THE YEAR BY GEORGE A. CHAMBERIAIN **NOVEL OF**

CHAPTER XXI-Continued. "Speaking of riding, Mr. Collinge-ford, you're riding for a fall." Alix nced at him meaningly. a

"How did you know?" he stammered and then went on rather sullenly, "Any-way, you're wrong. I'm not. But I was just going to." He prodded viciously at cracks in the pavement with his

"Don't," said Alix. Don't do that, I mean. You'll break your stick and it's the one I like."

the one I like.

Collingeford turned a flushed face to her. "Look here, Alix," he said, "you are honest and sincere and all those things I said. Don't let's hedge—not just now. If your bad luck doesn't let up-if you learn anything—anything you learn anything—anything you things I said. Don't let's desn't let just now. If your bad luck doesn't let hp-ff you learn anything—anything you don't want to know—I can't say it right out-would you—d'you thing you ever

Alix did not smile. He was too much Alk did not smile. He was too much alk did not smile. He was too much as sarnest and she liked him too much was too much at one with him-not to feel what he was going through. "I like your Honest Alk," she said, after a pause, "and I'm going to let her do the taking for a moment. If I learned absolutely that—that Gerry can never come back to me, there is no man I would turn to quicker than to you." Collingeford gave her a grateful look and the fush under his tan deepened. "Don't misunderstand me," she went on. "I like you a whole lot, but I have never thought of marrying any one but Gerry. I'd like to marry Gerry. I've never married him yet. Not really."

They walked on for some time in

They walked on for some time in Hence. Collingeford's thoughts had raced effence. Collingeford's thoughts had raced away southwards and Alix's followed them unerringly. "Don't make one hortible mistake, Percy," she said when she was sure. "Don't imagine that I could vere love the bearer of ill tidings."

Collingeford flushed, this time with thame. "No, of course not," he stam-

"that all this new life of mine I've ng on to a single hook of faith. If s hook breaks—and sometimes it seems is if it must be wearing pretty thin-his new me must tumble. I have spun about myself a silky darkness and I have waited to break into light for Gerry. I ald not break out from this probation asy other man. I do not mean that man can love but once-not necessar-

Good old Bod! I wonder where I shall find him."

"Oh," said Alix, "if it's Rodsky's, one mustn't quarrel with it simply because it is usly. But—"

"But what?" said Collingeford.

"I was going to say, 'But what naked learning to say, 'But what naked learning to say, 'But what naked learning to shrinks from because it starts a by slapping one's face. Anyway, even if it is a truth, it's horrid. It hurts a woman to be forgotten."

Collingeford smiled. "Just so," he said and stopped before an uptown ticket says." Bo you mind?" he asked, with a wave of his hand. They went in and he bought a passage for England. He was a sail the following afternoon. He looked to gium over it that Alix consented to which with him and see him off.

He came for her the next day a little tits, but when she saw his face she felt a shock and forgot to childe him. Her trushe in his, but somehow she felt that it was not the parting from her that had turned him the in a night. He helped her into the sating cab and then sank back into his sener.

Allx laid her gloved hand on his knee.

Miner.

All laid her gloved hand on his knee.

What is it?" she asked.

Collingeford's face twitched. He fixed its eyes through the cab window on onthing. "Bodaky," he said. "is dead. has been dead for months."

"Oh," cried Alix, "I'm sorry. I'm sorry er you." She did not try to say any hore. She had put all her heart into hese few words.

Collingeford drew out his pocketbook as took from it a solled sheet of paper—leaf torn from a field notebook. He eld it out to her with trembling hand.

no took from it a solled sincet of paperleaf torn from a field notebook. He
eld it out to her with trembling hand.
I wouldn't show it to any one else. Trouleas made you great-hearted. When
ou said you were sorry you felt it so
that the words just choked out. I need
ieli you all about it. I must talklik a whole lot. Sometimes a man must
lik or blubber. Read it."
Alix pussled over the slip of paper.
What's the name of the place? I can't
ske it out."

Il's a little hole on the borders of Thimonths. The envelope it came in

Their Old Pal," read Alix, "do you re-tender what I used to tell you? When man has seen all the world he must go has or die. When we last parted I had ree places left to see, but they haven't slad me as long as I thought they had.

I have sent you my battery. The res are a bit too hig for the new pow-sand you can't use the guns, I know. You'll have a home, old man, and you sive them a place in a rack. They have a little room as wide as the of the earth. I didn't kill her. I de her kill herseif. Hodsky."

ahe said.

malters. It does matter," cried Alix,

naked. He could look through a black robe of rumor spangled with lies and see truth haked. He was naked himself—naked and unashamed. It's hard for me to make you see, because you did not knew him. Bodsky was one of those men who could have accomplished anything—only he didn't. He sifted life through a big mesh. All the non-essentials—the—tricialities—fell through. An act with Bodsky was a volition, measured, weighed and then hurled. That's why if you knew him you knew that in his hands a crime was not a crime. That's why i know that he is dead. He never used a stale cartifies—his gun never missed fire."

Allx mused. "I can't see him—I can't quite see him. A mian who can accomplish anything and doesn't seem, wrong—a waste."

"You can't see," said Collingsford.

"You can't see," said Collingeford,

"You can't see," said Collingeford, "because you are facing my point of view, You must turn around. Bodsky used to say that all humanity had a soul, but it took a tragedy to make a man. His tragedy was that life cut him out from the herd. He wasn't a creator, he was a creation. Generations, races, cons, created Bodsky and left him standing like a scarred crag. He had but one mission ated Bodsky and left him standing like a scarred crag. He had but one mission—to see and understand. Have you ever sat in the cesert on a moonlit night and looked at the Sphinx. It holds your eyes in a vice. You wonder why. I'll tell you. It knows. That's the way it was with Bodsky. He only towered—knew—understood. If that is nothing, Bodsky was nothing."

They were silent. Presently Collinge-ford helped her out, and together they passed through the rich foyer, the lat-ticed palm room, and up the steps into the latest cry in dining rooms. A little the latest cry in dining rooms. A little table in the far corner had been reserved for them. As they crossed the crowded room a hush fell over the tables. Some looked and were silent, because Alix was beautiful and daintily gowned and Collingeford all that a man should be, but those who knew looked because Alix was Alix and Collingeford was Collingeford. These som fell to whisnering, predicting. These soon fell to whispering, predicting a match. Alix bowed abstractedly here and there as she followed the head waiter to her seat.

They sat down, each half facing the room. Alix caught her breath, "Whif-fing the old air?" asked Collingeford.
"No," answered Alix. "Only sighing. I

"No," answered Alix. "Only sighing. I feel so out of it and that always makes one sigh whether one wants to be in it or out. I know it all so well that this amounts to a disillusion. Time and absence have turned into a binocular and I'm looking through the wrong end. I see things clear but tiny. There's little Mrs. Deathe, pronounced Deet, and she isn't a day older. But now I see that she was born as old as she'll ever be."
"Good," said Collingeford.
"And with her is Mrs. Remmer. She's gone in for the little diamond veil brooches. They ruin the effect of a simply stunning hat, but, as always, she has rushed at the newest, expensive fad. I

ply stunning hat, but, as always, she has rushed at the newest, expensive fad. I didn't know why before, but somehow I can tell you now. She is the shopping instinct incorporated. To spend money is her only sensation. The lines of worry are in her face because she has bought all and still craves to spend.

Alix paused. "Go on," said Collingeford.

"There are only a fow men in the room."

"There are only a few men in the room, but almost all of these women have husbands. The husbands are in two tensespast and future. There must be a present, but it is nebulous. I didn't know ent, but it is nebulous. I didn't know before, but I know now that in time these women will go back or forward to their husbands. Some day they will get dizzy and fall and the shock will wake them up. I used to be patronizing to divorce, like all these, but divorce has taken on a new face all of a sudden. I see that it is a great antidote to its own evil. While we lead and any with it it is bedien. we laugh and play with it, it is herding us on to a same adjustment. We are tearing down the fence of the pasture and rushing out to scatter over fields that

a new home."

They walked on in a full silence. Collingeford's shoulders drooped. For the first time in his life he felt old. "You see must be life he felt old. "You see must be life he felt old. "You see where it's easy to sweat!" "Somewhere where it's easy to sweat!" "Somewhere where it's easy to sweat!" "The only Bodsky," said Collingeford and Alix. "What an usly thought." "It's only Bodsky," said Collingeford smillage. The hum and chatter of the throng seemed to hover over a suddenly darkened emptituciaimed Alix. "What an usly thought." "It's only Bodsky," said Collingeford smillagently. "Bodsky says you can from any woman's memory in sweat. "On," said Alix, "if it's Bodsky's, one stant the pasture is the thing ferce nothing." "You see, you understand, you are prophetic," said Collingeford, smilling.

"But I do not tower like your Bodsky," said Alix, and then bit her tongue at the shake." "You fee not looking very well. Alan," said Alix when he was seated.

"No, I'm not on the top of the wave just now," replied Alix. "You wender you don't quarrel with he had recoiled from Nance's loving arms around his neck.

"You're not looking very well. Alan," said Alix when he was seated.

"No, I'm not on the top of the wave just now," replied Alix. "You're not looking very well. Alan," said Alix calming. "You're not looking very well. Alan," said Alix when he was seated.

"No, I'm not on the top of the wave just now," replied Alix. "You memories have made the had recoiled from Nance's loving arms around his neck.

"You're not looking very well. Alan," said Alix when he was seated.

"No, I'm not on the top of the wave just now," replied Alix. "You wender you don't quarrel with hem." said Alix calming. "I'm not trying to shake mine." "I'm not trying to shake mine." "I'm not enth top of the wave just now," replied Alix. "You're not looking very well. Alan," said Alix when he was seated.

"No, I'm not on the top of the wave just now," replied Alix. "You're not looking very well. Alan," "You're not looking very well. Alan," A shadow seemed to fall on them. The room's high, delicate paneling and the painted oval of the ceiling seemed to hover over a suddenly darkened emptiness. The hum and chatter of the throng became little and far away. Collingeford and Alix felt as though they sat alone and yet not alone. Collingeford nodded as though Alix had spoken. "Yes," he said, "Bodsky has come back to us. Don't regret it. I don't know how it is with you, but I feel that we two are alone with him and that it's worth while. He's come on us like a cloud.

"But I like clouds," he continued,"

Alix calmly. "My memories have made me."

"No wonder you don't quarrel with them," said Alan in frank admiration.

"Life," said Alix, "is beginning to pay dividends—not much, just a competence. Enough to live on." She smiled faintly.

"It is well," said Alan, "to be satisfied with sanity if you can only keep sane. You could and did. You decided to stick to the legitimate and you have your steady and lasting reward. The other—pays in a lump. It's easy to lose a whole nugget."

"But I like clouds," he continued,"

"big black clouds. If it were not for them you couldn't see the lightning or hear the thunder. They make lightning and thunder—the arm and the voice of the gods. Bodaky wasn't divine; he couldn't create and he knew it and felt it. But he could eeho the roar and reflect the light. I remember a duffer making a careless remark about the course. "big black clouds. a careless remark about a woman's tra-vall. Bodsky looked him over and said: Some day you will see and hear and know, and the memory of that remark will bring you on to your knees. But this much I can tell you now, young man. I would rather have been the man who produced the first wooden spoon than Alexander the Great. From a spoon to a baby is a long step up.

"That's why we have made a shrine for That's why we have made a shrine for mothers. Generally speaking, women are despicable. But a mother has passed through cruelikion to transfiguration.' I think it was about the longest speech he ever made. To him that was one of the things to drop through the mesh of his sieve of life unnoticed.

"Bodsky was elemental. He was an element, the could not recover.

"Bodsky was elemental. He was an element. He could not produce, but he could make fertile the lives of lesser men. I was the duffer that made the careless remark. That was the first time he ever spoke to me. I've sat at his feet ever since. I didn't know I was doing it, but I can see it now. And the result is this: Bodsky couldn't go home. But I can, and I'm going home before I've seen the whole world. Only—only I wish I could take you with me." "There, there," said Alix, playfully, but her eyes were soft. "We must go now

or you will miss your ship." CHAPTER XXII. AS ALIX and Collingeford left the din-

butterflies after all. I saw a man and a

"Not really!" said Collingoford, "Who?"
"Alan Wayne and Dora Tennel."
At Alan's name Collingoford's face lit by with interest, "Ten Percent Wayne, eh? Yes, you're right. He's a man, And Dora Tennel, ex-Lady Braeme. Yes, she's a woman, too-in a way." woman, too-in a way.

"Has she a tarnished reputation?"
Collingeford stopped short in his stride
nd looked keenly at Alix. "My dear
dy," he said, "that is a question one lady," he said, "that is a question one does not put to a man. However, it doesn't embarrass me to answer it in this case. She has not. What on earth put it into your head?"

"I don't know." said Alix. "Oh, yes, I do. I remember. Some one told me once that Alan surrounded himself with tarnished reputations."

Each followed the train of his

Each followed the train of his own thoughts until they reached the pier, Alix did not get out of the cab. She leaned from the window and said good-by. Col-lingeford held her hand and her eyes

long, then he turned away and hurried into the elevator. When Alix got home she sat down and wrote a note to Alan-just a line to tell him that she was ready and wished to see him. He came the following after-

At first he was a little awkward. At first he was a little awkward, straining just the least too much not to betray his nervousness. But the sight of Allx put him at his ease. Once it had been with a fine art that she had pampered the ill-at-ease into well-heing but as Alan crossed the room and stood before her he knew that art had been banished and that a new Alix, simple and secure in the unassailable atmosphere that guards true women, held out her hand to him from beyond some inher hand to him from beyond some in visible barrier. She had become a true woman-true in the sense of honor-and she was tempered as steel, but soft with the softness of motherhood. About her there was the peace of an inner shrine. She drew him into it unhesitatingly and he suddenly felt unclean just as he had

OVEREATING A GLORIOUS THING— FOR DOCTORS AND UNDERTAKERS

By WILLIAM A. BRADY, M. D.

One who eats more than he can metabolize or burn up is likely to experience one or more of the following effects: Constipation, autointoxication, billiousness, stomach trouble, "gas," flatulency, that tired feeling, drowsiness, laziness, gradual development of obsetty liver comual development of obesity, liver com-plaint, irritability and divorce. Nobody loves a fat man; even his own wife just tolerates him.

Along toward 35 or 40 overeating b Along toward as or 40 overeating begins to get in its work on the body. By this time one's habits are becoming fixed, one's opinions are becoming set, and it is hard to change one's mind about anything so vital as the dally bread. One eats, say, one slice of bread more than one really needs each day, and on this system gains about 29 pounds in weight each year.

each year.

One feels mean and out of sorts a few hours after the indulgence, and attributes the indisposition to hunger; so one tackles a big dinner, and sure enough one feels fine for an hour or two after eating. Food in excess is somewhat stimulating, or should we say nareasts after the easy particular of the easy pa catic, in effect; very much like alcohol or tobacco in the light smoker or the moder-ate drinker. Overindulgence temporarily atimulates one out of his lassitude and

atupidity.

This "tired out all the time" feeling, this so-called "neurasthenia," so frethis so-called "neurasthenia," so frequently charged to overwork and business worry, is only intoxication from overcating. There is nothing about work or business to hurt any ordinary

work of business to have any ordinary sound man's nerves. But it is an easy thing to poison the nerve cells of the body with an excess of nutriment.

The Bread and Milk Club is now crowded. The only way we see to create vacancies is by killing off a few old members of the country of the country with the country that we had on with the you'll have a home, old man, and you give them a place in a rack. They hakks a little room as wide as the of the earth. I didn't kill her. I her kill herself. Bookky."

**Ras pussied again, but then ahe mibered. "So he didn't kill her, after she said.

**Il her! Kill what?" said Collinge-The was a said. The was the control of the mibered to start she said.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

TO HAVE a good appetite and be a petite, I vomit occasionally, I suffer more competent "table-cleaner" is the popular sign of good health. Yet overeating is a grand thing for us doctors.

Answer-Yes, you nave dyspepsia all right, and call it "catarrhal" if that means anything to you. But we should strongly suspect cancer of the stomach if you were in our clutches, and we should urge an exploratory operation at once. "Dyspepsia" and "catarrh" are two names without significance unless you know the causes at play in every case. case.

Diet and Food Values

Kindly suggest some books suitable for a lay reader upon the subject of diet and food values. Answer-Each of the following contains Answer-Laco of the following contains valuable information: "Food Values," by Locke: "How to Live," by Fisher and Fisk; "Distetics," by Hall; "What Shall Eat?" by Gouraud-Rebman and Pyle's "Personal Hygiene."

BROOKLYN PHYSICIAN HAS THE SLEEPING SICKNESS

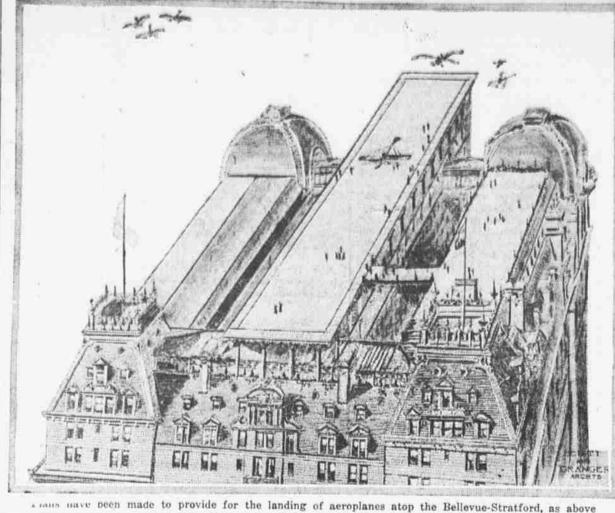
Tests Show He Is a Victim of the Tsetse Fly

NEW YORK, Feb. 5.-By a final labora-tory test Dr. L. H. Warner, pathologist, has established the fact that Dr. A. C. Perveil, of 14 Hancock atreet, Brooklyn, has the African sleeping slekness and is a tsetse fly victim. Dr. Elmer Lee is in entire charge of the case, and the examination made by Doctor Warner was through his courtesy.

After his first and second examinations of the body and blood and before the cultures had matured Doctor Warner was of the opinion that the disease with which Doctor Pervaii has been ill since last autumn might be an infection of the blood tumn might be an infection of the blood due to the introduction of many varied serums at institutions in Paris. Brussels and Liverpool. He based his opinion on the absence of the parasite trypanosomes from the patient's blood and on the weak fabric of the blood in his body. On Thurs-day the cultures Doctor Warner had made matured.

Doctor Lee said last night he is satis-ned with the condition of Doctor Pervail, that his improvement continues steadily, allowing him to sit up for one or two hours a day.

PROPOSED AERO LANDING STAGE ATOP BIG HOTEL



LITTLE MILDRED NOW LITTLE MISS FORTUNATE

She Finds a Gold Cigarette Case and Thinks of Opening a Bank Account



· MILDRED HENRY

The recent snowstorm brought happiness, a pleasant surprise and even con-tratulations to 12-year-old Mildred Henry,

of 407 South 24th street.

Mildred, or Little Miss Fortunate, as she is being called by her friends today, was on her way to St. Patrick's parochial school last Thursday morning when her sharp eyes spied an unusual-looking object lying in the clear, crisp, white snow on Spruce street. It proved to be a hand-some solid gold cigarette case. The little girl, although very much sur-

prised, at once made up her mind to return the case to its owner as soon as he could be found. In fact, long, long ago, both at school and at home. Mildred had heard and knew just what it meant to be strictly honest. The Evening Ledoer enlightened her when she read in it the following advertisement:

CHARETTE CASE—Lost, Thursday, February 3, on Sprue st., between 20th and 21st, gold cigarette case, engraved "A. F. P. Liberal reward. 2121 Spruee st.

The owner proved to be none other than Augusto F. Pulido, of 2121 Spruce street, a former Charge d'Affaires at the Venezuelan legation in Washington.

Mildred, bearing her prized find, called at the Spruce street residence. Senor Polido congratulated mademolaelle for her hopesty and received his valuable.

Polido congratulated mademolaelle for her honesty and received his valuable cigarette case almost with open arms. In fact, he was overjoyed. So was she. Now Mildred is thinking of opening a bank account. Her first deposit will be a crisp yellowback; as for the denomina-tion of the bill-well, it can't be spelled even in four letters. Were she a trifle younger, she certainly would believe in fairies!

Mildred's father is Bernard Henry, a bailiff in the United States Circuit Court in the Federal Building.

SUNDAY MADE ANGRY BY SMALL DONATIONS

Must Be Raised to Pay Campaign Expenses

Tells Trenton Audience \$2500

TRENTON, N. J., Feb. 5.—"Billy" Sunday had nothing but sharp criticis: 1 for Trenton's church people in his sermon but sight.

evangelist said that although the collections yesterday were for a Trenton charity, the amount needed for the general expenses of the campaign, \$28,000, was still short \$2500. There is only one cause for this, "Billy" said, and that is the small donations at the Sunday morning services, composed almost entirely of church people.

"The \$400 the church people give Sunday mornings does not amount to a hill of beans," he said. "I have never left a town with the current expenses unpaid and I am too old to begin now. Besides, you folks have too much civic price to have Trenton set such an example, and I want the contributions of this Sunday to wipe out the deficit.
"If I should stay in Trenton 50,000 years," he said, "I would never again ask you church people to be converted. I have preached to you for five weeks and there is nothing more for me to say."

Three hundred answered his call for trail-hitters. "The \$400 the church people give Sunday

Building at 8th and Arch Sold The four-story building at the north-east corner of 8th and Arch streets, 33 feet on Arch street, with a depth of 140 OUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

that his improvement continues steadily, sillowing him to sit up for one or two on the Arch street, with a depth of its sillowing him to sit up for one or two on the Arch street front and eight hours a day.

A Case for Exploration

A Case for Exploration

For some four months, writes L. F. C., and he is much stronger.

The same blue, Buckey saw things trouble with my stomach. I have no ap-

LANDING FOR AIRSHIPS PLANS OF PROMOTERS FOR BELLEVUE ROOF

Scheme Would Provide Station For New York-to-Washington Line-Location Has Some "Hazards"

CARRY PASSENGERS

"Mr. and Mrs. Smith arrived by aeroplane at the Bellevue-Stratford landing station today."

One may be able to read this announcement, not as a forecast, but as a fact, before many months, if plans, under way to establish on the Bellevue the only roof-landing stage for aeroplanes in America, are carried to their con-clusion. When they are, visitors from the sky and those on the superior eminence on higher building will look down upon an immense plane, flat as a billiard table and running the depth of the hotel, from Broad street back to Bellevue Court, and nearly the entire width of the house.

The idea of putting the landing sta-tions on the roof of the Bellevue is to provide a landing place in Philadelphia for aeroplanes of the New York-Philadelphia-Baltimore-Washington line, a trans-portation line that will be placed at the service of the public as soon as equipment is sufficiently perfected to make the plan practicable.

EUROPEAN LINES.

In several Continental cities before the war there were regular lines of airships running over given routes at regular in-tervals. The most notable of the lines was that which carried the passengers in great Zeppelins, from Berlin to Dresden. The service was well patronized and passengers came to look upon the ride as exhilarating as well as safe. Such a line, but making use of heavier-than-air machines, is the aim of the promotors who would convert the roof of the Bellevue into the landing place for Philadelphia-bound aeroplanes. The only ques-tion in the way of actually getting the tion in the way of actually getting the work under way is that of the mechanical possibility of landing safely within the area of the station. Skilled aviators, by circling, are able to come down almost precisely at the place they mean to strike and to bring their machines to a stop just where they wish.

MIGHT BE "TALL" DROP.

The landing surface, as it is planned for the roof of the Bellevue, would provide a 300 - foot run for starting and alighting, and a margin of 90 feet on each side of the aeroplane as it comes down. For the experienced pilot, such a landing should not be too difficult, experts say; but the penalty for miscalculation, or accident, would be a "tall" drop into Broad or Vi'nut streets, 17 stories below. Just how sauch this would appeal to passengers, in the present state of aeronautics, cannot be foretold. Should it be found, however, that the percentage of landings within such an area is 100, there is little doubt but that adventurous souls would need little per-suasion to attempt the trip.

SCHEME OF LANDING. The financial side of the Bellevue landing stage has not been worked out in de-tall, but the understanding is that the or-ganization of an aeroplane line with a Philadelphia destination would be followed very soon by the construction of the platform. The platform would bisect the roof of the house from Broad street, passing between the northwest and southwest towers.

A small platform for passengers, con-acted by the runways with the hotel elevator service, would parallel the great landing stage.

"SUFFRAGE TWINS" ARRIVE Mother Says They Will Be Workers

for "Votes for Women"

Twin boys have arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Macdowel Vail, of 1709 Porter street, and the parents are being congratulated today. Mrs. Vail was one of the most active of all the "active workers" in the recent miffrage campaign. She won many hundreds of doubters to the cause by her elequence both in street orations and at other times. She was secretary of her legislative dis-rict and stayed at the polls all day on election day. Her husband is a widely known attorney of this city. They have named their boys the "suf-

Train Demolishes Motortruck

Police, railroad and other officials today are investigating the collision which occurred at West Collingswood, N. J., last night when an Adams Express Company motortruck was struck and demolished by an Atlantic City express train of the Reading Bailroad. Frank Dempsey, 34 years old, 518 North 8th atreet, the chauffeur, who was thrown more than 19 feet by the force of the collision, is a patient in the Cooper Hospital, Camden, where it was said he has a good chance of recovery. He is suffering from a broken leg, contusions, and possible internal injuries.

Stephen F. Whitman & Son, Inc., have purchased through Barber, Hartman & Co., from Louis Feld, the six-story factory, 200-2-4-6 North 8th street, occupying a lot 80 feet by 45 feet, at the northwest corner of than And Race streets.

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The purchasers occupy adjoining premises at the mortheast corner of Race and Lawrence streets. Including the building just acquired Whitman & Son, Inc., have lower than 20 feet by 45 feet, at the northwest corner of Race and

CHURCH CHOIR HONORS J. W. BRAUN, ORGANIST

Special Service and Reception Planned Tomorrow at St. Bonaventura



JOSEPH N. BRANN

A special musical service and recention tomorrow will mark the 25th anniversary of Joseph W. Braun as organist at the St. Bonaventura Roman Catholic Church, 9th and Cambria streets Mr. Brau will direct a male choir of about voices in the rendering of Mozart's 12th

The service will be held directly after the 10 o'clock Mass. A number of beautiful selections have been chosen for rendition by a male quartet, which has been specially selected for the occasion among friends of Mr. Braun. Members of the quartet are Dr. Frank F. Barthmaier, John F. Hettler, Raymond F. Bittle and J. Raymond Laux. There will be a special orchestra also. Among the features of the musical program is the offertory 'Jubilate,' by Loxhie.

After the special service there will be a reception for Mr. Braun in St. Bonaventura Hall, following which members of the choir, the orchestra and the quartet will be the guests of Mr. Braun ta The service will be held directly after

tet will be the guests of Mr. Braun at ; pecial bangeet.

Mr. Braun is a native of this city, hav-

ing been born and raised in Manayunk. He was graduated from the Philadelphia Musical Academy at the age of 19. Shortly after his graduation he was selected by the Rev. Hubert Hammeke, rector of St. Bonaventura, as organist, and has filled the position most acceptably ever filled the position most acceptably ever since. It so happens that the Rev. Mr. Hammeke was formerly assistant at St. Mary's Church, in Manayunk, where George Braun, father of J. W. Braun, was organist for a period of 31 years. Hundreds of voices have been trained by the St. Bonaventura organist during his term at the church, and a host of his friends and former pupils will attend the reception and service tomor-row. Many of those in the choir which will sing tomorrow have sung in recent years at the church and have returned for the service in honor of Mr. Braun,

CONCERT DATE CHANGED

Orchestra Will Give Last of Free Performances February 13

The Philadelphia Orchestra will give the The Philadelphia Orchestra will give the last of the free Sunday afternoon concerts in the Metropolitan Opera House on Sunday. February 13. It was originally planned to hold this concert tomorrow, but the date was moved ahead a week. As a number of tickets were issued bearing the date Pheruary 8, the Orchestra Association calls attention to the change through the newspapers in order that there may be no confusion. there may be no confusion.

The tickets which were issued for February 8, however, will be honored on the 13th. The tickets for this concert have already been distributed through private sources and none will be given out at the newspaper offices.

MANUFACTURERS BUY CORNER Building at 4th and Race Streets Changes Hands

AMERICANIZATION ART WINNERS ANNOUNCED

Selection Is Made of Those to Receive \$2000 Given by Mrs. E. T. Stotesbury

Prise winners in the "Americanization Through Art" exhibition, who have been selected to receive Mrs. E. T. Stotesbury's awards, amounting to \$2000, have been announced. The Committee on Awards is composed of Cecilia Beaux, George Walter Dawson, Charles Graffy, Edgar V. Seeler and Jessie Willows Smith. Amith.

The list of awards follows:

PAINTINGS. William Sartain : Hors de Concours.
No. 75-Elmer W. Schofield, first.
No. 40-Leopold G. Seyffert, second.
No. 40-Comare A. Ricciardi, mention.
No. 13-Morris Molersky, mention.
No. 93-Leruch M. Feldman, mention.
No. 56-Frederic D. de Henwood, mention. SCULPTURES.

No. 263.—Albert Leessite, frat... No. 253.—Albert Polasek, second... No. 264.—Alexander E. Calder, menton... No. 270.—Louis Millone, mention... No. 370.—Louis Millone, mention... WATER COLORS. 146 Albert Jean Adolphe, first
161 Fred, Wagner, second
121 Lazar Haditz, mention
145 Nirola d'Ascenzo, mention
145 Frederic Nunn mention
175 Frederic Nunn mention
175 Paula Himmelbach Balano, mention

ILLUSTRATIONS. No. 222-Walter H. Everett, mention. MINIATURES. 170-Edith Kellett, first mention, 18t-Herman Deigendesch, second mention, 19 ETCHINGS.

Emily Sartain, mention, Max Rosenthal, mention. No. 335—Samuel Yellin, wrought iron work, CRAPTS. No. 325—Samuel Yellin, wrought iron work, first
No. 329—Edouard Maene, wood carving.
No. 325—Edouard Maene, wood carving.
No. 335—Nicola d'Ascenzo, stained glass,
Second I.
No. 351—Alexandro Colarossi, jewelry,
mention
No. 334—Alexandro Colarossi, jewelry,
mention
No. 335—Alexandro Preston Andrade, copper work, mention
Nos. 345 and 349—Decertaive Glass Compensors, stained glass, mention,
No. 335—Alfred Smith, leather book covers,
mention

In addition to these awards of money, the jury called especial attention to William Sartain's "admirable" landscape, "Solitude," which was not in competition, being placed hors de concours. For this, and in recognition of his invaluable services to American art and those of his family, in order to express their high appropriation, the jury decided to a service of the service of preciation, the jury decided to send him an engrossed parchment, which sets out what he means to the art world in gen-eral and to this community particularly.

AMERICANS IN DRESDEN PLEAD FOR NEUTRALITY

Appeal Sent to Countrymen Throughout World to Stop Selling Munitions

Americans in Dresden, Germany, have formed a club and sent forth to Ameri-cans throughout the world an appeal to stop trying to find the causes of the war in Europe and do all they can to be

in Europe and go all they neutral.

A message concerning the action of the "American Club of Dresden" has been sent to a Philadelphia woman. Miss Helen M. Rowland, 4643 Leiper street, by her German teacher, Miss Elizabeth Koederritz, of Dresden, who clipped the street made by the Americans from a sent the street was the appeal made by the Americans from a German newspaper. The appeal of the Americans for "real

neutrality" was made in English. It reads as follows:

"Since August, 1914, the press of the" world has occupied their reader's minds with arguments as to which nation is to blame for the present European conglagation. Leave this to the historian.

Let us consider how we can stop this wholesale murdering.

wholesale murdering.
"Americans, it lies with us!
"Ours is the only neutral Power which

does not refuse to support the bellige enta with munitions of war. "It is frank hyprocrisy to pray for cessation of hostilities and at the same cessation or hostilities and at the same time prolong the war by delivering arms and ammunition! Use your influence to stop such deliveries, and you are helping to stop this awful carnage.

"We do not plead for any of the warring nations, but appeal to you as men and women—above all, as Christians—to help end this terrible devastation and murdering.

murdering. "THE AMERICAN CLUB OF DRES-DEN "Leon Rains, chairman.
"C. F. Peckneedle, secretary,"

NEW JERSEY LEGISLATORS GATHER FOR EDGE DINNER

Will Discuss Plans for Organizing Against Baird's "Deal"

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J., Feb. 5.—Sen-ators and Assemblymen from all of the South Jersey counties are gathering here today to attend an Edge gubernatorial boom dinner at the Hotel Rudolf tonight. and to discuss plans for organizing against "Davy" Baird, the veteran Camden leader, if he attempts to put through his reputed deal with Dalrymple, of Es-sex, to throw the Republican gubernatorial and United States senatorial nom-

inations to North Jersey.
Senator William F. Reed, of Camden, whose election this week as State Treasurer is said to have been one of the ele-ments in the "deal," is expected to at-tend the dinner. Great significance will be attached to anything Reed may say bearing upon the gubernatorial contest. It is expected also that ex-Governor-Edward C. Stokes, who will have every-South Jersey county, excepting possibly Camden, also will be here to discuss the line-up against Baird.

WOMAN LEAVES \$63,718

Will of Mary Dentzel Divides Estate in Private Bequests

Wills probated today were those of Mary Dentzel, widow of Gustav A. Dentzel, which in private bequests disposed of £3,718; Emily R. Otterson, Elizabeth, N. J., \$18,875; George W. Hopkins, 35 Harvey street, £800; Charles C. Bosler, Jewish Hospital, \$7500; Maria Curley, 204 Pine street, £400, and Michael F. Walsh, 32 East Clapier street, £500.

An inventory of the estate of William Brooks Rawle, filed by Francis F. Eastlock, Jr., and Richard Mayer, appraises the personalty at \$35,285.82. Other inventories of personal estates filed ware: William W. Colladay, £7,414.02; Eugene J. Reck, \$33,945.42; William S. Andrews, \$18,792; Charles Ruthmiller, \$12,667.27, and Kate Maher, \$311.66.

Camden Church 98 Years Old

Camden Church 98 Years Old
The First Baptist Church of Camden, one of the oldest of the denomination in this part of the country, will observe its sith anniversary tomorrow. The paster, the Rev. r. John William Lyell, who will be in charge of the various services in the church, has been the leader of the flock for about 30 years.

In the afternoon, under the direction of the superintendent, Charles A. Reynolds, special services will be held by fast Sunday school and a campaign will be insugurated for 30 new nembers. In the evening the Rey. Doctor Lyed will preach on The Good Fight of Fath, and a special musical program will be given.