ICE WATER PL—!

By FANNIE HURST

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Ruby Kaufman shatters all her mother's hopes of her marrying Meyer Vetsburg, a rich man, and Mrs. Kaufman's star boarder, by confessing that she loves his nephew, Leo Markovitch. Mrs. Kaufman, who has worked hard for years to provide for Ruby and now wants to give up her large house, is so heart-broken that Ruby promises to give up all hopes of Leo.

CHAPTER VI

THEY fell quiet, cheek to cheek, staring ahead into the gaslit quiet, the clock ticking into it.

FANNIE HURST

The tears had dried on Mrs. Kaufman's cheeks, only her throat continuing to throb and her hand at regular intervals patting the young shoulder pressed to her. It was as if her heart lay suddenly very still in her breast.

"Mama's own girl that is."

"It—it's late, Ma. Let me pull down the bed."

"You ain't mad at Mama, baby? It's for your own good as much as mine, it is unnatural a mother should want to see her——"

"No, no, Mama. Move, dearie. Let me pull down the bed. There you are. Now!"

With a wrench Mrs. Kaufman threw off her recurring inclination to tears, moving casually through the processes of their retirement.

"Tomorrow, baby, I tighten the buttons on them new spats. How pretty they look."

"Yes, dearie."

"I told Mrs. Katz today right out Irving can't bring any more his cycle through my front hall. Wasn't I right?"

"Of course you were, Ma."

"Miss Flora looked right nice in that pink waist tonight—not? Four-eighty-nine only at Gimp's sale."

"She's too fat for pink."

"You get in bed first, baby, and let Mama turn out the lights."

"No, no, Mama; you."

In her white slip of a nightdress, her corset braids unwound and falling down each shoulder, even her slightness had waned. She was like Juliet who, at fourteen, had eyes of maid and martyr.

They creep into bed, grateful for darkness.

The flute had died out, leaving a silence that was plaintive.

"You all right, baby?"

"Are you, Mommy?"

"Yes, baby."

"Go to sleep, then."

"Good night, baby."

"Good night, Mommy."

Silence.

Lying there, with her face upturned and her eyes closed, a stream of quiet tears found their way from under Miss Kaufman's closed lids, running down and toward her ears like spectacle frames.

An hour ticked past, and two damp spots had formed on her pillow.

"Asleep yet, baby?"

"Almost, Ma."

"Are you all right?"

"Fine."

"You—you ain't mad at Mama?"

"Course not, dearie."

"I—thought it sounded like you was crying."

"Why, Mommy, 'course not! Turn over now and go to sleep."

Another hour, and suddenly Mrs. Kaufman shot out her arm from the coverlet, jerking back the sheet and peering for her daughter's dewy, upturned face where the tears were slashing down it.

"Baby!"

"Mommy, you—you mustn't!"

"Oh, my darling, like I didn't suspicion it!"

"It's only——"

"Hush!"

"He—I just can't begin to tell you, Ma, the kind of a fellow Leo is till you know him better, Mommy dear."

"Always Vetsburg says he's a wide-awake one!"

"That's just what he is, Ma. He's just a prince if—if there ever was one. One little prince of a fellow!" She fell to crying softly, easy tears that flowed freely.

"I—I can tell you, baby, I'm happy as you."

"Mommy dear, kiss me."

They talked, huddled arm in arm, until dawn flowed in at the window and dirty roofs began to show against the asphalt court and there came the rattle of milk cans.

"I wonder if Annie left out the note for Mrs. Suss's extra milk!"

"Don't get up, dearie; it's only five——"

"Right away, baby, with extra towels I must run up to Miss Flora's room. That 6 o'clock train for Trenton she gets."

"Ma, dear, let me go."

"Lay right where you are! I guess you want you should look all worn out when a certain young man what I know walks down to meet our train at Atlantic City this afternoon, eh?"

"Oh, Mommy, Mommy!" And Ruby lay back against the luxury of pillows.

At 11 the morning rose to its climax—the butcher, the baker, and every sort of maker hustling in and out the basementway; the sweeping of upstairs halls; windows flung open and lace curtains looped high; the smell of spring pouring in even from asphalt; sounds of scrubbing from various stoops; shouts of drivers from a narrow street wedged with its Saturday morning blockade of delivery wagons, and a crosstown line of motorcars, tops back and nosing for the speedway of upper Broadway. A homely bouquet of odors rose from the basement kitchen, drifting up through the halls, the smell of mutton bubbling as it stewed.

After a morning of upstairs and downstairs and in and out of chambers, Mrs. Kaufman, enveloped in a long-sleeved apron still angular with starch, hung up the telephone receiver in the hall just beneath the staircase and entered her bedroom, sitting down rather heavily beside the open shelf of her desk. A long envelope lay uppermost on that desk, and she took it up slowly, blinking her eyes shut and holding them squeezed tight as if she would press back a vision, even then a tear oozing through. She blinked it back, but her mouth was wry with the taste of tears.

A slatternly maid poked her head in through the open door. "Mrs. Katz broke 'er mug!"

"Take the one off Mr. Krakow's washstand and give it to her, Tillie."

She was crying now frankly, and when the door swung back again on its insufficient hinge, she let her head fall forward into the pillow of her arms, the curve of her back rising and falling.

But after a while the greengrocer came on his monthly mission, in his white apron and shirt-sleeves, and she compared stubs with him from a file on her desk and balanced her account with careful squinted glance and a keen eye for an overcharge on a cut of breakfast bacon.

On the very heels of him, so that they met and danced to pass each other in the doorway, Mr. Vetsburg entered, with an overcoat flung across his right arm and his left sagging to a small black traveling bag.

"Well," he said, standing in the frame of the open door, his derby well back on his head and regarding her there beside the small desk, "is this what you call ready at 12?"

She rose and moved forward in her crackly starched apron. "I— Please, Mr. Vetsburg, it ain't right, I know!"

"You don't mean you're not going!" he exclaimed, the lifted quality immediately dropping from his voice.

"You—you got to excuse me again, Mr. Vetsburg. It ain't no use I should try to get away on Saturdays, much less Easter Saturday."

"Well, of all things!"

"Right away, the last minute, Mr. Vetsburg, right one thing after another——"

(Concluded Tomorrow.)

"HOME GROWN"

Is the title of next week's serial by

FANNIE HURST

It is a story of Fifth avenue transplanted for a while in a resort in Michigan. It combines the snappy repartee of the New York business world with the charm of silent moonlight, a gliding canoe and the western outdoors. It will make you dream as well as laugh. The first installment appears on

MONDAY, JANUARY 12

BISHOP BERRY ELECTED

Will Head Ocean Grove Camp Meeting Association

Bishop Joseph F. Berry, head of the Methodist Church of Philadelphia, has been elected president of the Ocean Grove Camp Meeting Association. He will succeed the Rev. Dr. Aaron E. Ballard, who died on Thanksgiving Day at the age of ninety-eight years. Bishop Berry is the fourth president of the association.

In addition to electing officers at its meeting yesterday, the association authorized a $650,000 bond issue to repay loans to John E. Andrus, of Yonkers, N. Y. Mr. Andrus was re-elected treasurer. Other officers re-elected are the Rev. Dr. James William Marshall, vice president, and the Rev. Dr. Frank L. Wilson, secretary.

CULTURE LOSES BOUT

Hog Island Wages Win Decision When Arabs Are Missing

Hog Island and culture collided on the program of the Browning Club meeting in the New Century Club last night, and culture finished a very poor second.

Arabian musicians scheduled to sing "love songs that were old when Rebecca was young" disappointed the audience. Like the well-known Arabs who "folded their tents and silently stole away," they were among the missing.

It was explained by message that high wages in the shipyards had taken much of the romance and song out of the lives of the Arabian colony here, and that they were too busy "making" money to sing.

Doctor Talcott Williams, of Columbia University, told of his childhood experiences in Arabia.

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January ARTO Rolls

1050	Dardanella	Fox Trot
1045	Just Like the Rose	Fox Trot
1036	When You're a Million Miles From Nowhere	Ballad
1028	I Love You Just the Same Sweet Adeline	One Step
1041	Was There Ever a Pal Like You	Ballad
1031	Waiting (*from "Listen Lester"*)	Fox Trot
1034	Only	Fox Trot
1026	Hand in Hand Again	Waltz-Song
1027	When You're Alone	Fox Trot
1035	Irene (*from the play "Irene"*)	Fox Trot
1040	Good Night Dearie	Waltz-Song
1043	I'm So Sympathetic. (*from the "Little Blue Devil"*)	Trot
1024	Back to God's Country	Fox Trot
1039	All That I Have Are Sunny Weather Friends	Fox Trot
1042	Lullaby Land	Waltz-Song
1033	Bubbling Over	Waltz-Song
1037	That Wonderful Kid From Madrid	Waltz-Song
1044	Troubles (the new novelty hit)	Waltz-Song
1029	Dreamland Brings Memories of You	Waltz-Song

Most Popular Songs From Previous Listings

1005	You'd Be Surprised	Fox Trot
985	Poor Little Butterfly Is a Fly Girl Now	Fox Trot
1010	Wonderful Pal	One Step
969	Golden Gate Open For Me	Waltz-Song
982	Carolina Sunshine	Waltz-Song
1023	Tell Me	Fox Trot
1007	Let the Rest of the World Go By	Waltz-Song
1002	Now I Know	Fox Trot
953	The Vamp	Fox Trot
997	I Am Climbing Mountains	Fox Trot

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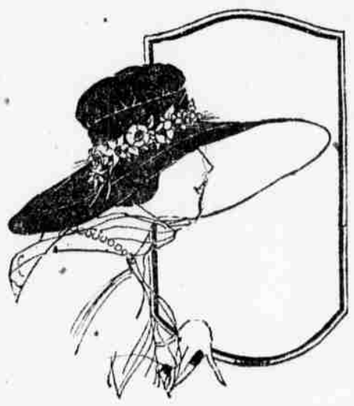

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Brunswick	Dalion	Lauzon	Premier	Sadora	Vanaphone
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Blackstone	Domestic	Lincoln	Phon D'Amour	Sona-Tone	Vista
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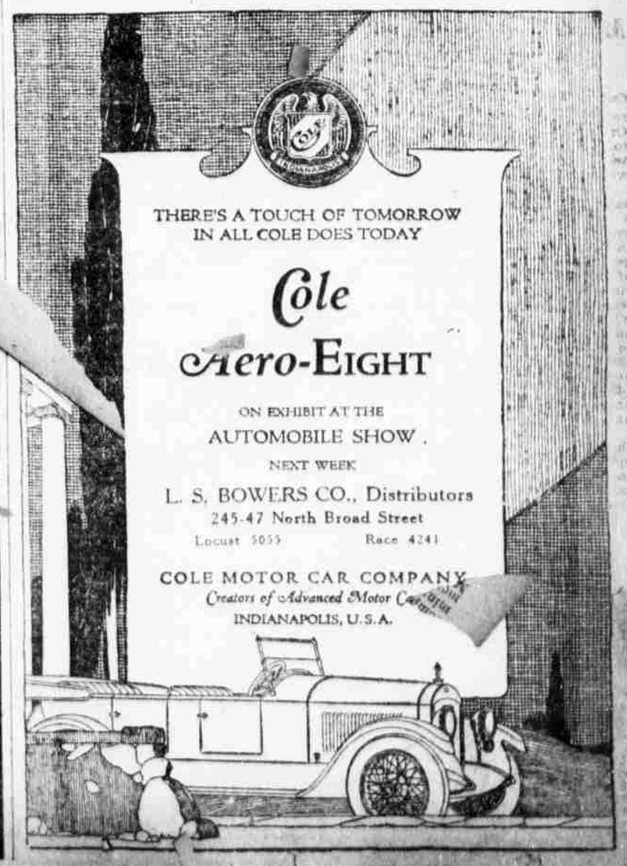
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