of tobacco and with strong teeth tore off

eaves of flaring elms, the wine-cups of

Gerry felt his spirit flying away to

of the Judge who had been a father to

him, of all the Hill, of Allx, and then, of Alan. Where were Alix and Alan? Suddenly the vision of Margarita and her

boy pushed in between him and memory. He sprang to his feet. His manhood rose within him and battled with her and

the child against memory. He started off into the wilderness. His sandals shot spurts of sand and dust into the air behind him at every step. He smelt the

Above him, the myriad stars shone, dry

Gerry came back at dawn. The herders

were mounting to round up the stock

and far, far up in the heavens. Heaven was farther from the world tonight than

breathed to himself.

ever before.

THE NOVEL OF THE YEAR BY GEORGE A. CHAMBERIAIN

STNOPSIK.

Series when he saw his wife, Alix, series when he saw his wife, Alix, sins with his old playmate, Alan Wayne a stirring some following a weller a stirring some following a weller a stirring some following a weller and decided to take the first half of New York. After some ramit that left New York. After some ramits be encounters a girl on a peninsular the mouth of the San Francisco we and decides to live with her and the same ramits and series and

series the mouth of the with her and series and decides to live with her and series and the series and the series are also as a series her young man series because of he profitarey. Later was because of he profitarey. Later and the series of her eleparate and the summed off the said of the station, when all was not he went to Africa as a later of bridges. His efficiency earns a later of bridges of the series when the series of the series of

18th Kemp, a Texan representing an american erchid firm in South America, series refuge with Gerry. Together they seeks for teturning Lieber's horses and catlle after the drought and are at Lieber's

CHAPTER XXVII-(Continued). TA PAROLE estedu temps, le silence

de l'eternite." He smiled to himself at the twisted meaning the long silence of his companions gave to the words.

Then the smile left his face. He remembered the argument. The instinct we all have for superhuman truths tells us
that it is dangerous to be silent with those
mental keep at a distance, for words that it is dangerous to be silent with those we would keep at a distance, for words russ and are forgotten netween men, but allence—active silence—is forever inefface—able. True life—the moments or life that have a trace—is made up of silence. Not passive silence; that is our another name for sleep. But the active silence that traks down barriers, plerces walls and turns the life of every day into life where all is blense, where there is no ban is intense, where there is no ban-bing forbidden—where laughter dare enter, where subjection is submerged and where all-all, is remembered.

and where all-all, is remembered.

Gerry felt that this active silence had come upon them. These men were being borne into the silent sphere of his own sol. He felt restless-afraid. He desoil. He felt restless—atraid, deed to speak. He was on the point of peaking when Lieber let down his chair sefly, clasped his hands and broke the

Tast night I dreamed I heard the blast of a steamer's horn and when the cold sweat was on my forehead, be-

He stopped and allence fell upon them again. Lieber stared straight in front of him, out into the night. His face worked him, out into the night. His face worked as though he were struggling to keep his lips closed. When he began to speak again, the words were scarcely audible. 'I don't know why I want to tell you two about why I am here, unless it is that as we sat here so quiet I felt that you knew it all—that you knew all that I know and that I was on the point of knowing all that you have known. The little lies of life suddenly became big and hateful, and I saw in my life a monster lie that the these than the point of the state of the saw in my life a monster lie that the ilence was exposing.

"There are lots of men with the begin-ning of my story. It's common and takes little telling. I was born in Pennsylvania. little telling. I was born in Pennsylvania, We were inlighty poor farmers, but I got all the schooling there was within walking distance of home. My old man saw to that. When I was still a boy our little bank took fine in. It wasn't doing much business then, but a couple of years later the region struck oil and the bank's business soared by leaps and bounds. It turned into as good a spouter as any of the wells. The family that ran it became rich and went to higher jobs or out althe wells. The family that ran it became rich and went to higher Jobs or out altogether. The staff was shoved up, and about the time I was of age I was handing more money than I'd ever known was in the world. The amount I stole was an even thirty thousand, and I got away with it. It was easier to do 30 years ago than it is today. I got away with it and then it got away with men a year and four months, and I saw the end of it up the coast at Pernambuco. "I date my birth from the day I spent the last dollar and woke up. I worked. Nothing was too small or too big for me to handle. I got something to risk and then I risked it. I risked it again and again. After 10 years I could draw my check for thirty thousand, plus interest, and I did.

"I sent the check to the little bank back home. I waited two months for the answer and then it came; my check torn across and a short letter saying that the loss had already been met by a binkers' surety association. I wrote the association a dozen letters and some of them took some writing. In the last I offered fourfold the theft. There had been plenty of Bible in my bringing-up. They wrote back that it was no use—that I could keep on climbing in price, but it was their business to jail me for is years the first chance they got and they'd do it the minute I set foot where they could grab

"That letter frightened me. I began to realize that what I'd been working for wasn't money, or honor, or rehabilitation but just the right to go back—the right

to go back home.
"Nobody had been harder on me than
my old man. For years nobody in the
house was allowed to say my name and if he saw a letter from me he threw it in

cause I know that there is no desert, no wilderness, so far from the things you how it got to him that I had offered to would forget that dreams cannot follow pay fourfold and that I'd been refused to the court of how it got to him that I had offered to pay fourfold and that I'd been refused and that turned him. It was the fourfold that did it—the divine and sacred measthat did it—the divine and sacred measure of justice. He started to fight for me as hard as he'd ever fought against. And then he died and my old mother died. Letters stopped. My brothers and

sisters were coming up in the world. They couldn't afford to own a thier much less fight for him. So the letters stopped. "I spent money then. I built me a house in Pernambuco that was a wonder colore and I was a wonder. here? Who was this Margarita that had twined herself into his life? Was it his life? And her little boy-black-taired, black-eyed, olive-tinted-he was his boy, too. He was Gerry Lansing's son. No, not that-not Gerry Lansing's. Gerry Lansing belonged to a time that was far away, to a hill where white houses with green blinds peered out from the darkness of domed maples, from the long shadows of up-pointing firs and from the eaves of flaring elms, the wine-cups of house in Pernambuco that was a wonder palace and I started in to forget. But when you've been remembering with all your might, the color of the paper on the walls of home, the lay of the wondpile, of the sheds and the tumbling barn and stables, the holes in the fence, the friendly limbs of apple trees and the smell of hay; when you've been coddling bare memories of simple things like those for 15 years, you can't turn around on your inside self and forget.

"There's a flag the sight of which

your inside self and forget.

'There's a flag the sight of which makes my heart come up into my throat and tears to my eyes. You think I mean the Stars and Stripes, but I don't. I mean the Blue Peter that flies at the hallards of big ships and says to everybody that takes the trouble to look. 'We call today.' Over the tops of the houses I've seen that flag blinking in the heavens like a bit of deep blue seen married to a like a bit of deep blue sea married to a white cloud and to me it always said. We sail for home today. I'd shut my eyes or close the blinds, but what was the use of that? Night and day I could hear the bellow of the great horns—a blast for good-by and another for a chal-lenge to the sea—as the big boats headed

"I couldn't stand it. I came up here. And now, last night, I dreamed that I heard it in my sleep—up here. Centlemen, a man without a country is in a bad way, but a man without a home, even if it's a hovel—well—we all know the old song." He paused to master his voice. Then in a whisper that they just caught he added, "Home is the anchor of a man's soul. I want to go Home."

Lieber stopped talking. The revealing silence had done its work. It had brought them close—so close that he had spoken lest they take his soul by assault.

He left them and went to his own room. They saw he was an old man, beyond the "I couldn't stand it. I came up here

They saw he was an old man, beyond the years he had disclosed. They did not speak. They were nervous Kemp made a cigarette, puffed at it once or twice and then threw it away, to roll another a moment later. His thoughts were winging away to the fork of Big and Little Creek, where a three-room shack stood in the shadow of the White Moun-

tains of New Mexico. He had thought it small, miserable, cramped. But out here in the wilderness, thousands and thousands of miles away, it came back to his laion, glorified, The purling, gentle waters, fringed near

the mountains with tall, still plues, banked down the valley with friendly cottonwoods, seemed another element

and is losing no time in working out

the idea. Kathryn brought many lit-

tle seashore girls into the club and

from the sulien river rumbling across the night from its cruel gorge. The billowing range, stretching away from Little Creek till it met the sky, created with twisted junipers and evergreen cedars, with its famous grammagrass undulating under coul breezes from the snow-capped mountains, seemed to call to his lungs with soft, breathing noises. And the mountain—the mountain that winter and summer had kept lits white, dazzling summit before him, leading him back from the sum leading him back from DEEP in South America, on the ranged fringe of the outskirts of progress.

mit before him, leading him back from the far round-up and the trail to the little shack in its shadow. A swelling came into his throat. He tried to cough it up. But as long as he thought of the mountain, the thickness stuck in his throat. He took from his pocket a treasured cake of toharca and with strong teeth tore off it was a job for a mason and McDougal had patiently answered: "I'm the mason, Mr. Wayne. Do you lie bye a wee and gie. the fever a chance to get out of the body." But Alan stuck jealously to his Job. Ten-

Percent Wayne might relie on his laur-els, but he could never be beaten. Every third day the fever in his bones a generous portion. Then he rose and walked off to the corral. seized his body in a grip that could not be denied, shook it till it rattled and cast it down limp, cold and bot, teeth chattering and then elenched and then chattering again. But on the days be-tween Alan made up for the large. He Gerry sat on alone. Thoughts were troubling him, too. What was he doing here? Who was this Margarita that had became a devil hanging on the backs of his men and driving them to superhuman efforts. Terror held them. They were Italians, far from home. A wilderness stretched between them and the sea. The sea itself was none of theirs; it was an added barrier. A madman had them in thrall. Terror drove them. It was a race to finish the bridge before he killed them. "I am going to be sick," he had told them in cold, rapid words, "I am going to be sick, but before I'm innished the bridge is finished, or—" became a devil hanging on the lucks of

Gerry felt his spirit flying away to wander in cool lanes where birch and sassafras and rioting laurel burned incense under a kindly sun and alender woodmaples bent under the breeze against sturdy hickory and ash. It led him to look back upon the glory of the mountain ash in autumn and of the turning of the leaves. A sigh came quivering through all his body and escaped from his trembling lips. "I am alone." he breathed to himself. bridge is finished, or—"
The giant gang-boss, McDougal, stood by and nodded solemn confirmation. When Alan was ill by day McDougal left him and drove the mon in his stead, but when the hour for knocking off came with the sudden college of the sun by the horizon he hurried to Alan's tent, fished Never had he been alone before-never like that. For the first time in more than two years he thought of his mother, quinine, tempted him with poor, weak broths and nursed him, unprotesting

broths and nursed him, unprotesting, through the night.

McDougal land followed Alan into strange lands and strange places and seen him in many a deep hole, and through it all Alan had been the same—a purring dyname at work. He had been the same until this domined trip into the Brazillan wilderness, and here a change had come over him. There were times had come over him. There were times when he talked and what he said was. "No more trips for me, McDougal, I'm a consulting engineer from this on," Mc-Dougal had heard more than one man talk like that under fever and he frowned, trying to remember one of them that had ver come back.

Alan was inured to river fever. He had fought it often, and when he saw the fetid pools of stagnant water in the dried-up

water course he knew he would have to fight it again. Somehow, some night, a mosquito was bound to get at him, and the fever would begin. He doubled his preventive done of quintee, but he could would turn on the electric torch to read not double his spirits for the battle. He two letters over and over again, mans to the field with a gnawing at those CONTINUED TOMORRO

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RAINBOW CLUB

GOOD-NIGHT TALKS

Some of our members have been good enough to tell me that they have had a laugh or two while reading these "talks."

I am very glad indeed to hear it, for I have tried to get a little humor in here and there, for if you can make your readers laugh, you have them

Each person is like a house and most of us have our doors and windows closed all the time-we do not let any one peek in upon our real selves. We should not let folks get too intimate, but when we laugh we open our house

a wee bit and let others see a part of our real selves. Likewise, when you make a person laugh, you make him open the front If, for any reason, you happen to make Willie Jones angry, do not leave

Make Willie smile before you leave him, or, better still, laugh. Perhaps Willie deserved the scolding you gave him or deserved what playing in the sunshine as a result of our it was that made him angry, or perchance you are really at fault your- your kindness. Doesn't that make belf and will find it out later. You can see that it is always best to leave | you happy? person smiling, for we remember a sunshiny day more often than a day

Your editor has enjoyed many a laugh from your letters because the humor we get is UNCONSCIOUS—we tire rapidly of a child who "tries to

To tell a funny story, tell it SERIOUSLY. FARMER SMITH, Children's Editor, The EVENING LEDGER.

WAY:

have the map, and-

fixed to the ground!

the very door of the tent!

FARMER SMITH,

EVENING LEDGER:

I wish to become a member of

your Rainbow Club. Please send

me a beautiful Rainbow Button free. I agree to DO A LITTLE KINDNESS EACH AND EVERY DAY - SPREAD A LITTLE SUNSHINE ALL ALONG THE

Name

School I attend.....

step. In one more minute he would

The white man stood immovably

There stood Great Chief Red

Feather, looking straight at him from

(To be continued.)

Our Postoffice Box

boy is collecting "rays for the Rain-

bows." The member who looks so seriously at you from out the picture

tle letter, the Rainbow Club will be

very much favored with her contri-

butions: Mildred Greenspan, South 5th street: We are very happy to

know that you are promoted. What

grade are you in now? Kathryn

Jones, New Hampshire avenue, At-

ally" the young

man who has sent

in so many clever

Miriam Branni-

gan, Woodland

terrace, can write

stories and draw

pictures. If they

are as well put to-

gether as her lit-

drawings.

Hurrah! another little out-of-town

Wanita and Kawasha

(Continued) WHAT HAPPENED BEFORE

"How do you know?" interrupted white man, excitedly. "Oh, we've heard many times!" put E Kawasha, breathlessly.

For the moment the white man had t forgotten his plan of getting to the island. The shower of flows had long since stopped, and ancing cautiously over his shoulder, discovered that the chief was no oger watching them.

Swiftly he switched the canoe about stealthily paddled back toward sialand. In a few minutes he was slig carefully out upon the sandy ers. He pulled the canoe high and 7 to the grass, lifted Kawasha out and fixed him comfortably on a mound haves, "Stay there, with your other," he whispered to Wanita, bo had jumped out of the canoe as nily as he had himself. "Quick as a fash, Pil steal up and get the map; a I'll come back and bind Kawa-

cautiously as a hunted deer, Marshall crept up the bank; a tree to tree he carefully stole. within three feet of the tent lantic City, thinks it a fine plan to make scrapbooks for the "shut-ins"

we hope that they will be as fond of "us" as she is. Many thanks to the Frankford Rainbows - Helena Alberts, Frances Grandback, Florence Adams, Ruth Colson and Esther Stehle-our "little Frankford Rainbows"-for the shiny silver quarter that rolled out of their last letter. Thanks also to George Tanguay for door, as it were, and the next thing you say is listened to with more attention. his remembrance and a wee note to tell him that the little boy who rehim that way, for the thorn of anger will stick a long time, perhaps forever. ceived the overcoat needed it very badly. He is now happily and warmly

Do You Know This?

1. Build as many words as you can from HARMONY. (Five credits.) 2. Mention a city in Nebraska that reminds us of February 12. (Five

3. Name two places in Philadelphia of interest to strangers. (Five

PIN MONEY, sho wish to earn money after school Saturdays should write a letter to builth.



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We were showing white shoes this season weeks ahead of any other Philadelphia shop.

We are going to have a big showing of advanced spring styles

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The styles we are going to show then other shops won't have until weeks later. As to their quality! You

will never equal them at other shops any time for less than twice our prices.

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When King Solomon and his Thousand Wives sat down to Breakfast.

TIVES and wives and wives—hundreds of wives—wives and wives and wives—a thousand wives—at breakfast!

And what do you think they ate?

They all ate—barley!

For all of those thousand wives-and for King Solomon-slaves prepared the barley food. For you it has been prepared - not by slaves - but by a new and exclusive process, better than any that Solomon, in all his wisdom, could command - in appetizing and distinctively delicious form - Cream of

Those thousand wives —they probably didn't agree among themselves often-but they all agreed on one thing. From Wife No. 1 to Wife No. 999, they all agreed on barley food—because they knew it agreed with them.

And Cream of Barley agrees with everyone, because it is the most sustaining and digestible and appetizing of foods. For tomorrow's breakfast, get

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