The Second Bullet—By Robert Orr Chipperfield

THIS STARTS THE STORY

A dinner party is being held at the home of Colonel and Mrs. Ledyard in Eastopolis. Among the guests are their daughter, Trixy; her friend, Braddock. Cowles; Wendle Neely Swarthmore and Mrs. Alice Hartshorne. Before the arrival of Mrs. Hartshorne it is revealed, through a discussion among the others that her history is one of mystery. After her arrival mention is made of the release from prison of the president of the Riverton bank after serving four years of a twenty-year sen-tence because of conversion of the bank funds. Under veiled questions from the others, among whom are her defenders as to her past, she suddenly is seized with a violent headnche. She rejects Braddock's offer to escort her home, after promising to come to a dance Mrs. Ledyard is giving a few nights later. Swarth-more leaves with her. He calls the next day and tells her he loves her She promises to marry him in a few days. Mrs. Hartshorne sees a face at the window which terrifies her. The significance of her fear is not revealed to Swarthmore. brought out that Swarthmore has cheated in the matter of government contracts. Braddock is to dine with Mrs. Hartshorne that night at her apartment. Constantly with Mrs. Hartshorne is a French maid named The morning after the Matilde. dance, which proves very successful, Bebe finds Trixy lying motionless on

AND HERE IT CONTINUES

"OH, IT'S you, Bebe!" she said reason why the whole world should faintly. "I-I must have been dozing.

foot and cuddling down into the silken I could not endure any more ;" coverlet. Without waiting for a reply me if you had, after all the champagne you two meet face to face in the hall," you drank at supper! You so seldom "What do you mean?" the other deyou drank at supper! You so seldom "Wha touch it, and yet last night I saw you manded. take glass after glass. It didn't affect

frightful head this morning." "Yes, that must be it, of course; and started like a mad buil to jam his the champagne!" Trixy spoke almost way through the crush to the cloak-"Rather disgraceful, isn't it? room. eagerly. "Rather disgraceful, isn't it? room. It must have been about halfhand yet do you know I wasn't conscious of what I was drinking; I felt
before supper, I remember. Neely came the dance. The door is locked, and I parched with thirst and it was iced and face to face with you and shouldered cannot make her hear me. Look,

Do ring for them, Bebe.

market is steady enough, crawling back to you soon, never fear !" You'd better believe I looked at it first of all! If the bottom falls out of it, was steady and oddly repressed. away goes little Bebe's alimony," ob- makes you say that, Bebe? Why should served that young person coolly. Then he come back now?" her volatile thoughts reverting to the

slam-bang racket. His hands simply the lips. "I don't know what you are keeping from me, but this I do know: a fainting spell, after all!" "I didn't notice him particularly."

think your mother used poor judgment a blind fool, but my eyes are opened in stationing the band so near the conservatory. People can't carry on a of my soul I abhor him!"
satisfactory flirtation in pantomime, and Weeping hysterically, she flung her-

mother wanted to leave as much space as possible for the dancing." Trixy spoke with an obvious effort. "What 'What?"

"I thought I heard a noise out in the trought I heard a hoise of in the usually taciture Frenchwoman, stood before her. her pillows.

"Your nerves, darling." Bebe as-sured her comfortably. "But what do you suppose happened to the conserva-tory door last night? Freddia Carlor or last night? Freddie Gaylor and I tried to get in there after supper, but the door wouldn't budge. Did it Mademoiselle Adare! You are late! stick or did your father lock his pre- She drew the wondering girl within cious orchids away from the common and closed the door softly.

didn't she?" Bebe chattered on. "When her she decided at last to emerge from her pearls? It's funny she never exhibited vasue feeling of oppression which swiftthem before.

She paused as if for encouragement but none being vouchsafed her, she asked

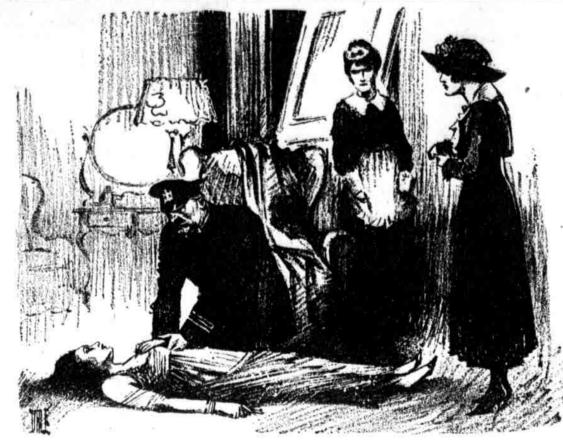
suddenly: Where was she at supper, by the way? I don't remember seeing her then or afterward. When did she go?"

"Why do you ask me?" med wrung from Trixy at last by her "Why do you keep tortured nerves. harping on her? I've endured all I can. Don't dare speak of her to me

Good heavens, Trixy, you look savage enough to kill her-

"A-ah!" Trixy covered her lips as if to stifle the sound which issued from

"Oh, well, if you feel that way, I suppose I had best go back to my own m!" Bebe shrugged. "I'm going to tell you one thing, though, for your own d: you're showing your hand too If we hadn't played around together since we were babies I wouldn't speak, but I hate to see you making a fool of yourself! Goodness knows we've secrets arom each other. I told you when I first fell in love with Hamilton and you were my mkid of honor at the And you knew all about how sappy I was then and how wretched he me later! Don't you suppose ! how you feel



"Bebe, will you go away, please?" dozing."

"Did you have a bad night?" asked the other, perching herself at the bed's me to myself for a while? I told you sinister and forbidding?

"Of course I'll go!" Bebe sprang up. offended. "Only others besides myself she went on: "It wouldn't surprise may have observed you last night when

"I was sitting out a dance on the you in the least, I'll say that for you, stairs with Freddie when Neely fairly whispered. dear, but I was sure you'd have a stairs with Freddie when Neely fairly whispered. "Something — something frightful head this morning." feetly fiendish expression on his face, horne?" But where are the papers? his way past without a word. You Mademoiselle!"

laid your hand on his arm, but he shook 'I've been yawning over them in my it off as though he didn't recognize you peered through the keyhole. The next recumbent form. Bebe uncurled herself reluct - wasn't even conscious of your ex- instant she recoiled and her handbag he had removed his cap. antly. "They've given the affair a istence. You turned and stood looking fell to the floor. write-up like the opening of the open after him, and one glimpse of your face. Through the o just then would have given away the head and shoulders of Mrs. Hartshorne, "There is nothing—nothing clse?" whole situation to any one who wasn't who appeared to be lying face upit Trixy's face was averted as she spoke, quite blind!" Bebe paused, and then ward upon the floor. The hair was

"Nothing but the after-the-war po-added: "You used to be so proud that arranged as it must have been on the litical stuff. What should there be?" I hate to see you humble yourself be-previous evening and the marblelike Then never mind; I don't want to fore any man, least of all Neely-after see them," she hesitated. "I fancied the way he has treated you! You'll have pearls, arose from the shimmering satin there might have been a flurry in your chance for revenge, of course, but stocks. Father has seemed worried you haven't spunk enough to take it, because you care too much. He'll come

"How do you know?" Trixy's tone

"Never mind what I know!" Bebe previous evening, she exclaimed: stuck out her little chin obstinately.
"Wasn't the jazz band wonderful?" "Everybody thinks I'm a chatterbox. "Everybody thinks I'm a chatterbox, was atrocious?" Trixy shud-but I know enough to keep out of mis-"It seems as though I should chief by holding my tongue once in a

never get the sound of it out of my while! He'll come back, but oh! Trixy, came that I myself looked through the don't take him on again! I married keyhole, Mademoiselle, and I thought a handsome rotter and I know what I that you would know best what to do. Tallory himself: He seemed to play went through: I couldn't bear to see Jenny and the cook, they are impossively things at once besides the big when the truth is out."

What truth!" Trixy was white to like the play went through: I couldn't bear to see Jenny and the cook, they are impossively the room to obey he approached Rose. "You don't belong here, miss, though the room to obey he approached Rose. "You don't belong here, miss, though the seen you come and go often. What truth!" Trixy was white to itself, then added in cool significance. "What truth!" Trixy was white to "You see Mademoiselle, it may not be Rose explained and added her version peared, when he heard her name repeated put and added her version peared in the room to obey he approached Rose. "You don't belong here, miss, though the room to obey he approached Rose. "You don't belong here, miss, though the room to obey he approached Rose. "You don't belong here, miss, though the room to obey he approached Rose. "You don't belong here, miss, though the room to obey he approached Rose. "You don't belong here, miss, though the room to obey he approached Rose. "You don't belong here, miss, though the room to obey he approached Rose. "You don't belong here, miss, though the room to obey he approached Rose. "You don't belong here, miss, though the room to obey he approached Rose. "You don't belong here, miss, though the room to obey he approached Rose. "You don't belong here, miss, though the room to obey he approached Rose." "You don't belong here, miss, though the room to obey he approached Rose." "You don't belong here, miss, though the room to obey he approached Rose." "You don't belong here, miss, though the room to obey he approached Rose." "You don't belong here, miss, though the room to obey he approached Rose." "You don't belong here, miss, though the room to obey he approached Rose." "You don't belong here, miss, though the room to obey he approached Rose." "You don't belong here, miss, though the room to obey he approached Rose." "You don't bel

Neely Swarthmore ever dared to-"Well, I did, because in the midst of to make love to me again, if he ever his craziest antics that melancholy ex-dared even to approach me. I think I pression of his never changed. It's a should die of disgust and horror and pose, of course, but it made me think loathing! I don't want 'revenge,' as you somehow of Pagliacet. However, Trixy, call it; I only want to forget that he if you don't mind my saying so, I ever lived! You are right. I have been

you couldn't hear yourself think in self back upon her pillows and Bebe her own resentment forgotten, had all "But you know what a crush it was; she could do to comfort her.

At that moment Rose Adare was mounting the steps of Mrs. Hartshorne's pretty little house. She rang, and this time there was no delay; her hand was scarcely off the bell when the door flew open and Matilde, the

ment and her bosom rose and fell rapid-

ly with her panting breath.
"I have been waiting for

"I had another appointment and I "Oh, it stuck, I fancy," responded thought it wouldn't matter; that Mrs. the other carelessly. "The key has been Hartshorne would probably sleep late the stair. lost for ages." That is why I didn't ered in the stair.

"Come up now, if you please." Ma through it.

DOROTHY DARNIT-The Big Parade!

usual silence of that well-ordered household seem increased a hundredfold.

They paused before Mrs. Hartshorne's Mrs. Hartshorne lay motionless as door. Rose raised her hand to knock if asleep, save that her lids were not They paused before Mrs. Hartshorne's when the Frenchwoman stopped her. quite closed and beneath the hand over in his mind bit by bit his acquaint "It will do no good. Look through

the keyhole, Mademoiselle."
Rose drew back, her round eyes fairly starting from her head. "What do you mean, Matilde?" she something self "Something

"I fear that she is very ill." the woman responded slowly as if choos-

Through the orifice she had beheld the encircled by a string of huge of a marvelous dance frock. "She-she isn't-!" The word would

"Madame has had fainting spells before which lasted for hours.' "What tilde shrugged.

But we must get help immediately Why didn't you do so at once when you saw her lying there?" After the first shock the girl's alert brain had reacted and she gazed sharply at the Frenchwoman

"It was only a moment before you

house across the way. Motorcars were self? coming and going, and a delivery boy

"You know Mrs. Hartshorne's house, No. 139?" "Certainly, Miss." His tone was tersely interrogatory.

Come quickly, please. There's trouble there! The front door was open as she had left it. Speechlessly she pointed up The Frenchwoman still cow-

after the dance. That is why I didn't ered in the hall before her mistress' telephone; I was afraid of disturbing room, but Rose gestured eloquently to the keyhole and the policeman looked

sinister dark stain appeared. The finsmall, blunt-nosed revolver.

"A ah! Madame has killed heralmost of exultation in the cry. Rose whirled upon her, her own eyes blurred with tears.

is she really dead, officer?"

Without more ado Rose stooped and as he rose from his knees beside the that he groaned and buried his face in

Rose exclaimed softly:

to her, and yet now you seem almost Phoebe's clothes spelled much money, glad!"

grumbled.

downstairs. Go and turn it."

of the morning's tragic discovery in a one was talking about her to a group of

With a coldness at her heart, Rose shaking voice, her tearful eyes return-guests, and before he could move away seized the handle of the door and shook ing as though fascinated to the still Phil was rooted to the spot in stunned ing as though fascinated to the still Phil was rooted to the spot in stunned

lithe young strength against it. The done it!" she concluded with a sob. ning clothes she's been wearing Mrs. door did not even quiver. The next "Mrs. Gaylor, the client I've just come Carter gave her, all of them." "She instant Rose was flying down the stairs. from, said Mrs. Hartshorne looked sim- looks charming tonight; where is She tore open the front door and ply wonderful at the dance last night now?" asked a second voice. stood for a moment on the steps gaz-ing up and down the quiet street. A very words! Why should the poor little while ago," the other replied: ing up and down the quiet street. A very words! Why should the poor physician's landaulet stood before the thing have come home and shot her-

"The telephone extension went whistling past, but there was no nected now." the calm voice of Matilde sign of that which she sought. announced from the doorway. As the With an inarticulate mutter of expolicement turned once more to the inarm, asking if his head still ached.

Strangely enough, his headache was of the curious glances cast after her. She had neared the intersection of the avenue when a blue-coated figure hove arrival, the apprehension and dread she the door flew open and Matilde, the usually taciturd Frenchwoman, stood before her.

The maid's sallow face was even more pale than was its wont, but her eyes glittered with suppressed excitement and her bosom rose and fell rapidment and her bosom rose and fell rapid
She had neared the intersection of the which a blue coated figure hove in sight, sauntering along in apparent aimlessness. He quickened his pace when he perceived the approaching girl.

"Officer!" Rose exclaimed breathlessment and her bosom rose and fell rapid
"You know Mrs. Hartshorne's rather than grief suggested by her atas she asserted, to give her life for Mrs. Hartshorne's preservation? Her obvious lie recurred also to in-

crease the perplexity in the girl's mind. (TO BE CONTINUED)

himself late Thursday night while despondent from illness, according to poshell, she burst forth in a blaze of glory. tilde turned and led the way to the One glance was sufficient. The of- ice, died late last night in the Presever see such a ravishing string of the woman's manner no less than by a forward, his buge shoulder meeting the visiting his daughter. Mrs. Frank L. pearls? It's funny she never exhibited vasue feeling of oppression which swift- door with a crashing impact. It strain- Tout North Preston street, near Laned at the first onslaught, bent under the caster avenue.

THEY TELL US

WE MUST BE

SEEN BUT NOT

HEARD - HA HA

DAILY NOVELETTE PHOEBE'S FINE **FEATHERS** By Annette Green

T AKESIDE, the beautiful summer home of Mrs. Carter, gleamed like an enchanted palace in the moonlight, while from the brightly lighted ballroom came the strains of music, min gled with the sound of dancing and youthful laughter. Everybody seemed HAL'S auto, in which he was bear-happy, except one. From the shadows caught sight from time to time of a certain fairy-like figure among the dancers, a look of almost bitter pain swept over his fine features.

'Why, Phil, my dear boy," tonight. "I'm afraid you young people yelled a hoarse voice, and there beside last night here, too.

only too well! And again searching her arm out among the dancing throng, he followed the lovely girlish figure in silvery chiffons with longing eyes. Muttering than Cash would be upon them. an excuse to Mrs. Carter about getting some fresh air, he turned away and the rich man's auto traveled.

left the balcony, followed by his hos"Here comes a terrible."

The policeman entered, with Rose bench by the shining lake, gave him-close at his heels and Matilde behind self up to his bitter thoughts. With the strains from the ballroom ringing faint ly in his ears, he closed his eyes to shut out the bright moonlight and went which rested quietly on her breast a sinister dark stain appeared. The finger-tips of the other hand outstretched a stranger to them all, up to tonight, when she had come to mean everything beside her touched the handle of a to him. He had thought her quite the nicest girl he'd ever met that first day, when, arriving at noon, she found the came from the Frenchwoman's rest of the house party gone for a There was an incongruous note, tramp and a picnic, and he, her aunt's nearest neighbor, had taken her out in his canoe on the lake for the afternoon. He taught her how to paddle the cance. "Then who locked the door and took and the memory of her in her simple away the key?" she demanded. "Oh, blue gingham dress, with her golden hair blowing about her laughing face "Been dead for hours," he responded came back to him tonight so clearly The girl noted that his hands. For he had never seen her

"Where's in any simple gingham gowns again. Chic morning dresses and sport suits, Matilde indicated the extension beside correct yachting costumes, lacy em-the bed, and as he moved briskly toward broidered things for afternoon and beautiful evening gowns had followed each "Poor Mrs. Hartshorne! I can't be other in varying succession, until Phil under way. lieve that she did it herself! Matilde, gave up all hope of ever daring to ask how can you be so unfeeling? Mrs. her to share his love and fortunes. Even Hartshorne thought you were devoted to his uninitiated masculine mind to her, and yet now were devoted to his uninitiated masculine mind He had an idea that his month's salary paring to enlarge their hostelries and right near Broad Street Station, an "I would have followed madame to would not have paid for the silvery gown a new big hotel is a possibility. the end of the earth!" the woman re- she was wearing that evening (and he Those interested in the welfar

Rose had no time to ponder this sigh he got up from the bench and starting about the existence of the Atlantic burg.

was all he could do—dream. With a Congress and his achievement in bring.

was all he could do—dream. With a Congress and his achievement in bring.

years up in that main omce in Harrisburg.

"Now jes" you write that down on the phone with an exclamation of impatience.

"Can't get any action here." he "Can't get any action here," he ever, although the sight of her, so dear, of visitors, umbled. "It must be switched off yet for him so unattainable, would be wentalirs. Go and turn it." ownstairs. Go and turn it."

As Matilde, without a second glance the still form of her mistress, left at one of the ballroom windows where the room to obey he approached Rose.

"You don't belong here, miss, though the could look in unobserved. He was scarching among the dancing couples be staged there. In view of the picture of the pi Rose explained and added her version peated just inside the window. Some guests, and before he could move away Following Are Transfers Made in Death of Boy Scout Leaves Father, the idea along to some of your fellow it violently, but with no result. Then backing off a few steps she hurled her "I can't think why she should have went on. "Oh, my, no! All those stunnounced: "she'd taken off her ball gown and had on that old gingham thing she wore

when she first came. Phil turned away from the window ception just as Mrs. Carter laid a hand on his around the house toward the garden.

The next complete novelette-Ned's

ACID FUMES KILL TWO

Workman Dies Trying to Sav Another in Point Breeze Plant

Two men were suffocated in a vawhich had contained sulphuric acid in the plant of the Atlantic Refining Com-Dies of Self-Inflicted Wound
James Rankin, of Chester, who shot
Zirkowski. Their addresses are not

known.

The first man fell into the vat.

Zirkowski leaped in to rescue him.

While other employes looked on, belpless, the two men were overcome by
the fumes and died shortly after. The were recovered by guarded by gas masks.

DREAMLAND ADVENTURES--By Daddy "THE RUNAWAY BRIDE"

(As Penelope is about to be mer ried to Jonathan Cash, the ugly rich man, she is carried away by Hal, her lover, who is aided by Peggy and Billy. Then Jonathan and Penciope's Aunt Prue chase he ranaucoys in a swift motorcar.)

Two Weddings

of the upper balcony overlooking the sped along so fast that it was like a ballroom a young man watched the gay streak of moonlight. But speedy as it scene below with a frown. And as he was, the motorcar of Jonathan Cash was speedier, and just as the town was reached the loud hum of its big engine came to the ears of the runaways 'Faster! Faster!" cried Billy.

"There's a clergyman's house just around the corner." He knew that chimed the hostess, spying the watching before Aunt Prue and Jonathan Cash at once hot words began to fly back and Penelope and Hal wanted to get married shouted the policeman to Jonathan, and figure in the shadow as she strolled by caught them. Around the corner whirled forth. with another matron. "Aren't you the auto, skidding halfway across the hear them, for as soon as the policeman dancing?" He answered haltingly that street. It came to a sharp halt, in let go of Hal's arm they jumped from he had a headache; didn't feel up to it "Ah, ha! Now I've caught you!" the house.

stayed out on the lake in the sun too the auto was the very same fat policelong today," replied Mrs. Carter. man they had nearly run over when Hal "What a pity! And this is Phoebe's first started to the rescue of Penelope. send me tumbling head over heels." Phoebe's last night! Phil knew that added the policeman, and he seized Hal's with Peggy and Billy acting as brides. Jonathan married Aunt Prue. Then the

another moment Aunt Prue and Jona-

"Here comes a terribly swift speed-ing motorcar. Stop it!" he shouted. roared around the corper and halted.



"You're arrested for

The clergyman was sitting up late writing his Sunday sermon. It took but a jiffy for Hal and Penelope to tell the castle, where the wedding party and first started to the rescue of Penelope, him they wanted to get married, and the clergyman were still waiting. They "I'll teach you to scare me into fits and another jiffy for him to marry them, had the procession all over again, and

Penelope gave a cry of dismay. That Just as the wedding was finished the ful feast, at which Hal played music seemed the end of her elopement, for in liceman, Jonathan Cash and Aunt Prue. "I'm Jonathan Cash, the rich man But Billy's wits worked faster than who is going to marry Penelope. Arrest and nodded until she was fast asleep.

Where was Jenny, and why did the force of the second and the third burst such silence of that well-ordered house its lock and flung it back, sagging lock and the street just as Jonathan Cash's car and its charm held Aunt Prue, Jonathan and the fat policeman fast in its | guests of the Wild Geese.)

beauty, and then Hal broke into a happy wedding dance. It was so merry that even Aunt Prue could not resist it, and soon she was smiling and jigging with Jonathan Cash, who couldn't help grinning back at her. And when Aunt Prue smiled she looked almost as lovely as Penelope, though much older. And when Jonathan grinned he lost his ugly frown and became almost as handsome

Jonathan looked at Aunt Prue's mile in pleased surprise and his grinbecame broader.

"My, you look as sweet to me as your niece, and I'm sure you would make a better wife than a younger Will you marry me?" he said. bride. "Of course I will," promptly answered Aunt Prue. "That will be perfeetly prim and proper.'

'Then let's hurry back to the castle The runaways didn't wait to and finish up the grand wedding feast," jigged Jonathan.

'And we invite Penelope and her Hal to feast with us," smiled Aunt Prue. "And they can bring their friends, Peggy and Billy.' So it was arranged. They motored to

feast was served, a wonderful, wonderful feast, at which Hal played music And in the end he played again his lullaby. And as he played Peggy nodded And fast asleep she stayed until she woke up in her own home in the morn-

(In next week's story Peggy and

MOORE CAUSES BUSINESS **BOOM AT ISLAND HEIGHTS**

Week-End Home of Mayoralty Nominee Radiates Optimism Native Prophet Sees Great Future for "Hampy"

Island Heights is now a suburb of turesque surroundings of the Heights but it carries a good idea to all of us Philadelphia. Why?

Because it's the week-end home of ongressman-Mayoralty Nominee J. more yacht race meets are not an extravagant hope. Hampton Moore. Ty Cobb made Augusta, Ga., famous,

Colonel Roosevelt placed Oyster Bay Hannibal, Mo., in the national lime- Moore, 'said Ned Swartley, one of light, and so it remains for one Mr. popular fishermen at the Heights. Moore, of Fourth and Spruce streets, have great hopes for that young man. to add greater height to Island Heights. He is a congressman; he's going to be A new era for the resort is already Mayor, and I'll just tell you, he won't

Optimistic Wave

stop there, either."

Ned paused to undo a tangle in hi fishing line. When it had been straight A wave of optimism is everywhere ened he added in very serious tone: apparent. Hotel proprietors are pre

Broad Street Station isn't a great dis-Those interested in the welfare of the tance from Harrisburg. sponded with suddenly aroused fervor.
"I would have guarded her from all, harm with my own life if that had been necessary. But if she has killed herself, what would you?"

was all he could do—dream. With a resort base their hopes on the fact that was quite right).

"I wouldn't be surprised that some of these fine days you'll see young prospective Mayor of Philadelphia, is a national figure. His many years in not comin' back till he's spent four years up in that main office in Harrisburg. finished his Mayor term.

Hotelkeepers look forward to many

CLERICAL APPOINTMENTS MAN LOSES LAST OF FAMILY value in merchandise.

Philadelphia Diocese The following Catholic clerical trans-

The Rev. James L. Gildea, chaplain of the Philadelphia Protectory for Boys, to the Church of the Immaculate Con-The Rev. Joseph A. McGonigle, from

the Church of the Holy Saviour, Linwood Heights, to the Philadelphia Proold son, Benjamin Francis, tectory for Boys. The Rev. William F. Gaughan, late Seminary, Overbrook, to the Church of house. He will be buried as a scout, rival got left. the Holy Saviour, Linwood Heights.

Mary's, Conshohocken, to St. Casimir's, ward attended, will officiate.

Mahanoy City. To Get French Citation

The first man to receive one of the The first man to receive one of the official certificates of citation by the ing matter for the nurses as well, are French army to men who have been cited for heroism but have not been cited for heroism but have not been awarded the Croix de Guerre is to be the woman's advisory board, Mrs. French army to men who have been cited for heroism but have not been awarded the Croix de Guerre is to be Sergeant Walter Davis Butler, of this His certificate, signed by General Petain, has been received at army reruiting headquarters, 1345 Arch street. It is the first one received and it is workmen understood that many more are on the

J. M. Rose, Alone Edward Rose, the thirteen-year-old

fers and appointments have been an- Boy Scout who died from injuries re- to see. ceived when he was struck by a speed-The Rev. Henry J. McFall, from the ing motorcar, will be buried today. Church of the Immaculate Conception He is a son of James M. Rose, 68 to the Cathedral of SS. Peter and Paul. Reger street, and was the last survivor dividend. but one of his family. The elder Rose is a world war veterap. His wife died in January, 1918. Four years previously his nine-year-old daughter, Ger-

The boy's funeral will be held at 2 with services at the house by Troop The Rev. Joseph Gazdzik, from St. No. 7, and at the cemetery by Troop ton, paster of the First Congregational The Rev. Albert Kulaway, from St. Church of Germantown, which Ed-

Hospital Wants More Books

Dolls and toys for the children, mag-Henry C. Boyer, directing attention to periority that I had hard work not to the fact that in the nature of the case openly resent it. both the patients and those caring for: I've been a buyer myself, but the them are necessarily much isolated and therefore lonely, said yesterday that helped me to be as human as I could she will undertake the delivery to the hospital of any articles left at the Red Don't you ever feel sorry for the Cross headquarters, 1607 Walnut street.

THE BUSINESS DOCTOR BY HAROLD WHITEHEAD Author of "The Business Career of Peter Flint" and "Bruno Duke—Solver of Business Problems"

THIS is meant principally for the professional buyers for retail stores, and the ample water space of Barnegat who spend money; from the wealthy bay, many believe that a convention of purchaser of a swagger automobile to the youngster who gets "a loaf of bread

"I don't see why we shouldn't name olidly on the map, Mark Twain put one of our big avenues after Hampy manship. He can then "sell" the salesman the idea that he's a good fellow to do business with Some buyers get all swelled up with

salesmen who visit them as though they were lowly menials, Such buyers remind me of the queen

the slightest she cried "Off with his head. If those haughty buyers could only hear what the salesmen say of them!

Their pride would be as puffed up as a punctured tire If you are a buyer, treat the salesmen who call on you with the courtesy It can be said, incidentally, that Ned and respect they deserve. You need the salesman just as much as he needs you. He's not there to beg any favor from

> exchange so much money for its equal (Of course, I know you, friend buyer, read this always do this-but

Sometimes I had a clearance lot or a special bargain. Did I offer them to the buyers who lacked the first principle of decency in dealing with salesmen?

bargains with those buyers who were gentlemen. It often meant that a puits . chaplain to the Sisters at St. Charles's o'clock today, from the Reger street small buyer got a bargain while his bid Don't forget that the salesman can

> spect his calling demands. Ever heard the buyer snap out, "Nothing doing, I'm busy," turn ungraciously away and leave the alesman? He may want nothing, but

And I knew buyers who gave me orders, but with such an air of su-

Don't you ever feel sorry for the girls in department stores when some

austere dame snaps out a request to her and assumes an attitude that dares By Chas. McManus the girl to be civil?

> Next time you buy anything try buying it with a smile—it's astonishing how quickly the salesgiel or the salesman responds to the warmth of a cheery greeting and how eagerly they'll try to

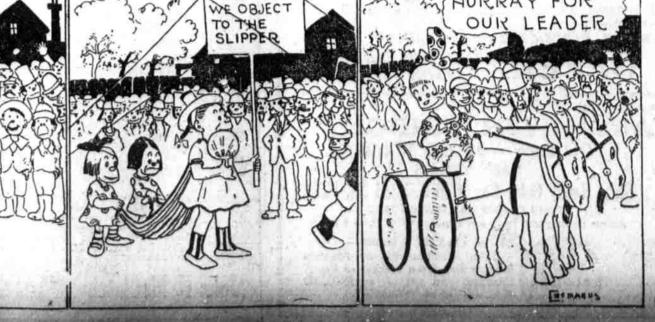
> > (TO BE CONTINUED)

A POST-WAR ROMANCE

Aviator and Nurse Meet in Canada

and Are Married Miss Laura Jone Morgan and Fred Bremier, both former Philadelphians, have been married as the climax of a post-war romance. Miss Morgan was a nurse and lived at 5838 Addison street. Mr. Bremier was an instructor of economics in the Wharton School of the University of Pennsylvania.

During the war Mr. Bremier was a naval aviator. Miss Morgan was war nurse. The two met on a campin trip in northern Ontario, and were married on their way home.





maid and best man.

Just as the wedding was finished the

that chap !" shouted Jonathan. "I'm Hal, the musician, who has al-

the waterways association and many

Predicts More Honors

"You know the Mayor's office i

Billy have another trip to Santa Claus land where they are the

A Hint to Buyers

for mother." The buyer who gets the best value for his money is the one who knows sales-

the importance of their job. They lose their perspective. Then they treat the

in "Alice in Wonderland." You remember that if any one displeased her in

you, but to give you an opportunity to

buyers who are not as thoughtful as I recall customers whom I was glad o see. They gave me such a kindly human greeting that any self-respect that I had lost during the tough interviews of the day was restored to me.

The answer is NO; not by a jugful.
I always divided those extra special trude, died, and in 1908 he lost a year

The Rev. Joseph Gazdzik, from St. No. 7, and at the cemetery by Troop do and will do all the favors be can Casimir's, Mahanoy City, to St. Mary's, No. 177. Rev. Charles Eldred Shel- to those who treat him with the re-

he could have said it decently.

I knew some buyers from whom it was almost a pleasure to be turned down—they were so sorry to have to do

Thank goodness, the professional buyers are much better than they used to be. Taken as a whole, they are a fine lot of fellows, but there are a few yet who need swatting.

get you what you want.