

HOME THE NOVEL OF THE YEAR BY GEORGE A. CHAMBERLAIN



CHAPTER XXXIV.—Continued. ALIX turned flashing eyes on him. "Well? Is that all you have to say? Well? Is that all you have to say? Well? Is that all you have to say?"

"I've tried," said the Judge, "and he says he's not ready—not strong enough. I told him that what he ought to go for—to get strong—and he said a funny thing. There's a kind of strength we must generate or borrow. I didn't borrow, so now I'm generating. It takes time. And he used to run you through with his tongue when he wanted to stop a conversation. Now he just goes to sleep. It's just as effective and almost as original."

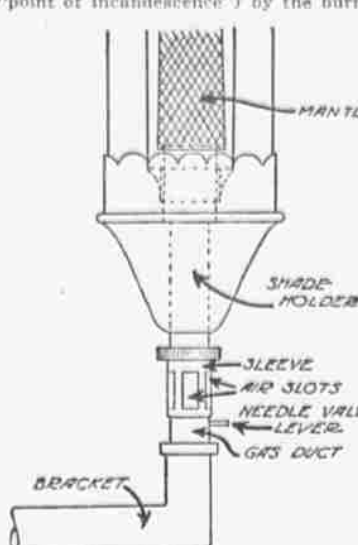
twining odors of birch and sassafras and laurel as childhood's recollection. Alan drew a long, full breath and then the car ran out to the top of Red Hill, swerved to the right and turned in under the low-hanging limbs of the maples.

"Do I do all right. It's the liquor in this country that's gone off, sir. Corked whisky, that's what it is. Let me show you, Alan. And he roared, after a preliminary puff, 'Two whiskeys.' Mrs. Wayne appeared. 'Now, Captain,' she said softly, 'What's this. Two at a time? You're getting better.' He drinks came. Alan welcomed him. He was tired and faint after the long journey. The captain gazed on his own glass defiantly, but ordered the maid to set it on the table at his side. Alan waited long for him to take it up and then he saw that the Captain had fallen asleep. Alan slipped his drink. The Captain was right, it was flawless. But Alan remembered that he had thrown away his last cigarette for the same reason. He sighed.

CHAPTER XXXV. IN SPITE OF THE Judge ALIX was feeling very lonely, abandoned, unloved. She sat on the little veranda at the back of the town house and day-dreamed. Across her knees lay the morning paper. A word caught her eye. 'Eleute'. Half unconsciously she read, 'Among the arrivals by the Eleute. Hon. Percy Collingford.' Collingford! She started to her feet and then with what seemed a perceptible click her mind repeated, 'Eleute'. She sat for a long time looking at her hand. The telephone bell rang, but she did not hear it. 'Old John came and took his last hour.' 'Mr. Collingford telephones to know if you are in town.' A frightened gleam showed in ALIX's eyes. It passed and a flame of color came into her pale cheeks. 'Yes,' she said, 'I am at home. Tell him I will see him at any time today.'

HOUSEHOLD PHYSICS GAS LIGHTS Are Your Gas Lights Satisfactory? By VIRGINIA E. KIFT

DO YOU know that a fish-tail burner burns three times as much gas as a mantle burner and gives only one-fifth as much light? The reason is that a "fish-tail" burner burns gas only and a mantle burner burns gas mixed with a large quantity of air.



In a burner which makes too much noise close the air slots until the noise ceases and then regulate the brilliancy by means of the needle valve. However, as it is cheaper to burn air than gas, as much air and as little gas as possible should be allowed to the burner, even if it does "blow" a little.

MRS. PANKHURST WILL SPEAK HERE NEXT WEEK Militant English Suffragist Is Pled Serbian Aid at Theatre Meeting

Mrs. Emmeline Pankhurst, English suffragist, whose activities for suffrage in England made her feared throughout the United Kingdom, will speak in Philadelphia for the first time since the world war began on February 24 at 3 p. m., according to announcement made today at Equal Franchise Society of Philadelphia headquarters, 35 South 9th street.

"The Judge paused at this forgetting himself, then he went on. 'Alan said, 'Do clothes matter such a lot? Somehow it seems to me it doesn't make any difference how much a man waxes his moustache as long as he doesn't wax his finger nails.' 'Alan's face lit up. 'Oh, that is Alan.' The Judge's eyes twinkled. 'Yes,' he said, 'and then Alan went off to sleep like a shot and I never remembered an engagement. The whole club's cheered up. The club didn't know what was the matter with itself, but it knows now. It was missing Alan after he had come back.'

Alan had written to Mrs. J. Y. that he was planning to motor from town to Red Hill. Clem, as Mrs. J. Y.'s deputy, had answered his letter, promising him a warm and long welcome at Maple House. She gave him a way-bill. 'It's the simplest waybill in the world,' she wrote, 'out of town and along the sound till you come to the river, then up the valley till the bald top of East Mountain signals you from the left. Climb the mountain and from there the old church will lead you home.'

"The old church will lead you home," Alan repeated to himself as he let his relaxed body lounge across the tannouse and trusted to cushions and springs to take up the bumps. His thoughts raced ahead of him to Red Hill. In memory he recalled a short and flurried remembered and Alan felt that he was full of welcome. Alan felt that he was full of welcome. Alan felt that he was full of welcome.

ALIX's eyes came back to his face. "I—I don't like the stars," he said. "You sat down. Collingford dropped his hat and stuck and leaned forward. A dull color burned in his cheeks. 'Alix,' he said, 'has anything happened?' 'No,' said ALIX, 'not a thing.' Gerry is alive. He has written. He says he is coming back—some time. 'Collingford sprang to his feet, his eyes flashing. 'Some time? Did he really write that? Some time?' There was a petulant look about ALIX's mouth that belonged to an ALIX of long ago. She tried to shake it off with her hand. 'No,' she said dully, after a pause. 'He didn't write just that, but it is about the same thing. He wrote but he has not come.'

"Not to. 'He was standing in deep waters but he had his head and shoulders out. He wasn't asking for my, or anybody else's hand to help him up in the bank. He didn't ask me not to meddle because he knew I was not enough to see where he stood without words. He trusted me.' Alan's voice trailed off weakly. He closed his eyes. 'That, Alan,' said ALIX, 'I must know something. Is he well? Is he—' Alan held up his hand. 'Just one thing and then I'm going to sleep. I never thought the old Rock would ever loom so big.'

"The wind and the motion of the car made him sleepy. He dozed. He awoke to see East Mountain looming in the distance. Steadily the car drew into its lane. Alan sighted a climbing road and called directions to the driver. From the bare top of the mountain she wrote, 'out of town and along the sound till you come to the river, then up the valley till the bald top of East Mountain signals you from the left. Climb the mountain and from there the old church will lead you home.'

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THE OLD RELIABLE ROYAL BAKING POWDER Absolutely Pure MADE FROM CREAM OF TARTAR Which Experts Declare Makes the Best Baking Powder.

Nemo News Devoted to WOMAN'S HEALTH, COMFORT AND BEAUTY "It's a Long Way to Send to the States for Corsets, But"—

FARMER SMITH'S RAINBOW CLUB WHAT'S IT ALL ABOUT? To My Dear "Little People"—Hereafter I am going to call you that and I am going to be "the Farmer" and your "Farmer," never Mr. Farmer Smith—that would be like writing a letter to Mr. John Jones, Esq.

Beauty Is as Beauty Does Manicurists should be subject to the same regulations as barbers, dentists, surgeons and all who employ instruments in their treatments and operations. Well-kept nails are a satisfaction to the owner and the beholder, so why not devote a few minutes each day to smoothing, trimming and finishing your nails? It will pay you many times over.

Urges Hospitality to Birds "Invite the song birds to Sellersville," is the basis of the argument of Dr. J. P. Pursell, prominent member of the Sellersville Board of Trade. "Build bird houses and put them in the trees. They will more than repay in the value of the birds as destroyers of insect life."

C. Dehm French Hairdresser Specialist in hair coloring, permanent waving, etc. 23 So. 16th Street

Wanita and Kawasha WHAT HAPPENED BEFORE Two little white children were stolen by the Indians when they were very young. Their skin was dyed brown and they did not know that they were not really Indians. One day they met some white children about which they had heard the chiefs talking. They discovered the children were exploring the cavern Kawasha. The little boy fell and sprained his ankle. A small fire which they had built at the mouth of the cave over the cave. Wanita, the little girl, then looked curiously at the flames and called to a white man. John Marshall for aid. He succeeded in pulling most of the fire out but when he pushed into the cave Wanita saw a white man. He discovered him unconsciously in a secret place of the cave. The white man carried him out. When Kawasha told the two children in his name and pressed to take them to his camp which was located on an island in the middle of the lake. Half way across they saw Great Chief standing on the shore of the Kawasha. The children hid in the bottom of the cave. Soon a valley of arrows was whirling around John Marshall's head, but by holding up the rifle he made the arrows to make the chief think he was not going to kill the children. In the meantime he told the children that in his tent, there is concealed the map of a safe route to the island. Wanita told him that it is the cave they have just been in.

Our Postoffice Box Robert Keen, Wiconisco, Pa., the young man in the picture gallery, has earned a place on our artists' staff. Keep an eye on the club news and you'll soon see the reason why. Edna Sutton, South 51st street, and Rose Medvene, South 7th street, wrote very neat little "thank-you" notes for "their beautiful Rainbow buttons." Austin Church, Pa., wants to know what the credits are for. Watch out, Austin, for a great big surprise about these very credits.

You'll Like Deerfoot Farm Sausage best, the flavor's so distinctive. ASK FOR and GET HORLICK'S THE ORIGINAL MALTED MILK Cheap substitutes cost YOU same price.

QUINN'S We are presenting for your inspection a New Creation in Transformations Nothing like them elsewhere. After years of progress and improvement and a careful study of the style of Transformation most becoming to the majority of women, we have succeeded in bringing about this marvelous result. Made of the best quality hair and superior workmanship, they are unsurpassed in appearance and guaranteed to give satisfaction.

True to John Marshall's expectations, Red Feather's suspicions had been set aside when he saw the canoe disappear upstream, and now beholding Marshall, he did not know that he was the same sturdy white man he had seen paddling up the river with the two children. He had merely taken up his post at the door of the tent because that brief sight of a white man had thrown him on his guard and he was watching all the news carefully the place where he knew the map to be hidden. In vain he had searched for it. John Marshall stood very still and looked straight into his angry eyes.

Do You Know This? 1. Mention three kinds of wood that are used in the manufacture of furniture. (Five credits.) 2. Describe one kind. (Five credits.) 3. What is rattan? (Five credits.) ATTENTION! GIRLS AND BOYS If YOU want to earn pin money after school and on Saturdays, write a letter to Farmer Smith, Room 101, EVENING LEDGER.

Mfr's February Sale of Quality Davenports, Easy Chairs and Living-Room Suites. W. W. & H. H. Knell Factory and Salesrooms 299-231 S. 5th St. Below Walnut

BEAU-TI-TONE Assures to Every Woman a Perfect Complexion. Guaranteed Satisfactory or Purchase Price Refunded.