"Do? I do all right. It's the liquor in this country that's gone off, sir. Corked whisky. That's all that's left. I'll show you, Alan." And he roared, after a pre-liminary puff, "Two whiskies."

away his last orgarette for the same rea-

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

knee lay the morning paper. A word

caught her eye. Elente. Half uncon-sciously she read, "Among the arrivals by the Elente" " " Hon. Percy Col-

lingeford."
Collingeford! She started to her feet

and then with what seemed a perceptible ellek her mind repeated, "Elevic." She sat for a long time looking at her hand. The

telephone bell rang, but she did not hear it. Old John came and stood beside her, "Mr. Collingsford telephones to know

A frightened gleam showed in Alix's eyes. It passed and a flame of color came into her paic cheeks. "Yes," she said, "I am at home. Tell him I will see him at any time today."

'Some time? Did he really write that?

Collingsford paced up and down the little veranda, his arms crossed and one hand pulling nervously at his mustache. He came to a stop before Alix and stood

CONTINUED TOMORROW.

Gives \$5000 to Ursinus

Mrs. Elizabeth K. Clark, of Coush

chase of a pipe organ as a memorial to

her husband, Charles Heber Clark. The organ will be placed in the college audi-

as a novelist, essayist and economist, writing under the name of "Max Adeler."

Beauty Is as Beauty Does

However, as there doesn't seem to be

such a law, you should be sure to patron-ize only such establishments as are

On the other hand, it requires very

little time and trouble to keep your own

Freckles are iron, and when they be-come pronounced it is because they are responding to the influence of the magnet.

Freckles are not so unsightly as you

think. Naturally one loves a clear, peachy complexion. Still, freckies are really not unbecoming to certain types.

nails in order, and what a reward!

known to be scrupulous.

surgeons and all who employ making in their treatments and operations,

son. He signed.

If you are in town."

flashing.

THE NOVEL OF THE YEAR BY GEORGE A. CHAMBERIAIN

LIN turned flashing eyes on him. A "Well? Is that all you have to say? Alan, it is not well. I've come here because you must tell me-somebody must tell me-now-all the things that that note hides behind its wonderfully blank, wearened, little, hypocritical face."

Alan's eyes gleamed with amusement at the rippling words. Alix was certainly well. Then suddenly she collapsed into a chair, "Three years!" she gasped. Her hands went up to hold her head and she began to cry in a way Alan had never heard a woman cry before. The gasping sobs racked his nerves. He felt as though the sobs were tearing their way up from his own breast. He gripped the arms of the chair in which he sat. His body telephoned to his brain that he was going to faint and at such astoundmas going the transfer of transfer

him, outraged and unbelieving. Alan's syes were blazing. "You listen to me," he commanded, "listen to every word I say. You've gone through a lot in three pears, but just fasten your mind on to this so has Gerry. That note is color-less because Gerry made it colorless. It doesn't tell anything, because Gerry isn't a coward and because there are things he must tell you face to face to get your answer clear in his own mind. I'm makanswer clear in his own mind. I'm making you curious with every word. All right, he curious. But you can be sure of one thing; if Gerry had wanted me to tell you his story he'd have asked me to, but he didn't. He didn't even ask

"He was standing in deep waters but be had his head and shoulders out. He wasn't asking for my, or anybody else's hand to help him up the bank. He didn't ask me not to meddle because he knew was man enough to see where he stoo without words. He trusted me." Alan' ice trailed off weakly. He closed his

"But, 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 his."

Alix watched him doze off. She felt Alix watched him doze off. She reit strangely comforted by the crumb he had tossed her. She went back in her mind to a dinner of long agoswhen she had defended Gerry's placid weight against Alan. She sat on for half an hour busy with varying thoughts. She looked curiously around Alan's sitting room. How strange that she should be here and yet how. that she should be here and yet how natural. How safe she felt. She won-dered if it was all because of the defenses she had raised up in herself or whether any woman would feel safe with the new and weakened Alan. She slipped out without waking him and sent a cable to Pernambuco, By night she had an answer. Gerry had not yet sailed!

Days passed. She went out only for exercise. Her mind was busy with wondering. The Judge called regularly. He had put off going to Red Hill. He wanted Allx to feel that a friend was at hand and, besides, he had Alan on his hands. Alan was worrying him ha new way. Something had gone out of him. Some-

FARMER SMITH'S

"Tve tried," said the Judge, "and he says he's not ready—not strong enough. I told him that's what he ought to go for—to get strong—and he said a furny 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 then he dropped off to sleep. Before, 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."

One afternoon the Judge came in with

One afternoon the Judge came in with smile on his face. "Alan is better," he

"Isn't he better every day?" asked Alix. "Isn't he better every day?" asked Alix,
"Not like this," said the Judge. "You know Fleureur? Of course you don't. You wouldn't. Weil, it's a long time since Mr. Fleureur has been asked to cut in at bridge at the club or anywhere else. Yesterday he came in and saw Alan for the first time since his return. 'Hallo Wayne,' he said, 'back again and doing the heavy swell as ever only not quite so Wayne, he said, back again and doing the heavy swell as ever only not quite so heavy inside the clothes now, eh? Alan is getting touchy over being a weakling. That's a good sign, too, by the way. He looked sideways out of his sleepy eyes at Fleureur and you bet everybody listened."

The Judge paused at thus 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 now much a man waxes his mustache as long as he doesn't wax his finger nails."

Alix'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 Fleureur remembered an engagement. The whole club's cheered up. The club didn't know what was the matter with itself, but it knows now was missing Alan after he had come

Alan had written to Mrs. J. V. 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 way-bill in the world," she wrote, "out of town and along the sound till you ome 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 "The old church will lead you home,"

Alan repeated to himself as he let his re-laxed body lounge across the tonneau and trusted to cushions and springs to take up the bumps. His thoughts raced ahead of him to Red Hill. In memory he plodded over dusty roads and through mossy lanes, swam, fished and loafed, wept and laughed. He was going back to the cradle of all his emotions.

The wind and the motion of the car

made him sleepy. He dozed. He awoke to see East Mountain looming in the dis-tance. Steadily the car drew into its lee. Alan sighted a climbing road and called directions to the driver. From the bare top of the mountain he made out the old church, a white speck on a far-away hill. He stood up and traced the course they were to follow. He was filled with a strange excitement. "Never mind the bumps—open her up," he ordered, and sat down and closed his eyes.

The car shot down into the valley, rattled across one bridge and then an-Something had gone out of him. Sometimes he seemed to the Judge a mere shell other, sped along the low road, overshot the embowered mouth of Long lane, prothe of the seed of life. The Judge talked of him often to Alix but she could not fasten her mind on Alan, but she could not fasten her mind on Alan, but she could not fasten her mind on Alan, but she could not fasten her mind on Alan, but she could not fasten her mind on Alan, forward again and up. Long lane was as cool as memory and as balmy with the

it was early afternoon. The old home-stead was very still. As the car drew up at the curb a girl rose from a deep chair on the veranda and stepped forward. Alan caught his breath and stared. He felt himself a little boy. Nance, a mere rosebud of a girl, stood before him and anyled of his heavilland from the control of the smiled at his bewildered face. "You're Uncle Alan, aren't you?" The soft voice sustained Illusion, but the words brought him to himself—made him feel suddenly older by a generation. Then he smiled back at her and chaffed, "You have been busy since I saw you last. Have I the honor of presenting myself to Miss Sterl-ing?"

"The same," replied the girl, laughing. 'and your niece.'

"Come. That's enough. Don't rub it a. Besides, you're only niece by cour-esy. By the family tree we're cousins." teay. By the family tree were countries, "All right. I'll be a coustn to you if you like it better," remarked Nance, Junior, demurely.

The had sprung out. He caught her

Alan had sprung out. He caught her hands and klassed her. Her fresh mouth brushed his cheek.

"Yes, I like it better," he said. "It's some for klasses a careful". Collingsford lost no time. When he arrived, Alix was still sitting on the verauda. She received him there. He came upon her with a rush—like a fresh breeze. "What luck!" he cried. "Really

"Yes, I like it better," he said. "It's some fun kissing a cousin."
Nance, Junior, snatched away her hands and dashed into the house. "Mother, Clem, he's here. Unc-Cousin Alan's come."

From upstairs came a sullen but feeble roar, as though a bull had bellowed and only echo had come forth. From a ham-mock under the trees, I, Y, tumbled his stiffening limbs and with a quick shake stiffening limbs and with a quick shake of his broad shoulders strode across the lawn. There was a patter of women's feet. Clem burst out of the house, caught both of Alan's hands and shook them. Her lips opened, but she said nothing. Her eyes and her heart were full of welcome. Alan felt them speaking for her. Then came Mrs. J. Y. and J. Y. and Nance, the mother of four. There arose a babel of heart greetings, but through them all could be heard the rumble of the echolike bellowing.

"Sshi" said Alan, holding up his head.

"Ssh!" said Alan, holding up his hand. "What's that noise?" Clem laughed, "It's the Captain," she

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 mood. "No," she said dully, after a pause. "He didn't write just that, but it amounts to the same thing. He wrote but he has not come." In the silence the rumbling became vociferation. "Bring him up here, Bring alm up here. Bring him up here, dammit.

"You'd better go quickly," remarked ance, Junior, "He's begun to swear "You'd better go quickly," remarked Nance, Junior, "He's begun to swear and mother doesn't like us to hear it." Alan hurried into the house and up to the Captain's room. The grown-ups fol-lowed, but stopped below and waited. Nance, Junior, remained to direct the

chauffeur to the barn.
"Excuse me, miss," said that worthy,
"but Mr. Wayne hasn't had a bite to eat since 7 this morning. You might not think to ask him, you see, so I thought

think to ask him, you see, so I thought I'd tell you."
"I see," replied the young lady, and added with ready wit and a smile, "you find the kitchen and tell the cook."
Alan found the Captain propped on many pillows. His buiging eyes had the same old glare, his close-cropped hair still made an effort, though feeble, to insurgency, but his corpulence was gone. He had collapsed at last and was bedridden after his severe stroke. "Huh!" was his greeting.

HOUSEHOLD PHYSICS

GAS LIGHTS Are Your Gas Lights Satisfactory?

By VIRGINIA E. KIFT

locate the needle valve at the base of the surner and open it slowly, watching an object on the table below to discern when

the brilliancy of the light is greatest. When you have this property adjusted, close the alr slots a little and notice if the brilliancy is increased or uninished.

Discover the point of greatest brilliance

Copyright 1916 by Virginia E. Rift.

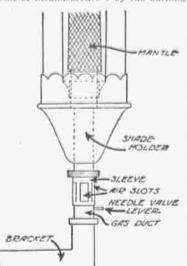
liminary puff, "Two whiskies."

Mrs. Wayne appeared. "Now, Captain." she said softly. "What's this. Two at a time? You're getting better."

The drinks came. Alan welcomed his. 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 sipped his drink. The Captain was right, it was flavoriess. But Alan remembered that he had thrown away his last cigarette for the same rea-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 mixed with a large quantity of air.

In a "fish-tail" burner the free carbon in the gas becomes luminous because it is heated to a high temperature (the "point of incandescence") by the burning properly open the sleeve to admit all the large sleeve to admit all the large specific open the sleeve to admit all the large sleeve as a last the large of the sleeve to admit all the duct the quantity of air in the duct the quantity o

n the gas becomes luminous because it is heated to a high temperature (the 'point of incundescence') by the burning



in town on a hot summer's day? Which is it? Frocks or the dentist?"

Alix rose and held out her hand. A faint smile came to her face, lingered a moment and passed, "I am glad you have come," she said and then paused. Her eyes wavered. Was she glad he had come? gases in the jet. That there is "free" carbon in the jet is shown by a spot of soot which is deposited when a cold plate is held in the flame for a moment.

In a mantle burner a deposit of soot occurs only if there is an insufficient supply of air. It is this quantity of air Collingeford caught her mood, "Just what do you mean by that?" be asked gravely. Alix's eyes came back to his face. "I-

which can be mechanically regulated; that will cause the complete "exidation" or consumption of this carbon or soot beore it reaches the comparatively cool

Alix's eyes came back to his face. "I—
I don't know," she stammered.
They sat down. Collingoford dropped
his hat and stick and leaned forward. A
dull color burned in his cheeks. "Alix,"
he said, "has—has anything happened?
"No," said Alix. "hot what you mean.
Gerry is alive. He has written. He says
he is coming back—some time."
Collingeford sprang to his feet, his eyes
finaling. All mantle burners have a device for admitting air which mixes with the gas before it enters the mantle.

The device used is generally a slotted sleeve covering the gas duct just at the base of the burner. The duct is slotted directly under the sleeve, and upon turn-

OLD CEMETERY SOLD

Plot at Passyunk Avenue and 20th Street Changes Hands

The old Philadelphia Cemetery, at the The old Philadelphia Cemetery, at the northwest corner of Passyunk avenue and 20th street, extending from Jackson street to Snyder avenue, and from 20th to 21st street, and containing approximately 11 acres, has been sold by the Philadelphia Cemetery Company to Charles I. Warfield, director of the Arlington Cemetery Company looking down at her, his eyes eager but questioning, "Well?" he said.

Arlington Cemetery Company, about two years ago, entered into an agreement with the Philadelphia Ceme-tery Company, under which all the bodies in the latter were removed to the former, hocken, has sent a check for \$5000 to Ursinus College, at Collegeville, stipulating that the money is to be used in the purthe lot holders in the Philadelphia Ceme-

the lot holders in the Philadelphia Cemetery receiving in exchange for their lots similar ones in the Arlington Cemetery where the bodies were reinterred.

The price paid for the II acres was not disclosed. They are assessed at \$129,090. The deed of conveyance, however, bore 500 revenue stamps, which indicated a price of \$200,000. A mortgage of \$100,000 on the ground, given by Charles S. Warfield to the Land Title and Trust Company, was recovered yesterday. torium. Mr. Clerk was a member of the advisory council of the college at the time of his death. He was widely known

Manicurists should be subject to the ame regulations as barbers, dentists, urgeons and all who employ instruments Urges Hospitality to Birds "Invite the seng birds to Sellersville," is the basis of the argument of Dr. J. P. Pursell, prominent member of the Sellers-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.

C. Dehm French Bairdresser

Specialist in hair coloring. Sole importer of the best French Hair Dyes, war-ranted perfectly harmless. Creator of the Invisible Transformations — natural and wenderfully becoming.

23 So. 16th Street

ASK FOR and GET

Sausage best, the

flavor's so distinctive

You'll Like

Deerfoot Farm 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 atudy of the style of Transformation most becoming to the majority of women, we have succeeded in bringing 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. Our Shampoos are sanitary and our Scalp Treatments with our celebrated French tonics increase the circulation and positively prevent the hair from falling out. Try a course of these treatments. Permanent Waving and Hair Dyeing done by experts.

E. and R. QUINN 106 South 13th Street

(Continued)

he had searched for it.

RAINBOW CLUB

You see, we are to play a wonderful game. I am to be the Farmer and "heart gardens."

all about?"

If they are not satisfied, tell them about our garden party-how we care for our gardens and plant kind thoughts in them. The spring is coming-the time the really truly farmer looks forward

FARMER SMITH.

Save a penny, use a postal.

Wanita and Kawasha WHAT HAPPENED BEFORE

WHAT HAPPENED BEFORE
Two little white children were stolen by
a indiana when they were very young,
self skin was dred brown and they did
know that they were not really indiana
se day they set out for a maryelous cave
but which they had heard the chiefa
sid. They discovered it. While they
ere exhloring the cavern Kawasha, the
ille boy, fell and sprained his ankle, and
small fire which they had built at the
gath spread all over the cave. Wanita,
a little girl, dashed out through the
times and called to a white man, John
asshulf for aid. Ho succeeded in putting
out of the fire out, but when he rushed
to the fire out, but when he rushed
to the fire out, but when he rushed
to the cave Kawasha was gone. Finally
er discovered him unconsiduous in a servet
on of the cave. The white man carried
on the cave. The white man carried
to the cave Kawasha was gone. Finally
er discovered him unconsiduous in a servet
on of the cave. The white man carried
on the cave they are discovered to
the cave they are discovered to
the cave they are discovered to
the cave they are discovered
the sellom to his amp which was located
as island in the middle of the river,
all way across they spied Great Chief
of Fesiher, the terror of the Monawas,
anding on the short of the island.
The children hid in the hotforn of the
loss, Soon a valley of arrews was whisey around John Marshall's bead, but by
dilling up the river a piece he penaged
hake the Chief thing he was not seens
if the aland. In the meantime he told
of children that he must so back to the
and, because on it, in his tent, there is
hidden. Wanita told him that it is
cave they have lush been in.
When the white man was sure the Indian
low was no longer watching them he
specially to the
control that whose foot still palmed
on the canoe shock to the table.
The children was located
of the canoe hack to the table
of Red Pusther.

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 man he had seen paddling up the a second six savage red men respond-river with the two children. He had ed to his wild call. merely taken up his post at the door of the tent because that brief sight of more carefully the place where he massive oak tree. turn the map to be hidden. In vain

straight into his angry eyes.

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 young man in the picture gallery, has Smith-that would be like writing a letter to Mr. John Jones, Esq.

WHAT'S IT ALL ABOUT?

you, my dear Little People, are to cultivate with my help your little gardens, you'll soon see the reason why. Edna called your hearts. In your hearts you must plant seeds, called "kind thoughts," and not let the evil thoughts, or weeds, get the better of your When any one comes to you and says: "The Rainbow Club. What's it

You say, real proud-like, "ME!"

to the time he plants his seed. I, too, must be busy. Will you help me?

Write more postal cards. I am reading over 100 letters every morningthey are all love letters, too.

Children's Editor, Evening Ledger.

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

WAY: Name Address Age School I attend......

"White face," demanded the Indian, this your wigwam?" "It is," replied the white man in a

voice that showed no fear. "Indian Chief War Pipe say a map of treasure cave lies here," and he

rose in anger, "You give or-" John Marshall interrupted, "That tent is mine and what is in it is mine, and-

dark depths of the tent. His voice

"You won't give?" The angry voice grew frenzied. "No," was the white man's firm

answer. "I shall never give." At that a wild shrick rent the air, the temper of Great Chief Red Feather he was the same sturdy white flared out like a leaping flame and in ture. (Five credits.)

He gave a few grunting orders and quicker than it takes to tell his * white man had thrown him on his Braves had seized John Marshall and guard and he was watching all the bound him with leather straps to a

Here he was, brave and powerful in his freedom, helpless now and at the dohn Marshall stood very still and mercy of seven savage, wild red men! (To be Continued.)

Our Postoffice Box

Robert Keen, Wiconisco, Pa., the earned a place on our artists' staff. Keep an eye on the club news and

Sutton, South 51st street, and Rose Medvene, South 7th

street, wrote very neat little "thankyou" notes for "their beautiful Rainbow buttons." Austin Church, Pa., wants to know what the credits are for. Watch out, Austin, for a great

HOBERT KEEN big surprise about these very credits.

The biggest-hearted thank you in the world to little Hardie Scott, of Cynwyd, who sent 14 lovely valentines to be forwarded to some little folks who might be wishing for them. Every one of them went straight out and we know that last Monday 14 little hearts were very happy because, out in the big, bright world, some little lad had thought to make them so.

Matthew Palmer, North Broad street, sent a very pretty valentine to your editor, for which he thanks him very, very much. William Hutchinson, Fairmount avenue, writes such a manly letter that we cannot help remarking about it. Lillian Updegraf, Wyoming avenue, Germantown, sends in the following little motto, "Be good and kind to others and they will be good and kind to you." A. Laskin, Manton street, signs himself "a thorough member of the Rainbow Club." He thinks so much of the pointed a threatening finger at the club button that every time he looks at it he feels bound to keep the Rainbow pledge. Samuel Kamens, North 6th street, wants to join the pinmoney brigade, and so does every wide-awake young boy in Philadelphia and out of Philadelphia.,

> Do You Know This? 1. Mention three kinds of wood that are used in the manufacture of furni-

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-

EASY CHAIRS—All-over Covered tapes-tries, velours and leather, \$15, \$22, \$24, \$27, \$30, \$33, \$37, \$42 to \$55; others \$12.70, \$14, \$16, \$18. DAVENPORTS—Adam, Colonial, Jacobean, Queen Anne, Louis XV and Charles II. 830, 842, 846, 852, 857, 864, 869, 874, 882, 889 to \$125.

A deposit will secure any purchase till wanted. We guarantee prempt, careful delivery free within 100 miles.

The Only Manufacturers in Philadelphia Selling at Retail. New Stylish Goods. We Will Absolutely Save You One-Third.

W. W. & H. H. Knell 229-231 S. 5th St

MRS. PANKHURST WILL SPEAK HERE NEXT WEEK

Militant English Suffragist Is to Plead 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 lime 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.

She will speak at a mass-meeting at the Garrick Theatre at the same meeting with M. Cheddo Miyatovich, former Serbian Minister to the Court of St. James and now head of the Serbian mission.

Both speakers are here to tell of the needs of Serbia and to ask Philadelphians for financial support and sympathy for Mr. Miyatovich's countrymen and women.

Mrs. Pankhurst, who temporarily gave Mrs. Emmeline Pankhurst, English suf-

Mr. Miyatovich's countrymen and women. Mrs. Pankhurst, who temporarily gave up the cause of suffrage for the cause of humanity, has been working among the suffering since the war began. Her subject here is, "Serbia and How Women Are Helping in the Great War," Mr. Miyatovich will speak on Serbia's Mission to the People of the United States." Miss Sophia H. Dulles is in charge of plans for the mass-meeting. Her committee consists of Mrs. Francis L. H. Noble, Miss Dorothy Stewart, Mrs. Samuel D. Warriner, Mrs. Francis Lloyd and Mrs. Harry Lowenburg. Tickets for the mass-meeting may be obtained at the Equal Suffrage headquarters, at the College Club, 1200 Spruce street, or at the residence of Mrs. S. D. Warriner, 135 South 13th street. and the lamp will then be properly ad-Justed.

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 in the burner, even if it does "blow" a little.

When a mantle becames blackened, it shows that too much gas and too little. shows that too much gas and too little air are supplied. In consequence, the gas is not burned completely and carbon or is not burned completely and carbon or soot is deposited on the mantle. It is easy to remedy this trouble by opening the air slots a little, turning, the gas down and letting the black burn off. A little sait dropped on the blackened portion will ald in burning away this carbon. esidence of Mr. South 18th street.

During her stay in Philadelphia Mrs.
Pankhurst will be the personal guest of
Miss M. Carey Thomas at Bgyn Mawr
College. Mrs. Pankhurst, her secretary
and M. Miyatovich will be there from Now that you know how, regulate your mantles so that the light is "just right." February 24 to 28.

THE OLD RELIABLE

ROYAUL **BAKING POWDER**

Absolutely Pure

MADE FROM CREAM OF TARTAR Which Experts Declare Makes the Best Baking Powder.



WOMAN'S HEALTH COMFORT BEAUTY "It's a Long Way to Send to

the States for Corsets, But"-

26 Myrtle Park, Crosshill, Glasgow, Messrs, Clarke & Co. GENTLEMEN: I would like if you would send me a pair of corsets—Nemo Self-Reducing, Style 105, size 29. I don't remember what I paid for the last pair, but I enclose one pound sterling in our money, which I think will cover all expenses. If not, I will be pleased to remit more. December 10, 1915.

I was fortunate in coming across this corset when in Peoria visiting my aunt. It is a long way to send to the States for corsets, but this is the most comfortable corset I have ever worn, and so I am troubling you to send me what I want. I am, yours truly, MARGARET BARR.

This letter confirms the statement we have often made-that a woman who once wears the Nemo Corset that suits her particular figure will never be satisfied with any other; and this, in turn, empha-sizes our oft-repeated advice to take time to be properly fitted in a Nemo-and enjoy corset-satisfaction ever thereafter



No. 405 is one of a group of three EGO-SHAPE Neme Self-Reducing Corsets. It is designed for the tall, stately full figure—high, full bust and back. The Nemo Relief Bands take up and support a heavy abdomen; reduce excess fiesh permanently. White coutil, sizes 22 to 36—\$4.00. The other two similar models in this group are:

No. 402—For short, stocky full figures No. 403—For full figures of medium height \$4.00 These are three distinct models, for three distinct types of the full figure,

all having the same exclusive and invaluable style and health feature Other Nemos, for All Figures-\$3.00, \$4, \$5, up \$10.

