THE NOVEL OF THE YEAR BY GEORGE A.

CHAPTER XX. THE horses picked up rapidly, the cat-I tie more slowly. Two calves, added to the herd over night, aroused memories of the home farm in Gerry's breast, Every morning he stood by the pasture fence and gazed with a thrill on the new life in the scene. A fluttering corn husk or the wave of a hand was enough to start the wave of a hand was enough to start the horses careering over the fields. Life had sprung up in them anew. They had sprung they were walls. Heads and tails held high, they breasted the morning breeze in a vigorous, resounding trot. Here and there heels were flung high. The trot echoed in a rapid crescendo that broke and was lost in a wild clatter of hoofs, beating out the music of a mad gallop. The cattle, all but a few that still howered between life and death, now stood sturdily on four legs. They lifted their heads slowly and gazed mild-eyed at the romping horses.

Resurrection was becoming a familiar teste to Gerry—a sort of staccate ac-

slowly and gazed mild-eyed at the romping horses.

Resurrection was becoming a familiar miracle to Gerry—a sort of staccato accompaniment to life. Like himself, like Fazenda Flores, all these had been plunged in young ruin. He began to see the line between ruin and death. Ruin is fruitful. It holds a seed. He could see it in Fazenda Flores, in the horses and cattle, and give it a name, but he had no time and no inclination now for introspection. Without analysis he felt that he was at one—ith the world into which he had failen. It held him as though to an allotted place.

The reward of those long menths of preparation was at hand. Once every spade thrust had seemed but the precursor to barren effort. Now every stroke of the hee seemed to bring forth a fresh green leaf. Life fell into an entrancing monotone. It became an endless chain that forzed its own links and lengthened

monotone. It became an endless chain that forged its own links and lengthened that forged its own links and lengthened out into an endless perspective. Days passed. The arrival of Lieber's foreman to so, how the stock was progressing was an event. He brought with him an old saddle and bridle—a gift from Lieber to Gerry. "He says," the foremain remarked with a leer, on making the presentation, "you can ride anything you can catch," Gerry felt the foreman needed putting in place. He went into the house and reappeared carrying something in his hat. He climbed the fonce and called. The horses raised their heads and looked. Some were lazy after watering, but the some were lazy after watering, but the others trotted over toward him. They stopped a few yards off and scrutinized him as though to divine his intentions. Then they approached cautiously, with tense legs, ready to whirl and bolt. A greetly cell refused to play the same of

tense legs, ready to whirl and boit. A greedy colt refused to play the game of fear to a finish. He strode forward and was rewarded with a large lump of sugar. The sugar was coarse and black, first cousin to virgin molasses, but it was redolent. The horses crowded around Gerry. They payed at him the Gerry. They pawed at him. He had to beat them back. They made a bold as swilt on the empty but odorous hat. Gerry lagshed and cleared the fence to get away from them. "It think your master must me mistaken," he suid with a smile to from them. the mistaken, the foreman, "Some of these colts can

never have been backed."
The foreman looked his admiration. He besan to take Gerry seriously; it was man to man now. He pointed out that man to man now. He pointed out that the horses were broken to saddle and named their gaits and mettle. Then his shrewd eyes looked around for further details to add to his report to his master. He noted that a few, a very few, of the cattle were still lying down when they should have been on their feet and eat-ing. These were herded into a corner of their own and old Bonifacio was tending them. Beside each was a pile of fresh-cut grass. As they ate they nosed it away, but Bonifacio made the rounds and

cut grass. As they are they nosed it away, but Bonifacio made the rounds and with his foot pushed back the fodder, keeping it in easy reach.

The foreman's eyes caught on the two new-born calves. They had been taken from their weak mothers and were in a rough pen by themselves. The foreman did not have to count the stock to see that none was missing. He was cattle that not have to count the stock to see that none was missing. He was cattle heed. A gap in the herd or the bunch of horses would have flown at the seventh house of the stockman the moment he laid sees of the stockman the moment he laid sees on the field. Instead there were these two calves, "Master," he said to Gerry, "you have made up your mind not to be a head. You would save even these little ones, barn before their time." Getry nooded gravely. He had worked hard to save all. He winced at the mere though of death at Tananch Whoste were though of death at Fazenda Flores even down to these least weaklings. He him-self had fed them patiently from a warm bottle. In trouble and valuable time they had coat him an acre of cotton. But an acre of cotton was a small price to pay

A grip of the hand and the foreman was

A grip of the hand and the foreman was sif in a cloud of dust. At the bridge he nailed his horse down to the shambling ha trot that sparres beast and man, but ut at steadily into a long journey. A bearer of food tidings rides slowly.

Gerry turned to his work, but a cry from the house arrested him. He listened. The cry was followed by a moan. He dropped his field tools and ran to the himse. All was commotion. The day of 52a had come to Margarita with the speaking suddenness of an event too long apocted. She called for Gerry. He went to her. She looked a mere child in the his rough bed he had made with his own hads. Suffering had struck the light from her foce. ands. Suffering had struck the light turn her face. She was frightened and

mer face. She was frightened and ding to him.

Joans, the old negress, and Dona Marka and the him.

Joans, the old negress, and Dona Marka and the second cry from Margarita Gerry at the second cry from Margarita Gerry at his head. These women were hard, by were tron. They paid no attention sensiting must be done. Something must be done. Something must be done. Something must be done. Something must be done. They paid no fresh the negress worked on in time preparation of the preparations of any days. Margarita screamed. They aid no heed. Her frenzied grip bit into try's hand. "We must have a doctor," shouled in their own tongue to the said. "Do you hear? We must have a doctor," abouted in their own tongue to the said. "Do you hear? We must have a doctor," the said. "He own to the wast was gathering on the work of the said said of the said. "A doctor of the said said of the said. She tore said was gather to the bed's head. She tore said was and a complete the towels into ropes and gripped the towels into ropes and gripped and and on them. "Hold on to

uttered as reassuringly as though a shower of arrows was not whizzing around his head. "He will not harm us if he thinks we are not going near the island." The white man was plan- posed location of this cave."

the towels into ropes and gripped up-river camp. Then we'll swerve up-river camp. Then we'll swerve up-river camp. Then we'll swerve up-river camp.

some sense." Then she clawed Gerry out of his seat by the bed and histled him out of the room—out of the house. The door slammed behind him. He heard the great bar drop. He was locked out.

Gerry paced angrily up and down the veranda. Calm came back to him. He saw that he had been a fool. He stopped and sat down on the steps of the veranda. Here, before he had made his benches, she had often sat beside him, caressed him, sung to him. How cold he had been. How little he had done for her and now she was doing this for him! He remembered that as she had worked on baby clothes she had said she wished she had some blue ribbon. They had all laughed at her, but she had nodded her girl's head gravely and said, "Yes, I wish I had some blue ribbon—a little roll of blue



He leaped up and pounded on the door, but nobody came.

ribbon," What a brute he had been to laugh! The cries ceased, but the door did not open. Gerry still waited. He knew he was waiting and that the women in the house were waiting. It was terrible to wait-more terrible than the cries. Then she called to him, "Geree! Geree!" He leaped up and pounded on the door, but nobody came. Yesterday they had all been servile to him; today he was noth-ing. He shouted, "I am here! I shall always be here." She did not call again. always be here." She did not call again. He paced up and down the veranda saying to himself, "A little roll of blue ribbon—a little roll of blue ribbon—a little roll of blue ribbon." He stumbled on the saddle that Lieber had sent him. It held his eye. He picked up the bridle and ran down to the pasture. He caught the oldest and gentleat of the horses, opened a gap in the fence and led him out. Then he called Bonifacio. "Listen," he said, "you must take the fattest of the steers—the red one with the blazed face—you must drive him into the blazed face—you must drive him into the town and sell him."

The darky demurred. "It is too late for market, master." It does not matter. You must do as say," said Gerry angrily. "You must sell the steer. If you cannot sell him

FARMER SMITH'S

announce: "I have something WONDERFUL to tell you"?

the girl members of the club in making candy and cake.

N. J., and, altogether, everybody had a good time.

performance or toward renting a building.

START-the way will unfold for you.

Wanita and Kawasha

(Continued)

WHAT HAPPENED BEFORE

For just one half-second the white

man paused, then, "Quick, children,"

he whispered hoarsely, "hide,

Just then an arrow whizzed through

the air. Like a flash two dark heads

disappeared from sight and two small

forms crouched in the bottom of the

canoe. The white man held his head

bravely high, slightly changed his

course and steered calmly down the

ning rapidly in his mind. "We will

go upstream," he said aloud, "until he

"Don't be afraid, little ones," he

smooth, broad river.

and it was SPLENDID.

boys for that.

GOOD-NIGHT TALK

you must give him for blue ribbon. Do you understand? You must bring back blue ribbon for your mistress. She says she must have a little roll of blue rib-

The darky acquiesced. Together they saddled the old horse and Bonifacio, armed with a long bamboo to prod the armed with a long bamboo to prod the fat steer, mounted and cut out his charge from the herd. Gerry accompanied him to the bridge. "You understand, blue ribbon. A roll of blue ribbon," he shouted. The old darky nodded gravely and repeated, "Yes, master, a roll of blue ribbon. The mistrous wishes a roll of blue ribbon. I'll not forget."

The steer looked back from the desert to the green of the pasture and lowed. The darky prodded him with his stick. The steer lowed again and then shambled off down the trail. Horse and rider fol-

off down the trail. Horse and rider fol-

off down the trail. Horse and rider followed slowly. Gerry watched them until they were a mere patch of dust in the distance: then he hurried back to the house and sat down to wait again. Night came and with it horror. The ordeal was on in earnest now. Gerry stopped his ears with his fingers and sat dosgedly on. Hours passed and Bonifacio returned. He laid a little package and some money beside his master. He unsaddled the old horse and turned him into the pasture; then he came back, sat down at Gerry's feet and slept. Gerry looked with wonder on his nodding head. He took his lingers from his ears. On the instant a high, unearthly shrick seemed to rond itself through flesh—through walls—and then tore on swift seemed to rend itself through flesh—through walls—and then tore on swift wings into the vast silence that stretched away into the night. The car could trace—the eye could almost follow—the terrifying flight of this demon of sound as it hurtled out over the valley, over the still trees and the black water, until it crashed against the far banks of the river and died. Gerry dropped his face in his hands and sobbed. A low moaning was coming from the house and then a new, strainge sound—a sound that struck straight at the heart—the first wall of straight at the heart-the first wall of straight at the heart—the first wall of the first born. The monning caught on that cry, stumbled and recovered into a thin, weak laugh. Pain had passed and with the child was born laughter. Gerry sat stunned. It seemed incredi-ble. That shrick and then monning and laughter in one weak breath! Was pain— such pain—so short lived? The echo of the terrible shrick still same in his care

such pain—so short lived? The echo of the terrible shriek still rang in his ears. Then the door opened and Dona Maria came bustling out. "Come in," she cried; "thou art the father of a man child." Gerry went in and knelt beside the bed. Margurita looked at him and smiled faintly, proudly. He laid the little roll of blue ribbon in her weak hand. She turned her head slowly and looked down. She saw the glint of blue and understood. She turned her eyes, swimming black pools in a white, drawn face, to Gerry. To sacrifice she added adoration.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE calm which had settled on Alix's Life puzzled her. She wondered if she was beginning to miss Gerry less. And then she remembered that she could never have really missed him because she had never really known him. Collingeford had brought a fresh note into existence. She felt that at the end of his week on the Hill he had fled from her-fled from falling in love with her. She knew that he uld come back. How should she meet

She was still debating the point when Collingeford arrived in the city. Upon arrival he called upon Mrs. J. Y, and then on Nance and then, of course, on Alix. As she came into the room he felt a strange fluttering in his throat. It stop-ped his words of greeting. He stuttered and stared. He had never felt so glad at the sight of any one. you looking so dismayed

FARMER SMITH,

Children's Editor, EVENING LEDGER.

Farmer Smith, Children's Editor,

EVENING LEDGER, Philadelphia.

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.....

on the other side of the river island."

Then he added, half to himself: "If

Down in his place in the bottom of

the canoe, Kawasha had been wonder-

ing why they need go near the island

at all, so, boylike, now he interrupted:

John Marshall started. He had not

realized that he had been talking out

loud. He hesitated, then he spoke: "I

think I can trust you, little Indian

children; I will tell you. On that

island, hidden in a blanket in my tent,

is the map of a cave where a treasure

is buried. Chief Red Feather must

have heard that a white man has this

map, and has discovered my camp,

right in the neighborhood of the sup-

almost forgetting to hide, "the cave

"White man," Wanita burst forth.

it wasn't for the map-"

"What map, white man?"

THE WAY.

I wish to become a member of

about?" cried Alix with a smile and hold-

ing out her hand, "Has a short year changed me so much? Am I so thin or so

fat?"
Collingeford recovered himself. "Neither too thin nor too fat. It is perfection, not imperfection, that dismays a man. You call it a short year?" he added gravely. "It's been an eternity—not a year!"
But Alix was not to be diverted from her tone of badkinge. She looked him over critically. "Well," she said, "I congratulate you. I didn't know before that bronze could bronze. What a lot of health you carry about with you."
Collingeford smiled, "Clem said I looked as though I had been living on babies."

looked as though I and teen living on bables."

"Clem!" said Alix. "Well, I never knew that young lady to stoop to flattery be-fore. Anyway, she's wrong. You're not pink enough."

"Pink!" snorted Co; ngeford. "I should

ope not."

They sat and stared at each other

Each found the ther good to look upon. Seen alone, Colling ford's tall, tense figure or the fragile quality of Alix's pale heauty would have seemed hard to pale beauty would have seemed hard to match. Seen together, they were wonder-fully in tone. Alix grew grave under in-spection. Collingeford nervous. "There is no news?" he :sked. "None." said Alix no. a far-away look came into her eyes as if her mind were off, thousands of miles, intent on a search of its own.

of its own Collingeford broke the spell. He tumped on injectord broke the spell. He jumped up and said he had come for just one thing—to take er out for a walk. It was one of those ulppy early winter afternoons cut out to fit a walk. Allx must put on her things. She did and together they walked the long length of the Avenue and out into the cart.

and out into the park

By that time they had decided that it
was quite a warm afternoon after all—
almost warm enough to sit down. They
tried it. Collingeford sat half turned on

the bench and devoured Alix with his eyes.
A full-blooded, clean young man in the A full-blooded, clean young man in the presence of beauty is not a reasonable being. Collingeford was trying to be reasonable and was failing utterly in spite of the fact that he did not say a word. And just as he was going to say a word Alix gave him a full, measuring look and said, almost hastily, "It is too cold, after all. Quite chilly. It was our walking so fast deceived us." She rose and started tentatively toward the gate. "Come on, Honorable Percy," she said

Collingeford caught up with her and said moodily, "If you call me Honorable Percy again I shall dub you Honest Alix."

They were walking down the Avenue. "Honest Alix isn't half bad," he continued thoughtfully. "The race has got into the habit of yoking the word honest to our attitude toward other people's pennies but it's a good old word that stands for trustworthy, sincere, truthful and all the other adjectives that fit straight riding."

CONTINUED TOMORROW

Y. W. C. A. GYMNASTICS

Midyear Exhibition Tonight Offers Attractive Program

Girls of the Y. W. C. A. gymnasium classes will hold their midyear gym-nastic exhibition tonight. An interest-ing program has been worked out by Miss Irwin L. Caton, and the girls have been

rehearsed thoroughly.

There will be a march, a dumbell drill. country folk game, wand drill, garland drill, a butterfly dance, one of the fea-tures of the program; relay races and a basketball game betwen the league team of the Interchurch Association Basketball League of Germantown and the team of the Y. W. C. A. Athletic

Plans Conference of Doctors

HARRISBURG, Pa., Feb. 1.—A series of conferences every three months between physicians interested in occupational diseases, accident prevention and industrial medicine is planned by Com-missioner Jackson, of the State Department of Labor and Industry. The first will be held at the Capitol on Feb-

RAINBOW CLUB

RIVAL TO POLYMURIEL GOWN



FRESH AIR TREATMENT HALTS COLD AND GRIP IN ZOO'S HAPPY FAMILY

Even Monkeys and Camels From Torrid Zones Seemed to Enjoy Driving Winds and Snow

PLAN GAINS IN FAVOR

Wouldn't it be great if we could roll up into a ball, snuggle a cold nose in a coat of fur, put our paws over our ears and let what weather come that might? Besides this, think what a comfort it

would be only to have a coat of fur. No bother at all about the styles, no worry about the intest in hats, winter underwear or any other clothes. Snow and winter winds are the best

things in the world for folks if they could take it in large doses. There wouldn't be so much sickness in the world. The above statement is according to the theory of Thomas Manley, headkeeper of the Zoo, who, of course, includes animals under the term "folks."

He decen't believe in keeping his charges cooped up in but buildings. On the contrary, they live about as close to nature as is possible, from South African monkeys to the polar bears. Some of them didn't look very cheerful

about it today. Long necks of camels sagged low as thoughts of burning deserts no doubt came to their shivering breasts. Black ravens pick disconsolately at the ice frozen in their feed pans. Monkeys pawed at the straw in their open-air quarters trying to collect enough for a bed that wasn't clotted with snow. But not all the animals were gloomy

over their outdoor quarters. The seals were having the time of their lives today. They dived into the icy water, scrambled out to grovel in the snow and then took a neat little flip back into the pool, swimning around and snorting for breath for

White polar bears lay calmly in the deep snow, sunning themselves and dezing as they turned lazily to obtain a bet-

Lace Shop 922 Chestnut St. Bargains for

Saturday Only \$6.50 Brown Iceland Fox

Scarfs at ... \$2.95

\$7.50 White Iceland Fox Scarfs at ... \$2.95

\$6.50 Black Fur Muffs at \$2.50

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\$18.00 Real Red Fox Scarfs * \$6.95

Red Fox Sets, Melon shape Muff and large Scarf to match. Regular price \$20.00 a set, at \$9.00 a set

\$2.50 Silk Scarfs at 65c

\$2.50 Silk Waists, all new models and latest shades,

at \$1.65

ter exposure to the freezing winds that had full sweep. Two Siberian bears, nearly as big as pianos, cuffed each other and rolled in the snow locked in each other's stubby grip. Then they dashed up a sloping tree trunk, leaving great rashes in the ice as they got their foot-

A vulture stretched its long wings and then flapped them like a man swinging his arms together trying to keep warm. But the seals barked and splashed so joyfully and the bears grovelled in the anow so joyfully that it almost seemed tough to be only a poor human and wish the snow would hurry up and ruelt.

Good Water Aid to Prevent Gall-Stones

By WILLIAM BRADY, M. D.

Of course the primary cause of gall stones is infiammation of the lining of the bile ducis in the liver or the lining of the gall-sac. This infiammation is probably always produced by infection, the typhoid bacillus and its first cousin, the colon bacilus, being notarious factors of such infiammation. Often, indeed, living typhoid bacilli are demonstrated in living typhoid bacilli are demonstrated in the centre of a gall-tone 10 or 15 years after the atack of typhoid fever.

Stones form in this way: A clump of germs irritates the mucous lining and causes the secretion of excessive mucus, canses the secretion of excessive mucus, which adheres to the clump of serma, forming a foreign body in the gall-sac or the duots. Cholesterin, a crystalline substance of the bile, is deposited upon the nidus, and lime saits may also be deposited upon the nidus in concentric layers. So the stone grows, sometimes to the size of sand grains birdshot or pease some of sand grains, birdshot or peas, some-times as big as chestnuts, sometimes one large stone filling the gall-sac, perhaps as large as a pigeon's egg. Certainly moderation in eating-eating

only enough to maintain a normal weight for one's height, age and sex, or less than enough to maintain an excessive weight (most gall-stone victims are overweight) is a preventive measure in persons inclined to gall-sac trouble. Less meat, or meat broths and more

vegetables, cereals and fresh fruit One with gall-mac trouble (doctors call cholecystitis) should keep the bowels cholecystitis) should keep the bowels regular, not by physic, but by diet, exercise and, habit.

Salines, either in the form of natural saines, either in the form of natural spring waters or the various saline catharties of the druggist, are good for occasional use, not to regulate the bowels, but to reduce engorgement of the portal (liver) area. Sufficient should be taken, preferably early in the morning, to produce a few watery evacuations.

The United States Pharmacopoela of-fers hexamethylenamine, a drug which is believed to produce formaldehyde on de-composition in the biliary ducts. About 30 grains may be taken each day in an effort to reduce or stop bacterial activity in the biliary passages and the gall-sac. But abstemious habits of eating, free water drinking, and open air walking are the three best-known preventive remedies against gallstones.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Pimple Delusion

I am greatly worried about my son, aged fifteen. His face is just covered with pimples. I have tried to bring him up and teach him how to live, but this eruption is discouraging. Is there any way to save him?-writes a woman who wishes to be known as "Heartbroken Mother."

Answer-Folish mother, say we. Why worry more over pimples than any other trifling ailment? The boy is all right. All he needs is a letter of suggestions we have it. Send a stamped, addressed

MODEL 1905 1916 MODEL



The CORSET of HEALTH, STYLE and COMFORT FOR SLENDER WOMEN

Our original "Military-Belt" Corset was introduced in 1905. It reigned supreme for years. A host of women would wear no other corset; and many thousands remember it yet.

Three years ago came that wretched fashion craze-the "slouch." Too many women changed from corsets to "rags;" but now, common sense having returned, they long for their old favorite.

Well, it's here! We have made a new Military-Belt Corset that's even more graceful and helpful than the old one, and the Introductory Sale is now on. Two models, for SLENDER and MEDIUM figures only:

No. 330-With short top \$3.00

You can't "slouch" in this corset—the Military-Belt bids you to stand erect, to breathe deeply and to

If "topless" corsets have left you with a lump of fat above the waist-line, these corsets will take care In appearance, construction, material and style,

this corset sets a new high standard of value at \$3.00. It is the some of comfort, and the best corner in existence for women of slender and medium figures.

Ask your dealer for the NEW Nemo "MILITARY-BELT." Good Stores Everywhere Nema Hygienic-Fashian Institute, M. Y.

HELP WANTED-MALE

Our Postoffice Box Dear Children-I like the word "wonderful," don't you? Did you ever This picture shows one of our Rainobserve how a person begins to take notice of what you are saying when you bow workmen exhibiting a book rack and footstool that he made with his On January 29 the members of the Rainbow Club in Cedar Grove, N. J., gave an entertainment, and you really ought to know how it was done. The boys elected a president, vice president, secretary and a treasurer, and after this was done the president wrote a letter to each of the women's organizations in Cedar Grove and asked that a committee be appointed from each to assist This was promptly done, and when I returned to my home town I was greeted with a great surprise-the girls had gotten up a show of their own, The boys acted as ushers and took the money and the tickets-trust the Then there was a Punch and Judy show by Professor Gaffy, of Newark, Seven dollars was realized, which goes toward the expense of the next When you undertake anything which you have never tried before, JUST DAVID MASS, Mifflin Street

own industrious hands and a set of good tools. We are very proud of him, If you want us to be proud of YOU, keep YOUR hands busy and then tell us about it, or, better still, send us a picture "about it."

Helen Cullaton, North Hutchinson street, is secretary of the Jefferson Rainbows in particular, and an earnest worker for the Philadelphia Rain-

bows in general. Harry Axon is going to send magazines to the miners in the West who have nothing to read. Isn't that a cheery kindness? It reminds me, too, that some little boys in this very town have nothing to read. Have any members some books or magazines that

they would like to give away? Charles Harry Sherman has been in the Pennsylvania Hospital five weeks. He is 121/2 years old and loves to read postal cards. Who wants to send him a Rainbow message?

Do You Know This? 1. What street in Philadelphia is a bridge. (Five credits.) 2. Build as many words as possible

from PRINCIPLE. (Five credits.) 3. What makes a ball thrown in the air return to the ground? (Five credits.)

is satisfied that we are headed for the we were in is the cave of the treas-(To be continued.)