(Copyright, 1915 by Harper & Bros.)

THIS STARTS THE STORY Fleda Druse, daughter of Gabriel Druse, of gypsy blood, shoots in a anos the Carillon rapids on the Sagalac river, where it flows between the towns of Manitou and Lebanon, in the Canadian Northwest. She is resused from the whirlpools below by Max Ingolby, a manager of great Interests, who has come to Lebanon to unite the two towns and make them the center of commerce in the On the shore she is insulted by Felix Marchand, a powerful but disreputable character of Manitou. Ingolby attacks Marchand, who vows revenge. Fleda is claimed by one Jethro Fawe as his wife, under a gypsy custom which united them in marriage when they were children. Fleda rejects him and a jealous quarrel ensues between Fawe Marchand stirs up a fend betwen the two towns in order to foil Ingolby's ambitions and plans a clash between the two factions during the funeral of an Orangeman to be beld in Lebanon. Ingolby, in dis-guise, mingles with his enemies in Fawe reveals his identity and Ingolby is rendered blind by a blow on the head. A parade of strikers from Manitou clashes with the funeral of Lebanon under the pretext of insulting remarks by the Orangemen against their religion. through the air by Gabriel Druse. who has been appointed head constable. His followers are cowed and return silently to Manitou after one of their priests has made an appeal For six weeks Ingolby is cared for by Fleda, in her own home His work has been taken over by another. Progress in the towns has stopped and trouble is brewing once again. A specialist from the East is coming to try to restore Ingolby's cyesight. Fleda is kalnapped by Fawe and a band of his gypsy followers.

AND HERE IT CONTINUES

dukes and earls. I've been among them and I know. I've had my friends could not place it. among them, too. I've got the hang of it all. It's no good to me, and I piece. There's no independence in that life; you live by rule. Diable! know. I've been in palaces : I've played my fiddle to the women in high places who can't blush. It's no good; it brings nothing in the end. It's all hollow. Look at our people there." IIswept a hand to the tent door. "They'r tanned and rough, as all outdoor things are rough, but they've got their share of happiness, and every day aas its pleasures. Listen to them!" he

under the glittering stars, in the shade of the trees, groups of Romanys were

I am your man. Mi Duvel-it shall be "Would you like to come?" be asked. so! I know women. For an hour you "Would you like to come home to the will hate me; for a day you will resent Ry?" me, and then you will begin to love me.

You will fight me, but I will conquer. I

ded. and now the tears broke forth, and know you-I know you-all you women, her bedy shook with sobs. But no, it will not be I that will con-quer. It's my love that will do it. It's "It's fifteen years since you kissed me a den of tigers. When it breaks loose it last. I the old Rhodo."
will have its way. Here it is. Can't Shadd on you see it in my face? Can't you hear with eyes streaming, drawing back from it in my voice? Don't you hear my heart him. Her embrance was astonishing beating? Every throb says, 'Fledu- even to herself, for as a child Rhodo find them. Every land shall be ours; every gift of paradise within our reach—riches, power, children. Come back to were old enough to like or dislike," he low the loss himself. His name's on the your own people; be a true daughter of said with mouraful and ironical reflec- notes, isn't it?" the Ry of Rys; live with your Romany tion.

There crept into his face a kind of paced up and down the living room.

now, come to me-my wife." For one swift moment the great passion and eloquence of the man lifted of passion passed through her, storming

her senses, like a mist shutting out all the rest of the world. This Romany was right; there was in her the wild thing—the everlasting strain of race and years breaking down tilt up within her. Just for one in-

all the defenses which civilized life had stant so-and then there flashed before ber a face with two blind eyes. Like a stream of ether playing upon

warm flesh, making it ley cold, so someof the ineradicable good in her swept like a frozen spray upon the ele made a gesture of repulsion.

His eyes with their reddish glow ed nearer and nearer to her. He alked over her, driving her back against ch by the tent wall. For an in at like that-and then, with clenched

nd, she struck him in the face. vift as had been the change in her. a change like a cyclone swept over . The hysterical passion which had ed him suddenly passed, and a rk, sullen determination swept into eyes and over his face. His lips ted in a savage smile. Hell, so that's what you've learned the Gorgio world, is it?' he asked

malevolently. "Then I'll teach you what, of which he would dream when deeds, the Ry of Rys is the head of all the they do in the Romany world; and tomorrow you can put the two together threatened.

ind see what they look like." back the curtain of the tent and passed me what has happened." out into the night.

For a long time Fleda sat stunned and overcome by the side of the couch, her brain tortured by a thousand thoughts. She knew there was no immediate escape from the encampment. She could only rely upon the hue and cry which would be raised and the certain hunt which would be made for would be short to him," he answered. her. But what might not happen before

any rescue came? The ancient grudge of the Fawes against the Druses had gained power and activity by the self-imposhad worked upon it. The veiled threats darkly which Jethro had made she did not despise. He was a barbarian. He would outside?"-she made a gesture toward way with what he loved, whether or and I heard Jethro Fawe's voice. not it was the way of law or custom or right. Outside, the wedding song still the old man grimly made musical the night. Women's "Tell me what it was you said, and voices, shrill, and with falsetto notes, tell me what has happened," she permade the trees ring with it : low, bass sisted. voices gave it a kind of solemnity. The captivity was clear. Though her face had a hard look, surely Fawe's feet walked. I had heard of at the will of the wind. It is the word

determined to save berself. As she tried to take the measure of the situation and plan what she would do, the noise of the music suddenly *ALL that belongs to the life of the censed, and she heard a voice, though low in tone, give some sort of command. one well born like you and me, with a Then there was a cry, and what seemed little practice, can talk like Gorgio the chaotic noise of a struggle followed; then a voice a little louder speaking, a voice of some one she remembered, she

Something vital was happening out something punctuated by sharp. don't want it. It's all part of a set angry exclamations; afterward a voice speaking soothingly, firmly, prevailed: and then there was silence. istened there was a footsten at the or of the tent, a voice called to her offly, and a hand drew aside the tent The woman who had brought er to this place entered.

"You are all safe now." eaching out both hands to Fleda. "By og and by last, but it was a close drave! He meant to make you his wife tonight, whether you would or no. I'm of the standur i Fawe, but I'd have none of that. I

Outside in the light of the dying fires, beckoned; and out of the darkness, only faintly lightened by the dying fires, called "The Song of the Scaling." It ceased to be a Romany. It was her me." was not like the ringing of weilding- father's secret agent. Rhodo, the Rus I was silent, for I hadn't the least in praise of marriage passion; it was a child. Here and there in the world passion proclaiming the accomplishment went Rhodo, the voice of the Ry of the last month's notes given to Miss with eastern feeling; a weird charm was dreaded or loved. His words were ever \$10,000 worth of accounts receivable *Listen!" exclaimed Jethro again, a gleamed, and be showed a double row of treeth, not one of which was imperfect.

The burning in his face. "That's for you teeth, not one of which was imperfect."

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The burning in his face.

She did not answer, but looked at him

Fleda. Fleda, come to me. I have loved had been a figure of awe to her, and the feeling had deepened as the years had you since you were three. I want you gone on, knowing as she did his work now. We can be happy. Every night throughout the world for the Ry of we will make a new home. The world Rys. In his face was secrecy, knowwill be ours; the best that is in it will ledge, and some tragic underthing which was his discouraging comment. come to us. We will tap the trees of lar loueliness of figure and manner. He bappiness-they're hid from the Gorgio was so closely knit in form; there was world. You and I will know where to such concentration in face, hearing and I realized that so much of her money

chal. You will never be at home anyyearning such as one might feel who but he's dead broke himself." He
where else. It's in your bones; it's in
beheld afar off a promised land, and yet
sat down in his big chair and ab your blood; it's deeper than all. Here, was denied its joys. Rhodo was wife- structedly reached for his bookah Which he lit, and in silence smoked the flung the flap of the tent door forty years. He had had no intimates thoughtfully. across the opening, shutting out the camp-fires and the people. "Here—now—come. Be mine while they sing."

The had had no intimates thoughtfully. "What about the Meter Jewe lived alone. That the daughter of the pany?" I asked, after a while. Ry of Rys should kiss him was a thing 'I've put through an inquiry about

"I will kiss you again in another

"Jethro Fawe has gone." he answered with a sweeping outward gesture. "Where has he gone?" she asked, ap-

prehension seizing her. "A journey into the night," re sponded the old man with scorn and wrath in his tone, and his lips were set. "Is he going far?" she asked,

"The road you might think long Her hands became cold; her heart seemed to stop beating. "What road is that?" she asked. She

knew, but she must ask, "Everybody knows it; everybody goes ed exile of Gabriel Druse; and Jethro it some time or another." he answered "What was it you said to all of them

kill what he loved; he would have his the doorway. "There were augry cries, "Yes, he was blaspheming," remarked

"Tell me what it was you said, and

The old man besitated a moment, then view which the encampment took of her said grimly: "I told them they must Where was the go one way and Jethro Fawe another. woman that brought her to the tent- I told them the Ry of Rys had said no whose tent it was? She seemed kind, patrins should mark the road Jethro she meant to be friendly. Or did she this gathering here, and I was on my enly mean to betray her; to give her a way to bid them begone, for in follow- It shall not bless, and it shall not curse security, and leave her to ing the Ry they have broken his com-Jethro - and the night? She looked round mand. As I came, I met the woman of for some weapon. There was nothing this tent who has been your friend. She realizing that the Gorgio life had given available save two brass candlesticks. is a good woman; she has suffered. Her her n new view of things; angry with Though the door of the tent was closed, people are gone, but she has a heart for her because it was so, but loving her others. I met her. She told me of what for herself, he hesitated before speaking. side; that any break for liberty would that rogue and devil had done and would only mean defeat, and yet she was do. He is the head of the Fawes, but

vere done and over and the shadows Romanys of the world. He had spoken the word against Jethro, and the word will kiss you again in another shall prevail. The word of the Ry when With a Romany expletive, he flung through her tears. "But tell me—tell it is given cannot be withdrawn. It is like the rock on which the hill rests.' "They did not go with him?" she

By SIR GILBERT PARKER

"The Money Master," etc.

asked. "It is not the custom," he answered surdonically. "That is a path a Romany walks alone.

Her face was white. "But he has not

ome to the end of the path-has he?" she asked tremulously. "Who can tell?" This day, or twenty years from now, or tomorrow, or next he will come to the end of the No one knows, he least of all.

path. will not see the end, because the road is dark. I don't think it will be soon." he added, because he saw how haggard her face had grown. "No, I don't think it will be soon. He is a Fawe, at the head of all the Fawes; so Mr. and Mrs. Warren had urged Miss do it on these wave-swept rocks."

father spoke, but he can withdraw his word," she urged.

spoken, and it must be. If he spoke lightly he is not fit to rule. is good against breaking, then the Romanys are no oure than scattered leaves in vain. Pitying the girl's face, however, and

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THE LADY OF THE NIGHT WIND

Takes front rank in the exciting and fascinating Night Wind romances which have come from the pen of Varick Vanardy. If you begin reading this story on Monday next, when it starts on this page of the EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER, you will find it difficult to endure the suspense between the daily installments. There is a fine and compelling mingling of the love of a man and a woman and the unraveling of a strange mystery by those skilled in the

BRUNO DUKE

SOLVER OF BUSINESS PROBLEMS

By HAROLD WHITEHEAD

**Now, Peter." Duke said the morning after Betterly had made his head saily.

"Then." I felt fearful even to put was on my way to your father's house that. I tween them, owe him about \$125,000. Miss Maitland's money and left her when I met some one—some one that its pleasures. Listen to them." he when I met some one—some one that cried with a gesture of exultation. "Listen to that!"

The color slowly left Fledn's face. She stepped to the tent door and the security of bills receivable.

The color slowly left Fledn's face. She stepped to the tent door and the security of bills receivable.

That's a lot of money for six small concerns are rotten. Perhaps be uses them merely to get money and the means to go smash and steal it?"

The color slowly left Fledn's face. She stepped to the tent door and able.

That's a lot of money for six small concerns are rotten. Perhaps be uses them merely to get money and the means to go smash and steal it?"

Time was flying, also her capital. Her botel bill she had paid a month in able.

"Don't let your indignation run away such incidentals had eaten into her

"As he only leans to 75 per cent of there entered one whom Fleda had seen the value of the accounts, that means not more than fifty thurs in her life, that these six firms have \$150,000 and because the control of the control of the accounts. singing the Romany wedding meloly and never but twice since she had more owing to them. It looks fishy to of electrostated what the force

bells alone, it sealed blessing upon the with the same vitality which had been ting Susan Maitland her \$35,000. Duke land her \$35,000. Susan herself to man and the woman. It was a poem his in the days when she was a little smiled, youchsafed no explanation and

of life. Crude, primitive, it thrilled No minister of a case was ever more. Maitland I find \$21,000 worth of the thinking of the tragle manner in which No minister of a czar was ever more Meter Jewel Company's paper and she had been thrown on her own refew, but his deeds had been many. Now, belonging to Harvey & Jones, the low unfit to fight her own battles,

minters, and also a lot of small . "We are moving rapidly now, mints. These are round figures only. Maitland," Duke reassured her It is the Meter Jewel Company ud Harvey & Jones that have not had sible, their bills paid. Neither concern is

"I've already looked up the printers. I thought you were ashamed of Duke answered. "Last week I called by the knowledge that the great Bruno buy a ticket home before I spent it," of course, looked ever the establish

"What's it like?" I usked eagerly "The whole equipment is not worth a ousand dollars. I'm sure that it is apossible for them to have \$26,000 worth of bills receivable. If they have

one-tenth of that I'd be surprised, "Then the \$10,000 worth of their paper that Miss Maitland has is-why 's criminal!" I exclaimed, aghast a

"Yes." he said quietly, as he slowly

"What about the Meter Jewel Com-

them and haven't yet received the re-

of the standing of these six big debtors my thoughts into words, "then-it These six concerns, be looks as if Purvis had virtually stolen

with your judgment. Peter," he chided. "Purvis is certainly a fool, but he of circumstances may do, we don't know. Let's waste no time in recrimi-

Susan herself turned up a few mintites later, very anxious and nervous. She looked so frail and helpless that my sources, and how friendless she was and

"We are moving rapidly now, Miss all right, and have paid their notes a few days we will know exactly how manded. regularly, and the collateral they offer your affairs stand. Then we'll promptly act in rectifying them, so far as pos- to do something useful," Jean stuttered

"Thank you, so much, Mr. Duke," their bills paid. Neither concern is stank you, so much, Mr. Duke, she said sweetly. "I don't know what France last year?" he questioned. "No. I didn't." said Jean. "I was finding out about them without their She's a true friend, and has found me some work addressing envelopes, which suspecting anything?"

.. pays me splendidly."

Duke was guarding her interests
As the big front door banged to on

"Send this to Mamie- it will square together, won't we, dear?"

that was! I was about to say so when doorbell rang and the afternoon batch of mail arrived. Duke looked it over, then suddenly exclaimed: "Ha! Here's the report on the Meter Jewel Company."

TODAY'S BUSINESS QUESTION

What is "Lay Down" Answer will appear Monday. ANSWER TO VESTERDAY'S BUSINESS QUESTION

A "Manifold Writer" is a contrivance by which several copies may be obtained at once; it consists of several sheets covered with a preparation of plumbago.

DAILY NOVELETTE SOMETHING VENTURED

SOMETHING WON By G. G. Robinson

TINY clock on the dressing table chimed 9. Jeanette rose on one elbow to better survey the duxury surrounding her. After a year behind the lines in a French hospital the sudden plunge into luxury was breaking down

The hospitality committee of the Red PEGGY and Billy were surprised Jeanette's morale. Cross had given Jean the Fifth avenue instead of being evil really was good address-two weeks ago, when she had and was trying as hard as she could to landed in New York with a contingent save the Prince of Dollars. of nurses. Jean wore a decoration and, "We will help you." shouted Billy, was to take part in the big parade, and jumping into the water to aid the mermeanwhile, members of the Red Cross maid in holding the prince's head above were furnishing entertainment to the water.

The parade was over, but Jean lin- the mermaid. "It will be hard work stunning surprise. For when they be gered at the Warren mansion. Both to bring him back to life and we can't gan to wade ashere the charming mer-Fawe, at the head of all the Fawes; so Mr. and Mrs. Marren and Mrs. Warren and Ross to extend her visit to the she felt thoroughly rested after her leaping into the lake.

"That turtle has too big a stomach"That turtle has too big a stomach-

Jean realized that even a pretty nurse ache to want to bother around here with a decoration could not partake of any more," declared Peggy. "Put the she aided in carrying the prince up the beach. word," she urged.

Suddenly the old gypsy's face hardened. A look of dark resolve and iron
ened. A look of dark resolve and iron
question was, should she secure a posiget him to shore faster."

This was done and soon Balky Sam "The Ry will not withdraw. He has toon or go for a rest on Uncle Ben's This was done and soon Balky Sam began working over the prince to bring was swimming for the beach as fast as him back to life, using all the methods the could with the limp body of the Billy had learned in his boy scout lesthilly he is not fit to rule.

"Unless the word of the Ry of Rys good against breaking, then the Romann are no once than scattered leaves may are no once than scattered leaves to a hasty conclusion. "A month of Peggy and Billy followed behind.

"In the weeks of case has spoined as could with the limp body of the me," thought Jean. She had \$500 and prince across his shoulders. The mermaid was close beside him helping to hold the prince's head above water and so that the water he had swallowed ran out of his mouth, then they lifted real living, and then back to work!" Didn't I tell you she was a real him up and dropped him down to start

> tions at a fashionable summer resort. regretful when Jean said good-by, but the package of latest books and magazines and a bunch of American Beauties in the car that took her to the station left Jean with the feeling that Mrs. Warren was very kind.

The next evening Miss Ross registered at Point of Pines, and after requesting a maid be sent up to help her To the Editor Evening Public Ledger: wept haughtily by the loungers in the

It was not long before Miss Ross' time was very much occupied. She was morning for a sunrise swim, an ex- not do it? pert tennis player and a graceful dancer. speed boat, and young Freeman's highspendthrifts, but she meant to have a ness alone. glorious time while it lasted

Jean's happiest hours were spent ong walks over the hills with Allen The man who causes banks to fail, Stewart, a quiet, reserved sort of fellow, whom no one secemed to know He-wrecks so many lives and homes much about. Jean found this man occupying her thoughts so much that she fought with herself, and even avoided To steal the money folks for years him of late. Perhaps he was posing Had saved to see them through old age; at the wealthy resort, the same as her

funds until they were at the vanishing point. Jean put worries aside, and enjoyed every minute of the time until the onth was up.

On her last morning, Jean dodged the nation, for that won't get Susan Mait-land in Susan Mait-land is Susan Mait-Alone, with the beautiful hills coming through the sunrise haze. Jean suddenly hoked up and burst into tears, for she carned to love this place, somehow. There was a sound of some one aproaching. Dabbing her eyes, Jean

urned to find Allen Stewart had inraded her retreat. "You are leaving today?" he inquired ensurity.
"Yes," Jean managed to choke.

hypocritically. "You had charge of a hospital in And he

Jean sobbed. She was interrupted by a pair of

you can nurse wounded soldiers back individual sufferers, or all?

France last year. I'm just looking it bridge, over and wondering if I could stand Philadelphia, Aug. 1. being bost to that bunch." "You old fraud," Jean whispered. "Speaking of frauds-" he mur-mured. Jean's eyes clouded, and she

drew away from bim "Why didn't you tell me about this?" and he touched Jean's medal, pinned to her blue cape, with his lips, And Jean felt worthy.

The next complete novelette-For ward in the Car.

DREAMLAND ADVENTURES -- By Daddy "THE CHARMING MERMAID"

(The Prince of Dollars, lured by the voice of a mermaid, rides Balky Sam out to an isle in the lake. There they are attacked by a turtle, and the prince, after hurting his head on the rocks, sinks into the lake. The mermaid dives to the rescue.)

The Mermald Runs Away

when they found that the mermaid

"We must swim to shore," gasped

Jean spent the day shopping. With her mermaid!" hooted Judge Owl, keeping him breathing again. A limited capital much care and thought close above their heads. "I told you had to be put into the purchase of each so! Hoo! Next time you will to get his blood flowing.

garment. Jean telegraphed for reserva- believe what I say."

Finally they reached shallow water prince and blew her own breath into the Warrens were calmly polite and there Peggy and Billy had another his mouth. Then she kissed him.

The prince staggered to his feet and held out his arms

maid reached down and slipped off her

sible and level-headed she was, for she

hooted Judge Owl, keeping him breathing again. And while they "I told you were doing this Peggy slapped his hands

That kiss seemed to have magical results. The eyes of the prince popped open, he gasped once or twice and in a moment he seemed to be breathing all "My mermaid love!" he murmured

'Kiss me again! When he said that the mermaid blushed a rosy red and jumped to her feet. She seized her fish tail from

the ground where she had laid it and "Farewell, farewell, prince of my heart!" she cried back, "When I was a mermaid I could sing to you from afar and tell you of my love. -Now that I

Farewell! Saying this, the mermaid fled up the beach. A cloud chanced to darken the moon, and when again the light shone the mermaid was no longer to be seen. Far, far away came her song, growing fainter and fainter:

"Prince of dollars, prince of my heart, Cruel the fate that keeps us apart.' The prince staggered to his feet and held out his arms. "No fate shall keep us apart. Now

that you are human, I shall find you if I have to search this whole wide world. Just then a bugle call rang out from

the military camp.
"Hee-haw! my vacation is over." brayed Balky Sam. The next instant Peggy found herself on his back galloping along the beach, and then in a trice she was back home in bed, wondering if the Prince of Dollars would ever find the charming mermaid.

(The next story will tell how the Prince of Dollars does find the mermaid, and how Peggy and Billy help solve a mystery.)

THE READER'S VIEWPOINT

Letters to the Editor on Current Topics

Bank Wreckers Flayed in Verse at the time in the Philippines. The of the work Doctor Woodward has done

Dear Friend—Will thee please publish the inclosed, so that if any others think of robbing banks they will pause think of robbing banks they will pause a real pal to them all, up early in the and think of its terrible results, and hood were slowly won over to civiliza-

powered roadster. In her heart, Jean of the sneakiest, most heartless crimes this procedure. had no admiration for these wealthy there is, and prompted by utter selfish- when they would break out again (like MARTHA SHEPARD LIPPINCOTT.

Vilest Criminals

The vilest criminal appears.

tears.

And his just punishment ne'er fears. And he ne'er stops to heed their

Or count the lives of those he'll take, Who are too old to work again, When he will steal their money saved. And make them broken-hearted men, And moneyless in their old age He causes them, through grief, to

Or sometimes suicide commit. As with their money he will fly.

'oor belpless women's money, too. He takes and will no pity feel, As all on which they have to live He heartlessly will go and steal. He kills his victims on all sides. It wholesale murder seems to be, And yet, perhaps, he will escape, And with his crime, sometimes, go

But God will judge his soul aright. And how through selfish heartlessness American are the two "To work—I'm tired of this—I want of do something useful," Jean stuttered Just punishment upon his head, The vilest criminal he'll be.

will be so much despised He'll find life worse than being

Philadelphia, Aug. 1.

North Penu Bank and in view of the As the big front door banged to on her departing figure. Duke wrote out a check and, passing it to me, said check and, passing it to me, said few minutes later. "We'll face things small means who will suffer total loss, good qualities of Dr. George Wood-"Send this to Mamie—it will square up for her envelope addressing expenses."

"Yes, sweetheart. And if you want to do something useful, we'll build a model hospital up here in the hills, and to reimburse the worst of the many looking Roosevelt (N. F.) boulevard. would it not be possible to start a cam- ward, of the Twenty second ward, and

Jean pushed him away suddenly. You—are rich, like Vandy Brooks and the well-minded residents could show mostly live in small cheap houses in paper' should be contained to the well-minded residents could show mostly live in small cheap houses in paper' should be contained to the country of Brotherly mostly live in small cheap houses in paper' should be contained to contain the country of Brotherly mostly live in small cheap houses in paper' should be contained to contain the country of Brotherly mostly live in small cheap houses in paper' should be contained to contain the country of Brotherly mostly live in small cheap houses in paper's should be contained to contain the country of Brotherly mostly live in small cheap houses in paper's should be contained to contain the country of the contained to contain the country of the contained to contain the contained "You—are rien, like value brooms and the world that the City of Brotneriy Austin Freeman?" she gasped. the world that the City of Brotneriy Well, I guess we've got enough. My Love is more than a fable. Surplus, would be credited to the new ancle left me this resort when I was in if any, could be credited to th J. B. H.

think of an incident told me by Dr. proving his holdings for greater income ictor Heyser. He was with the and distinction. H. K. READ.

United States public health service [The letter to Herbert D. Allman tells]

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tribe in question-the Moros. He found in the St. Martin's section of the the Twenty-second ward.] Then, as the Moros in the neighbor-

tion and all that appertained there-When you think of the people it in the interior. He tells a very graphic She learned to operate Vandy Brooks's makes suffer and kills, it seems one story of winning over the Moros by orbitant increase in rents. The taxes mensles). The hospital had been fairly well

"pushed" into the interior, and apparently the Moros were grateful-and One day he took a ride to look over the neighborhood. He followed a road that took him over one of the footbills of a range in that vicinity, and as he reached the top he heard the wildest yells he ever heard in his life; his first thought was "the Moros are loose again." He did not know whether to continue

the direction of the "outbreak." whether to beat a hasty retreat. Howas it were, going down the opposite side of the footbill, to his surprise, the "rooting" was due to a baseball game. Heaving the usual sigh of relief he

was stealing a base, and one Moro, the intolerant slogar, was stealing a base, and the rest, was If the state refuses to take this sub-

paseball a la This letter is written to prove that factors that all the talk of rent profiteering is not hospital and learning baseball a la tamed this tribe.

FRANK C. HAMMOND. Philadelphia, July 31.

Suggests Woodward for Mayor To the Editor Evening Public Ledger.

Sir-Your editorial in yesterday's issue on the self-content attitude in ys me splendidly."

Once, so I came here—and now my Would Help North Penn Depositors

She soon left, feeling much comforted though's all gone, and I for-forgot to the knowledge that the great Bruno buy a ticket home before I spent it."

Would Help North Penn Depositors general of Philadelphia is indeed most correct and the positive reason of the Sir-Because of the failure of the present slow status of this town. This inclosed copy of my letter today

> To my mind, in view of the "black the slow Rapid Transit trolleys, the new low wage-all factors of a dozen years ago, which the machine politicians the real situation.

Baseball as a Civilizer

To the Editor Evening Public Ledger:
Sir—Some time tgo "Socrates" told a story in the Chaffing Dish about a story in the Philippines, which inseball game in the Philippines, which ings. etc., because for the latter most and women.

Surely the ties, after y

Hits at Rent Profiteers To the Editor Evening Public Ledger:

Sir-The great newspapers of the city seem to doubt the plans, methods and actions of rent profiteers.

I fail to see the justice in such ex-

upon property do not warrant it. Because these men have been compelled to pay to the government an income tax is no legitimate reason for their abuses. The government taxation has been placed upon others as well as

We have representatives who are supposed to support the appeals of the community for justice, or at least. give them a hearing. There is little done in Harrisburg, if there has been anything done, to stay the ravages of these coyotes.

No doubt some workmen are making his journey, which would take him in excellent wages, but they are comparaor tively few. Very few are making that much that they can pay all the existever, he proceeded. Just at the turn ing high prices of food, clothing, etc., in the read to descend into the valley, and put a little by for the rainy day. appears that the profiteering

gentry are taking advantage of the people, who, to support the government, have taken Liberty Bonds. Possessing proceeded, and as he approached "the this knowledge, they consider that they field" he saw it was the funniest sight should have these bonds, and no other way presented itself to them save that of compelling the people to buy houses The catcher was standing behind the or move. The quality of the house, its bat naked—with an old high hat se-situation, or one's desire, is not taken situation, or one's desire, is not taken curely on his head. One of the Moros into consideration-buy or move, is

heard saying "slide you sou-of-a-gun, ject in hand, and draw its legislative sword in defense of the outraged, then Doctor Heiser is convinced that the the government should be appealed to.

> "bunk." but pure fact. A READER. Philadelphia, July 30:

There's No Truth Without Criticism To the Editor Evening Public Ledger: Sir-After weeks of criticism and ridicule of the Senate in editorials and

cartoons your readers must have been

surprised by the following in the issue of July 26: The Senate in debating the peace treaty is fulfilling its constitutional function. It would be false to its duty if it neglected to examine the document in detail and to consider all its implication. * * The complications have arisen because of

the tactlessness of the President in his dealing with the co-ordinate branch of the treaty-making body. Precisely what lots of us have been sleepy and sassy (to tourists) police- saying all along, and quite unable to the well-minded residents could show the well-minded residents could show the world that the City of Brotherly mostly live in small cheap houses in paper" should be continually slamming small streets, probably because of their the Senate and defending the President We are glad that at last you set forth

> This tendency to make light of the have failed to yet distinguish themselves as being the least in behalf of Senate and Congress, generally, on the Philadelphia, but entirely for them- part of many journals throughout the land is to be deprecated. It helps to create a feeling of contempt in the publie mind toward our public representatives, especially among the younger men Surely the leading men of both par-

omniscient editorial writers, who often impute wrong motives and belittle ar-Ru Chas McManus guments based on more accurate knowledge than their own. With all its faults and redundancies,

a more general reading of the Congressional Record would result in a more intelligent public opinion and better judgment of our public me WILLIAM HOYT COLEMAN. Narberth, Pa., July 28. [The sentences quoted merely restated what has been said many times

right to disagree with the Senate or the President.—The Editor.] Better Spoiled Food Than Spoiled Tempers

by this newspaper, which reserves the

To the Editor Evening Public Ledger: Sir_If the reports are true-that we are facing a serious ice famine-I suggest that a movement be started and urged that officeholders in the many thousand offices and buildings cut out the use of ice-as the service is so early that ice is nearly melted before the average office opens—therefore, a terrible and needless waste exists. If this were done there would be plenty of ice then for foodstuffs by

merchant and bouseholder.

JULIA F. ANDREWS. Philadelphia, July 31.

her off her feet; for one instant the DOROTHY DARNIT-If Half Pennies Were Coined Mr. Knoop Might Have a Chance Romany in her triumphed, and a thrill TO DAY . IM DOWN





. . .

I DON'T SEE

