

HOMER

THE NOVEL OF THE YEAR

BY GEORGE A. CHAMBERLAIN



SYNOPSIS.
Gerry Lansing has exiled himself in South America. When he saw his wife, Alice, after a long absence, he was following a well-earned respite because of Alice's insanity. Gerry Lansing decided to take the first train for New York. After some arrangements he went to the San Francisco office and decided to live with her and her mother.

Alan, too, has exiled himself. First his wife because of his insanity. Later, because of the insanity of his mother, he went to Africa as a missionary. He was a successful one, but he was not satisfied. He was a successful one, but he was not satisfied. He was a successful one, but he was not satisfied.

cause I know that there is no desert, no wilderness, no far from the things you would forget that dreams cannot follow you to it."

He stopped and silence fell upon them again. Lieber stared straight in front of 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 I sit here so quiet I feel that you know 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 like that the silence was exposing."

from the sultry river pumbling across the night from its cruel gorge. The billowing range, stretching away from Little Creek till it met the sky, crested with twisted junipers and evergreen cedars, with its famous grammageas undulating under cool 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 its white, dazzling summit 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 tobacco and with strong teeth tore off a generous portion. Then he rose and walked off to the corral.

Gerry sat on alone. Thoughts were troubling him, too. What was he doing here? Who was this Margarita that had twined herself into his life? Was it his life? And her little boy—black-haired, black-eyed, olive-tinted—he was his son, too. He was Gerry Lansing's boy. No, not that—not Gerry Lansing's. Gerry Lansing belongs to a time that was far away, to a hill where white houses with green blinds peeped from the darkness of pines, from the long shadows of up-pointing firs and from the surges of flaring eaves, the wine-cups of heaven.

Gerry felt his spirit flying away to wander in cool lanes where birch and saffron and rioting laurel burned incense under a kindly sun and slender woods. He felt a kindly sun and slender woods. He felt a kindly sun and slender woods. He felt a kindly sun and slender woods.

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 dose of quinine, but he could not double his spirits for the battle. He came to the field with a gnawing at those

sources of health and a calm mind and sure sleep. Sleep did not come as of old after the day's work. Instead, he tossed and twisted on his narrow cot and finally would turn on the electric torch to read two letters over and over again.

AT ALL OUR STORES

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It will pay you to buy your Butter and Eggs at the Stores Where Quality Counts

GOLD SEAL EGGS—Carton 33c

The largest and freshest Eggs that money can buy or hens can lay. Fresh from the nests to you in sealed cartons containing one dozen each.

Henfield Eggs—Carton 30c | **Selected Eggs—Dozen 25c**
Second in quality only to Gold Seal; good fresh Eggs and fully guaranteed. | Every Egg guaranteed good, and you can always depend on the guarantee of R. & C.

GOLD SEAL BUTTER, 38c lb.

The highest grade of freshly-churned butter made. Its uniform fine quality and flavor make it the choice of particular people.

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Fancy creamery butter that is equal in quality to many high-priced "Best" butter sold in stores outside the Quality Chain. | Absolutely pure butter of fine quality, like all our butters, a bargain at its price.

There are many other attractive values this week at every R. & C. Store, whether it be located at

21st and Market Streets

Downtown, Uptown, Germantown, Kensington, West Philadelphia, Manayunk, Roxborough, Logan, Oak Lane, Overbrook, Bala, Narberth, Ardmore, Bryn Mawr, Lansdowne, E. Lansdowne, Llanerch, Darby or Media.

Robinson & Crawford

Grocery Stores for Particular People Throughout the City and Suburbs

CHAPTER XXVIII—(Continued).

A PAROLE estedu temps, le silence de l'été. 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 we would keep at a distance. In the past and the future between men, but silence—active silence—is forever infeasible. True life—the moments or life that leave a trace—is made up of silence. Not passive silence; that is not another name for death. But the active silence that breaks down barriers, pierces walls and turns the life of every day into life where nothing is forbidden—where laughter dare not enter, where subject is submerged and where all—silence is remembered.

"I sent the check to the little bank back home. I waited two months for the check to come. My check torn across and a short letter saying that the loss had already been met by a bankers' 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 15 years the first chance they got and they'd do it the minute I set foot where they could grab me."

Never had he been alone before—never like that. For the first time in more than two years he thought of his mother, of the Judge who had been a father to him, of all the Hill, of Alice, and then of Alan. Where were Alan 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 off into the air and dust into the air behind him at every step. He smelt the dust.

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Above him, the myriad stars shone, dry and far, far up in the heavens. Heavy like that. For the first time in more than two years he thought of his mother, of the Judge who had been a father to him, of all the Hill, of Alice, and then of Alan. Where were Alan 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 off into the air and dust into the air behind him at every step. He smelt the dust.

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FARMER SMITH'S 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 interested.

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 door, as it were, and the next thing you say is listened to with more attention.

If, for any reason, you happen to make Willie Jones angry, do not leave him that way, for the thorn of anger will stick a long time, perhaps forever. Make Willie smile before you leave him, or, better still, laugh.

Perhaps Willie deserved the scolding you gave him or deserved what ever it was that made him angry, or perchance you are really at fault yourself and will find it out later. You can see that it is always best to leave a person smiling, for we remember a sunny day more often than a day of clouds.

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 be funny."

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

Wanita and Kawasha
(Continued)

WHAT HAPPENED BEFORE

Two little white children were stolen by the Indians when they were very young. One of them was a white boy, the other a white girl. They were taken to a cave where they were hidden. The boy was named Kawasha and the girl was named Wanita. They were hidden there for many years. One day they were discovered by the Indians. They were taken to a village and sold as slaves. Wanita was sold to a man named John Marshall. Kawasha was sold to a man named John Fisher. They were both very happy in their new homes. They were both very happy in their new homes.

step. In one more minute he would have the map, and—

The white man stood immovably fixed to the ground!

There stood Great Chief Red Feather, looking straight at him from the very door of the tent!

(To be continued.)

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

PIN MONEY.

Those who wish to earn money after school and on Saturdays should write a letter to Farmer Smith.

FOR SALE.

CHEERFUL POSTAL, cent. 2 cents, 3 for 5 cents and 2 for 3 cents. Rose Fisher, a member of the Rainbow Club, who wishes to make money for these little children, Farmer Smith will furnish address.

"How do you know?" interrupted the white man, excitedly.

"Oh, we've heard many times!" put in Kawasha, breathlessly.

For the moment the white man had almost forgotten his plan of getting back to the island. The shower of arrows had long since stopped, and standing cautiously over his shoulder, he discovered that the chief was no longer watching them.

Swiftly he switched the canoe about and stealthily paddled back toward the island. In a few minutes he was bumping carefully out upon the sandy shore. He pulled the canoe high and dry as the grass, lifted Kawasha out and fixed him comfortably on a mound of leaves. "Stay there, with your brother," he whispered to Wanita, who had jumped out of the canoe as quickly as he had himself. "Quick as a flash, I'll steal up and get the map; then I'll come back and bind Kawasha's ankle."

As cautiously as a hunted deer, John Marshall crept up the bank; from tree to tree he carefully stole, and was within three feet of the tent, when a sound did he hear. He took a

Our Postoffice Box

Hurrah! another little out-of-town boy is collecting "rays for the Rainbows." The member who looks so seriously at you from out the picture gallery is Francis X. O'Brien, of Wyndmoor, Pa. We are very glad to greet "personally" the young man who has sent in so many clever drawings.

Miriam Brannigan, Woodland terrace, can write stories and draw pictures. If they are as well put together as her little letter, the Rainbow Club will be very much favored with her contributions: 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, Atlantic City, thinks it a fine plan to make scrapbooks for the "shut-ins."

A NEW ROYAL MODEL

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

FEB. 14th TO 26th
2 ROYAL WEEKS

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.

OUR PRIZE CONTEST

starts Feb. 14th, too. Call or write for explanatory pamphlets. Exclusively for women.

Royal Boot Shop
1208 Chestnut St. (Between 12th and 13th Sts.)
(Over Child's Restaurant)
2nd FLOOR SAVES \$2

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

WIVES 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 Barley.**

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

Cream of Barley

(At Your Grocer's)

