HOME

THE NOVEL OF THE YEAR

BY GEORGE A. CHAMBERLAIN

CHAPTER XL—Continued.

ALAN threw himself from his horse and rushed up to her. His hands were itching to grip her shoulders and shake her, but he held them at his side. "What did you do it for?" he asked with blazing eyes.

Clem looked him over coolly. "Ever run after any one before, Alan?"

"What?" stuttered Alan. He felt foundations slipping from under him. Here was a person who could look Ten Percent Wayne at his best in the eye and never turn a mental hair.

"How do you like it?" continued Clem, in an even, firm voice. Then she turned her square back to the saddle and faced him fairly. "I'll tell you what I did it for. All my life I've been running after you. Last night I heard you packing. I knew what you were doing—you were getting ready to go away. Before you went I wanted you to run after me—just once. A sort of consolation prize to pride."

Alan's face hardened. "Stop, Clem. You can't talk like that to me and you can't talk like that to yourself." He looked at Clem and the blood surged into his neck and face. At that moment Clem was beautiful to him beyond the wildest dreams of fair women. She was dressed in a close-fitting long coat that buttoned down the front. Her riding skirt, of the same dark stuff, she had hitched up at one side to a silver hook. From under the raised skirt peeped a straight riding boot, and on the heel of the boot was a tiny, right-angle spur. Alan's quick eyes hung on that spur; it explained the lead Clem had held through the headlong ride.

Clem's right arm was still hooked over the double horn of her saddle and her left hand holding a slim riding whip hung at her side. To the velvet lapels of her coat clung little drops of rain. Her hair was braided and firmly tied in a double fold at the back of her neck, but short strands escaped from durance and played about her head. Her head, like the velvet lapels, was dusted with little silvery drops of water and little drops of water perched on her long, upturned lashes. Her cheeks were flushed, her bosom agitated, her lips tremulous. Only her eyes were steady.

Alan took off his coat and threw it over a rock. "Will you please sit down? I must talk to you."

Clem strode to another rock and sat down. "You are absurd. Your coat is as wet as the stones. Put it on." Alan hesitated. "Put your coat on."

Alan obeyed; then he sat down before her, but turned his eyes away and gazed rather vacantly over the whole wet world. "If ever two people have known each other without words, Clem, it's you and me. Never mind the grammar. Even unshackled words are a dribbing outlet for a full heart and my heart's as full today with things I've never said to you as the clouds are with rain.

"Nature, taken by and large, is a funny outfit, and the funniest things in it are the ones that make you want to cry. The world sees a good man, clear and straight, married to a faithless woman and laughs. Men see a pure girl give her all to a cad and they say, 'It's always the rotters that get the pick,' and they laugh, too. But down in the bottom of our hearts we know that these things are things for tears."

"Yes, Alan," said Clem as he paused. She was no longer imperious, only attentive with chin in hands and elbows on knees.

"You know me," went on Alan, "but there are things about me that you do not know—things below you that you have no understanding for, thank God. I don't even know how to picture them to you."

"Yes, Alan," said Clem softly.

Alan picked a bit of huckleberry bush and twisted it nervously in his hands. "First of all I've got to tell you what I thought you knew, that what there is of me is yours over and over again and then I've got to tell you why you can't have it." A light came into Clem's eyes, trembled, flickered and then settled to a steady flame.

"You've seen people smile—every one has a smile of sorts," went on Alan. "Did you ever think that a smile had body and soul? To me it has. It starts out in life like a virgin with a body to keep pure and a soul to guard unstained. There are smiles that illumine a face, that shine with essential purity, that glorify. Nobody has to tell you that they have never pandered to a ribald jest or added cruelty to denial. They are live smiles and they are rare among women and rarer among men. For one such you'll find a thousand living faces with dead smiles—smiles that have scattered their essence like rain on the just and the unjust, that have rolled in filth and wasted their substance on the second best. You'll find them flickering out in the faces of young men and at the last gasp in the faces of lost women whose eyes hold the shadows of unforgotten sins."

"Well?" said Clem.

Alan sighed. "Between the lines of my words you must read yourself. My smile is dead—I killed it long ago. Yours is alive—alive. You have kept it pure, guarded its flame and you shall hold it high like a beacon. You are ready to give all and you have all to give. I have nothing but the empty shell. I have kept nothing. I have gained the whole world—and lost it. The little strength left to the pinions of my soul could carry me up to clutch your beacon and drag it down, but Clem—dearest of all women—I love you too much for that. You've got to trust me. The things I know that you do not know shove the duty of denial on to my shoulders. I could give you an empty shell, but I won't."

Alan had not looked at Clem. He had talked like one rehearsing a lesson, with his eyes far away in the gray world. He dropped the bit of brush, and his hands, locked about his knees, gripped each other till the knuckles and fingers showed white against the tan of his thin wrists. When he stopped speaking Clem turned curious eyes upon him. "Is that all?" she asked.

Alan sprang up and faced her. "All? All?" he cried. "Isn't that enough?"

Clem rose to her feet. In her uplifted right hand she held her agate-headed riding whip. Alan's eyes fastened on it as she meant them to do. Then with a full, free swing she flung it from her. The whip, weighted by the agate head, described a long curve through the air and plunged into the brush far down the mountain side. "That," said Clem, her eyes flashing into his, "for the beacon. I kept it for you. It was too good for you; you would not take it, so there it goes." Her lip trembled and she snapped her fingers. "It is not worth that to me."

"Clem!" cried Alan, protesting.

"Don't speak," said Clem; "you have said what you had to say. Now listen to me. You are blind, Alan, or worse than that, asleep. I'm not a thin-legged elf with skirts bobbing above my knees any more. You can't make me swallow my protests today, with—'Clem, you mustn't this and you mustn't that.' There's one thing you've closed your eyes on long enough. I'm a woman, Alan, bone, spirit and a great deal of flesh. I love you and you say you love me."

Alan started forward, but Clem held him off with a gesture. "What do you think I love in you? The things you have spent? The things you have thrown away? Has a woman ever fallen in love with a man because he was perfect?" Clem made a despanding gesture with both hands as though she sought words that would not come. "Some men clap a wife on to themselves," she went on, "as you clap a lid on a hot fire. If the fire grows cold quick enough the lid cracks. Some just let the fire burn out and take the dross with it. A woman knows that there is always something left in the man she loves. And even if she did not know it, it would be the same. She would rather give all for nothing than never give at all."

Clem's voice fell into a lower key. "The things you know that I do not know! What a child you are among men. A half-witted woman is born with more knowledge than the wisest of you ever attains, and the first thing she learns is that life laughs at knowledge."

Clem stopped speaking and her eyes that had wandered came back to Alan's face. She drew a quivering breath. Her face had been pale, but now the sudden color surged up over her throat and into her cheeks. She put up her hands to her forehead. "Oh," she gasped, "you have driven me too far. I am a mean thing in my own eyes as I am in yours."

At first Alan had stood stunned by the words in which she had poured out her overburdened heart, but as she went on pitilessly laying bare her subjection a flame lit up his eyes and fired his blood. Now he sprang forward and dragged her hands from her face. "Mean, Clem? Mean in my eyes?" Then his tongue failed him. He sank to the wet grass at her feet, took her knees in his arms and hid his hot face in her skirt. "My God, my God," he cried. "I am mean, but what there is of me has knelt to you by night and worshiped you by day. When you were little you were in my heart and you have grown up in it. When you were little there was room there for other things, but now that you have grown up you have filled it—all of it—every nook and cranny."

A tremor went through Clem's body. She rested the fingers of one hand on Alan's head and tried to turn up his face. But he held it close to her knees. "If you want me, Clem, if you want me, then there must be things left—things I have never—could never give—to any one else. But I am ashamed to pour them into your lap—I must pour them at your feet."

"No," said Clem gravely. "I do not want you to pour things at my feet. It's got to be eye to eye or nothing, and if there's any man left in—"

"Clem," broke in Alan, "there is enough man left in me if you'll only give me time. Time to groom him. You can understand that, Clem? You know what grooming and a clean stable will do for a shaggy horse?"

Clem nodded. "How much time do you want?"

Alan hesitated. "A year," he said. "I'll make a year do it."

"You can have six months," replied Clem and added with a smile, "That's 10 per cent under office estimates."

Then forgetful of hours and meals and the little things in life that do not count when human souls mount to the banquet of the gods, they sat side by side and hand in hand on a big rock and stared with unseeing eyes at the gray world. "With you beside me," said Alan, "all skies are blue and filled with the light of a single, steady star."

Clem did not answer, but in her eyes content and knowledge, tenderness and strength, pleasure and pain played with each other like the lights and dappled shadows under a swaying bough.

CHAPTER XLI.

WHEN Clem and Alan reached home long after the lunch hour, they found the Hill athrill with news. Alix had received a cable and had left at once for town. She had gone alone. That could mean but one thing—Gerry was at last coming back.

It was from Barbados that Gerry had cabled. Ever since he had written his short note to Alix, through long doubting weeks at Piranhas and longer days of questioning and hesitation on board the slow freighter that was bearing him home, Gerry had been fighting himself. Only Lieber's sudden death and his burial, to which Gerry had ridden posthaste, had come in between as a solemn truce.

On the freighter he had time enough and to spare to think. He had spent hours going over the same ground on the short bridgedeck, staring out to sea, making over and over the circle of his life from the time he had left home. He remembered sitting thus on the way out. He remembered the turmoil his mind had been in and the apathy that had followed, the long rest at Pernambuco, the trip down the coast and up the river, the glorious misty morning at Piranhas, Margarita, catastrophe, awakening.

What did that awakening stand for? Again he thought, if he could choose—would he wish to be back as he was before—as he was on the way out? A voice within him said "No."

In those days when once more his thoughts demanded to be seen in their relation to Alix, that steady voice within him was his only comfort. The flood at Fazenda Flores had swept away all that his hands had done, but the things that Fazenda Flores had done for him could not be swept away by any material force. They stood and feared nothing—except Alix.

Wherever his mind turned, it came back to Alix and found in her an impasse. Alix assumed more and more the portentous attributes of one unattached, sitting in judgment over his acts. His memory of her frailty, of her flower-like detachment from the bones—the skeleton—of life, her artificality, made her seem ludicrously incongruous in the role of judge He could not picture her, much less estimate the sentence she would pass. His thoughts led him daily up to that impasse and left him. Then came the doubt and the question—why should he lead himself bodily to the impasse at all?

He was still fighting this point when he reached Barbados, but there an incident befell which brought a new light to his mind and then a new peace to his soul.

He had gone ashore at Bridgetown simply because his whole body, perfectly attuned by three years of long hours of toil, was crying out for more exercise than the narrow decks of the freighter could afford.

When the little group of passengers reached shore, with the exception of Gerry and an old returning Barbadian, they all turned in the same direction as if by a common impulse.

CONTINUED TOMORROW.

Deep down in the centre of the earth,

At the Earth's Core

is a world not unlike our own, but in certain essential details so different that it strikes an outer-world human being stone cold with terror.

Into this world the fertile brain of

Edgar Rice Burroughs

(Author of Tarzan)

transports Professor Perry, geologist, and David Innes, a young student, by means of a colossal machine, "The Iron Mole," which bores through the earth.

This astounding tale of adventure begins in

Next Saturday's

EVENING LEDGER

It has all the ingenuity of Jules Verne, the breathlessness of Poe, and the romance of EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS.

At the Earth's Core

Begins in Saturday's Evening Ledger.

THE CHEERFUL CHERUB

GOOD FORM

Owing to the fact that the Evening Ledger is constantly asked questions relating to matters of etiquette, it has been decided to open a column in which queries of this kind may be answered.

The column is edited under a pseudonym; but it is, nevertheless, edited by an authority on social conventions, who is prepared to answer clearly, carefully and conclusively any query which may be propounded.

Good form queries should be addressed to Deborah Rush, written on one side of the paper and signed with full name and address, though initials ONLY will be published upon request.

Today I shall take up the question of calls, about which there are many customs both old and new. I am often asked if it is really necessary to pay calls within a certain time after having accepted an invitation.

Unfortunately many persons have become very lax in this matter. A call should be paid within two weeks after the affair. Many hostesses hold very much to these little politenesses and I "have frequently heard the remark made that such and such a young man or woman will not be invited here again, as he or she did not call."

Should One Rise for a Suffragist?

Dear Deborah Rush—Some time ago I had occasion to visit the headquarters of the Woman's Suffrage party, at 1723 Chestnut street. While sitting waiting for the person I wished to see, a woman entered the room. Two other men who were seated immediately arose. I remained seated. Though I am not a suffragist I paid them the compliment of doing just what I would have done had a man entered the room, and strange to say, I later heard some adverse criticism for it.

The suffragists, as I understand, demand the vote and equal rights with men, yet they were inconsistent enough to remark about my action in treating them as I would a man—by remaining seated. Any woman whom I know to be a suffragist does not receive the little kindnesses from me that others do, for the reason that I would not offend her dignity and her "cause"—so called. Whenever I am in a street car, however, I take a long chance that the woman standing is not a suffragist and give her my seat.

I would appreciate your opinion on the matter. ICONOCLAST.

Whether a woman is a suffragist or an antisuffragist, she is still a lady and should be treated as one. Because a woman wants equal rights in intellectual and governmental matters with a man is no reason why she should be treated with discourtesy. A gentleman always rises when a woman enters a room and remains standing until she is seated, be she suffragist or not.

A Question of Precedence

Dear Deborah Rush—I was much interested in your logical information concerning the proper order of precedence of lady and gentleman in getting off a trolley car. The reverse is naturally true when getting on a car, that is, with the principle of protection in mind, the gentleman should enter last. Probably this is what caused the confusion in the mind of your inquirer. Will you kindly explain if a gentleman should precede or follow the lady in a theatre or opera house, both coming and going? It seems more deferential to follow when going down the aisle, particularly when an usher precedes, does it not? In leaving, I assume the gentleman should precede, with the intent of clearing the way of any obstacle or danger, which, of course, now would be purely hypothetical, though doubtless once the custom had a very definite practical significance. Am I right in this theory? HAROLD.

Your theory is correct. The man having once entered the theatre or opera house first, should hand his tickets to the usher, and then allow the lady to precede him after the usher; and on leaving he should lead the way.

Correct Use of Table Silver

Dear Miss Rush—The writer is often embarrassed by the phalanx of culinary tools which is deployed east and west of the plate. There are usually three or four spoons, two forks, two knives and one or two hybrid articles, half-spoon, half-fork, all of which cause much mental anguish; for in the interim between dinings he has invariably forgotten his solemn resolutions to look into such matters and become prepared. Lay down a rule for him. Please, please answer before he again finds himself in the predicament of having nothing left with which to eat his ice cream except a butter knife. PREPAREDNESS.

It is usual to use the forks and knives as they are placed on the table, from the outside in toward the plate.

What Is Provincial?

Dear Deborah Rush—What's provincial? Lower Camden is to Philadelphia. Philadelphia is to New York. All the rest of the world is a province of Paris. In Paris they walk arm in arm and heaven blesses them for it. I approve of Heaven, don't you? CLAUD.

Claud has been evidently reading the "Three Musketeers" or "Trilby." DEBORAH RUSH.

Marion Harland's Corner

All communication addressed to Marion Harland should inclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope and a clipping of the article in which you are interested. Persons wishing to aid in the charitable work of the H. H. C. should write Marion Harland, in care of this paper, for addresses of those they would like to help, and, having received them, communicate direct with these parties.

Wants Paper Dolls

"I HAVE five children. The eldest, a girl of 7, is frequently confined to the house because of throat trouble. I have tried to procure for her sheets of dolls and doll furniture, published in some of the magazines, but most of my friends have little ones of their own. Have some of the kind-hearted Cornerites such things they will share with us and send to my little girl? It would please her to have letters and packages directed to her. "B. R."

The said magazines visit regularly homes in which there are no children young enough to care for paper dolls. May we ask that the mothers of the households will cut out the pictures for which the delicate 7-year-old longs and write to us for the address of her mother?

To Make a Pretty Quilt

"Am I too late to get the pieces referred to in the inclosed clipping? I am not well, but not too much of an invalid to sew, and I may be able to make a pretty quilt. I will pay postage provided I am so fortunate as to get the silk pieces. "ANNA M. C."

That particular donation of pieces was sent to another needlewoman before your letter arrived, but we ask here that a parcel of scraps be put up, preparatory to sending to us for the address of the semi-invalid. Hold them until you get the address and forward them directly to Anna M. C. As you value my peace of mind don't mail them to me. "That way madness lies."

Needed for a Sunday School

"There is a Sunday school near us with about 25 children attending it. A dear young woman started it. She had to pay the rent of it and as she is a working girl she hasn't any money left to buy papers and books. The children would be glad if they only had some old Sunday school papers to read. I do hope some one will give them for these little ones. Large Sunday schools often have some left over. These could be used nicely. I am willing to call or pay postage if necessary. We should like to get some for several Sundays to come. I am a girl 15 years of age. RUTH H."

Whose handwriting and composition would do credit to a woman of 25, while the spirit animating the communication betokens a genuine desire to carry on the mission laid to her young hand. We should joy in providing Sunday school papers for the infant organization. It is commendable throughout, and it is highly probable that a few good books from the family library suitable for Sunday reading will be most welcome.

IF YOU MUST SNEEZE, DO SO IN YOUR HANDKERCHIEF

By WILLIAM BRADY, M. D.

WHAT is a "nuisance" in the sanitary sense? A statute definition is as follows?

"Anything deemed detrimental to life or health found to exist within the municipality shall be a nuisance within the meaning of this act."

Clearly this would cover the public sneezer with shame and confusion.

A sneeze is a personal thing. It is a protective function without which the body would suffer from many infectious conditions normally avoided by the act of sneezing. A sneeze not only forcibly ejects droplets containing infectious organisms, but it also has a remarkable effect upon the circulation and nutrition of the lining of the nose, tending to fortify the mucuous membrane against microbic invasions—or, if you will have it so, taking "cold."

When you sneeze you do it for the good of your health. No one has a right to interfere with your sneezing. But you have no more right to sneeze openly in public than you have to spit in your neighbor's face. That doesn't sound exactly elegant, but neither does the open-face sneeze. In fact, we are personally convinced that open-face sneezing is a far more dangerous thing for the bystander than is expectoration, because the sneeze sprays the air with minute floating droplets of mucus or moisture in which are suspended live bacteria, and bystanders can scarcely avoid inhaling some of the spray, whereas sputum on the floor or ground soon dries—must dry before it can be blown about in the air, and even virulent disease germs can scarcely withstand this drying process, as practical experience has shown.

The indefensible habit of expectoration, and the unpleasant thought of using a roller towel or a common drinking cup or a public toilet do not inspire nearly so much fear in our timid mind as the execrable wretch who perpetrates a wide-open sneeze upon the occupants of a car, theatre or room. Such a peddler of infection is a nuisance of the first magnitude. The time will come, we trust, when he will be promptly and unceremoniously grabbed by the collar and dragged off to a sanitary cell in the nearest police station, where he belongs. Policemen ought to be active members of the first line of defense, anyway.

Street cars, steam cars, public halls and the like should add a line to their notices forbidding spitting on the floor. They should also warn the public as follows:

IF YOU MUST SNEEZE OR COUGH, DO IT IN YOUR HANDKERCHIEF.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Buttermilk and Disease

Is buttermilk beneficial to health?

Answer—That depends. Not when it is peddled and dipped in the wagon or on your porch—that invites disease to enter your home. Buttermilk handled in a cleanly way is a healthful beverage for the average person. It may do harm in certain conditions of ill health.

Handkerchiefs and the Laundry

Is there any danger to a laundress in handling soiled handkerchiefs?

Answer—Great danger. In all fairness handkerchiefs should be sterilized before they are sent to a laundry. The health department might well see to that.

VICTOR or COLUMBIA RECORDS YOU'RE TIRED OF

Bring them to us. We will exchange them for others or buy them. Keep your collection fresh in this way at small cost. Large assortment from which you can choose, including Red Seal. Call and investigate.

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FARMER SMITH'S RAINBOW CLUB

A Little Talk on Disappointment

Dear Children—Action is always followed by reaction, appointment by disappointment. Therefore, if you are careful to watch your actions you will never be disappointed about the reactions.

Once upon a time there was a little boy and he was walking along the bank of a beautiful stream with another little boy. Suddenly they came to an island and the big boy said to the little boy, "Can you jump to that island?"

"Surely, I can," said the little boy.

So he took off his coat and, giving a run, jumped across to the island, which, it should be said, was small.

Now, wonderful to relate, the island was so small that the boy had no place to run. Therefore, he took off his coat and waded back to shore.

Here we see that action is followed by reaction.

If we are sure of our acts before we start, there can be no disappointment, which always comes from a failure to meet our expectations, or the fact that we encounter something which we have never met before.

Watch how you begin things. Watch the small actions as well as the large. In short, be a good loser.

FARMER SMITH,
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.....

Our Postoffice Box

Here is James Butler, of North 9th street, who has the nicest big dog you ever did see. We tried our best to get him into the picture gallery, but the space was a little too small. Speaking of pets, what do you think? Esther Miller writes that the Roxborough Rainbows have two mascots, Miss Pussy Cat and Mr. Bunny Rabbit, both very pretty and both gray and white. Some day Esther is going to write and tell us just how they got Miss Pussy and Mr. Bunny. We are all very anxious to hear.

JAMES BUTLER.

Winifred Quirk, Addison street, sends in a letter brimming over with lovely thoughts and kind offers. The loveliest thought is to "find something to be glad about in everything you do or have done to you." The kindest offer is to give away some baby clothes and some children's clothes, 3-year-old size, to "some" mother in poor circumstances. We know "some mother" will be glad to avail herself of this generous offer.

More about pets—Millie De Gregorio, Carpenter street, sent your editor the cutest cardboard dog that she made herself. It looked so real that your editor nearly jumped out of his chair when it walked out of the envelope. Millie Viglione, South 8th street, and her brother read the club news every single night, so does their friend Michael Giovannelli, South 9th street. We know they are all reading it this very minute and we hope that every one else who is reading it likes it just as well as these little people do.

Farmer Smith's Frog Book

JACK FROG IS ILL.

"I am going to let you boys go early this afternoon," said Dr. Bullfrog one day, "because tomorrow is examination and I want you all to rest up and be ready for it."

Jack and Jill Frog and little Willie Treetoad trudged along the road toward home talking about the examinations.

"I hate to think of those old examinations," said Jack, kicking a stone out of his way.

"Oh, they will soon be over," said little Willie Treetoad, "and then we will have our long vacation."

But Jack didn't answer. He was thinking out a very good scheme.

"I'm going to play I'm sick," he said to himself.

When Jack reached home he began to screw his face up in all kinds of ways, as though in great pain.

"Why, what's the matter with my little Jack?" said Mrs. Frog, very much excited.

"Oh, dear, oh, dear, I feel so sick," wailed Jack.

"Well, you go right to bed," said Mrs. Frog, "and maybe in the morning you will feel better."

But in the morning when Mrs. Frog went into Jack's room to see if he felt better, she found him more doubled up than ever.

"I don't believe I feel well enough to go to school," moaned Jack.

"Of course not," said Jack's mother. "You just stay in bed."

"Hurrah!" thought Jack to himself. "Now I won't have to take those old examinations."

"And," continued Mrs. Frog, "I'll send for Doctor Beetle right away."

At the sound of Doctor Beetle's name Jack jumped, then he lay very still.

By and by along came Doctor Beetle, who gave Jack some awful, awful bitter medicine called ozlamagoozium. "Give it to him every hour," said Doctor Beetle.

Mrs. Frog told her husband about it that very night and Jack heard every word she said and he told Willie Treetoad about it the very next night and how Willie did laugh!

But Jack didn't think it funny!

Do You Know This?

1. What is the difference between gait and gate? (Five credits.)

2. What avenue in Philadelphia is a park? (Five credits.)

WANTED

SUIT OF CLOTHES—An old suit for a boy of 11 years, who is in need of it. Address Farmer Smith.

A Game for Everybody

The Automobile Ride

The children sit around in a wide circle and each chooses some part of an automobile or the name of a person in it, such as Mrs. Brown, her little boy, John; her little girl, Mary; her baby, a wheel, the steering gear, the horn, etc. (The names of the family must be agreed upon before you start to play the game.) Some one then tells the story of Mrs. Brown's trip in the automobile and of the accidents that happen, how one of the wheels comes off; how the horn won't blow, and so on. The story-teller makes up her story as she goes along. At the mention of each different person or part the person who has selected that must stand up and turn around. When the word "automobile" is mentioned all players change places. If any one fails to stand up and turn around or to change places, she or he must pay a forfeit.

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Highest grade milk carefully modified in our special laboratory to suit the normal baby's needs. Fresh daily in 6 oz. nursing bottles at 5 cents.

Best and Safest! It will help to keep baby well! Printed matter with valuable hints on feeding mailed free on request.

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"POSITIVELY DELICIOUS"

that's the phrase used when one speaks of Bradley's Roasts, Chops and Steaks.

The proper selection of your meat is as important as the proper preparation.

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Our fresh berries are not the tasteless kind. They not only look like strawberries, but taste the part as well.

Meriano produce is a standard for quality, purity and wholesomeness.

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Locust 3660

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HALLAHAN'S

Daring — perhaps. Smart — most certainly. A charming boot of short-skirt height, with lines that will make your foot and ankle look their prettiest.

And there you have a word picture of our

Spring Chicken Boot
$5.00 to $6.50

A typical Hallahan boot—in style, in fit—in workmanship and price.
In White Glace Kid, Pearl Gray Kid, White Snow Buck, Bronze, Java Brown, Champagne Kid, Royal Jet Kid, Persian Ivory and White-Top Combinations.

New Souvenirs for Children This Week

HALLAHAN'S
Good Shoes
919-921 Market Street

Branch Stores Open Every Evening
4028-30 Lancaster Ave.
5604-06 Germantown Ave.
60th and Chestnut Sts.
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The Fur Price Reductions Still Continue

And in addition to these remarkable offerings, we now have ready for your inspection a fine showing of

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