# THE NOVEL OF THE YEAR BY GEORGE A. CHAMBERLAIN

TTS hard luck," said Lieber, "The river's never been so low before-not a the memory of man. We do not hear talls any more. The river is asleep, w you want me to send my men down

"It's no use," said Gerry. "I don't use deepen the ditch any more. It's say below the normal level now." "What's that about a

alan strred.

Mel'

Is unharried phrases and a low voice
to unharried phrases and of Fazenda
are since Gerry: advent and of the
past part the ditch had played in bringstream and life to the neighboring stock."

Alan cast a curious glance at Gerry.
Alan cast a curious glance at Gerry.
Alan cast a curious glance at Gerry.
Ingerous business." he said, "fooling
was the normal level in flood country."
Isber nodded and went on. He told
is lale well. He had seen more than
ger could have put into words. Gerry
histed for a while but he soon wearded.
Wat had all that to do with him new?
He sandered off and started to saddle
he must get away from randered off and started to saddle Blue. He must get away from Alan was drawing bim but he Also Alan a state of the first s

a gard at the great sluice-gate. A sidden puff of air, then a breeze, then a gale, swept down on Lieber's feen the southwest. The wind was hot, a furnace blast from the torrid wilderper it carried with it swirls of dust, the dry sticks, and finally, small pelint dry sticks, and finally, small pebble that hurtled along the ground. Gerry
sal his horse sought shelter by the
buse. Herders came running out from
their quarters and gathered in front of
les veranda. The wind suddenly turned
coll, dropped and ceased. The dust setlied The sun blazed as before. There
san pet a cloud in the sky. The herders
all looked at Lieber. They did not talk. They were walting.

Deber shrugged his shoulders. "Some he said with a wave of his hand is the southwest, "there has been rain and hall and that sort of thing. Temperature fell and drove the hot air off the best." He told the men but they did at 30 away. They stood around, their are sweeping the horizon to the south ges sweeping the horizon that the grunted. His case were fixed on a distant pillar of that it came towards them. Lieber without the control of the control o and it came towards them. Lieber and his fieldglasses. Without taking them from his eyes he spoke. "It's a man riding. Looks like he's riding for the Something is up. He's riding to be his horse."

is the man approached, a dull rumbling and the ears of the watchers. So grad-ul was its crescendo that they did not mike it. The rider spurred and beat is horse to a final effort. They could see he was shouting. He drew nearer and they heard him, "Flood! Flood!" beame a roar. Far away on the horizon me a white, advancing mist. The rider mind off his staggering horse. "The feed," he gasped. "Never before has thre been such a flood."

Before the words were out of his mouth there was a frenzied rattle of hoofs and miles down the trail towards Fazenda Gerry on True Blue tore off in a mad Almost at his beels followed the first

SHE MIGHT LOSE HER FRIENDS.

We may lose our SELF-RESPECT.

Farmer Smith's Frog Book

The sun was setting over Rainbow

farm when along came Dr. Bull

Freg, with a hop, skip and a jump.

When he got to the edge of the Big

Pend he heard a noise which made

"Well, well!" he was saying to him-

"I never heard a noise like that

fore." He put his head first on one

All of a sudden there was a

SNAP!" and Mister Mosquito disap-

There," he said, "that is over

By and by he got down to the edge

of the Big Pond, and there were all

inhabitants of Frogville waiting

They clapped and clapped until the

doctor bowed so low his glasses

off. This made the other Frogs

Finally one of them shouted:

This tickled the doctor almost to

and he climbed up on a bank

mess and began:

and then on the other.

DR. BULL FROG'S SPEECH

always "losing things."

the loses things.

letter these words:

member to do.

I AM CAREFUL.

BE CAREFUL.

FARMER SMITH'S

A TALK ABOUT LOSING THINGS

CHAPTER XXXL TERRY had never ridden a horse to death before. When True Blue first staggered he put spurs to him and laid

on his quirt right and left. The roar of the river was so loud that he could not tell if he had really beaten the flood or not, though he could see just before him the long, snaky ridge of the main ditch banks. He must get on. But True Blue only came to a stagger-ing stop under the quirt. With his fore-



With arms stretched to their highest, she held up the Man.

feet he still marked time as though with them he would drag his heavy body and master one step nearer home. From his loins back he was paralyzed.

With a last desperate effort he straddled With a last desperate effort he straddled his fore legs but he could not brace him-self against the backward sag of dead weight. Gerry felt him sinking beneath him and suddenly found himself standing over his prostrate horse. Of True Blue, his forefeet outstretched, his head and breast still held high, there was left only a great spirit chained to a fallen and dying body.

A cry escaped Gerry's lips-a cry of mented of the herders, riding all they here is cut across to Piranhas ahead of the all of water.

Liber's eyes followed Gerry's flight.

The best turned them on Alan. "That deafening.

FARMER SMITH,

Children's Editor, EVENING LEDGER.

"My dear friends, it gives me great

pleasure to talk to you today and tell

you how much I think of you. My

heart swells with pride when I think"

continued) "of the many happy hours

we have spent-

(here he arose on his hind legs, and

Then he came down on the moss

again and looked straight at the pond

"Well, I like that!" he exclaimed.

tor played a trick on the people in

Frogville, and you shall hear about it.

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 ......

Address .....

Age ......

School I attend.......

EVENING LEDGER:

The very next night the good doc-

the other Frogs had gone.

FARMER SMITH,

hollow down there," he said, "will be turned into a rushing river in haif an hour—perhaps less. We're just safe here, and that's all. You see Mr. Lansing? He's the spot furthest down the trail. I'm thinking we'll never see him again."

A faint flush came into Alain's cheeks. It was a flush of pride—pride in Gerry. Gerry had not hesitated. He had not ridden off like a laggard. Even now they could see that he was riding for life—riding with all his might for the lives that shackled him.

There was a splintering, crackling sound that, mensured by the great commotion, seemed like the tinkle of a tiny bell. But there was nomething in the sound that called to his brain, ile cast a glance over his shoulder. The monster beams of his sluice gate, hurled, splintering, crackling sound that, mensured by the great commotion, seemed like the tinkle of a tiny bell. But there was nomething in the sound that called to his brain, ile cast a glance over his shoulder. The monster beams of his sluice gate, hurled, splintering, crackling sound that, mensured by the great commotion, seemed like the tinkle of a tiny bell. But there was nomething in the sound that called to his brain, ile cast a glance over his shoulder. The monster beams of his sluice gate, hurled, splintering, crackling sound that, mensured by the great commotion, seemed like the tinkle of a tiny bell. But there was nomething in the sound that called to his brain, ile cast a glance over his shoulder. The monster beams of his sluice gate, hurled, splintering, crackling sound that, mensured by the great commotion, seemed like the tinkle of a tiny bell. But there was nomething in the sound that, mensured by the great commotion, seemed like the tinkle of a tiny bell. But there was nomething in the sound that, mensured by the great commotion, seemed like the tinkle of a tiny bell. But there was nomething in the sound that called to his brain, ile cast a glance over his shoulder. The monster beams of his sluice gate, hurled, splint-gate and the called to his brain, ile cas

match wood. Below him Fazenda Flores lay peace-ful, still, under the blazing sun. The cot-ton was a little wilted, but high and strong; the cane stunted, but alive. Only In the pasture bottoms the stock had gathered in relationed clumps. Their instinct had told them that danger hovered near. Suddenly from the quiet house burst Margarita, carrying her son on one arm. She had seen Gerry from a window. While the others watched the raing floor, and now this terrifying forcent hursting down upon them from above, she had slipped out to run to him. in the pasture bottoms the stock

she had slipped out to run to him. The house at Fazenda Flores stood or t domed mound. Dehind the mound wa a slight hollow before the steady rise t the bridge began, Gerry caught slight o Margarith as she ran down toward th

Margarita as she ran down toward this hollow. Terrified, he crist a glaines at the descending flood and his eye reconsized its pace against here. "Go back!" he shouled with all the strength of his lungs and waved his arms. It was as though he had not spoken. Through the din and rear of the flood the sound of the words scarredy reached his own ears.

At the very bottom of the hellow Marmiria folt that she was stepping in water. She took her eyes from Gerry, who she thought was beckening rivillet, whose swift flow carried it before the churning crest of the flood, fugged at her ankles. She looked up toward the thundering wall of oneoming water and knew dering wall of oncoming water and knew

dering wall of encoming water and knew that she was lost.

She stopped and fixed ber eyes on Gerry, who was plunging dram the slope in a mad effort to reach her. She called to him, but she knew he could not hear her. With arms stretched to their highest she held up the Man. The Man was not frightened. His black eyes were fixed on his running father. Margarita could feel him gargling with joy in the new game. Then suddenly he cried out. It was a wall of fright. The wall was cut short. Broken in two, it rang terribly in her cars as she went down.

The water had felled Margarita and the Man. Gerry saw them flung down against the ground and then high on the creat of the wave. They became suddenly a twirling, sodden mass, handmate save for the fling of a loose limb into clearer view against the blue sky or the uncolling of long black hair on the seething

ing of long black hair on the seething

water.
Gerry reached the torrent, Margarita, and the Man had already been whirled far toward the great river. He plunged into the flood. The water was thick with earth, sticks, uprooted plants and dobris of every sort. Conflicting, swirling curcents turged at heavy stones, rolled them

along and sometimes even to-sed one to the surface. Gerry's struggling body was hurled hither and thither. A stray current shot him to the surface, but, before he could take breath, other currents sucked him down and dragged him along the rough surface of the crumbling soil. He felt as though he were being torn limb from

that do comparison with the maelstrom was almost peaceful. For an instant he felt like one who awaken from a terrible dream, but with the sigh that trembled to his lips came realization-

his lips came realization.

From head to toe he wan battered and bruined. His cotton clothes wereain taters. His chest heaved in great, spasmodic gasps. Breath whistled through his wracked lungs. His eyes protruded. His head ached till it seemed on the verge of bursting. But to his mind pierced a thought sharper than pain—the thought of Margarita and the Man. With clenched teeth he struck out for the current.

Far, far away rose a dusty line of mist.

Far, far away rose a dusty line of mist. It marked the head of the flood—the meeting of water with the accumulated dust of rainless months. Gerry recognized the meaning of that line. Somewhere there in the turmell of the first rush of the mad flood were Margarita and the Man-what was left of them. The distance dismayed him, but he swam on. Then he felt the fast approaching end of endurance. A

It was only minutes till his arms re-fused to answer to his will. They moved so weakly that more than once his gasp-ing mouth sank below the water. He swallowed great guips of the turgid fleed. Then an uprested tree brushed by him. He clutched its branches.

When all else in the world has passed from a man's brain there remains the life instinct—the will to fight for the last minute of his allotted being. The life instinct was all that still lived in Gerry. It urged him to a last effort. He dragged his body upon the tree where the branches forked from the main trunk.

CONTINUED TOMORROW.

# WOULDST WIN MAN'S HEART? MAKE POTPIE AS PER THIS RECIPE

Mrs. Eisenstein, Who Won Mr. Hocheimer's Hand With Mixture of Dough, Meat and Onions Tells How to Do It

IS A SOFTENER OF HEARTS

#### Recipe for Famous Husband-getting Potpie

1 pound meat, cut fine. 2 cents' worth of parsley, also cut fine.

2 onions, cut small. 4 potatoes, also cut small. 1 small can canned tomatoes.

2 carrots, cut small. Pepper and salt and cook good, Mix egg and flour in proper proportions, mix up to proper consistency, cut into balls with spoon, and shove in other stuff. with water and cook for an hour

If you are a firm believer in the gentle, hashlous power of love that comes to its victims like a summer breeze unaided by any material below, don't read this story, but no and try and get a husband as best you may. As for Mrs. Henrietta Elsenstein, she believes in notples.

Coquetry, Mrs. Elisenstein, will tell you is all right, if that's the only accomplishment you've got, poor thing! Soft glances, gentle ways and fine clothes, however, are not Cupid's most potent darts. Far from it! The real bresistible arrow is mpounded of such delectable ingredients as a wonderful shortening, the kind that melts in your mouth, and ments, vegetables and seasoning mixed with an expert hand.

Good? Ask Samuel Hochelmer. Last

Goor? Ask Samuel Hochemer. Last week Samuel was only a bearder. Today he is on the verge of becoming a bridegroom. The answer? Mrs. Eisenstein's petples, of course. Life to Samuel Isoms up as one grand succession of potples, and he is indeed a happy man.

Age makes no difference, for the brideto-be leasests 28 summers and her white-baired bridegroom is 79. Twice before has he taken the matrimonial plunge, so one can easily understand that his sensoned masculine palate must be mighty tickled with Henrietta's potples. He is taking a chance at more than threetie is taking a chance at more than three-score and ten at the Hymeneal game that many a man would "pass up" at 50. The love potions of old were mysterious

concoctions. Mrs. Eisenstein's pies are the acme of simplicity. Here is the recipe as given before the admiring swain the

One pound of meat, any kind, cut

'Two cents' worth of paraley, cut

Two onlons, sliced. Four petatoes, cut fine. are small can tomatoes

Two carrots, cut small.
Salt and pepper to taste,
Mix an egg and flour to a good thick
aste and cut into balls with a spon, and dd to the above. Cover with water and well, say about one and one-half

Male and female reporters have been esieging the modest home of Mrs. Eisen-tein for several days, but with different notives. The male of the species has a nungry look in his eye, while the female rand has more than the ordinary proessional inquisitiveness. Other enterpris-ng persons have stormed the place, too, one automobile company offers its car for the couple to use on their honeymoon to Strawberry Mansion. Such reckless generosity is only equaled by the various furniture agents' promises. Evidently the rumors of Hochelmer's money—for he is uid to be rich-are not without founda-

tion.
"My man died three years ago," re-"My man died three years ago," remarked Mrs. Elsenstein. "He was a good man. I miss him so much. I express my sorrow in potnies. I make them every week. Mr. Hochelmer was sad, too. So heat my potnies. Now we are happy; we shall have plenty of pies. I am tired of cooking. I am going to make nothing but pies. Yes, every woman ought to know how to cook."

### Jersey Cloth Again

We all lamented the coming of full petcoats for one thing; the jersey silk pet-coats were so well that they were a deght, but they were hardly stiff enough give the fulness required by present

There are signs of a strong fashion for lersey silk cloth next spring, and for its aurability if for nothing clas we ought to be glad to welcome it. Those of us who had lersey silk sport blouses last summor ow just how well they wore

#### HOUSEHOLD SUGGESTIONS Baking Day

# GARBAGE LAW PLAIN: CLEAN CITY DEPENDS NOW ON ENFORCEMENT

"Shall" Is Mandatory in Providing Secure Receptacles for Ashes and Wastes to Be Collected

APPEALS WERE IN VAIN

This is the elobth of a special series of articles vertien capacitally for the Evenina Ledger by Imoren B. Onkley, which will appear every Thesday, and which will deal with minimized lans which every citizen aught to know. Mrs. Onkley is corresponding secretary and a member of the hours of directors of the clinic Clab, challenges of the Service Reform Committee of the State Federation, advising challenge of the Centre Service Reform Committee of the Denorm Federation, were needed of the Denorm Federation, were needed of the Denormal Landed Suffrage League, a member of the Escentive Committee of the Woman's League for Good Ingenies.

#### BY IMOGEN B. OAKLEY

Ender the new housing and sanitation act, approved June 11, 1915, it is provided that "the occupant or tenant of every dwelling, and of each apartment in a two-room family house, and the conductor of every tenement house, shall pro-vide for each apartment under his super-vision a sultable nonabsorbent, nonleak-able, covered receptacle for garbage; and a receptacle of approved kind for

Furthermore, all occupants and tenants of buildings "shall securely bundle all rubbish, waste paper and like refuse in such manner as to prevent it from causing a nulsance upon the property or upon the street when the collectors are taking it news." n.wav.

The "nonabsorbent, nonleakable, covered receptacle for garbage" is no new require-ment. The garbage of the city is collected and carried to the reduction works in West Philadelphia where it is manufac-tured into commercial oils, and to make this process a success it is necessary that no other waste product shall be mixed with the garbage. For this reason a tight covered receptacle has been required for some years by ordinance of Councils, and this ordinance is the only one that the street cleaning officials have been able to enforce with any degree of success.

Many housekeepers have really learned that garbage must be put out in a with a cover more or less—generally l—tight fitting, and if the cans were upset by stray hungry dogs, or their contents scattered by irresponsible scav-engers, household garbage would not add greatly to the fifth of the streets. DRY WASTE NUISANCE.

It is the ashes and other dry waste that make our streets look as if a cyclone had struck them. There has been no ordinances governing the kind of receptacle in which ashes and other dry waste should be placed, hence we see on the sidewalks any kind of receptacle from peach baskets and fruit crates to old dish pans and iron pots, all filled to overflowing with ashes, papers and sweepings, and all without any attempt at a cover which might prevent the refuse from flying on the four winds

It has been impossible for the Bureau It has been impossible for the bureau of Highways to arrest any of the house-keepers whose carelessness and untidi-ness cause this litter in our treets, for the housekeeper has the right to put out her ashes in a sieve, should she desire to do She has done almost this very thing, for old peach baskets and fruit crates are only sieves on a larger scale.

Last summer the street cleaning de-partment confiscated 75,000 dilapidated peach bashets in one week, hoping to discourage the practice of using them as ash and rubbish receptacles, but the courts, heing appealed to by the owner of one of the 75,000 peach hasket sieves, ruled that the department had exceeded its power; and so one more desperate attempt to enforce cleanliness came to an

LAW OF 1915.

This new act of 1915 provides that ashes must be put out in a "receptacle of an approved kind," and the Bureau of Health empowered to do the approving. Will tolerate the various kinds of sieves that have been used in the past, or will it approve only an unleakable box or can

with a tight cover? The disposition of

taken away at stated intervals by collectors, and not only taken away, but paid EVENING LEDGER'S GIFTS

for.

There meems to be a steady demand for old papers. An apartment house that I know of sells its daily accumulation of papers and has in consequence a steady income of \$9 a month. Mr. Cooke's appeals and arguments had no effect. Housekeepers were too hay or indifferent to bundle their papers and sell them; they preferred to stuff them into buskets with other waste and let both whate and papers leak out over the streets.

"SHALLO IS MANDATORY.

"SHALL" IS MANDATORY.

"SHALL" IS MANDATORY.

The new housing and sanifation act is quite unusual in that its regulations are mandatory. In Section 4 it is stated that the word "shail" shall be mandatory and not directory, and it is with a sense of relief that we see in Section 41 the word "shall" applied to the bundling of papers and dry waste, the placing of garbage in unleakable cans and of askes in receptacles of an approved kind, and to be told in plain English "it shall be the duty" of the Division of Housing and Sanitation "to enforce said rules and regulations and the provisions of the act." the provisions of the act."

We at last have a mandatory law just least. overning waste papers. Will the lyision of Housing and Sanitation be ble to educate our housekeepers and obtain clean streets, handicapped, as it will be, by our antiquated system of three separate cans for three kinds of refuse?

#### PHILOMUSIANS MARK BIRTHDAY

Shakespearean Features Will Characterize Club Luncheon Today

The Philomusian Club's 12th annual charter luncheon will be held at 1:30 o'clock today in the ballroom of the Bellevue-Stratford. There will be 190 to celebrate the anniversary.

The event for which the luncheon is seing held will share honors with one William Shakespeare, and because the Philos want to mark the tercentenary of the Bard of Avon they will give the menu and each item on it a Shakespearean fla-

Mrs. B. F. Richardson, president of the dub, will have as her special guests of honor Mrs. Roland Gleason, president of the State Federation, and Mrs. S. S. Barnes, president of the Emerson Club. The principal speaker will be Mrs. Gleason, whose topic will be "Ideals." The address of welcome will be made by Mrs. Richardson.

Miss Mary E. Roney will be the toast-'Past and Present' will be the teast of

Mrs. Joseph P, Mumford and the other tonsts will be:
"The work of our hands," Mrs. George Smith, one of the former presidents

Caviar to the general," Mrs. Edward W. Zieber. "The press," Miss Grace Falkner,

telle Odier.

#### CLUB PURCHASES DWELLING Poor Richards Will Enlarge Their

Present Home The Poor Richard Club has purchased

from George W. Jacobs the dwelling 24 South Camac street, lot 14 feet by 70 feet, which adjoins its clubbouse at 239 South Camae street. The dwelling is ed at \$1000, it will be used to en large the clubhouse.

addition to the Poor Richard, have located in this row.

Peace Leaguers Seek Support

The Patriotic Peace League has placed 5000 recruits in the field to obtain the support of educators of this State in its The disposition of paper and rubbish, under the new act, is not left to the discretion of any bureau or department. The law is emphatic in states that all the content and principal of every school is tendent and principal of every school in tendent and principal of every school in law is emphatic in stating that all such waste "shall" be securely bundled so that it shall cause no missance.

During the last administration Director Cooke made many appeals to housekeepers in regard to the waste-paper nulsance. He urged them to tie waste papers and dry rubbish into bundles, which would be

# BRING GIRLS' THANKS

Four Scholarships in Dressmaking School Make Happy Four Recipients

Letters, missives of gratitude, received from the young women to whom the Even-ion Length awarded the four dressmak-ing scholarships at the McDowell Dress ing scholarships at the McDowell Breescutting and Dressmaking School, Denckin
Hullding, corner of 11th and Market
streets, bring a feeling of happiness to
those at the Evening Lenger and the
McDowell school who made it possible for
the young women to take the free course
at the school and thus increase their
efficiency and earning capacity.

One letter particularly, which begins "Dear Ledger Friends," is filled with a gratitude, an appreciation, which makes those who awarded the scholarship: feel that they chose aright in that instance

Another letter is so brimming over with appreciation and thinks that it leaves no doubt in the reader's mind of the sincerity of the writer. The young woman

"dear" scholarship. I'm more than grateful to you. I shall make every effort to make it a success. You (the Evystina Ledern) will truly in turn he "honored" by me. I do not know how or when to ston thanking you, for this scholarship means so much to me."

One girl was so pleased when she found that she had been awarded a scholarship that her eyes filled with tears and her voice became "all lumpy," as she ex-pressed it afterward when tailing how pleased she was that she would now be

"I surely do feel pleased that I was chosen as one of the four fortunate girls out of all that his crowd who applied," she said. "I intend to work awfully hard she said. and be a credit to the EVENING LEDGER. which chose me, to the McDowell School, which co-operated with it and aids girls to show its appreciation of its 35 years' successful career, and then, too, I want to be a credit to myself; I want to make good,"

#### LECTURES YOUNG FRIENDS

Dr. William B. Forbush Discusses Religious Education

At a meeting of the Young Friends' Asact a meeting of the Fount Friends Association list evening in the auditorium at 15th and Cherry streets Dr. William B. Forbush, a leader in the child culture movement and now director of instruction at Woolman House, Swarthmore, gave the first of a course of lectures on religious education.

"The press," Miss Grace Falkner,
The toasts and speeches will be interspersed with musical selections by the ple." The first requisite was genuine ple." The first requisite was genuine ple." The first requisite was genuine ple. Thindelphia Ladies' String Quartet, who will play the dances from "Henry VIII," a Morris dance, "Shepherd's Dance," work of the Pirst-day school, which should be organized so as to meet the Troch Dance." Miss Edna Harwood Banather will render Shakespearean songs between the toasts and the program will conclude with a sylvan dance by Mademoistic Conclude with a sylvan dance by Mademoist Conclude with a sylvan dance by Mademoistic Conclude with a sylvan dance of the Conclude with a sylvan dance

In the business meeting the following officers were elected for the coming year; Chairman, Lewis Kirk; assistant chair-man, Edith V. Fower; corresponding sec-retary, J. Helen Stubbs; assistant treas-urer, J. Warren Paxson.

#### BOY THIEVES LOOT HOUSES OF PHILADELPHIANS AT SHORE

Plumbing Fixtures Pilfered From Homes at Chelsea

ATLANTIC CITY, Feb. side of Camae street, between Irving and Spruce, with about three exceptions, have been converted to club uses within the gang of eight industrious boy thieves heen converted to club uses within the gang of eight industrious boy thieves last few years. The Philadelphia Sketch rounded up yesterday for pilfering plumb-Club, the Plastic Club and Le Coin d'Or, ing fixtures from the shore homes of ing fixtures from the shore homes of Commodore Martin Brigham and Agron Sanson, Philladelphia manufacturers. The extent of the damage done by the ruthless lads, intent upon seizure of copper piping, for which junk-dealing "fences" supplied a ready market, cannot yet be estimated, but it is feared it will be large

Wills Admitted to Probate

John W. Sauler, 524 Westview street, which in private bequests disposed of an estate worth \$20,000; Mary Jones, 2238 North Howard street, \$4551; North Howard street, \$45511 Cecenta Schucasole, 292 West Logan square, \$4100; James R. Thorn, 5131 Ludlow street, \$4000; John Prederick, 663 North 39th street, \$2200, and Louis Hartmann, 437 West Lehigh avenue, \$2100.

Society and Business News

# The Order of the Day

Latest in Health and Oral Hygiene

"Today-and every day"

On the other hand these antisep-

tic properties must not be produced by chemicals or drugs that will in-

jure the teeth, gums, lining of the mouth or stomach. The ideal denti-frice in this direction is SANITOL

Tooth Powder or SANITOL Tooth Paste—both of these preparations are thoroughly antiseptic and harm-

The next important point is that the dentifrice should be one that neutralizes acidity of the mouth.

An acid mouth not only encourages serm life but it also increases tooth

decay, is bad for the gums and enamel of the teeth and, because it

acidifies the saliva which plays an important part in digestion, is bad

But - and pender this well -

acid mouth would be less harmful than some of the chemicals and drugs used in some dentifrices to neutralize acidity. Especially be-

ware of these dentifrices that con-tain certain powerful chemicals and

drugs, if you value the biggest asset you have—good health. They prob-ably do neutralize acid mouth, but if your constitution is not only vigor-

ous but fortified so as to resist and

throw off poisons that are prone to

lurk in the system, they may cause a bad effect on the stomach and

kidneys. As one cannot brush his ceeth without swallowing each time

some of the saliva containing the

dentifrice, you can easily under-stand that the swallowing of a powerful chemical or drug, even in

minute doses, every time you brush your teeth, cannot help but disturb

for stomach and digestion.

lessly so.

## How Do You Select Your Dentifrice?

You Can't Be Too Careful In Seeking Efficiency and Wholesomeness. You've got to think of two things

not just one, but two—in deciding what dentifrice you shall use and shall let your children use—efficiency and wholesomeness. Efficiency to-day covers more points of value than it used to, for

as the science of dentistry has advanced it has shown reasons for a necessary increase in the number of things a dentifrice should do. That a dentifrice will scrub the teeth clean by mechanical action or abrasion is far from being sufficient to make it a good article. It must have this quality and at the same time not be so harsh in its action as to injure the tooth surfaces.

For this reason we recommend the exclusive use of either SANITOL Tooth Powder or SANITOL Tooth Paste. Their base is the highest grade of chalk of sufficient density to serve as an effective abradent but not dense enough to injure the enamel. There is no pumice stone, cuttle fish bone or gritty matter in these preparations. Nor is this all that is necessary to a good denti-

Your dentifrice must have antiseptic properties — your dentifrice must contain something that will destroy germ life in the mouth and by so doing not only retard tooth decay but also, for the general health of the user, keep the mouth sweet and pure and clean.

THE HOME OF SANITOL

the health of the user. Why not be absolutely safe, then, and use SANITOL Tooth Powder or SANI-TOL Tooth Paste, both of which perfectly neutralize mouth acidity and yet are guaranteed to contain no dangerous chemicals or drogs? le your dentifrice a pure white, or

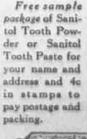
Any colored dentifrice is artifi-cially colored. This artificial color usually in the dentifrice does not add to the efficacy of the product. It is there to make the dentifrice look good, or for the purpose of dia-guising one or more of the ingredi-ents on account of their characteror possibly their quality. How can you expect to ensure the whiteness f your teeth by using an artificially colored dentifrice to brush them with? Besides this, who wants to mix this useless coloring matter with his saliva thus introducing it into his stomach? SANITOL Tooth Powder and SANITOL Tooth Paste are pure white dentifrices.

Remember all these facts in select-ing which shall be your dentifrice and you can't possibly make the mistake of selecting the wrong one. And as those delicate ivory plants. your teeth, are at stake and at the same time your health and digestion, you must realize that this care in choice will repay you many times

To cap the climax, also remember this: In competition with all the dentifrices in America, a i x t e e n judges awarded SANITOL Tooth and Toilet Preparations the Gold Medal, HIGHEST AWARD, at the San Francisco Panama-Pacific International Exposition. This surely is confirmation of your own good judgment in selecting SANITOL. Tooth Powder or SANITOL Tooth Paste as your dentifrice.

So for a pure, sweet mouth and healthy white teeth—

SANITOL Tooth Powder or SANITOL Tooth Paste. All Druggists





Sanitol Chemical Laboratory Company 51. Louis, U. S. A.



EVENING-LEDGER-MOVIES

## Our Postoffice Box

RAINBOW CLUB

Dear Children-I have before me a letter from one of our members in And still they come - the postwhich she asks me to send a button that will not come off, because she is marks that do say not Philadelphia. Here's one from Audubon, N. J., an-It is a strange fact in this world that some people seem to be proud of nouncing Helen Louise Beck, a little "quarter after seven," who wants to ter defects or faults. A boy is ashame! of a knife that has a broken blade as a girl worries because there is a hole in her stocking, yet our little know if she is too young to belong to the club. Most assuredly not. If she bember is ready to admit that there is something wrong with her mindis old enough to write such a pretty I wrote her a letter and told her to break herself of the habit, because letter, she is old enough to be a Rainbow. Here's a letter from Chelten-I told her that she was care-less, she did not care. I also put in the ham, Pa., that brings bright, happy thoughts from Fanny Hart, who wants to cheer wee hospital folk. If you are like our little friend, do not tell any one, but cut the above East Lansdowne sends to the club a three words out and paste them on your looking glass, as I told our message from Marie Casaccio, a very, very levely message that made us Our minds are tricky. When we put something down, there are thouhope to have another like it very

ands of reasons why we should go away and forget where we have put a pair of seissors, for instance. Our mind should be taught to MIND. We Grace Oberle, Yewdell street, is all should be careful, else the day may come when we may lose, the horror of it! excited about the pin money and so is Anna Malamut, North 10th street, and so is William Quinn, East Cedar street, AND so is everybody, AND no wonder, because little folks are piling pennies so fast that they feel like

real live bankers. Every letter that comes in is brimming with praise about our beautiful

ATTENTION! GIRLS AND

Rainbow button!

BOYS If YOU want to earn pin money after school and on Saturdays, write a letter to Farmer Smith, Room 101, EVENING LEDGER.

Do You Know This? 1. If a farmer plants seed one day and it rains three days later, what

will come up? (Five credits.) Sent

in by Williamette Haney, German-

town avenue. 2. Build as many words as you can from MEMORIZE. (Five credits.) 3. Name two Philadelphia parks. (Five credits.)

Wanted

RAIN(N)AT-13 or 14 year-old size, by a bay who is willing to give away an "almost new" raincost, 9 or 10-year-old size. Address

