

MONIE CRISPEN A TALE OF PHILADELPHIA

WRITTEN ESPECIALLY FOR THE EVENING LEDGER BY
ARNOLD GARRY COLM

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CHAPTER XVI—Continued

HE WENT on to say that it was self-evident that the letter characters "Q" and "U" were really letters that had fixed habits for reappearing. He explained that the discovery of the right letters would shatter the cryptic cross, and said that for the benefit of the company he was working the problem over orally.

"Tell me, what sort of letters are used most frequently in French, English and German?" he asked.

"Vowels beyond all question," replied Andrews.

"You are right," said Blinn, "we who study the peculiarities of letters in books find that in one language 'A' is the most recurrent, in another it is 'E' and again it may be 'I'. Therefore, the symbol letter 'Q' having the greatest frequency, must really be one of these three vowels. Whereupon he set down the letters of the alphabet thus:

ABCDEFGHIJKLM
NOPQRSTUVWXYZ

"We will assume as a starter that 'Q' is the most repeated symbol in the cross is really 'A,'" he said.

He had written under the real "A" the symbol "Q" and followed it with corresponding characters through the entire alphabet. His speculation looked thus:

ABCDEFGHIJKLM
KLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ
NOPQRSTUVWXYZ
XYZABCDEFGHIJ

"Now," he shrilled, with a twinkle in his bulging eyes, "we must assume that the probable start of a word was immediately after any of the three perpendicular rows of figures. Anyhow, it is the best place to enter the cross. For experiment, I shall select 12 letter characters starting with 'F' at the point where the 8th longitudinal line of characters crosses the 9th latitudinal line. On the basis that 'Q' is 'A' for the symbols we may write a guess as to the others."

Blinn exhibited this scroll:

For F we have V
For Q we have A
For J we have Z
For P we have V
For U we have K
For X we have N
For O we have A
For Y we have O
For I we have U
For E we have N
For S we have N
For H we have U

The supposed words or parts of a word ran: "VAZVKNOKNNU."

"Looks like a new Russian drink," commented Agent W., dryly. "Nothing American about that word."

"Nor is it French," said Andrews, "I answer that it is not German," cracked the decoder. "Oh! I am neutral, but I cannot forget a good German mother who gave me the plodding, analytical brains with which I did out these puzzles!"

"Might be Czech or Bulgarian," ventured Monte.

"No, gentlemen, we have drawn a blank," replied Blinn, "for 'Q' is not the vowel 'A'. Let us go back and start again. The next vowel is 'E'. We will now say that it represents 'Q'."

And for this test he had rearranged the alphabet as follows:

ABCDEFGHIJKLM
NOPQRSTUVWXYZ
NOPQRSTUVWXYZ
ZABCDEFGHIJKL

For his second attempt Blinn had selected the very same 12 letter characters from the cross. Under the new alphabet alignment:

F became T
Q became E
J became X
P became I
U became L
X became M
N became S
A became I
Z became L
V became M
K became L
M became L
S became L
N became L
U became L
O became L
Y became L
I became L
E became S

The rearranged dozen characters now read: "TEXTILE MILLS."

"You have turned the trick and showed us the cards," cried Monte, overjoyed.

"Now give us the new cross with the entire message with all the natural letters substituted."

Blinn did so. The new cross looked as follows:

13 O E 3 R E E S T A T
R A 4 H D W S I L I
K V 2 I 6 N E O W E
S Y 6 G 8 A X N H S
W D 6 H 3 V P S O T
E Y 8 E 5 Y E P S O
R E H T C S N 7 R 7 P R R E B F T N E E
R E R E R I T A 7 W 7 R I O E U I U E R S
P T L U R M M T A S O E G K Y E A R U W
R I D S O R I I E G H G E N R S T E A L U N I
O E I T N L T X E I R C E T H A O N C L
P S N M W L E T S P A E S O E C W D L L
D C I H Y M O S I M
O H L O A 3 R I M C
U A E R R 5 C N P H
B R M T D 7 A G A E
L G I E O 7 P C I A
E E L R P H A O R P
M S L H P E C M V W
I W S O U I P A H
N I S U S O R T A L E
E R T R I N Y N U N
D E R S T O N Y E M
E L I A I B E O P C
X E K R O U G F R Q
T S E R N S O F O U
R S S A T I T I P A
A 3 F N O N I C E L
H 3 O G N E A I R I

Which, read downwards from left to right and put into paragraph form, was this startling message:

RE-PROPERTIES HELD IN TRUST
M. C. IRON WORKS, WEST
MILL, DOUBLED-ENDED, EX-
TRA HEAVY DYNAMITE
CHARGES; WIRELESS; 35, 34,
36, 68, 71. TEXTILE MILLS;
STRIKES FOR HIGHER WAGE,
SHORTER HOURS ARRANGED;
38, 35, 77. SHIPYARD; OPPOS-
ITION TO NEW NAVY PRO-
GRAM; 35, 77. HIRER—NO BUS-
INESS. EXPERIENCE OR
CAPACITY. NEGOTIATIONS
PROGRESSING; COMPANY OFF-
ICIAL WHO SEEMS TO IM-
PAIR VALUE PROPERTIES TO
BUY THEM CHEAP WHEN M.
C. QUALIFIES ACTUAL OWNER
UNDER UNCLE'S WILL.

"Gentlemen, I want to catch the 11:30 Reading for New York," piped Blinn when he had laid the solution on the table. "Got six kiddies and a wife waiting in Station Island. Looks as if the old man gets home with the morning's milk."

"Slow down a moment," said Agent W. "How about that 11 on the cross?"

"That is the keyletter," said the code expert as he slung a red muffler around his neck, and slipped into his coat. "It is the 11th letter of the alphabet. It stands for 'M' and was the tip that I got it. I looked at the cross but I always like to work out my problems. Good night!"

After Blinn left the room Monte re-

marked: "Can you beat it? He chose the difficult path by preference. It takes all kinds to make the world."

At 2 o'clock on the following afternoon the three men sat down in the same place to fathom the full meaning of the message in the preparation of ways to meet the machinations of the Rivay gang; formidable and menacing in spite of the members willing to peddle its secrets for cash. It was Thursday.

Of the advantages looming from the split among the enemy the young multi-millionaire said:

"Upon my word this is going to be a real fight; we are evenly matched at any rate."

"How so?" said Andrews.

"Because we evidently have a traitor in our own ranks; the odds are even," was Monte's cool reply.

CHAPTER XVII

An Unsuspected Partnership

ANY West Philadelphia dwelling house is a complete chapter in itself. True, as fast as enterprising owners can wheedle loans from conservative bankers, standard apartment buildings are invading this picturesque district. Yet up shady, quiet streets there remain long reaches of the old individualism; fine, palatial residences still comparatively new with large grassy plots in the rear and small gardens in the rear—luxuries of living still as common to Philadelphia as clean laundry and fresh air.

The delicate houses are much too respectable in appearance for a suspicion that they might harbor disreputable characters. Those occupants we know are always nice, normal, average people who feel no pang of shame when an occasional neighbor puts out a "For Rent" sign, loads household effects upon motor-trucks, and rolls off to Overbrook, Merion, Fernwood, Haha or one of the many beautiful suburban residence towns of the city. New people who never become neighbors move into the vacant houses, and they may go and come without exciting small talk or passing curiosity from the worthy established families surrounding them.

Strange dramas are not infrequently enacted in these quiet houses. A newly tenanted house of yesterday—where happenings which never get into the newspapers. Behind their vine-clad, deep-set windows we may find a man and a woman trying to blot out unpleasant memories of another city, there a drab soul reflecting alone upon squandered years and fortune gone forever. A new tenant in an old house of a wide range of speculation. Romance? Sorrows? Mystery? Who knows?

No. 31 Blank street was an empty landmark of West Philadelphia. It had a long, narrow structure of Colonial lines, half concealed by thick shrubbery, and situated at the back end of a corner lot. It had stood vacant for a year. Being without that greatest of modern improvements, a garage, it had been spared by hordes of house-hunters, although only three blocks from the Pennsylvania railroad station, and one block from a trolley line. Through the long summer feathered songsters revelled in an undisturbed song among the branches of the four oak trees rooted in the front yard.

At last in the early fall the reality agent found a tenant for the premises, and he wrote the owner, an estimable widow living in far-off Pasadena, Cal., of his success:

Very desirable people, rich Latin-Americans, Senior Enrique Velazquez, a banker, his niece and his nephew, all of Brazil; in America for an indefinite stay. In the summer of 1915, six months' rent in advance upon a three-year lease, will make their own repairs, and I herewith enclose my check for the balance on hand, after deducting for taxes, water and insurance and agent's commission.

It took a week for the agent's glad tidings to get to California and a fortnight for the good lady to write back to her home friends of her luck. She wrote, after a brief period of hammering and other noises initial to new tenants, two huge mud-splattered vans from New York delivered a lot of furniture, and the Velazquez family were installed. They were set down as Spaniards; foreigners with their own social ties, and no one called upon them.

And as the newcomers kept entirely to themselves, in fact well out of sight, the neighborhood, including the cop on the beat, switched eyes in other directions, and events jogged on as usual in the calm little street.

Two men turned the corner of Blank street early one November evening. They were talking earnestly as they walked rapidly toward the stone steps and walk leading to the front entrance of No. 31. Their faces were distinct under the arc light in the street.

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

Jenkintown Firemen Elect

These officers were elected at the annual meeting of the Pioneer Fire Company No. 1, of Jenkintown, last night: President, William H. Davis; vice president, Thomas W. Logan; recording secretary, J. Welsh; financial secretary, J. Norman Kline; treasurer, W. Carroll Harper; chief, Andrew Graham; assistant chief, J. Frank Fleck and George B. Clay; foreman, Otis Mather; trustee, George Fleck.

"They barred the path against the German onrush and saved the day for the Empire, for the Allies and for the world." That's what Sir Robert Borden the Canadian Premier, says about what the Dominion soldiers did at Ypres and that's what they've been doing ever since they landed in France. Others praise their valor, too—even the enemy, and we—well—we're proud of our kinsmen of the North and want to know in detail where they have fought and how. This we may learn in the fascinating new book, written by an eye-witness at the front—

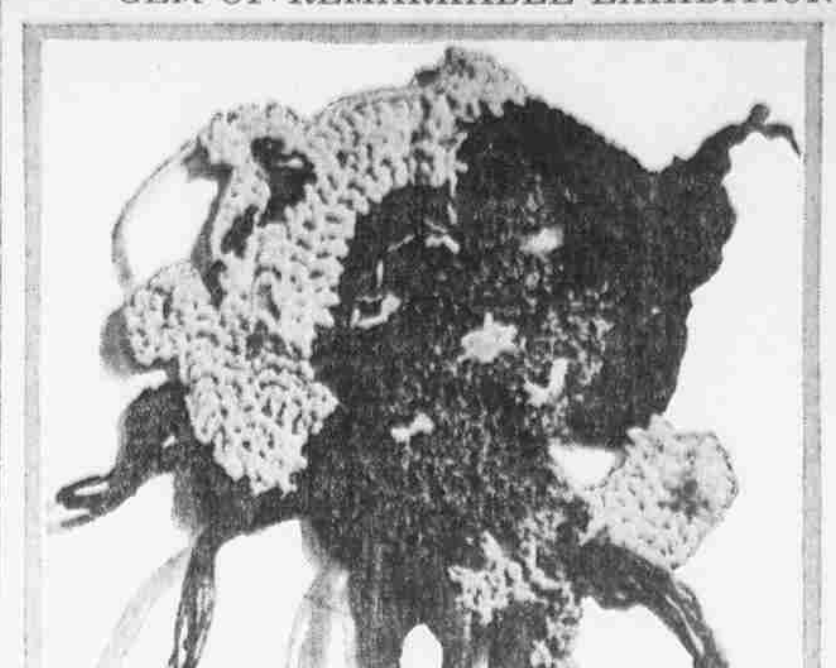
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It Reflects the Artist's Temperament and Is Only One Example of Unique and Startling Group of Pictures

Have you ever seen the portrait of a soul? And, moreover, the soul of an artist with her vague artistic temperament that so baffles and enrages the laymen? Thirdly, have you ever seen the portrait of a soul of an artist portrayed by the artist herself?

The self-portrait of her soul is the momentous contribution of Miss Sallie M. Hays to the most interesting innovation in art exhibits held in Philadelphia. Send self-portrait of yourself, by yourself, sacred, serious or profane, was the invitation sent out by the jury. The responses are miracles of individuality, a turn to the left, another turn to the left and down the long corridor leads to the small gallery in which the exhibit is held. A never-locked door opens opposite the shrine of the most sacred portrait of all.

The most fitting place for a sacred portrait is the fireplace, decided the jury, so in the deep hollow of the open fireplace is "hung" the sacred portrait of Miss Christine Chambers, one of the sponsors of the exhibit. Unlighted candles are placed before it; its title, painted on its frame, reads: "Reflecting in the Wilderness."

The first prize is awarded to James Gamble for reasons that hitherto were never considered in previous academic exhibitions. First, his contribution to the exhibition numbered three almost full-length portraits. Any one who so well filled the space on the walls deserved to have thanks said in kind. So a guaranteed beer-tight stein is attached to one of Mr. Gamble's portraits with best wishes for its frequent use.

Another point in Mr. Gamble's favor, insisted the jury, was his evident modesty. Did he not portray himself in the act of singing, with mouth extended? Such modesty deserves a prize, thought they.

Honorable mentions were awarded for obvious reasons. Miss Edith Tenney offered a portrait of herself in her most familiar attitude. One lock of her golden hair was streaming anarchistically over her forehead. The jury in much appreciation of the truth and in sympathy attached its award to the canvas—a package of yellow bone hairpins.

Another self-illuminating masterpiece is the portrait by Orlando Campbell. Mr. Campbell shows himself at the most crucial moment of the day. Only that much of himself as he sees in his shaving mirror is shown in a narrow oblong. A green eye with a red center is glaring fixedly at the spectator. Probably he had just finished grazing the under side of his jaw near the chin and had laid down the razor for the brush and palette.

But the portrait of the soul, by Miss Hays, is the piece de resistance. Disdaining the use of ordinary pigment to portray the sensibilities of her temperament, Miss Hays has evolved a mass of scraps of darning cotton, each color used a symbol of a bit of her soul.

Attached to the soul portrait is a white padlock of her golden hair. Artists' souls must have charts, it seems. White stands for truth, says the chart; light blue for sentiment, gray for bad qualities, red for energy; pink denotes a love of beauty;

U. OF P. RAISES MEDICAL WORK

Will Receive Only 100 Freshmen Next Fall

Only 100 freshmen will be allowed to enter the Medical School of the University of Pennsylvania next fall, according to a resolution made known by the Board of Trustees there today. By this means it is planned to raise the rank of colleges from which men are taken and to increase scholastic requirements of applicants. The resolution to limit the number of first year men was recommended by Dean William Pepper, of the Medical School. All applications must be sent in before July 1. It was announced that there would be no increase in the tuition charges.

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FARMER SMITH'S RAINBOW CLUB

A GOOD-NIGHT TALK ABOUT LOVE

Dear Children—One of our members has written in asking me to give you a talk about love.

There are many kinds of love, just as there are many kinds of electricity, and as we do not know exactly what electricity is, so we cannot say just what love is. But we do know that, like electricity, it is a powerful force. It goes through everything—plows through fire, climbs the highest mountains, goes under and over the ocean and changes the map of the world.

Mothers have fought the flames to rescue their children. Men have climbed the highest mountains and fought bloody battles for love of country. Messages of love fly by wireless and cable and the love of Napoleon's men for him changed the map of the world.

A dog loves his master, a cat loves the one who feeds it and a mother bird loves her babies well enough to push them out of the nest and let them fly alone. This last proves that there is wisdom in love, the wisdom of knowing and doing what is best for the objects of our love.

Love is the biggest and most wonderful thing in the world! As some one has said, "Love is the one bright ray on life's dark cloud—the morning and the evening star."

FARMER SMITH,
Children's Editor, EVENING LEDGER.

Our Postoffice Box

Dorothy Yhlen, Logan, happily smiles at her little Rainbow friends from out the Postoffice window this evening!

Keely, Stiller street, has four members in her branch club. Mary Day, North 15th street; Victoria Burray, Brown street; Anna McCarthy, Poplar street, and Catherine Cunningham, Vineyard street.

More branch clubs are being formed. Street Rainbows, under the direction of Jennie Berocca and Carrie Cole, made a visit to the Zoo and had a wonderful time.

Gracious! here's a wet letter that was all hidden under Mildred's big envelope. And it's from Frances May Smith, 8 years old, Atlantic City, and we wouldn't have missed it for the world. Oh, we're not going to say what's in it!

Herbert Shaw, North 6th street, reads the Rainbow news before he reads the jokes! What do you think of that? Israel Rosenfeld, North 24th street, and Frank Bamhold, Marine street, love their Rainbow buttons so much that they would not dream of losing them. We know some Rainbows who, dreadful to say, lost this beautiful badge of their club. What shall we do to them? Margaret Donatelli, Morris street, wants your editor to put his picture in the club news. Dear little girl, your editor is very big and brave, but he is too shy to face 46,000 children all at once, not to speak of the grown-ups whom we are told peek in our corner every night. Mildred Greenspan, South 5th street, was with the A. A. A. Congratulations from the Rainbow office.

Matilda Gold, Jackson street, aren't you ashamed to think that we don't want you in our club? We do, indeed, and the reason your letter was not answered through the mail is it was answered in "Our Postoffice Box." Many thanks, Eva Lipschutz, for your pretty story.

More branch clubs: John Pinelli has founded one in Roseto, Pa., and a very enthusiastic meeting was held on March 21. From Newtown Square, Pa., Janice Edgar sends the names of five little friends whom she has banded together in a Rainbow circle. They are Dorothy Edgar, Dorothy Webbert, Elizabeth Ricabough, Frances Webbert and Viola Wirebaugh. Miriam Koenig and her little playmates on North 44th street have founded a "club for doing good." The dues are 2 cents a week and we are sure that these pennies will be thoughtfully placed.

Things to Know and Do



1. What flowers are represented in this picture?
2. How does little take a bath? (For little folks.)

THE END.

BOYS AND GIRLS.

If you want to earn money after school and on Saturdays write to Farmer Smith.

Wanta and Kawasha

CHAPTER XV.

You remember that the white man and Wanta and Kawasha were skimming over the water in the canoe, with Chief Red Feather and his braves howling treacherously after them. This embarking in the canoe was not a rash, impulsive act on the part of John Marshall. In his flight through the trees he had spied on the river the lights of a sailing vessel. Yes, there ahead, they shone now as the boat plowed majestically down the river. To get to them was their only hope!

In the water splashed Red Chief and his followers. Bowls were raised to their shoulders and lightning-pointed arrows shot through the air. Again the children crouched in the bottom of the canoe, when, snap, an arrow pierced the birch bark surface!

In rushed the water—"Swim, children, swim for the lights!" cried the white man. But, alas, the white man had made a mistake. Unlike most Indian children, Wanta and Kawasha could not swim.

Over went the canoe and, struggling frantically, the two little ones sank under the water.

"Save us!" cried the white man, trying to attract the attention of the people on board the boat. The moon was bright, and although the stars were late many still lingered on deck enjoying the beauty of the night. The call sounded loud and clear and there was an immediate rush to the deck rail.

"Some one is drowning!" was the general cry; and in a very few seconds two brave men had dived overboard and were swimming to the rescue.

By this time the white man had reached the two children and was trying desperately to keep their heads above the water. He had almost given up hope when strong arms reached out and lifted his little charges into their safe harbor.

Awestricken, Great Chief Red Feather and his hand splashed some small distance away, grumbling and threatening, but not daring to approach the ship. Within a few minutes the rescued and the rescuers were safely landed on board the vessel. Out on deck on a pile of soft blankets they laid the two children. Kawasha was weak but conscious. Wanta's eyes were closed.

The passengers surged eagerly around. Then suddenly the captain came out. "This is a white child!"

It was true. There in the moonlight Wanta's face showed pale and fair, with

only a few streaks of ugly brown stain running down the side of her forehead. Bewildered, John Marshall turned to look at Kawasha. His face was a queer combination of brown paint and white skin.

"It is true," he said wonderingly, "but why?"

A chorus of mystified exclamations arose from the passengers—then up spoke the captain, a worthy seaman, who had been guiding his ship up and down the river for many years.

"These children have evidently been stolen," he said, "and their skin washed each day in native brown dye. The sudden plunge in the water washed a good bit of the dye off."

"Oh," exclaimed John Marshall, "that is why they weren't able to swim. No doubt the Indians feared to let them near the water lest the dye wear off and they be discovered."

Then he questioned Kawasha, but the boy could tell nothing of any life save his present one.

Just then Wanta opened her eyes. "White man," she cried, "the treasure!" and then, remembering, she reached quickly for the little bag that hung at her side; she pulled forth the diamonds, safe and sound.

Soon she was telling her story of the night's events. All the while the white man listened with tears very near his eyes. It was very wonderful, this story of two little ones risking their lives for him.

Then it was Wanta's turn to listen, and the story that she heard was a very beautiful one. The white man was going to adopt Kawasha and herself as his very, very own and he was going to be their really truly father in a land where there was no brown paint and no Chief Red Feather!

THE END.