit. After all, it is a small thing for you to do. You and I will know the sarriage is illegal, but it is big odds that as law will never know it."

Where are your morals, Father?" all Gerry, smiling. "Do you counsel me wite a lie?"

The priest snapped his fat fingers. "In as balance against peace of mind, lies are feathers. Besides, we all live a lie hiway. Our ambition should be to live big, kindly lis and not a mean, self-safed one. The idea, the absolute in arthiag, is fleshless—bloodless. We speak han to man, ch? Well, when the sars bave spread out life behind you. It will look back and see this lesson; spliess contains content, but happiness the chemy of content. They who pure the greater may lose all; they who state the lesser sometimes obtain the shole. Behold my major and my minor mass and the conclusion is: The part always greater than the whole and a said lie may help on a great truth."

Gerry smiled at the Jesuitry. It apsied to him. It fitted in with the install he may help on a great truth."

Gerry smiled at the Jesuitry. It apsied to him. It fitted in with the install he had. "If children come," he is, "I will marry her."

The priest acrambled to his feet, his weathed in smiles. The slanted break framed him in a signantic socie. "One more indiscretion," he and this time the confessional is the source, that is, not directly. My and better marry her straight tay."

By the time all he inferred had reached try a brain Father Mathias had climbed and each was off to the house. Gerry level him slowly. He did not feel as said he were about to pay a price. The react brought thus suddenly to his semplation would be no meaningless salawful form to him. He would the it a solumn consecration to father-

he he reached the house. Margarita thing panting and frightened beside priest. One hand on her breast, the hald out as though groping, studied see for a long moment and then herself into his area. He held her and laughed. His laughter was the finnelt, constraint harman the quisering and solbing. He was quisering and solbing. He was quisering and solbing. He atopued and retund her was the stopped and retund her area.

intermingled and held. Each made to the other an unspoken promise. The next morning the priest left them

The next morning the priest left them again. He held his weight almost jauntily on the ambling mule. His wide-brimmed, clerical hat was pushed back to the verge of a fall, and the great umbrella was slanted to meet the level rays of the rising sun. Priest and mule combined to give the impression of second priests. give the impression of a sea-going tub rigged in rakish, joyous lines. The priest was jubilant. He had married the lovers and carried with him the documents for registry. Gerry walked beside the mule as far as the bridge. There the tub turned laboriously and its convoy with it. The two men looked over the valley and smiled. The valley smiled back. Already it was robed in a widespread flush of green. The priest nodded slow-ly. "It is good," he said. "Farewell, my son," and he turned to sail ponderout into the barren lands of cactus

Gerry watched him out of sight and then turned to his work of tilling the soil. He cut the best of the cane and Bonifacio planted the joints at a slant with knowing hand. He sorted the bolls cotton. The women studied the fiber and when it was long, silky and tough they picked out the seeds with care and oarded them, for their time was not yet One duty urged another. The days passed rapidly,

One morning Gerry looked up from his

to find a mounted figure just behind An elderly man of florid face ant a abor to find a him. An elderly man or horid face ant a restive stallion of Arab strain. The stranger's note was opulence. From his Panama hat, thin and light as paper, to his silver spurs and the silver-mounted harness of his horse, wealth marked him. He was dressed in white linen and his ng, glossy riding boots of embroidered Russian leather stood out from the white clothes and the whiter sheep's fleece that served as saddle cloth, with telling effect. In his hands was a silver-mounted raw-hide out. hide quirt. His face was grave, his eyes blue and kindly.

As Gerry looked at him he spoke, "I'm Lieber from up the river. Father Mathias old me about you."

told me about you."

Gerry started at the familiar English and frowned. At the frown the stranger's eyes shifted. "I didn't come down here to bother you," he went on hastily. "Father Mathias told me about the green grass and I couldn't keep away. I've got cattle and horses up my way and they're dying—starting. I came down to make a deal. I've picked out a hundred and deal. I've picked out a hundred and twenty head with blood in 'em-horses and cattle. If you'll take 'em and feed 'em through to the rains I'll give you ten out of the hundred. Some are too far gone

to save, I'm afraid."

Gerry looked at his tiny plantations, which showed up meanly in the great expanse of waste pasture. "I'm sorry," he said, "but I'm afraid I can't. You see,

he said, "but I'm afraid I can't. You see, I can't afford to fence,"

Lieber looked around and nodded. "That's all right," he said. "I've got a lot of old wire that's no use to me and a lot of loafers to tear it down and put it I'll fence as much pasture as you say and throw in the fencing on the deal."
"That's mighty fair," said Gerry; "I'll take you." He dropped his hoe. "Won't you come down to the house and have a blte to eat?" He turned and Lieber started to follow. "By the way," said Gerry over his shoulder, "you're not a German, are you?

Lieber stopped his horse. His eyes way-ered. "No," he said shortly, "I'm not. I'm an American. After all, I don't think I ought to waste any time. Hours tell with starving stock. I'll get back in a hurry, if you don't mind. My men and the wire will be here just that much

Gerry frowned again, but this time at ilmself. He felt that he had stenned on himself. He felt that he had stepped on another man's corns while defending his own. "All right, Mr. Lieber," he said. The sconer the better. I'll do all I can to help."

The next morning the men companied by oxcarts loaded with fenc-ing, posts and all. Lieber was with them. He sat his horse through the hot hours and drove his men steadily. Gerry threw himself into the work as foreman. The fence grow with amazing rapidity. From the bridge they carried it in a straight line past the house to the river. It cut off a vast triangle, whose two other sides were held by the dilch and the river. By night the work was almost done.

Gerry was tired and happy, but he sighed. How many weeks of toll would not he and Bonifaclo have had to put in to accomplish this fence! Money assumed a new aspect in his thoughts. What could he not do if he had money to buy mate-rial and to pay labor? How he could make a little money grow! He thought of the bank account at home that must be piling up in his name. But somehow the thought of that money was not tantallzing. That solution had nothing to do with his present problem of life. That money seemed unselated to himself nowunrelated to effort. It did not belong in the scheme of things.

Lieber stayed the night with them, and studied and imitated the man's impersonality. Lieber kept his eyes on his plate or in the vague distance while the women attended them, and as soon as the business of eating was over he retired to the room that had been allotted to him.

allotted to him.

He was up early in the morning and away to meet the coming herd. First came the horses, neighing and quickening their weak trot at the smell of grass. Far away and like a distorted echo sounded the lowing of the slower cattle. The little herd of Fazenda Flores caught the moaning cry and lifted lazy heads. One or two

The horses were rounded up at the bridge to await the cattle. They stretched thin necks toward the calling grass and cager heads and low impatient whin-s. Lieber sat his stable-fed stallion stolidly, but his eyes grew moist as be looked over the bony lot of horses. "They must wait for the cattle," he said to Gerry. "A fair start and no favor. God, if you could have seen them three

Gerry opened the wire gap. The horse gave an anticipatory whirl and then dashed through. They forgot their weak-ness. They galloped down the slope, spurning beneath their feet the food they had longed for. They did not stop till they reached the rich bottoms. Lieber smiled affectionately. "There's spirit for

you," he said The cattle followed but the men had to beat the first through away from the gap. They had stopped to cat and had blocked the way. At last they were all in and the gap closed. One or two stood with straddled feet and continued to low, their lips just brushing the lush grass. "Poor ists," said Lieber, the smile gone from

his face, "they are too weak to eat."

He and Gerry went back to the house for breakfast. The herders sat and smoked. They had had coffee; it would see them through half the day. Before Lieber left, the horses were herded once more and with much trouble driven out upon the desert. Lieber turned to Gerry, "Don't let them back in until tomorrow plense," he said. "If you do, they'll

What about the cattle"" asked Gerry "The cattle are all right. They haven't lough spirit left to kill themselves eat-g. They'll begin lying down pretty Good-by, and remember, you'll get

soon. Good-by, and remember, you'll get a warm welcome up at Lieber's whenever you feel like riding over."

"Thanks," said Gerry. "Good-by,"

"He watched Lieber ride away on the road the priest had taken. Fazenda Flores, his isolated refuse, was beginning are E. Y. Townsend, chairman of the to link itself to a world. Man, like a vinc. them out and cling.

"CONTINUED TOMORROW." CONTINUED TOMORROW.

REAL BUSINESS WOMAN KEEPS SHOP IN HAVERFORD

Miss Susanna R. Williams Enjoys Her Unique Distinction

Finds More Pleasure in It Than in Social Diversions

In Miss Susanna B. Williams, daughter of Randall Williams, a lumber merchant, Haverford has a real business woman. Miss Williams is one of the many women in Pennsylvania who within the last few months has entered the business arena. She is the owner of the Wool Shop, at Haverford. It is there where society folks living on the Main Line go for their Scotch wools and other things when they don't feel like making a journey to Phila

Standing behind a counter, according to diss Williams, gives her more ple than in spending her time with card-play ing, teas and gossip. Miss Williams has never had any training for business. She said today that any weman with a little emmon sense can do just what she did, "Three things are essential when a

can goes into a business proposition, aid Miss Williams "They are a little capital, confidence and

common sense."

The Wool Shop is housed in a little attractive white cottage. There is an old-fashioned doorway, and inside there is a big open fireplace with really old brass furnishings, quaint china, furniture, screens and wools. The huge cuppoards leave one wall are full to bursting with along one wall are full to bursting with a rainbow of wools, while chairs, tables and boxes are crowded with sweaters and carfs and pretty socks for babies. "I began importing Scotch wools with no idea of ever going into business," said Miss Williams today, "I imported the wools for my own use. What I didn't want I used to sell to my friends and neighbors.

"I soon found out that there was a great demand for wools in this country. Through a friend of mine who is travel-ing now in England I learned that I could buy in large quantities at much smaller orices. I began to import and my busi-ness began to increase. Now I receive orders not only from residents along the

Main Line, but also from different parts Miss Williams' venture was so success-

MAIN LINE SOCIETY "SNIFFS"

Tournament Is Being Arranged

As a matter of fact "sniff is a highly

Several years ago Frederick L. Bally,

ent for the championship of the Main ine. Some of the contestants were Ed-

gar C. Felton, James F. Fahnestock, treas-

urer of the Pennsylvania Railroad; Win-throp Sargent, James Boyd, Frank Ten-

cientific and exciting game

of Wynnewood, staged a

MEASLES CLOSE SCHOOLS

Health Takes Action

An epidemic of measles has developed "Sniff," a variation of the game of ominoes, is all the rage among society copie on the Main Line. The game gets in Wyncote, and the Cheltenham Town-ship Board of Health yesterday ordered its name from the fact that it is the prethe public school at that place closed, rogative of the loser to "sniff" at the winner not more than once. Plans have been announced at the Merion Cricket Club that a progressive "sniff" tournament will be held February 18. So far W. R. Hossmassler, J. B. Townsend, 3d. It was said last night this action was taken as a precaution to prevent the spread of the disease to surrounding sections. It was also said that the measles epidemic had affected members of some of the most prominent families of Edward H. Le Boutillier and J. A. Brown

> Merchants Oppose Toll Gates A delegation of 25 representatives of usiness men's organizations in the northern suburban section will go to Harris-burg next Tuesday to confer with P. J. Cunningham. State Highway Commis-doner, regarding the abolition of toll gates on the turnpike between Spring-house and Quakertown. It now costs 77 cents to travel over 16 miles of the pike, part of which is said to be unfit for



MISS SUSANNE WILLIAMS

ful that she made up her mind to beme a real business woman ness was getting too large for the room she was allotted in her home, and it also became inconvenient to take strangers through the house to look at wools. she went ahead and rented the little cot-tage where the Wool Shop is now located. "My little shop has become a haven of rest, not only to me but to many of my friends," said Miss Williams. "That is one reason why I do not have a telephone installed. I like to feel that there is one place where I can sit corlly by the fire and lenit or crochet without any interruption other than an occasional customer. Many of my women friends like to drop in during the afternoon to

knit and have ten.
"It is certainly nice to be known as yourn own 'boss.' My advice to other women is to become interested in some business. They will never regret it. I frankly admit that I much prefer an oc-cupation of this sort to filling in my days

with cards, teas and gossip.
"Owing to the war the price of wools has not only been advanced, but it has become necessary for me to secure a special permit from the British Government before I am allowed to receive any wool from the other side,"

Variation of Dominoes All the Rage. Cheltenham Township Board of

# 25 Years Ago

aa9999999999999999999999

Twenty-five years ago-to be exact, on January 23d, 1891-we opened our first store at 1214-16 South Second Street. Our first day's sales were one hundred and sixtyone dollars, and the second day's sales were two hundred and ninety dollars. Our business has kept growing, our sales now amounting to millions of dollars a yearincreasing every year.

We have been faithfully serving the people ever since by selling groceries of the Highest Quality at prices within the reach of all.

It is well known that the people of Philadelphia are buying better groceries at lower prices than any other city in the country, and we are justly proud of the important part we have had in bringing this about through our large chain of stores, so well known as "The Stores Where Quality Counts."

We extend to you a cordial invitation to come this week and share in all the good things to be had at our stores. One of our specials for this week is an

# 18c GOLD SEAL 12c PEACHES

Gold Seal are large, luscious halves of the finest California Peaches, packed in rich syrup. For peaches of this quality you will pay 20c the can or more outside of our stores.

## Robinson & Crawford

The Stores Where Quality Counts Throughout the City and Suburbs

### FARMER SMITH'S



### RAINBOW CLUB

#### GOOD-NIGHT TALK

Dear Children-I was thinking the other day what I would do if I were a little girl and had a doll. Of course, I have never been a little girl and it is very hard to imagine what I WOULD do if I had a doll. It would be rather funny for me to get a doll now when I have a little girl of my own who plays with dolls. I wonder what she would say if she saw HER father playing with dolls?

Of course, no grown person is supposed to read this, so I can say what I am a mind to. However, I was wondering if I had a doll, how would I know when to spank her?

In our column we try not to talk to boys or girls but always to boys AND girls, for they are both interested in the same kind of KNOWLEDGE; but I see no reason why boys should not be interested in dolls, even if they do not play with them. Every boy hopes SOME DAY to be a father and, her dog Catsup turning 'round and of course, every little girl hopes some day to have real babies of her own, 'round before he lay down. She got and I was wondering if a little mother knew when to spank her doll she up to see what was the matter. She would know when to spank her real babies later on.

I am just WONDERING, you see. I believe a doll should be spanked for one thing, anyway, and that is | She thought the best thing would be disobeying.

Let us all learn to obey during 1916. Girls may teach their DOLLS to he seemed so restless before he lay obey and boys, why, boys must teach THEMSELVES to obey. FARMER SMITH,

Children's Editor, Evening Ledger.

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

Address .....

Age ......

School I attend......

(1) I wash and dry the dishes, (2) I

go on all the errands mother tells me

to, (3) I help mother and father all

I can, (4) Iswant to mail postals to

the children in the hospital, (5) I

send love to all the Rainbows. What

a lot of sunshine to be crowded into

Marie McKeown, Carpenter street,

wrote us a very wee note and it was

Do You Know This?

1. Can you ever see the wind?

2. What becomes of the rain after

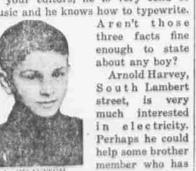
THE WAY.

(Five credits.)

a storm? (Five credits.)

#### Our Postoffice Box

A bright good-evening to little Abraham Cilivitch, South 9th street. This little man is a very close friend of your editors, he is very fond of music and he knows how to typewrite.



the same hobby, or perhaps some brother member could help him. How about it, boys?

Prospero and Spartaco Donato, one small-person! South 10th street, are very good boys | in school. If you don't believe it, look at their reports. There is a so nice it made us wish for a bigger great big NINE on Spartaco's and one. Think of this wish the next time what Prospero got is so fine a secret | you write.

that we're afraid to put it down. Anna Witham, Emerald street, sent 40 postals to Eleanor Grinnan, Race street, West Philadelphia. What do

you think of that? Charles Burrison, Chestnut street, is going to help us to have a club of

1,000,000 members!!! tooks J., reports the following kind acts: | credits.) Why Dogs Turn 'Round and 'Round

"Have you ever noticed," said Ethel's father one night, "that a dog turns 'round and 'round before he lies down?

"Yes, Daddy, I have, and will you tell me why?" asked little Ethel. "The story is simple and here it is,"

said her father.

"Old Lady Fiddlesticks was sitting by the fire one night when she noticed could find nothing, for she had a comfortable pillow for him to sleep on. to ask the Gentle Breeze why it was

"So when the Gentle Breeze came the dear old lady asked her why it was the dog went 'round and 'round before he lay down to go to sleep.

"'I know most everything about good dogs, but that is too much for me,' she said. 'Suppose we write a note to the wise old Owl. He knows everything.

"'I must tell you something which you may not know. When you wish to know anything, you write your question on the leaf of a honeysuckle vine and put it in the fire at dead of night,' said the Gentle Breeze.

"'But I will not be here then,' said the old lady.

"'I intend to do it tonight, with a honeysuckle leaf and a porcupine's quill with some violet's blue for ink, said the Gentle Breeze.' And she did so and very soon the old Owl came with his answer. Looking very wise he said:

"'A very, very long time ago dogs lived in the long grass beside the Chicken Broth River. Every time the dogs wanted to lie down they turned 'round and 'round to make a nice soft bed. From that day to this a dog turns 'round and 'round before lying down and if you say, "Chicken Broth River" to any dog he will smile at you and wag his tail in memory of the long ago.

"'Thank you,' said the Gentle 3. Write a rhyme of two lines Breeze. I shall tell Old Lady Fiddle-Spanna Kessler, Haddonfield, N. about the wind and the rain. (Five sticks, and I know she will thank



"Bridget quit to wed her steady, But Mrs. Wise had a new cook ready."

HEN Bridget told Mrs. Wise that she expected to get married next Saturday, Mrs. Wise was not dismayed. She simply called Walnut 3000 on the telephone. This is the conversation that occurred:

"Hello! Is this Miss Reed?"

"My cook has just resigned. Have you a suitable person that you can recommend for the position?"

"Yes! We have several that are capable of filling it. How will this one suit you — she is a young widow, no children, and was employed until recently by Mrs. So-and-so, who has gone South for the winter. Mrs. So-and-so says she is an excellent cook!"

"Tell her to call at my house as soon as possible. She can begin work at once. Thank you! Good-by!"

#### NEED A COOK?

Call Walnut or Main 3000 Ledger's Household Registry Bureau