By FANNIE HURST

Lola Laiady and Al Delano are mar-eled and settle down in a small town, after Al is made a helpless cripple by after Al is made a helpess crippe of a fall in an acrobatic performance in the extravaganza in which they were both performers. The fall occurred when Lolo, intent on her flirtation with Lee, manager of the show, was careless in flinging a trapeze to Al. Per Collings, a friend of Al's, has



isle. The

poon descended. A million motes swam in a bar of sunshine which slanted through the windows and lay across the black trunk. The two-ten accommodation pulled out of the nearby station with a great clanging and after a time whistled back twice from out over the green-like prairie. A child throbbing with freedom rattled his lunch-bucket with freedom rattled his lunch-bucket along the picket fence.

Mrs. Delano tidled the dressing-Mrs. Delano tidled the mirror until silence.

The drone another give her the courage she needs.

It to the strengt! of his man another give her the courage she needs.

It to the strengt! of his man another give her the courage she needs.

It to the strengt! of his man another give her the courage she needs.

It to the strengt! of his man another give her the courage she needs.

I'Mack!"

"Yes, I told you I'd land that Amsterdam Roof show of his, didn't I?"

"Broadway for sure, Lee! Say, you?"

Bilinked! Aw — aw, Lo! Poor guy!

Poor guy!"

He was strangely inarticulate and they sat lor a moment in a lead-heavy silence.

Descently she raised her tear-daubed

Descently she raised her tear-daubed

The drone in the strengt! of his man another give her the courage she needs.

"Yes, I told you I'd land that Amsterdam Roof show of his, didn't I?"

"Broadway for sure, Lee! Say, you?"

He ran a finger along the top of he tall collar.

"I'm going to put on the biggest shout hat town ever seen."

"Gee, but—but I'm glad for y Lee."

He glanced at her sidewise.

"He glanced at her sidewise."

A red gold wig of spring-tight curls lay first and beside it a Pierrette's pointed cap, crushed and soiled and with pointed cap, crushed and solled and with two black pom-poms dangling by a thread. Farther down a crumpled rag of a Pierrette's dress, pom-poms also dangling, lay crushed beneath a jeweled crowb. Next a make-up box, daubed over with many colors, exuded the grease paint scent of a thousand mem-

Some cotton daisies gazed up at her with innocent eyes from the bottom of a battered pasteboard box. She lifted one and held it against her hair, her one and held it against her hair, her throat throbbing. She even strained over, still on her knees, to gaze into the little mirror, the daisy held at a cocky angle above her left ear. Suddwenly she danced to her feet, hopping about the tiny floor space in the fine frenzy of unhooking her dress up the back. Reflected in the mirror, her face could scarcely contain one expression for breaking into smiles, quirks, flushes. She then pinned the cotton daisy pat above her left ear, and like a flash slipped into the ballet dress of captivating Pierrette, her arms outstretched in a well-remembered attitude of the dance and the sap of spring rising in her veins.

ing in her veins. It was as if something cheeped within It was as if something cheeped within her and her heart took flight, soaring backward through resilient time and space into yesterdays. Fatigue vanished as rage before Abracadabra and Oh-la-la was her song.

"Oh-h-h-Lo-o!"

She paused, poised on her toes, her arms flung in a circle over her head and the quick color draining out of her face-noused in this tableau visant as

e-paused in this tableau vivant as

Lo-o!"

For a frozen instant she glanced about her, dragged at the bed covering as a cloak for her finery, but it clung to its moorings and, abandoning it in her frenzy, she burst through the door into the darkened front room.

"Al!" She caught at his hand which lay atop the rug. It was limp and strangely cold.

d strangely cold. At 6 o'clock Adalia finished its day At 6 o'clock Adalia finished its day with a bleating of factory whistles and a sonorous booming of the First Presbyterian chimes. Main street closed its shop doors and white arcights sprang out before two cinematograph theatres, Joe's Place. Frayley's lee Cream Parlor and the Red Trunk Five and Ten-Cent Store—open evenings.

At 6:10 the Prairie Flyer thundered into the station, with a row of por-ters swaying on its coach steps, stools in hand. Beside the station, Frank Gill's All-Night Lunch Room placed a dish of fried halibut and a platter of ted chopped meat, surmounted with a frele of onion, on its open-air coun-

ter,

The "Forty Thieves" theatrical troupe railied round to a man.

At 7:30 grilling arc-lights sprang out before the Opero House, and at that same moment Mr. Charlie Lee bounded up the front steps of a cottage on the bill. A light burned through a crack in the blind and through that same track he could see the hand-painted swinging-lamp burning softly.

He knocked, then stood for a moment in the cocked attitude of listening, his head inclined and four knuckles poised. Knocked again and the door swung bark on silent hinges and in the wavering brown shadows a small black figure peered outward.

Vh-who-" Her hand flew to her breast and lay ere white against the black.

Dou't you know me, kiddo? It's howdy, Lo. Gee, you look so little black I couldn't see you first, it you know me, kiddo? It's me."

That's me."

If it ain't Lee! Come in, Lee!"

If voice was faint as a tinkling bell, it entered, exhaling loudly, and with great ado of rubbing his hands to-ther in a dry wash.

Well—well!"

"I—come right in, Lee. Gee, gee, you're a sight for sore eyes. How's ugs? The girls? Sit down in that ker, Lee. Here, lemme take yourch. I—gee, ain't you a sight for

1—gee, min't you a sight for

was fluttering and full of small Dragged the rocker a bit farther h the swinging-lamp; leaned his r can in a corner; lowered a Fink, as delicate as peach rose in her wan little face. I down, Lee. I—sure, I knew low was playing Adalia tonight. But—gec. you look right slick, How's the show—how's the

scated bimself rather gingerly on dge of the seat, the rocker tilt-lorward with the weight of his his gray top shoes firmly planted uis hat cocked backward. o this is the home-sweet-home wrote the girls about, is it? Some little shack! Some neat little rest

ginneed about with quick ap-

me little rest cure."
-it's such a sight now after

Her voice died in her throat and she glanced away from him, He leaned forward, his own voice

'Naw, naw, quit crying, Lo. Crying ain't going to help. Brineys never salted down anybody's troubles."

She dried her eyes.
"Ain't I the silly? Only when I get started about him and what he was and all I—I just can't keep 'em back. Lemme get you some cider, Lee. Ben sent us up the press and we made it right here ourselves. Lemme get you some."

walk? Is he nailed for good?"

"Oh. Lee, don't you know—"

"To beat it while the company was forgetting. We got in just in time for make up and we're out for Principia on the 'leven-seven. The girls squealed for time to come and see you both, but it's all we can do to run the show off and thought. A "Tears rained down her 'heeks and nagging among themselves. Lemme get you some."

"No. I gotta make a dash for the Opry House. We gotta ring up prompt if we wanna make the 'leven-seven get-way."

"How's the girls and all of them, Lee? Gee, ain't we sat here winter night after night after night after night and talked about the nailed for good?"

Tears rained down her 'heeks and nagging among themselves about the

thought. A white p i ne be d a n d white p i ne table, i m-provised to a dress ing-stand, left an area between them the size of a door

"BRUNT"

Is the title of the next one-week serial which starts on

MONDAY, JANUARY 26 FANNIE HURST

arefully shrouded in a croaking whis-

"How is he, Lo? Won't he ever alk? Is he nailed for good?"

whistled the prairie. A such speed of the processing stand top and with a handkerchief rubbed a speck from the mirror until it squeaked. Then she fumbled in a drawer among a litter of keys, unhooked a small one from its ring and, spreading herself beside the trunk in the crosslimbed attitude of a shah, flung open the lid.

The musty odors of the theatre, which are as ingratiating as the fumes are all the complaint or let us know he knew. He was the real stuff, Lee, if—if ever a fellow was. He was! He was! He twirled his hat.

"He was-was the real thing, Lee, "You was, too, kiddo. Nobody can

"You was, too, kiddo. Nobody can say you didn't stick. And it wasn't your fault, neither. Al was always a great one for keeping his own props and the next day Ed found there was a screw gone from his spring-board. It wasn't your fault; the gang all knows that'

He glanced at her sidewise.

"What you going to do, sist stick around this dump?"

"I—I dunno."

"Fine place for a murder or a

and dumb school."

"It—it ain't so bad Lee, when you get used to it; the neighbors and friends they—"

"M-m-m-m. Live spot for a kiddo

"It ain't like I was without any friends, Lee, There's Ben and—"
"Ben?"
"You know, Al's friend."

"The guy that owns the town?"
"Yeh, he owns this cottage and everything else, Lee, We—we don't even pay rent for it. He's the fellow that gave us the chair you're sitting of "No, no, no. He was always saying that, too. But you can't tell me nothing about that. Nobody can. No body can."

You ought a seen the space we got about it. We had a headline in every town this side of Oklahoma City. It'll be good press stuff for the future, Lo. Sticking to a guy like that when—when that gave us the chair you're sitting on and the lamp you're seeing with. There never was a friend like him. Lee, would the money have come from all the months after the operations and all if—if he hadn't been sent to help us just like out of heaven. Givin' and givin' us so we wouldn't know it. Helpin' us so we couldn't see it, keeping up Al's nerve, help' him to—'' "Helpin' us so we couldn't see it, keeping up Al's nerve, help' him to—'' "Yeh. Gee, don't I wish you could we would the money have come from all the money have come from all if—if he hadn't been sent to help us just like out of heaven. Givin' and givin' us so we wouldn't know it.

Helpin' us so we wouldn't know it.

Helpin' us so we couldn't see it, keeping up Al's nerve, help' have come from all the money have come from all the money have come from all if—if he hadn't been sent to help us just like out of heaven. Givin' and givin' us so we wouldn't know it.

Helpin' us so, we wouldn't know it.

Helpin' us so, we wouldn't know it.

Helpin' us so, we wouldn't know it.

Helpin' us so we wouldn't know it.

he was nailed and marrying him in a hospital. Some press stuff that!"

"It's just like Ben says about him, he—he was too good for—for—he was too good to live."

"Naw, naw, quit crying, Lo. Cry—"

"Naw, naw, quit crying, Lo. Cry—"

"Naw, naw, quit crying, Lo. Cry—"

"It's was nailed and marrying him in a meet him, Lee. After the aldermen's around here pretty soon, ch?"

"I—why, I dunno, Lee."

"There ain't many girl-shows being booked for summer. Me and Mack's got the first grab at 'em, too."

EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER-PHILADELPHIA, FRIDAY,

"Aw. Lee." He shifted his cold cigar.

booked for summer. Me and Mack's got the first grab at 'em, too.'' "The Amsterdam Roof is sure the did."

He regarded her through a film of abstraction as if her words only half filtered to him. His glance was for her white throat where it rose above the black and the limber easy line of her silhouette.

"Honest. Lo, you're better looking.

Kind of filled out and toned down a bit. Country air, eh? Some little looker!"

"Aw, Lee."

He shifted his cold cigar.

got the first grab at 'em, too."

"The Amsterdam Roof is sure the swellest on Broadway, Lee."

"You think I forgot my promise to you, kiddo, now—now that you're out in the swim again, don't you? You think I've forgot?"

"You think I forgot that I promised you last fall that there's a forty-dollar job waiting for you in that show."

(Concluded Tomorrow.)

(Concluded Tomorrow.)

"CINDERELLA'S DAUGHTER"

By HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR Copyright, 1920, by the Public Ledger Company

Synopsis
Virginia West, at boarding school, becomes friendly with Kathleen Fos-ter, one of the older girls. Both girls become engaged at the same time, but Kathleen breaks her engagement when she discovers that Bill is poor. Virginia is married and meets many trials. Her husband's illness is fol-lowed by his death, which occurs be-fore the baby is born. In the mean-time Kathleen discovers that Bill has been left a legacy and she decides to lure Bill back. Virginia's baby is born at the home of Jimmy's family. but Virginia determines to work. A half forgotten talent for mimicry that she has shown at school is her only hope, and Virginia obtains a position in an interesting manner. Bill has befriended her in the city and she proudly tells Bill and Kathleen about her success. Kathleen retaliates with the news that she and Bill have become engaged a second time.

There were no salaries pald during rehearsale for "The Probe," and Vir-ginia had to be very careful of her money. Bill had tried to force her to some from him, but she had

"Suppose it should fail, then I should have no way of paying you back." "That wouldn't matter," he returned, impatiently.

"It would matter to me. No, Bill I have enough, don't worry about me."
And Virginia stayed on at the boarding house. She had grown older. She had more dignity, was more sure of her-self and with this added poise had come another feeling hard to analyze. She another feeling hard to analyze. She wondered at it whenever she had time to think, but she did not allow herself to think, but she did not allow herself to think very much. The feeling centered about Bill and Kathleen. Virginia had discovered that there was down at her and quite suddenly Virginia had discovered that there was down at her and quite suddenly Virginia had discovered that there was down at her and quite suddenly Virginia had discovered that there was down at her and quite suddenly Virginia had discovered that there was down at her and quite suddenly Virginia had discovered that there was down at her and quite suddenly Virginia had discovered that there was down at her and quite suddenly Virginia had discovered that there was down at her and quite suddenly Virginia had discovered that there was down at her and quite suddenly Virginia had discovered that there was down at her and quite suddenly Virginia had discovered that there was down at her and quite suddenly Virginia had discovered that there was down at her and quite suddenly Virginia had discovered that there was down at her and quite suddenly Virginia had discovered that there was down at her and quite suddenly Virginia had discovered that there was down at her and quite suddenly Virginia had discovered that there was down at her and quite suddenly Virginia had discovered that there was down at her and quite suddenly Virginia had discovered that there was down at her and quite suddenly virginia had discovered that there was down at her and quite suddenly virginia had discovered that there was down at her and quite suddenly virginia had discovered that the discovered that the was down at her and quite suddenly virginia had discovered that the was down at her and quite suddenly virginia had discovered that the was down at her and quite suddenly w

ing after the opening, three papers away. There was a moment in which spoke of Virginia personally. She had taken her maiden name and was called Virginia West on the program. The Chronicle, one of the most conservative of the morning papers, said that tive of the morning papers, said that that queer feeling remained with Virshe had the unusual faculty of projecting her personality over the footlights. The yellowest of the evening papers called her an unusual type and hinted at called her an unusual type and hinted her an unusual The yellowest of the evening papers called her an unusual type and hinted at a rosy future. Virginia was amazed and delighted. In a week the play was running along smoothly and Virginia was settled in a small but very dainty scartfunct. wrestled over by a next

just yet and as much as she longed for her baby, she decided to wait.

Virginia had learned more in her short connection with the stage than she had all the rest of her life. She had discovered an amazing fact about herself, one that she was almost ashamed to admit, and that was her love for Jimmy. As she saw life now it had not been love, but love of love. She was glad in thinking back that she had not known this before. As it was she and Jimmy had had a comparatively she and Jimmy had had a comparatively she and Jimmy had had a comparatively happy time together. "The Probe" was a play with a strong love interest and Virginia, who had known so little about the world before, dreamed about a love that would take her by storm as this woman was swept off her feet in the play. It was a wild and stormy love and she thrilled as deliciously as any

young girl.
One afternoon she was dallying lazily with a magazine in her small living room when Bill was announced Virginia wore one of the straight gown that were so becoming to her. This one was of garnet velvet, made with long sleeves and a collar line that made her small head look like a flower on a

stem. ginia had discovered that there was something very personal in her desire for Bill's happiness.

"The Probe" opened out of town to an enthusiastic house and was brought to New York immediately. The morning after the opening, three papers spoke of Virginia personally. She had taken her maiden name and was called the per maiden name and was called the personal traken her maiden name and was called the personal traken her maiden name and was called the personal traken her maiden name and was called the personal traken her maiden name and was called the personal traken her maiden name and was called the personal traken her maiden name and was conscious of the fact that he was holding her hand. Something over the personal traken her maiden name and was conscious of the fact that he was holding her hand. Something over the personal traken her and quite suddenly virginia was conscious of the fact that he was holding her hand. Something over the personal traken her and quite suddenly virginia was conscious of the fact that he was holding her hand. Something over the personal traken her and quite suddenly virginia was conscious of the fact that he was holding her hand. Something over the personal traken her and quite suddenly virginia was conscious of the fact that he was holding her hand. Something over the personal traken her heart sufficient that her hea

(Tomorrow, an unexpected trip)

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CURTAINS can make a great dif-ference in the appearance of your fifty cents. house, and unraveled, stringy curtain cords can make the prettiest window shade look "down at the heel." Which is the strongest argument I know for telling you of curtain cords you can buy for the modest sum of ten cents. They come in green, tan, and, as I remember it, in white also. Each has one of those crocheted rings on the ends, and can be easily attached to the winshade look "down at the heel." Which one of those crocheted rings on the ends, and can be easily attached to the win-dow shade.

Seems to me I never pick up a mag-azine these days without finding an earnest article on the importance of very taking good care of one's complexion. It's made me fairly jumpy, and I find maid. She should have been very happy but she wasn't and this fact puzzled her. She was really not any happier than she had been when she was poor. She loved her work, but she was poor. She loved her work, but she wanted Barbara and she wanted sometime else that she could not fathom. She felt vaguely restless.

Sixty dollars a week may sound like a magnificent salary, but it really is not large, and Virginia had to keep up a certain appearance. She felt that it would not be wise to send for Barbara just yet and as much as she longed for her baby, she decided to wait.

Virginia had learned more in her

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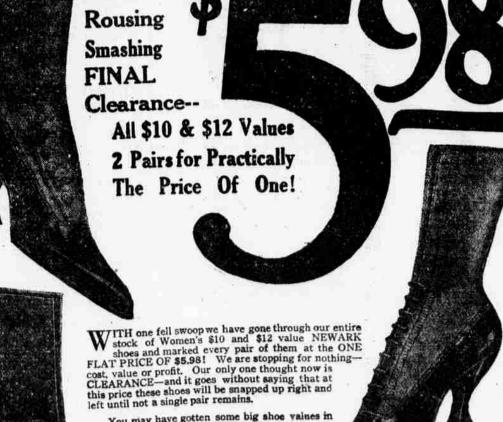
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