THE AFTERGLOW

By GEORGE ALLAN ENGLAND

CHAPTER XXXIV (Continued)

"WHO ever would have thought, after books intact as we did? A miracle—nothing less! With our printing plant also With our printing plant already at under the cliff, all the art, science work under the clift, all the art, science and literature of the ages—all that's worth preserving—can be still kept for mankind. But if I hadn't happened to find a library of books in a New York bonded warehouse all cased up for transporation, the work of preservation would have been forever im-

He turned back to his history, and bepages of his voluminous manuscript. He

"March 1, A. D. 2930. The astronomical observatory on Round Top Hill, one mile south of Newport Heights, was finished today and the last of the apparatus from Cambridge, Lick and other rules was installed. I find my data for reckoning time are unreliable, and have therefore assumed date arbitrarily and readjusted the calendar accordingly.

"Our Daily Messenger, circulating through the entire community and educating the people both in English and in scientific thought, will soon popularize the new date. "Just as I have substituted the metric for the old-time chaotic hodge-podge we once used, so I shall substitute English or Merucaan definitely inside of a few bears. Already the younger generation bardly understands the native Merucaan speech. It will eventually become a dead, historically interesting language, like all former tongues. The catastrophe has rendered possible, as nothing else could have done, the realization of universal eech, labor-unit exchange values in place money, and a political and *conomic

personal gain. He turned a few pages, his face glowing

"April 15-The first ten-yearly census was completed today. Even with the aid of Frumuos and Zangamon, I have been at work on this nearly two months, for w our outlying farms, villages and settlements have pushed away fifteen or twenty miles from the original focus at the Cliffs, or 'Cliffton,' as the capital is becoming generally known.

"Population, 5072, including a high birthand an exceptionally low mortality.
one greatest need is large families. With the whole world to reconquer, we

must have men.
"Area now under cultivation, under grazing and under forests being actively ex-ploited, 42.076 acres. Domestic animals. 26,011. Horses are already being replaced by motors, save for pleasure-riding. Power plants and manufacturing establishments thirty-two. Aerial fleet, seventeen of the large biplanes, eight of the swifter monofor scout work. One shippard at

Total roads, macadamized and other or under construction, forty-one; mines even, including the technical schools at Intervale, under my personal instruction. Military force, zero—praise be! Likewise Likewise jails, saloons, penitentiaries, gallows, hos-pitals, vagrants, prostitutes, politicians, diseases, beggars, charities-all zero, now

Allan turned to the unfinished end of the manuscript, poised his pen a moment, and then begun writing once more where he had left off when called by Beatrice;

patriarch, first of all our people to perish in the upper world, was finished on June 18. Memorial exercises will be held next

June 22 the new satellite, which passes darkly among the stars every fortyeight hours, was named Discus.
"Its distance is 3246 miles; dimensions,

traces either of habitations or of their ruins on the new and till now unobserved face of on the new and till now unobserved face of the moon, hidden in the old days. This the found on Page 11 of this issue.

"You mean, Mr. Fletcher-?"

"That I'm about to give up business-

reason, no capital. There have been a few

encouraging commissions, but they came far between, and I don't care to venture the

big ones, where it takes money and time to work out a profit."
"I see, I see," nodded John Ward.

thoughtfully, "and you can't keep me here;

"See here, Mr. Fletcher," spoke Ward untly, "don't look at the darkest side.

You say you haven't capital. Mistake-

you've got your honesty and your ability and record. They're famous assets, in your

roll, but I won't close the office while you're

so, all right, but a dozen good things may turn up in the meantime. You take a rest,

I'll willingly drop from the salary

When you come back, if you say

maybe you'll come back with your old

as his family termed it, was

Ezra Fletcher had come to the city a year previous, from the little inland town of Moundville. The incentive for "spread-

his love for Drusilla Ashton. There seemed little chance of getting ahead in the slow, humdrum village, and Fletcher was ambitious. Besides, as a matter of pride, he wanted to own a home before he took

Fletcher had opened a small, obscure

office as a broker. It was still small and

clients. The result was, his specious busi-ness rivals outstripped him. One thing he

onest with his clients. His competitors

One night Fletcher ran across a wretched

staggering wreck of a man. It was John Ward. He pitied the foriorn fellow, took him to his office, sobered him, let him sleep there nights, bought him a decent suit of

clothes and got to liking him. As to Ward, he turned out true-blue. He appreciated

fully the friendly interest of Fletcher, turned his back on strong drink, and in-

sisted on helping his benefactor. Fletcher finally paid him a few dollars a week

Now the crists had come. Business had

turned exceedingly bad. Fletcher was worn with anxiety and work. He was forced

to announce his resolution to abandon the

and when he made a commission,

sneered at him, but they had to acknowledge that he bore the cleanest record among

Drusilla for his bride.

salary, and when he divided it with him.

problem still remains for further investiga-

"July 4, our national holiday, a viva-voce election and Council of the Elders was held. They still insist on choosing me as Kromno. I weary of the task, and would gladly give it over to some younger man.
"At this council, held on the great meeting ground, hevond the hangars. I again and

At this council, held on the great meeting ground beyond the hangars. I again and for the third time submitted the question of trying to colonize from the races still in the Abyzs. If feasible, this would rapidly add to our population. The Folk are now civilized to a point where they could rapidly styllized to a point where they could rapidly assimilate outside stock.
"In addition to the Lanskaarn, a strong

and active race known to exist on the Cen-tral Island in the Sunken Sea, there remain persistent traditions of a strange, yellow haired race somewhere on the western coasts of that sea, beyond the Great Vortex.

Two parties exist among us.

The minority is anxious for exploration and conquest. The majority votes for peace and quiet growth. It may well be that the Lanskaarn and the other people never will be rescued. I. for one, cannot attempt it. I grow a little weary. But if the younger generation so decides, that must be their problem and their labor, like the rebuilding of the great cities and the reconquest of the ntire continent from sea to sea. "In the meantime-

At the window appeared Beatrice. Smiling, she flung a yellow rose. It landed on Allan's desk, spilling its petals all across his

He looked up, startled. His frown became 'My time's up?" he queried. "Why, I didn't know I'd been working five minutes!"
"Up? Long ago! Now, Alian, you just

imply must leave that history and come out and see my roses, or—or——"
"No threats!" he implored with mock "No threats!" he implored "No threats!" he implored transfers, "I'm coming dearest. earnestness. unhampered by ideas of selfish,

"Not another minute, do you hear?"

"-to put my work away, and I'm with He carefully arranged the pages of his manuscript in order, while she stood waiting at the window, daring not leave lest he plunge back again into his absorbing tell. Into his desk drawer he slid the precious record of the community's labor, growth achievement, triumph. Then, with a boyish twinkle in his eyes, he left the library.

She turned, expecting him to meet her by the broad plazza; but all at once he stole quietly round the other corner of the bungahis footsteps noiseless in the thick Suddenly he seized her, unsuspecting, in

his arms.
"My prisoner!" he laughed. Here's the most beautiful one in our whole

"Where?" she asked, not understanding. "This red one, here!"
And full upon the mouth he kissed her in the leaf-shaded sunshine of that wondrous ummer day.

CHAPTER XXXV The Afterglow

EVENING!
Far in the west, beyond the canyon of New Hope River—now a beautifully terraced park and pleasure ground—the rolling hills, fertile and farm-covered, lay resting as the sun died in a glory of crimson, gold and green.

The reflections of the passing day spread a purple haze through the palm and fern tree aisles of the woodland. Only a slight breeze swayed the branches. Infinite in its serenity brooded a vast peace from the dowing sky.

A few questing swallows shot here and there like arrows, blackly outlined with swift and crooked wing against the ver-milion of the west. Over the countryside, the distant farms

and hills, a thin and rosy vapor hovered, fading slowly as the sun sank lower still. Scarcely moved by the summer breeze, a few slow clouds drifted away—away to westward—gently and calmly as the first promises of night stole up the world. (CONCLUDED TOMORROW)

FALSE PRIDE OF YOUNG MARRIED FOLK CAUSES MISERY, SUCCESSFUL BUSINESS WOMAN SAYS



professions on the womanliness of woman.

If nursing the sick, working among the soor, uplifting the uncleanly and ungodly

s the proper work for woman, where can his sort of effort be applied more practi-

cally and with less ostentation than in the

heart of a large business, where one is blought into daily contact with the strug-

gle of the great working people for exist-

It has been my privilege to do a certain

mount of "uplift work" in our organiza-

These efforts have never been classed

-they are rather as much a part and

The careful study of the requirements of

parcel of my daily work as the directing

the working people is largely woman's work. Therefore, in my opinion modern

usiness is suffering from too much mas-

culine firmness and too little womanly

Outside comment is not the only obstacle

woman in the commercial life toust

This must be coped with diplomatically,

A woman's power in business depends

upon the woman herself. Her authority will be respected in direct proportion to her

ability to command that respect. To suc-

either sex a woman must be womanly. One

eed in commanding that respect from

A successful woman must endeavor to

attract to herself the respect and affections

of the organization and avoid by over-dress, superior airs and vanity the creation of envy. The must be tactful, patient and considerate to those under her. She must

never forget the fact that it is a grave

responsibility to have the power to give

to and take from any human being the

work by which they earn their daily bread.

Cheap sentimentality must be divorced

An incompetent, indifferent employe is too

frequently tolerated out of sympathy, and the fact is overlooked that those who are

entitled to our greatest sympathies and help

are the good, honest, willing and efficient workers. It is misplaced charity to keep

good person out of a job by keeping a

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ad person in it. So you have her—the business woman!

surmount. There is some dissension from within.

of the closing of the books.

empathy and understanding.

systematically and sensibly.

f her main assets is modesty.

rom an executive wo

EGGS

AND SO

THE

corner.

Girl in Mart or Office Need Not Give Up Her Job at Altar, Declares Miss Kathryne Haun

women's articles written for the Evening Ledger by Miss Kathryne Haun, said to be the highest paid business woman in Philadelphia. Miss Haun is treasurer and memof the board of directors of E. F. Houghton & Co., a million-dollar oil and

leather concern located in Kensington.

Miss Haun entered the employ of the firm it a stipend as small as the smallest now paid any girl in the employ of the company. Today she is looked upon as one of the keenest minds engaged in financing Philadelphia's millions of industrially in vested capital.

previous article Miss Haun described her own rise in the business world. Today she sets forth business principles as applied to teomen.

By KATHRYNE M. HAUN CHOULD a business woman marry? Why not?

If a society woman marry why not a business woman? Surely the latter can give as much time to the home, to the bringing of children into the world and to the personal attending of them as a society

ries must lose her independence and that a partnership of two must of necessity void the earning power of one is uneconomical to say the least.

There is perhaps nothing that creates so such misery as the false pride of the average young married couple. The man is too proud to let his wife work and she resigns a position paying several times the wage of a domestic, to be the house servant of her proud lord and master. She works many times harder at her new calling, for which she is neither suited nor trained, than she did at her former position, yet she deceives herself into believing the new hardships are to her liking because they form a sacrifice for him.

How much better would it have been if the husband had permitted his wife continue at her own work and to hire a working housekeeper to housekeep? We are all unconsciously the products

of our environment, and it frequently hapens that the business training of a woman mikes her bright, sensible and attractive to a man who would probably not have been attracted to a domestic woman. The man then proceeds to transplant the woman his choice from the very sphere which no doubt molded her for him and to place her in an atmosphere of dishwashing, which sooner or later is going to unfit her for his companionship

WOMAN'S POSITION What is woman's position, definitely? Is she man's side by side equal? Shall

I certainly believe a woman should have the privilege of voting, but not on the contention that woman is the equal of man. Woman is no more the equal of man than man is the equal of woman. The Lord in infinite wisdom created every living thing for some purpose, and differentiated between man and woman that each might be best ating the race. The direction of the efforts of both sexes in the channels of their natu-ral tendencies effects the greatest economy

of humanity and the maximum amount of hapiness in the world. This might seem like a paradox. It might seem that I am recommending woman for the home, man for the office. To the contrary, we need womanly women in business. I am convinced that the theory so largely advanced that women's field of endeavor man's in business is incorrect and incapable of proofs. It is generally based on the position that commerce detracts from the refinement and instincts of

woman.

FALLACIOUS REASONING This is a false basis probably founded upon the idea that all women in public life



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Change of Environment From Business Life to Domestic Routine Not Always the Best

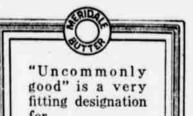
Society has worked overtime endeavoring to prevent young girls from going wrong. At the same time its tenets hold forth the standard of idle hands to its members. ignored that a greater number women than single girls stray are of the type that espouse the cause of down the path of dubious pleasure suffrage from the soap box on the street

So long as the aim of the husband and the wife is ultimate luxury, just so long will the social workers find material for ly experience has been that business fields their efforts.

Woman never will come into her own un it she is honored for her usefulness rather than her idleness!

. No Beggars in Panama

Although the city of Panama is a cosmopolitan place, virtually every race being represented in its 60,000 inhabitants, there are no beggars except a few blind men.



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WELL, WOUDN'T IT MAKE YOU MAD, TOO?

U. of P. Co-Eds Vexed When They're Turned Down for Masque Pantomime

That n. g. (meaning "no good") sign on the card of thirty co-eds at the University of Pennsylvania is causing much sniffing and upturned noses among the girls and

their sympathizers today.

All was serene when the call for the pantomimes of the Masque of American Drama was issued by Mrs. William Merriman Price, who is directress of the pantomines for the parameter to be presented durmimes for the pageant to be presented during the second week in May at the Botanical Gardens. About sixty girls responded and did this and that and most everything, just to show that they had everything needed. And while Mrs. Price mentally microscoped their ability, they shuddered and heaved and rolled their eyes and everything. Just like that-

When it came time to pick the creme de is creme, the most graceful of 'em all—the twenty throbbers—there was much simper-

ing and breathless waiting.
"I just know she'll pick me," said the girl with the gray eyes and red lips and wonderful skin, and said, "My word."
It wasn't her word nor her complexion. She was left at the post.
"Dick save life the post."

"Dick says I'm the most graceful girl he ever met," said she of the brown eyes, Dick's word didn't go with Mrs. Price, nor did those of twenty-eight other admirers. Hence the rage, especially when there is lots of glory and fame and all that sort of thing even if one does have to start rehearsing tonight. Mrs. Price is an authority on the panto

nime, having studied under Americus, Rob-erts and Steele MacKaye and having taught the boys in the Zelosophic Society for seven years everything they know about acting. It makes no difference with her.

But the girls: Ah. the girls! Supposin' ou went and told somebody that you were going in the pantomimes of this Masque. and then supposin' that you were turned ause you weren't one of the twenty who are the most graceful at the Univer-





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to announce his resolusion to abandon the unequal fight.

But stanch John Ward stuck to his post manfully. It was the second day after the departure of his employer that two odd visitors entered the office. One was a bronzed, plain-faced man, suggesting the typical westerner. With him was a young girl, evidently his daughter, petite, smiling eyes and infused with a natural vivacity born of the free air of the mountain plains.

"I like this," observes the odd little man, taking in the office and its furnishment in a comprehensive sweep of his peering, intelligent eyes. "I say, Nancy, quite a contrast to the big office with plate glass and gliding, where they promise a fellow everything and do nothing for him except to soliect an advance fee, hey?"

"It seems," chirped his dimpled companion, settling herself in a came rocker with the complemency—"it seems like home."

There was a double wedding. Exra Fietcher went back to Moundville, but only to wed and bring back his charming flancee to the city.

"Moved the office since you went away."

"Business demands," responded Ward, coolly, "Look there," and he pointed to the second story of a central business building, across the plate-glass windows of which was the name in great gold letters:

"Fletcher & Company, Brokers."

"No, see there," and Ward proudly exhibited a bank book showing \$5000 in the name of his self-constituted firm, "Luck has come our way, Mr. Fletcher, and what brought it was what I told you were valuable assets—honesty and ability."

There was a double wedding. Exra Fletcher went back to Moundville, but only to wed and bring back his charming flancee to the city.

\$32 miles. Airmotors and sunmotor in use

The great monument in memory of the

720 miles by 432; weight, six and three-quarter billion tons. "On July 2 I discovered unmistakable

A STORY FOR SPARE MOMENTS The Business Asset

*TREGRET to say it to you, Ward, but service to you, sir?" he inquired of the father. "Are you Mr. Fletcher?" questioned the little man

"No, but this is his office." "Ezra Fletcher, the honest broker?" oberved the visitor.

"Where did you get that? It's true, but ou are a stranger, and-"I'm David Moore, from Colorado," an-ounced the little man. "I lived where Tom Ward used to live, one of Fletcher's cus-tomers, who sold his ranch for him and "I'm afraid it's true," replied Fletcher rejuctantly. "I'm going down home to see my folks and—and the lady I expected to marry. That will have to walt now. I'm a failure, and I've got to begin all over got him out of the clutches of some real es-

tate sharks." "I remember." nodded Ward. "And charged the poor fellow a mere trifle

for all of his good work."
"Seeing he was poor, yes. Why not That's Mr. Fletcher's way." "I understand that," replied the Westerner promptly, "and I've come to put my belongings into his hands for sale. You ee, since my wife died Nancy and me are onely, away out there. I've got a thousand-acre ranch and five hundred acres of timber. I'm ready to sacrifice for the ready cash, for I want to settle down in the city here, where Nancy can enjoy civ-

ilization." "Because, you see," put in the irrepress-ible Nancy, drolly, "I'm uncivilized." Ward directed a full admiring glance at her which she could not mistake, and she flushed deliciously. His ardent eyes said plainly, "You are the sweetest wild prairie rose, and you know I think so."

Ward explained the absence of Fletcher, whom he termed "my partner," for reasons of business policy. Then the little man unfolded his plans. Ward analyzed them with interest. Moore was shrewd, but outspoken. He bluntly stated that he would take ten thousand dollars for the "timber lot."
"But it's worth twenty," insisted Ward.

obscure. From the start he had refused to dabble in insipid stocks and cheat his "Then take off your jacket and make the difference for yourself," advised his congratulated himself on-he was loyal and client. "Won't you sort of get Nancy and me located somewhere respectable till we get our money and our bearings?" Delightful task! John Ward passed

ome time with the interesting couple, dom-

iciling them in a comfortable family hotel, directing them generally, and within the week selling the timber tract at an advance that gave him \$4000 commission. He asked Moore for a thirty-days' option on the ranch at his own figure, readily granted. Then the excited, big-hearted follow had two sole objects in life—to prepare a vast surprise for Fletcher and to win the love of the enchanting little creature

who had brought sunshine and ambition into his life. It was at the end of two weeks that Ward received a letter from Fletcher. The latter was coming back to sell out his few office traps, return to Moundville and settle down into a cierkship position. Ward met him at the train when it arrived in the