# THE NOVEL OF THE YEAR BY GEORGE A. CHAMBERLAIN

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CHAPTER XXII (Continued) LAN, when are you going to come A back to the legitimate? Don't you were tire of life as a variety show?
Wouldn't you rather have one real ady star in life than a whole lot of urnished tinsel ones?"

Alan jumped to his feet, stuck his hands Alan jumped to his feet, stuck his hands in his coat pockets and started walking up and down the room. They were in the library. "A steady star," he reseated. "What a find that would be! I're raised many a star on my horizon, Alix, but the 'onger I look at 'em the more they twinkle back. It's easier to down conscience than to down blood."
"In the end," said Alix, "a man must down blood or it downs him—downs him irretrievably. Blood unchecked is just common beast."
"Do you think I don't know it?" flashed

"Do you think I don't know it?" flashed "Do you think I don't know it?" flashed Alan. "Each day I find an old haunt denied to me. I am ill at case. My world has left yours behind. There is a pale. Behind it lies Red Hill. Do you know I haven't been to the Hill for three years? Behind it lies Nance, the faithmeast trusting foater-sister a most trusting foster-sister a waster ever had. And now you. You lie behind it and toy with my soul igh the bars.

Allx sprang to her feet and laid strong, Alk sprang to her feet and fand strong, nervous hands on Alan's shoulders. She shock him and turned him so that he faced the light. Alan did not laugh. There was fire in Alk's eyes. "You little thing," she said tensely, "not to see that the bars are down."

He turned under her hands and she He turned under her hands and she t him go. He stood looking out of the indow at the bare trees.

Alix watched him. "Alan, you can come to the Hill tonight. They—we—are all going to be together here. It's Clem's birthday. If you can feel the pale, that's enough for me. I want you to be with

sel the pale that I won't come. If there's before night it shall carry me. This big sity isn't big enough to hold all the Hill dty isn't big enough to note at an and leave me room to wander outside."

Then why—why—"
Til tell you. The last time I saw J.
Ti he said to me, among other things:

there that you have not come.' Those were his very words. The rest passed, but that stuck. It stuck because it was the truth and I had been blind to it. What did you say a little while ago? Blood unchecked is just common beast. Well, there it is in a nutshell. I bear the mark of the beast. Do you think I want Clem to see I'?"

Alan's hands were locked behind him.
He turned from the window. "Alix, I
tan't see Clem yet. She is expecting me.
I told her that the better half of me I told her that the better half of me would look her up as soon as I got back. But what if somebody that doesn't know my better half at all should see me riding—walking with Clem? I can't risk that. Do you understand?"

"But oh, Alan," said Alix. "If you could only see Clem now, She's glorious. Why

only see Clem now. She's glorious. Why it's three years—three years since you saw her. You used to think me beauti-

"Used!" protested Alan, casting a valu-"Used!" protested Alan, casting a valu-ing glance at Alix's pale beauty.
"Well," conceded Alix, "you think me beautiful. Beside Clem, with her heaps of brown hair and deep blue eyes, I am nothing. I am worse—I am a doll. And she was born with a strange wisdom and attempts of her own. The world has never strength of her own. The world has never reached her will never reach her. She's made her own world and she's made it right. And yet—the wisdom in her deep eyes, Alan. She knows—she knows it all -and you know that she knows, only, faith sits enthroned."

"Faith sits enthroned," repeated Alan:

"Faith sits enthroned," repeated Alan; "that's why I can't come tonight." He looked around for his hat and stick.
"By the way," said Allx, "why J. Y. and why Mrs. J. Y.? I've always wondered."

"I don't know," said Alan. "I've always wondered, too, I suppose. But here's the Judge. He can tell you." "Tell what?" asked the Judge, as he walked in and took Alix's outstretched

hand.
"Why there's no Mr. Wayne and Mrs. Wayne—only J. Y.'s."

"And you don't know, Alan?" asked the Judge. "Well, I'll tell you. Mr. Wayne and Mrs. Wayne—they were Alan's father and his young wife. Their life was a hot flame that suddenly smothered itself in the clouds of its own smoke. The memory of the clouds of its own smoke. The memory of the clouds passed with them, but the flame—the flame burns on in the hearts of all who knew them. It will burn on. "That's why J. Y. is J. Y. and that's why it will always be J. Y. and Mrs. J. Y. to the Hill."

Alan said good-by in a hurried low voice and started for the door but the Judge called to him: "Just a moment, Alan, I'm coming with you." Then he turned to Alix, "I just dropped in to tell you I am delighted to be able to

come tonight," "I am glad," said Alix, "Perhaps you could persuade Alan to come too if you "If I think what?" The Judge eyed

her steadily. "If you think he is ready," finished Allx. The Judge found Alan waiting for him

on the steps as he hurried out, "What are you doing for the rest of the afternoon?" he asked. "I'm sailing for South America if there's a connection." The Judge looked up surprised. "I

didn't know you had anything urgent on." They walked on in silence for some minutes, then the Judge said, hesitating-"Alan, you're rushed, of course, but you could-if you can-do one thing and put it down to my account. Just drop in and see J. Y. for a minute. Some-how I feel that you can't see J. Y. the

Wayne want to shake hands with you is a thing that comes to most men as a

"Have you ever figured it out that there's only one man in a million that knows when to refuse to shake hands and has the courage to back his judgment? You hear flippant people saying every day that they couldn't shake hands with such a one, but when it comes to the showdown their arms suddenly limber. J. Y. is one in a million. He has a rare thing—an untainted hand. There is a tale on 'Change to the effect that a firm was saved from a smash because J Y. walked up to its head and shook hands with him on the floor."

"I don't know," said Alan, "that J. Y. wants to shake hands with me." He spoke almost questioningly, "You know, Judge, there have been days when he

"I don't know that he wants to, either, my boy. But I do know this, He's a busy man, but there's never a day that he's too rushed to think of you." Alan stopped and held out his hand.

I am much obliged to you," he said. I'm sorry I didn't think of it myself, m off to his office now, as soon as I've telephoned Swithson."

A few minutes later found Alan ex-plaining to a new office boy that he wished to speak to the head of the firm. The boy judged himself in possession of a green one and grinned, "Certainly," he said, "You wish to speak to Mr.

Wayne. Are you in a hurry?"
Alan was offering to start the boy with Alan was offering to start the boy with his foot when the head clerk, passing through the hall, caught sight of him and hurried up, "Mr. Wayne is just going, sir. Shall I stop him?"

"Please," said Alan and followed the clerk. The office boy fell to stamping letters with unwonted diligence.

J. Y. received his nephew with outstretched hand.
His rugged face was lit up with the rare smile that came to it seldom, for it was the far-flung ripple—the visible ex-pression of a deep commotion.

"I just dropped in, sir," said Alan, "to ay good-by. I'm off again to South say good-by. I'm off again to South America. Africa seems to be taking a year off."

"When are you leaving?" asked J. Y. "This evening," said Alan. "The boat's intready pulled out, but I'll catch her at Quarantine. She's waiting for her

They sat and looked at each other for a moment and then J. Y. arose and held out his hand again. "If that's the case," he said, "I won't keep you. Good-by and good luck." "Good-by, sir," sald Alan.

As he reached the door J. Y. spoke "Alan," he said, "I'm glad you

"I am, too, sir," said Alan. As he went out he forgot to deliver a word he had prepared for the office boy. J. Y. had sald he was glad he had dropped in. There was nothing in the words to brood over, but J. Y. could make a simple phrase say a world of things and Alan was thought ful-almost depressed—as he hurrled off.

He was just leaving the sedate old office building, sandwiched in between modern towers of Babel, when a cab drew up at the curb. The door opened and a girl stepped out. She suddenly stood still. Alan's eyes were drawn to her and found hers fixed on him. He drew a quivering breath. "But, oh! Alan, if you could only see Clem now!" Alix had said and had tried to tell him of the beauty of Clem. Now Clem stood before him. How weak Now Clem stood before him. How weak were words! How futile to try to convey Til tell you. The last time I saw J.

Take said to me, among other things:

Testerday Clem was crying because you had not come to the house. I try to thin, Alan, the way I do, you'd know it's saw his hesitation and a cloud came over an honor for any man to shake hands the light in her face. Her moist lips with J. Y. Wayne, And to have J. Y.

## FARMER SMITH'S ( RAINBOW CLUB

#### ACTIVITIES

These are wonderful days at the Rainbow Club-days when we are all usy. February 4 we started our REAL LIBRARY, with Samuel Hanick a chief librarian; Frank Kanefsky, first assistant librarian, and Israel Edelsohn, as second assistant librarian.

We have a good supply of books now, but NEED MORE, so those of our members who have volumes which are not in use, might send them to us. We need magazines, too.

Everybody wants to help us. We bought some of the books with the ney we have in our RAINBOW FUND and the bookseller gave us a

Last Saturday, Louis Fine brought over his boxing gloves and we had bout or two. We are paying a lot of attention to our physical culture class and in a few days we will have an IMPORTANT announcement for those

who wish to be strong and well. VOLUNTEERS WANTED: We are anxious to give an entertainment or our members next Saturday, if we can get enough volunteers to help us Your editor is quite an actor, in his way, but we need a Punch and lidy man, or sleight-of-hand artist and a soprano who is used to singing

It may be rather short notice, but we are always having to do the imtible here at our new quarters. We have been so busy moving we forgot stell you we are now at Room 101, the Washington Building. Thank you! Oh, yes! We have the money for our manual training tools. Isn't it

iderful how everything is coming to us? If you can help us with a "turn" on Lincoln's Birthday, PLEASE WRITE TO US AT ONCE. FARMER SMITH, Children's Editor, EVENING LEDGER.

#### The Two Pigs

(By Paul Freed, Market street.) A deceitful little pig was driven fom home by his mother. After aveling for many days he reached little woods. He thought he would ake his home in a bed of leaves, thich were under a great oak. He sted very happily for many days, ating the young green shoots. While miking through his woods, as he alled it, one day, he met an odd-soking creature with quills all over a half-dead with hunger. He asked plg to bring him something to a, but Mr. Pig walked past without m giving him a kind word. As nter drew near Mr. Pig began to thin, as the snow had covered the

One day as he passed a tree in the sidle of the woods, he saw that same d creature eating merrily. When Pig saw this his thoughts came of to when he was comfortable by mother's side in the warm pen. porcupine or quill pig did not the poor little pig aside, but and him if he would join in the to which he readily agreed.

ou quill pig was returning good eril and they both resolved to live or for the rest of their days, the little pig learned many new Ja with his porcupine friend.

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 THE WAY.

Address ..... Age ..... School I attend.....

#### Do You Know This?

If you want anything in this world you have to work for it. We have been working very hard to get a system of credits and so forth and as yet it is not perfected, but please be patient, for we have something in mind which will please you, we know.

Thank you all so much for getting almost 18,000 members for our club in such a short time. Now, your editor wants to ask you ONE question: HOW MANY OF YOU HAVE is going to try his best to make our STARTED READING THE EVEN-ING LEDGER SINCE OUR CLUB

Let this be your question for to- two words. You will hear more about day; and if you will answer this, I them later!

will send you a letter signed by my own pen, "honest Injun!"

It is not often that your editor asks you to do something for him, so now is your chance.

Here I repeat: How many of you have been reading the EVENING LEDGER since Thanksgiving who never read it before?

FARMER SMITH. Children's Editor, EVENING LEDGER.

P. S.—A postal card will do. P. S. No. 2 .- But if you put Mr.

George Washington's picture on the envelope, hang it straight. P. S. No. 3 .- Don't forget to dot

your eyes and cross your tease-I means "i's" and "t's", of course.

#### Our Postoffice Box



A wee little bundle of sunshine,

> Tied up in a glint o' gold,

Dimpling baby girl Dorothy-

A Rainbow, just three months old!

And that's what the postman brought us-because, well, he knew that bundle belonged here.

Hardie Scott, of Cynwyd, Pa., is half past eight and very willing to be of service to the club. St. Valentine's Day is coming and we know some little hospital folks who won't receive many February 14 messages. Will you make them some valentines, Hardie? Write and tell us if you like this way of helping.

Helen Jones, North Bancroft street, sent us a very well-told story which is going to appear in this column soon.

Cynthia Borkins, Abington, Pa., is another clever little authoress who wrote a very lovely story. Cynthia, too, may expect to see her work in print.

Little folks are not forgetting their kind acts. James De Lisi, South 10th street, saw an old lady fall down and he ran very quickly and helped her up. William Harrison, Brown street, club a large one and he promises that his members will be active members.

Active members. Remember those

"Alan!" she said; and he answered

'Clem!' And so they stood, his eyes fixed on hers that were blue and deep. He felt his soul sinking, sinking into those cool-ing pools. He did not wish ever to speak again-ever to think again.

And then Clem laughed. Her eyes wrinkled up. There was a gleam of even teeth. The wind blow her furs about her and lit the color in her cheeks. "How solemn we are after three years!" she cried. "Three years, Alan. Aren't you ashamed?"

Alan felt a sense of sudden insulation as though she had deliberately cut th current that had flowed so strongly be-tween them. He rebelled for once against flippancy. Unknowingly he tried to bring his-and Bodaky's—world of naked things into the city. He failed to answer Clem's into the city. He failed to answer Clem's mood because he would not believe in it. "I am going away," he stammered weakly and waved at an approaching four-wheeler, piled high with traveling kit and convoyed by his hurried but neve

flurried servant.

But Clem stuck to her guns. "Really? she said with a glance at the loaded cab and with arching eyebrows. Then her smile burst again. "You can't expect me to be surprised, can you? We seem to have a habit of meeting when you are on the point of going away. There, You the point of going away. There, You must be in a hurry. Good-by," and she

must be in a hurry. Good-by, and held out a gloved hand.

Alan's spirit was ever ready for war and this, he suddenly perceived, was war. He braced himself and smiled too. "Twice hardly amounts to a habit," he drawled. He had never drawled to Clem lrawled. He had never drawled to Clem before, but then Clem had never before taken up the social rapier with him. "Besides," he went on, "there's a difference. Last time you ran after me." Clem's smile trembled, steadied itself and then fought bravely back. "Yes," she

and then lought bravely back. Tes, she said, "yes." And then her eyes wavered and wandered. She dropped his hand. "Good-by." she said again, the faintest catch in her voice, and hurried away to seek J. V.

CHAPTER XXIII.

AT LAST the 1 ins came to the valley and Fazend. Flores, Gerry apent long hours besid, his sluice-gate watch ing for a rise in the river, but it did not come. The torrent of rain was local and he remembered that Lieb r had told him that the floods—the great "loods—came from hundreds of miles up the river and generally under a brazen sky. Night, black night, had fallen with the rain and he was just turning to seek shelter from the pen of a little girl cannot be estimated. She chose as her subject "The Modern Dragon." Her essay is as follows:

DEAGON OF STRONG DRINK was just turning to seek shelter from the unbroken downpour when a voice raised in song reached his ears. He waited. The voice drew ne: 'r In a nasai tone, which somehow sounded fa, illiar though it was unknown to him, it we chanting a long string of doggerel ending in an unvarying efrain. Finally Gerry could make out

the long-drawn tail-end of the song:
"-comin do a the drawn."
English! American! Cowboy tuste!
The impressions came in rapid successions. ion. Gerry strove to pierce the darkness He could hear the nourby splash of careful mules, picking their way through puddles with finited little steps. He felt a shadow in the darkness and could just see above it a blur of rellow. Behind it, more shadows. Cr an impulse he did not stop to measure, he shouted in English, 'Hallo, there.'

The doggerel was choke off in mid-The yellow blur came to a sudden stop, and the masal voice rang out in quick staccato, "Speak again, stranger, and speak quick!"

'It's all right," Gerry laughed back. Where are you bound for?"
"I'm headed down the drawr lookin' for a chalk line where I c'n dry my feet.
What do you know?"

"Can you see the water in the ditch at your right?" "Yasser, I can. I c'n see you, toe."
"Well," shouted back Gerry, "your
eyes beat mine. Follow the ditch until
you come to a bridge. I'll meet you
there."

Gerry found the little cavalcade walting for him, six pack-mules, a native driver and, towering above them, a great lanky figure in a yellow eliskin slicker topped by a broad-brimmed hat.

silcker topped by a broad-brimmed hat. Gerry looked over the outfit as carefully as the darkness would allow and then said tentatively, "There's a house down there in the valley, "Is the'?" drawled the stranger spiting deliberately into the ditch. "Well," he volunteered after a further pause, "my name's Jake Kemp. The rest of this outfit is six mules packin' orchids and the greaser packin' the mules."

"That's all right," said Gerry, "I guess we can put you up."

we can put you up."

A patriarchal hospitality came naturally to the inmates of Fazenda Flores, would sterili it was a tradition not only on that plantation but throughout a vast hinterland, where life was rude and death sudden, where life was rude and death sudden, to be gentle to the stranger, to feed him and his beast and to speed him on in the early morning. There was but one rule to the stranger: He must keep his times or green persimmons. eyes to the front. Jake Kemp had evi-dently learned the brief code. He ate

ravenously.

Gerry was feeling a strange elation that Gerry was feeling a strange elation that he strove in vain to account for. This was an American but beyond that they had nothing in common. New York and Texas are connected only by fiction. Perhaps it was just curiosity. Curiosity invaded him. What was a Texas cowboy doing on the road past Fazenda Flores with a mule-train of orchids? As an opener he declared himself. "My name's Gerry Lansing," he said. "I've settled down here."

"So" said Kemp, as he drew from his yest pockets the makings of a cigarette.

"So?" said Kemp, as he drew from his vest pockets the makings of a cigarette. Gerry had seen the yellow papers and the little bags of flaked tobacco. They struck convincingly the note of the West. Kemp himself was gotten up in the same key. Broad-primmed hat, shirt sleeves, unbuttoned vest, collarless shirt, high-heeled boots and the yellow slicker tessed on the flow of the second of of t tossed on the floor, all were in strict keep ing with type. "Reckon you're I'm the States." drawled Kemp as he accom-plished the cigarette.

CONTINUED TOMORROW

#### GIRL AIMS VALOROUS BLOWS AT DRAGON OF STRONG DRINK

Miss Sarah Paravano's Essay, Written While an Eighth Grade Public School Pupil, a Powerful Indictment of Evil.

Her Description of Enemy of Man Won First Prize and Pennsylvania Second Prize as Scientific Treatise

Far-reaching results of the Friends' emperance Association and the W. C. T. acientific temperance essay contest in the life of one of the prize-winning youngsters are shown in Miss Sarah Paravano, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Paravano, 1291 Ellsworth street. She was the first and the only Italian girl in Pennsylvania who has ever won the Philadelphia first prize and the Pennsylvania second prize in the annual scientific temperance easay contest.

As a result of this winning, she has been studying in night schools and working out of hours ever since. She had to stop school on account of financial needs at home. The girl was only 14 when she won the prizes in 1912 and was in the eighth grade.

Her essay was translated into Italian by Dr. E. W. Lake, and has been sent throughout this city and the entire State. Temperance workers declare the wide-spread effect of an article such as the missioner of Internal Revenue says that the people drink up more money than twelve times the cost of the schools and the churches. Thousands of families are paupers through it. It thus appears that

DRAGON OF STRONG DRINK. In olden times, when a flood, or an earthquake, or any other great disaster destroyed human life or property, it was said to be the wish of a great dragon, Many stories are told about heroes, who went out and killed those dragons, and thus saved the lives of their countrymen. In fact, great books have been written

about such men. "Now today there is actually a dragon in the world that is destroying thousands of human lives and millions of dollars' worth of property every year. He seizes bright, handsome boys that lounge about the streets and saloons, with their mouths full of tobacco juice and vile oaths. He changes the prosperous young man into a ragged, flithy drunkard; he causes them to commit all manner of crimes. There is no end of the terrible deeds of this Dragon. All over the world the people are praying to be delivered from him. The man who could succeed in killing him would receive the gratitude of the world. Quite an army of people have enlisted to the country of the country of people have enlisted to the country of t an army of people have enlisted to fight this Dragon, but have not got the better of him yet. Who will enlist to fight this Dragon of Strong Drink?

earned used for that purpose. Suppose the millions spent on whisky were used for educational purposes? How much "'All men are born free and equal,' says the Declaration of Independence. They are endowed by their Creator with better and wiser would our people be if a public library could be started in every village instead of a saloon! Knowledge, certain inalienable rights, among which are life, liberty and the pursuit of hap-piness.' Justice forbids all enterprises dangerous to the public health and like a fountain, would refresh the minds of all. piness.' Justice forbids all enterprises and discount of the public health and morals; it quarantines contagious discount for teaching me not to indulge in this poisonous liquor. Beware of it?"

Gingerisms

rendered a chaperone a superfluity.

they are on this year's hate.

some specimens.

We have seen faces, caro mio, that

Some persons are so hygienic they

would sterilize the Milky Way if an all-wise Providence had not placed it beyond

If there be anything in the theory of

Y. W. C. A. Honors Dead Leaders

Tribute to the memory of Mrs. A. H. Franciscus, for 23 years president of the Philadelphia Y. W. C. A., and to the mem-

ory of 131 late presidents and vice presidents of the association, who have given their services since the founding of the

organization in 1870, was paid yesterday afternoon by hundreds of young women at the Central Association, 18th and Arch

streets, when they bowed in vesper service

to celebrate Pioneer Day, the first day of the national one month's celebration of the golden jubilee of the association.

ASK FOR and GET

HORLICK'S

THE ORIGINAL

Theosophy, many women there be who, in a pre-existence, must have been lemons.

Beauty Is as Beauty Does In these days of frenzied fashion, it is necessary to keep the arms in good con-dition if you would shine in your evening

MISS SARAH PARAVANO

eases, controls slaughter houses and gam-

ger the lives of great numbers of men and women by turning loose upon them the degraded and crazed slaves of strong

drink. Noah Davis tells us that nine tenths of all the murders which are brought before the courts are the resul of strong drink. The report of the Com-

our lives, our liberty and the pursuit of happiness are stopped by the liquor traffic; our inalienable rights are inter-fered with, the gifts of the Creator to

man are taken from him. The great ob-

stacle to human progress is human wick-edness, and there is no agency that causes so much wickedness as the liquor traffic.

"No evil causes more misery and shame to enter the life of our American

excessive use of intoxicating liquors. blasts even those who do not touch it. The wife and the children of the drunk-ard are involved in ruln. It incites the

father to butcher his innocent children

It induces the husband to kill his wife. It produces weakness, sickness and death. It blasts the hope of heaven hereafter. It

covers the land with idleness and poverty

fills our jails, supplies our almshouses and furnishes victims for the electric

chair.

It puts into continual dan-

There are no birds in last year's nests, It is now considered quite au fait to remove the hair from your arms just as a man removes it from his chin and upper lip, to don't entertain any qualms about Ignorance of the law excuses none but

the propriety of this toilet feature. Even ninety-nine tallors could not per-form the miracle of making a man of Keeping the arms white is not easy if your skin has the slightest tendency to discolor, so when you don your sleeve-less frock, apply a greaseless cream, rub off gently, then powder the arms and you'll find a great improvement. Liquid powders must be used with caution, as many are compounded with acids

which are harmful to the skin.

#### MEN GUARD ST. JOHN'S WHILE RICHMOND TALKS

Gates Padlocked and Persons Objectionable Are Not Allowed to Enter

The slege at St. John's Episcopal Church has been resumed, with the Rev. George Chalmers Richmond "holding the fort." The gates to the church were padlocked yesterday and men were on guard to prevent the entrance of persons objectionable to Richmond. A policeman lingered near the gates, having been instructed to remain there in case of trouble, while a plain-clothes man heard the sermon.

All of this was the aftermath of the Rev. Mr. Richmond's suspension "from all exercise of the office and functions of the sacred ministry" for one year. Bishop. Rhinelander read the sentence of suspension last Friday. "Is this a jail?" asked a tall man, ap-

proaching the gate. He was a stranger at St. John's, and Robert L. Keene, rector's warden, who held the key to the padlock, regarded him suspiciously. The stranger names as George and John Miller, saying they were trustees of the Daniel L. Graffy estate. Mr. Graffy, who was a vestryman of St. John's Church, died a few weeks He bequeathed \$5000 to St. John's

"This is not a jall," said Mr. Keene; cause of the increase of the drinking habit and its unavoidable result— 'it is a church.'

"Thank you," said the spokesman of the Millers: "seeing these barred gates and padlocks, I was somewhat in doubt." The Millers retreated to the clicking of

the cameras of newspaper photographers. The next visitor to be challenged was homas Gale, a member of the so-called "curbstone vestry," consisting of the Rev. Mr. Richmond's opponents. "I want to see Mr. Richmond," Gale said to Mr. Keene,

"He's too busy to talk to you," was the

rather contemptuous reply. Mr. Gale responded by saying something to the effect that he was "glad to see Keene where he belonged, behind the

bars," and went on his way. Mr. Keene was expecting the Rev. Henri M. G. Huff, who on a former oc-casion was sent by Bishop Rhinelander to preach in the Rev. Mr. Richmond's pulpit. In his pocket Keene had a spicy communication which he proposed to read to Mr. Huff. But Mr. Huff falled o appear, so the paper remained in Mr.

Keene's pocket.

Meanwhile a large congregation as-sembled in the church to hear the Rev. Mr. Richmond. The rector appeared in the chancel wearing surplice and cassock but without his stole. He explained that he always obeyed the canons of the Church, and since he has been suspended from the office of minister for one year

he will not preach in St. John's Church during that period.

"But as director of parish affairs I shall speak to the congregation every Sunday morning and evening," Mr. Richmond told his audience.

The West

Out where the handclasp's a little stronger. Out where the smile dwells a little long-

That's where the West begins, Out where the sun is a little brighter. Where the snows that fall are a triffe whiter.

Where the bonds of home are a wee bit tighter. That's where the West begins.

Out where the skies are a trifle bluer, Out where friendship's a little truer, That's where the West begins, Out where a fresher breeze is blowing. Where there's laughter in every streamlet flowing.

Where there's more of reaping and less of sowing, That's where the West begins.

Out where the world is in the making, Where fewer marts in despair are aching, That's where the West begins, Where there's more of singing and less of sighing. Where there's more of giving and less of

trying-That's where the West begins. -From the American Bar Association

buying

At All Our Stores Where Quality Counts

Are You Better Off?

If there could be a census taken of the financial condition of the housekeepers of Philadelphia today, compared with 25 years ago, we are certain it would show that the people are much better off. Thanks to the R. & C. cash grocery system. It is well known that the people of Philadelphia are buying higher quality groceries at lower prices than any other city in the country, and it is most gratifying to us to know the important part we have had in bringing about these conditions through our stores so well known as "The Stores Where Quality Counts." Are you better off? Are you grasping the opportunities we offer you daily and weekly through our stores to better your financial condition? Let "The Stores Where Quality Counts" help you,

Gold Seal Butter, 38c lb.

Freshly churned Butter of the highest quality, fine flavor and fragrance. Gold Seal is used by the most particular people. Hy-Lo Butter, 33c lb. Ca-Ro Butter, 28c lb.

A fancy creamery Butter equal Absolutely pure Butter of good quality to most of the higher quality. Like all our Butters, a bargain at its price. BEST DRIED BEEF, 28c lb.

12c Can GOLD SEAL Early June PEAS

10c

7 C Can GOOD QUALITY Sweet PEAS

Pancy tender Early June Peas. This quality would cost you 15c the can in many stores.

6c Peas of good quality and worth

Special 3 for 10c Sale

3 Pkgs. Fine Table Sait. 10e 3 Lbs. Best Barley. 10e 3 Pkgs. N-B-C Crackers. 10e 3 Rolls Totlet Paper. 10e 3 Rolls Waxed Paper. 10e 3 Bloxes Blue Tip Matches. 10e 3 Cakea Kirkman's White Soap.10e You will find the same high-quality groceries, the same low prices and the same courteous service at every R. & C. Store whether it be located

21st and Market Streets Downtown, uptown, Kensington, Germantown, West Philadelphia,

Manayunk, Roxborough, Logan, Oak Lane, Overbrook, Bala, Narberth, Ardmore, Bryn Mawr, E. Lansdowne, Lansdowne, Llanerch, Darby or Media.

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Grocery Stores for Particular People Throughout the City and Su



\$25 to \$250

Gowns

For afternoon or even-New Spring styles, copies ing wear, including copies of Paris models and exquisite creations of our own, showing new offects in materials and colorings, and featuring the new ribbon trimming and bead embroidery.

\$35 to \$150

### MALTED MILK Cheap substitutes cost YOU same price The Thirteenth Street Shop Where Fashion Reigns"

FOR WOMEN AND MISSES

Suits

of Paris models, together with adaptations and our own exclusive originations, in the newest fabrics and favored colorings, featuring the new Pellerine or cape collars and embroidered effects.

Blouses Imported French Models' and Our Own Creations of Georgette Crepe, Crepe de Chine, Pussy Willow Silks, Novelty Stripe Silks, Handkerchief Linen, Voile and Batiste.

\$2.95 to \$39.50