The Mystery of the Red Flame

By GEORGE BARTON

Author of "The World's Greatest Military Spies and Secret Service Agents"

Copyright, 1919, by the Page Co.
Copyright, 1919, by the Public Ledger Co.

THIS BEGINS THE STORY

Hugh Garland, immediately after taking the oath of office as a special agent of the United States Treasury Department, receives a hurry call from the collector of customs of the district. There he is told by the collector and Bromley Barnes, of the customs service, of the smuggling into the country of the famous red diamond known as the Star of the South. The department got word that the stone was on board the Dom Pedro, just arrived from Brazil, but although a thorough search had been made the diamond remained undiscovered. Because Garland has made a study of diamonds he has been selected for a difficult assignment. When he hesitates Barnes tells him just what is expected of him, delicately but firmly.

AND HERE IT CONTINUES

I DO not know whether I blushed at this implied rebuke or not. I know that I felt my cheeks getting very warm.

"I hope," I began in a stammering way, "that—that you don't for a moment——"

Bromley Barnes was on his feet in an instant and was laying an affectionate hand on my shoulder.

"It's all right, Hugh," he declared heartily. "I've vouched for you and I know you'll do me credit. I'm getting old and rusty and I expect my mantle will fall on your broad shoulders one of these days. In the meantime read that advertisement."

As he spoke he thrust a copy of the Chronicle in my hand. It had been folded so that the want advertisement section appeared before my gaze. Heavy pencil lines had been drawn about one part which read:

"Wanted—A young man of education with a knowledge of gems and precious stones to assist the writer in preparing a catalogue and description of his collection. Apply at once, Basil Wharton, Hedgewater Park."

"That's very interesting," I remarked, handing the newspaper back to Barnes. "Now what about it?"

"Nothing much," he smiled, "except that it is just the sort of a job that would suit you."

"You don't say," I retorted, the desire to be ironical getting the better of me.

"I do say; in fact, you have already accepted it."

"Indeed," I managed to gasp, "and when am I to report for duty?"

"Tonight!"

This time I was completely floored—metaphorically speaking. While I was struggling to find words to express my astonishment Collector Fread mercifully came to my rescue.

"Barnes is rather abrupt, Garland," he said to me; "and I think you are entitled to an explanation. In the first place, he needs you on this case because you are new and unknown. All of his other men have been spotted and the moment they appear the rascals disappear. When we saw this advertisement it made us almost shout with joy. It meant an opportunity of placing you in a house where the whereabouts of the Red Diamond were bound to become known sooner or later. Colonel Wharton is one of the greatest amateur collectors of gems in this country, and we have a notion that he will be one of the first persons to whom the smugglers will try to sell the stone——"

"And so," interrupted Barnes, taking up the thread of the narrative, "we decided that you must get this position at all hazards. Time was short, so we applied for it by telegraph—in your name. The references we gave were formidable enough to get you a seat on the bench of the Supreme Court of the United States. They did better—to my way of thinking—they got you the place with Colonel Wharton. The appointment came by telegraph and has just been sent here from your lodgings. You are instructed to report for duty at the earliest possible moment."

"I—I must say that you gentlemen have been very enterprising in my behalf."

The collector looked at me sharply and, giving his glasses an extra twirl, remarked:

"Don't flatter yourself, young man. Any enterprise we may have shown has been in the interest of the benevolent old gentleman who is popularly known as your Uncle Samuel."

Having delivered himself of this shot, the collector rose from his chair, smoothed out the lines in his frock coat and, going over to the great mirror on the side of the room, looked at himself admiringly.

"Now, Hugh," said Barnes with the manner of a judge on the bench, "if you have anything to say as to why sentence should not be pronounced this is the time to speak or forever hold your peace."

"I accept, of course," I hastened to say, "but the thing is so cut and dried that there really does not seem to be anything for me to do."

"On the contrary," corrected the veteran, "there is everything for you to do. We have simply arranged the preliminaries. We get you in the house—you do the rest. If you are to succeed it means courage, tact and the highest order of intelligence."

"Am I to understand that you suspect Colonel Wharton?"

"On the contrary, we regard him as above suspicion. His standing in the community is so high that it may be said to place him above reproach. But he is human—and he is a collector."

"You mean by that," I began, "that——"

"I mean by that," interrupted Barnes, "that your real collector is not morally responsible for the things he may do in acquiring his collection. Did you ever see a miser gloating over his gold? Ever notice how lovingly he handles each separate bit of coin?"

"Never," I confessed, "except by hearsay. I've read of such things in novels and seen them in plays, but for all I know a real living miser does not exist."

"Well, you know what I mean," said Barnes sharply, "and it will give you an idea of the things that might be done by an enthusiastic collector. Now, I don't for a moment intend to reflect upon the integrity of Colonel Wharton, who is one of our most distinguished citizens and a descendant of a colonial family, but if it was necessary for him to shut his eyes in order to add to his collection, why, I'm afraid he'd shut his eyes."

"You won't be disguised," grinned Barnes; "we don't wear false whiskers in this branch of the government service. You'll go there in your own name. In fact, you've been engaged in that name."

"Won't that be a little risky?" I asked.

"Not in the least," was the uncomplimentary reply. "You're not well known, and in any event you'll not be suspected of being connected with the government service. Your year in the appraisers' department has all been on the inside and while you have become fairly familiar with gems and their history the public has not become familiar with you."

"That's true," I admitted, "and I guess I can shake off the feeling that I'm creeping into the man's house under cover."

Collector Fread, who was standing in front of his desk at this moment, brought his fist down with a bang that shook the ink bottles.

"That's sentimental nonsense," he thundered. "If Colonel Wharton is an honest man—and I believe he is—you can't possibly do him any harm. If he isn't, then he deserves all he gets. That's as plain as the nose on your face, young man, and nobody could mistake that."

This reference to my Napoleonic nostrils evoked a general laugh and ended the conference. The little group separated and Barnes left with me to give me my final instructions.

I had some work that had to be finished that afternoon and what with packing and settling my affairs in anticipation of a prolonged absence, it was late in the evening when I was ready to start. I would have postponed the going until the following morning but Barnes would not hear of it.

"Delays are dangerous, young man, and the sooner you get down to business the better it will be for the government. Besides," he added, "I expect to have your first report within the next forty-eight hours."

So I sent a telegram that I was on my way and boarded the 10 o'clock accommodation for Hedgewater. The station was deserted when I reached there and I was the only one that alighted from the train. Hedgewater House was about a mile away in the direction of the river, and as there was no conveyance in sight I took a firm grip on my suitcase and started down the road. The station agent told me that if I went straight ahead it would bring me to the main entrance of the estate. It was a long walk and a dreary one and the disposition of the moon to retire behind a bank of dark clouds at frequent intervals made the journey a dangerous one as well.

I felt momentarily as if I might step into some bottomless pit, and when that feeling was not giving me a creeps sensation in the spine I was wondering if the shadows behind the trees along the roadside were really trees or highwaymen lying in wait to assault me. However, the longest as well as the saddest journeys have their end and presently I came in sight of the house that was to be my home for some days.

The gates were open and at the end of a long vista I could see a lamp in front of the doorway. The house itself loomed up gray and menacing in the gloom. The slanting roof and the bay windows on the side gave one the impression of specters in the night. All around the estate was a great hedge, higher than a man's head, and concealing the dwelling from the roadside and the view of too inquisitive neighbors.

I do not know what came over me as I made my way up the path leading to the front door. I am no coward, but the feeling that I experienced was a feeling akin to fear. It was a sense of some impending misfortune. The dim light was in front of me by this time, but even that failed to relieve the heaviness of heart that had gripped me so unexpectedly and so unreasonably. Possibly the strain and excitement of the day had unnerved me. I resolutely shook off the feeling and seizing the old-fashioned brass knocker on the big white door tapped it smartly two or three times.

The noise, curiously enough, startled me. Why, I cannot say. But the echoes of the sounds came back with amazing accuracy. I heard the shuffling of footsteps in the interior of the house and these footfalls on the bare floors of the stairways did not help to restore my tranquillity or peace of mind.

Just as the door was about to open I happened to glance down the path whence I had just walked and something that flashed past the range of my vision caused me to start as if I had been struck in the face. It was a man, and from the light of the moon, which had just emerged from behind one of the everlasting clouds, I could see that he was dressed in a gray suit. His movements were not reassuring. He acted like a man whose motives are at least dubious. My impulse was to run down the path after him, but at that instant the door was thrown open and a flood of light illuminated the old-fashioned porch. A colored servant stood before me.

"My name is Garland," I began, "and——"

He bowed low, like a genuine southern darky.

"Yessir," he murmured. "I'll look after the gemman. Colonel Wharton am slightly indisposed, sir, and will see you in the morning, sir."

"What am I to do?"

By way of answer he took my suitcase and, marching ahead, exclaimed:

"Follow me, sir!"

I followed him up a broad stairway until we reached an equally broad hallway on the second landing. At the rear end of this was a large room into which I was ceremoniously ushered. It was all that could be desired, and evidently great pains had been taken to provide for my comfort. After the colored servitor left me I lost no time in preparing for bed. When the light was turned off I walked aimlessly toward the window. It appeared to be on the side of the house and it gave me a view equally of the river in the rear and the roadway in the front.

Just at that moment the figure of the man in the gray suit flashed past the entrance to Hedgewater House.

What did I do about it?

Not a thing. I slipped under the covers and went sound asleep.

Dora Wharton

I WAS awakened by the sun streaming into the windows of my room at Hedgewater House, and, without waiting for the extra twenty winks to which we are all entitled, I jumped out of bed and dressed.

The outlook from my window commanded a splendid view of the Harmony river. The day was clear, cool and crisp and the sun shining upon the smooth waters of the noble stream caused it to sparkle with a diamond-like effect. There was a bend in the river at this point and the suggestion of a cove just above Hedgewater reminded me of what I had read of the glories of the Bay of Naples.

The view about the house was equally grateful to the eye. Seen from this height and bathed in the light of the morning sun, Hedgewater House seemed to lose much of the somberness that had oppressed me on my arrival the night before. The high hedge about the estate formed a natural green wall that gave it a privacy without the coldness that goes with a stone wall. The grounds were attractively laid out in walks and drives, with here and there a picturesque flower garden and everywhere green, velvety lawns. Near the water's edge was a little summer house, with latticed sides and a red roof that contrasted pleasantly with the green grass and the blue water.

I felt satisfied that, externally, at least, I was going to enjoy my stay at Hedgewater House.

But with this feeling there came the consciousness of my purpose in this house. I was coming there under false pretenses with the intention of spying upon its occupants. That thought gave me an uneasy feeling. Almost in the same instant I excused myself with the remembrance that I was there in the line of duty. And I recalled the words of Bromley Barnes when he said that the man who served his country in its secret service was just as much of a patriot as if he were a soldier or a sailor defending its flag and its honor.

After dressing I went down the broad hallways and out into the garden. I had been told to make myself at home and I proceeded to do so. It was a perfect day and the promise given of the estate from my window was more than fulfilled in my walk about the grounds. Presently I caught a glimpse of a white skirt in the distance.

Evidently I was not the only one who had risen early to get the benefit of the morning air. Although a stranger I was obeying the injunction to make myself "at home." It seemed rather informal and unusual, but I continued to stroll about in the expectation of meeting some one to whom I could make my identity known. At that moment I caught another glimpse of the white skirt and the next instant I beheld a girl cutting flowers from a bush and arranging them in a bouquet. She was young and attractive. That much was evident, even from a distance.

Presently, at a sharp turn in the path, I came face to face with the girl. She was evidently about twenty-two or three and full of life and vivacity. She was slender and there was a natural grace and quickness in her movements. But it was her face that attracted my attention, a face framed in a profusion of glossy black hair. Her forehead was broad and white and smooth and heightened the intellectual look which won the instant respect of the observer. But any possible fear that she might be a blue stocking was dispelled by the quizzical good-natured, inquiring black eyes and the smiling lips.

Such was Dora Wharton as she appeared to me before I knew her name and before I became acquainted with the qualities of her heart and mind which—for me—set her apart from the members of her sex.

The moment she saw me her face brightened and she came forward with outstretched hand. There was a child-like frankness and eagerness about her that irresistibly attracted me at the start and I felt a sense of pleasure at her approach.

"If I am not mistaken," she said smilingly, "this is Mr. Hugh Garland."

"You are not mistaken," I replied quietly, matching her smile.

"I see that I must present myself," she continued, with that engaging frankness. "I am Miss Dora Wharton."

"It is a pleasure to meet you," I responded, inwardly berating myself at my inability to think of any more appropriate response.

During this interchange of civilities she had busied herself in arranging the flowers she held in her hand. Some of the stems showed a propensity to waywardness and she knitted her brows as she forced them into place.

"I don't know what you must think of us, Mr. Garland," she said presently, "but by a chain of circumstances over which we had no control there was no one to meet you on your arrival at Hedgewater House last night."

"The lateness of the hour," I murmured. "The fault was all my own."

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

DREAMLAND ADVENTURES

BY DADDY

"Bird-That-Never-Flies"

(Peggy, Billy, Smiling Teacher, and the school children, turned into monkeys by Rollo's Dream Stick, are attacked by a strange creature which the wild monkeys call the Bird-That-Never-Flies. Billy captures the creature and finds that it is a boy.)

The Lost Boy

THE strange creature hugged Billy tightly.

"A boy! A boy!" he said over and over again, and then he held Billy off at arm's length to get a good look at him. And Billy, returning the look, saw why the Bird-That-Never-Flies had been so puzzling. He was a really, truly boy, but he was so disguised with feathers that no one would know him for what he was. It was not strange

He rubbed his eyes

that he had fooled the monkeys and other beasts of the jungle into thinking that he was some queer animal.

"You are not a dream, are you?" asked the stranger. And at that he gave Billy a hard pinch.

"Ouch!" yelled Billy. "Quit pinching me or I'll give you another punch on the nose."

"Oh, if I had known it was a boy who punched me, I'd never have fired those arrows at you," cried the stranger. "I thought it was a monkey."

"I was a monkey then," answered Billy. "I have just turned back into a boy."

The stranger looked at Billy with bulging eyes. His look of joy turned to deep sadness.

"Alas, I fear it," he whispered. "You are only another dream come to mock me. Whoever heard of a monkey turning into a boy?"

"Rollo's Dream Stick did it," said Billy, and then he told the stranger how he and Peggy and Smiling Teacher and the school children had been made into monkeys by the Dream Stick and had jumped through the magic circle right into Monkey-Land.

The stranger just shook his head and he rubbed his eyes and pinched himself. "It's all a dream," he murmured. "I'll wake up in a few minutes and again find myself all alone in the jungle."

Billy, to prove what he said, had Peggy and Smiling Teacher come out of the nest, and asked Rollo to turn them back into humans. Rollo did so, but the stranger just kept on rubbing his eyes and murmuring: "A dream! A very pretty dream, but only a dream, a dream!"

"Well, if we are dreams, what are you?" asked Peggy. "You look like a nightmare, all dressed up that way."

"I'm a lost boy," promptly answered the stranger. "Tom Harris is my name. My father came to South America on business and I came with him. We went into the wilderness on a hunting trip. One day I went exploring in the jungle all by myself and got lost. I walked and walked, trying to find my way back, but the farther I went the deeper became the jungle. That was weeks and weeks ago, and since then I have looked and looked for my father's party or for a village, but you are the only humans I have seen—and you are just dreams."

"Why did you dress in this queer way?" asked Smiling Teacher.

"To protect myself against the jungle beasts," answered Tom. "If they thought I was just a helpless boy they might have eaten me long ago, but I made them think I was some new kind of a beast, so most of them are afraid of me. I killed parrots with my gun and dressed up in their feathers."

"Where is your gun now?" asked Billy.

"I fired away all my cartridges," replied Tom, "and then I made a bow and arrows. I've become a dandy shot with my bow."

"I should say you have," grinned Billy. "You nearly shot me. What was your idea shooting all those arrows into the nest?"

"To drive the monkeys out so I could get shelter there from the wild pigs or peccaries, as they are called." Tom looked cautiously around. "You see, I have shot so many wild pigs that they have declared war on me. I've got to get some sheltered place where I can fight against them. When I saw you I thought my troubles were over, but, alas! you are only dreams, dreams!" Tom buried his head in his hands and looked the picture of despair.

"How can we prove that we are not dreams?" asked Billy.

"By taking me back to my father; by showing me the way out of this awful jungle," cried Tom. "But you cannot. I'm lost, and I must wander and fight and perish here."

Peggy, Billy and Smiling Teacher looked at each other. What could they do to help the poor lost boy? They were as completely lost as he was.

(In tomorrow's chapter will be told how Chasing-Tail seeks to pay back Tom's good deed.)

THE DAILY NOVELETTE

LITERARY BELLA

By ELIZABETH McNAUGHT

WHEN Bella arrived at the profound age of eighteen and freshmanhood in a university coeducational, she decided to be an author.

The muse was working overtime this especially sunshiny morning, and Bella squirmed restlessly through each dull period, wondering impatiently if the time for dismissal would ever come. All things must wane, however, even the longest day, and finally, with a relieved sigh, Bella was free to compose her small self in a very secluded corner of the college yard. With all the ardor of a vivisectionist, she studied the squatty, red-bricked building, the graveled paths leading here and there with their sprinkling of students sauntering back and forth. To Bella, each young red-haired bookworm became a sprightly, flaming, fascinating creature, and every lanky, awkward youth became a hero, gigantic in strength, superb in manly beauty, but soft as putty in the hands of this adorable, fascinating, wrinkling, crinkling, smiling vampire, and somewhere in the background lurked an unseen Cupid who was to lead them willing captives into the holy estate of eternal bliss.

Such was her imagination, but how in the world was one to put their imaginings down on paper? Bella began to wrinkle and crinkle her small white brow. Pencil after pencil went the way of pencils, and finally, like the Arab, Bella folded her book and silently stole away.

Just a year later the same malady returned in all its virulence. In the meantime, however, the ever-interested Bella had heard that all fiction is founded on fact, and like as not her inspiration needed some strong passion to stir its sluggishness into action. Now for the great adventure! Bella looked about her for a possible victim. And whom should she bump right into but her English teacher. Now, as every schoolgirl knows, an English teacher, especially if he happens to be of the male persuasion, is one of the best possible objectives to try anything on. He is the embodiment of sentiment to each fluffy-haired miss.

"Professor Stern," began Bella promptly, realizing that he who hesitates is lost, "what is a kiss?"

Lamblike, she gazed expectantly up into his eyes and waited. For a moment the young man looked very properly confused. He glanced nervously about him, hesitated, cleared his throat and, finally meeting her gaze, replied very conservatively, yet a little resignedly: "I believe you will find it is explained very fully in the larger of the Websters." Needless to say, he found himself alone long before the last word was completed, and running his fingers through his hair, he burst out in the surprising statement for a man teaching the higher branches of the English language: "It sure is a great life if you don't weaken."

Bella gave up after this. Not that she was utterly discouraged, but just that her heart was so full of so many things, and, besides commencement was near, with all its attendant demands on time and patience. Even in a plain middy Bella was such a pretty little thing, but when arrayed in all the sheen and softness of lace and chiffon of the little gown fashioned especially for the class dance she was exquisitely charming. Still, behind all the prettiness and lightness, there lurked an undercurrent of seriousness not seen on the other girlish faces, for the self-sufficient young lady, who had started out with all the exaggeration of youth, to place life's grandest emotion before the world in a series of Cupid's comedies, had herself been caught unawares. And it was painful. Half-heartedly, she went through the dances, for he did not dance. In fact, he paid no attention to her whatever, until along toward the wind-up of the funmaking, the hall becoming unbearably warm, Bella sought the fresh air, and in surprise found him beside her. Submissively she let him escort her—even out under the stars. A long time they stood there together and very few words passed between them. But all great moments usually pass in silence. She felt his hand quiver against her arm. "Dear," he began very tenderly, "there is something I've been wanting to say to you for two years, but I couldn't until now. I should have considered myself less a man had I spoken too soon. What are your plans for the future, may I ask?"

For an instant Bella's heart stood still. Many visions came, swayed before her mind's eye only to float off again into the night. "Oh, just the ordinary plans of a very ordinary girl," she answered quite meekly.

"And," he bent over her earnestly, "could this very ordinary girl find a little corner somewhere in her heart for the extraordinary, all-engrossing love of a very ordinary young school teacher such as I?" The ardor in her eyes answered his own, as she whispered happily, "Yes, if you'll only tell me once again what a kiss really is. I'll promise you there never was, never is, never will be a love just like ours," and for a long time the stars dimmed their torches and when the good old moon refused to play fair and waxed inquisitive an understanding cloud threw dust in his eyes.

The next complete novelette — The Log Cabin Quilt.

Cold Comfort

"I've sent you twenty bills for that account."

"Well, some time," said the incorrigible debtor, "you'll get sense enough to stop wasting postage."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

HONOR SERVICE MEN IN POLICE RESERVES

Traffic Patrolmen Who Were Overseas Will Be Feted at Dinner Tonight

Reserve police of Philadelphia will give a homecoming reception in the Hotel Walton tonight to twenty-five of their brothers who have seen service overseas.

The twenty-five men have a noteworthy sprinkling of Distinguished Service Medals and Croix de Guerre among them, and they all have returned from France without a scratch, although they saw plenty of fighting.

Captain George S. Tempest, of the traffic division, is toastmaster, and among the speakers will be Director William H. Wilson, Superintendent James Robinson and Assistant Superintendent William B. Mills. Among the 500 diners will be Captains of Police David McCoach, Nicholas J. Kenny, William J. McFadden, Francis Callahan and James Fearn.

Edward J. Cattell, city statistician, and a surprise speaker whose name the committee will not divulge, will conclude the list of speakers.

Lieutenant Harry Shultz, of the reserves, is chairman of the committee on arrangements. He said today that each of the homecoming cops will receive a silver medal in the shape of a police badge, on one side of which is engraved the police insignia and on the other the insignia of his particular branch of military service.

KEEP SMILING
SQUINT OR SMILE?
Let our 21 yrs. of practice solve your Eye Troubles. Optometrists & Opticians
LEBLANG CO.
OPEN EVENINGS
COR. GERMANTOWN & LEHIGH AVES.

HOME VICTOR WATER HEATER
FOR COAL
New principle; constant supply; 24 to 30 gallons. 1c. Heats radiators, too. There is nothing just as good. Free Book.
Reeves Stove & Foundry Co. So. 2d 38

BLAKE and BURKART
"THE HOME OF
The NEW EDISON
1100-1102 Walnut Street"
Gentlemen—Please mail me your new de luxe catalogue of
The NEW EDISON
"The Phonograph With a Soul"
and details of your easy-payment plan. No obligation on my part.
Name .....
Address .....
L.

Users of PEA Coal be advised and buy now. We have the size and quality. We handle only the very
BEST COAL
Egg..$11.25 Stove $11.65
Nut.. 11.75 Pea... 9.55
PROMPT DELIVERY
We serve you right
Owen Letters' Sons
Largest Coal Yard in Phila.
Trenton Ave. & Westmoreland

AWAY WITH THOSE ACHES AND PAINS
Keep Sloan's Liniment Handy to Put the "Feel Good" Back Into the System
ALL it needs is just one trial—a little applied *without rubbing*, for it *penetrates*—to convince you of its merit in relieving sciatica, lumbago, neuralgia, lame muscles, stiffness, bruises, pains, aches and strains, the after-effects of exposure.
The congestion is scattered promptly, cleanly, without effort, economically. You become a regular user of Sloan's Liniment, adding your enthusiasm to that of its many thousands of other friends the world over who keep it handy. Three sizes at all druggists—35c., 70c., $1.40.
Sloan's Liniment Keep it handy

For Women Afternoon Class
A short course in self-confidence, self-development, public speaking. Every Tuesday afternoon for one hour from 3 o'clock to 4. Opens October 28th. Call, write or phone Spruce 3218 for instructive literature.
Neff College 1730 Chestnut St.

Sonora Shop
1311 Walnut St.
Phonographs—Records

Crown Upholstering Co.
5 Piece Parlor Suit Reupholstered & Reconstructed $7, $10, $15
Equal to New
Slip Covers Made to Order.
Samples and Estimates Free
Phone Walnut 1566 830-32 WALNUT ST.
Backed by 40 Years' Experience

OLD FELT HATS RENOVATED
Why buy a new one? Bring your old one to No. 1310½ FILBERT STREET. Cheaper.
STAR HAT CLEANING CO.

SINCE HIS RETURN FROM THE WAR MR. PULASKI ANNOUNCES
the Reopening of "The Little Shop" of Distinctive Antiques
at 15th St. bet. Walnut

Designers & Engineering Calculators
wanted by a large manufacturing concern near Boston, Mass.,
For STEAM TURBINE Work
Men with a Technical Education and practical experience on Special Machines, Steam Engines, Turbines or Generators, who desire permanent positions with excellent opportunities for advancement, apply to F. B. Abbott, at Metal Mfrs. Association of Philadelphia,
308 Chestnut Street,
on Thursday, Oct. 23, between 9 A. M. and 5 P. M.

MORTGAGE
Mortgages. A fine, safe, sure way of investing your money. Or a safe, sure, quick way of raising money. No matter if you want to invest or raise, we know Central and Suburban real estate thoroughly—and qualify as experts on security. Our 40 years' experience is yours for the asking.
J. T. Jackson Co
REALTORS
City Office, Chestnut at 15th Boulevard Office, Cor. Rising Sun Av. Oak Lane Station, Opposite Station

West Philadelphia Art Glass Works
STAINED & LEADED GLASS
4219 MARKET ST.
Phone Preston 4979 for Estimates

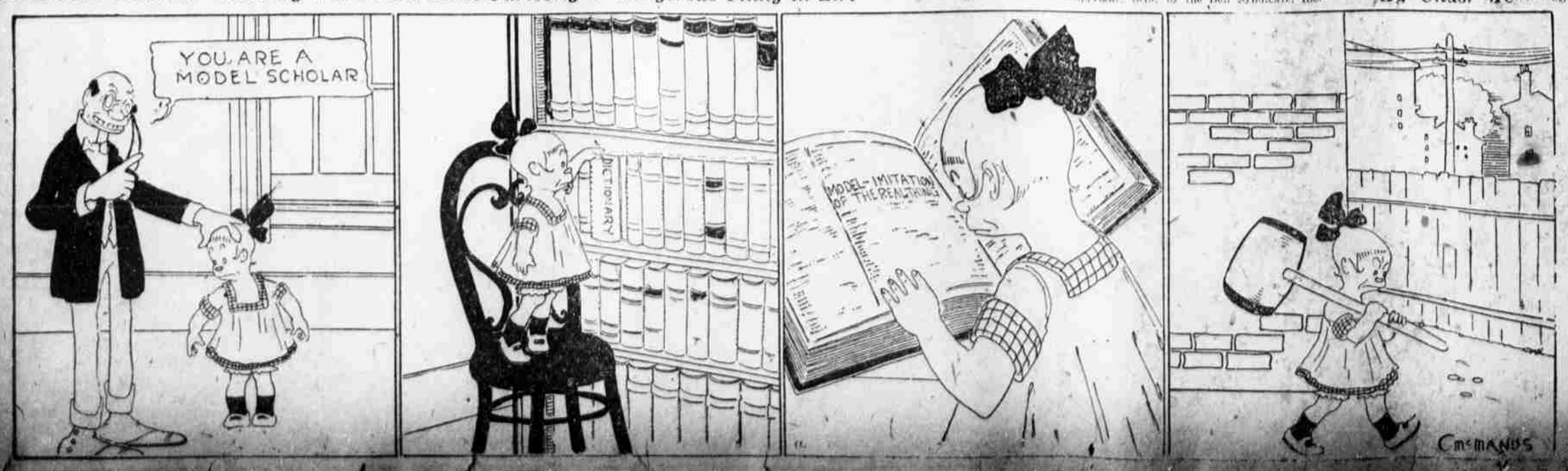
WHEN ORDERING
a table sauce see that you do not receive a substitute for
Lea & Perrins
SAUCE
It has no equal as a delightful flavoring for many dishes. Call for
LEA & PERRINS
SAUCE
THE ONLY ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE
and get what you order.

Stop Throwing Good Coal Into the Ash Can
"These old-fashioned heating plants waste almost as many heat units as they utilize," says Science. "Moreover, they give unsatisfactory results, no matter how much fuel they burn." Protect your pocketbook and the health and comfort of your family by installing
Weil-McLain
SCIENTIFIC COMBUSTION
BOILERS
which solve the hitherto baffling problem of scientific combustion, and squeeze from each pound of coal a large part of the heat units old-fashioned systems waste, thus reducing heat loss.
The extraordinary heating efficiency of Weil-McLain Scientific Combustion Boilers does not depend on any one exaggerated feature. All parts are scientifically constructed and perfectly co-ordinated to produce maximum heating efficiency.
Inferior heating means needless expense, waste and discomfort. The time to insure heating economy and comfort for your home or building is RIGHT NOW.
Write today for new Scientific Combustion Booklet or see these boilers on display in our showrooms.
FLECK BROS. CO.
Heating & Plumbing Supplies
Display Rooms
506 Arch St.
44 to 50 N. 5th St.
139-141 Federal St., Camden, N. J.

Are you having trouble with your skin?
Does your skin itch and burn? Or is your appearance marred by patches of bad skin? There is no need of enduring such discomfort when Resinol Ointment usually stops itching at once and quickly makes the skin clear and healthy again.
Doctors have prescribed Resinol Ointment for over twenty years in the treatment of skin affections. So you need not hesitate to use it, nor to recommend it to skin-tormented friends.
Resinol Ointment is an nearly flesh-colored that it can be used on exposed surfaces without attracting undue attention. Sold by all druggists.
Resinol

To users of
BLANK BOOKS
Blank Books
IN OUR plant we produce complete blank books for every purpose, designing them to meet any special requirements you may have.
Every process is performed in our own factory—which assures you of uniform, high quality both in workmanship and materials.
BLANK BOOKS Bound and Loose Leaf
LITHOGRAPHING
PRINTING
ENGRAVING
OFFICE Stationery and Supplies
WILLIAM MANN COMPANY
529 MARKET STREET
PHILADELPHIA, PA.
New York Office: 261 Broadway. Founded in 1848

DOROTHY DARNIT—Dorothy Will Find a Little Curiosity a Dangerous Thing in Life

Copyright, 1919, by the Bell Syndicate, Inc.

By Chas. McManus