

MAYOR ANNOUNCES LEGION'S PROGRAM

Posts Throughout City to Honor Memory of Washington on Sunday

WILL BE AT OPERA HOUSE

The official program of the American Legion services to be held in the Metropolitan Opera House on February 22, Washington's birthday anniversary, was made public today by Mayor Moore.

He made the announcement today to link the sentiment of the first President's birthday anniversary with that of President Lincoln, which occurs today.

"On Sunday, February 22, there will be held throughout the United States memorial services under the direction of the American Legion, in honor of all Americans who died in their country's service during the world war, and at these services the opportunity of joining in the French republic will be presented to the families of our fallen heroes.

"In this city the services, the first in honor of all of Philadelphia's dead, will be held in the Metropolitan Opera House at 3 o'clock in the afternoon. The French ambassador and the Governor of the commonwealth will address the gathering, and the certificates will be presented by one of the leaders of the American Expeditionary Force to twenty-four women representing the mothers, widows, daughters and sisters of those who died. The services in Philadelphia promise to be among the most memorable of the nation.

"As the number of guests to be invited must be limited to the seating capacity of the opera house, it is urged that all churches arrange for special services for the morning of Sunday, February 22, so that the people generally may have the opportunity of joining in a city-wide observance of the day.

"At 3 o'clock in the afternoon, when the services in the Metropolitan Opera House begin, the bells of Independence Hall will toll for five minutes. I request that all church bells be tolled at the same time, for the same period, so that the families of our departed soldiers, sailors and marines, whether taking part in the services or not, may know that all of our people are joining in spirit in their reverent services."

There will be a state conference of war-risk insurance officers, according to a statement made yesterday by William G. Murdock, the state adjutant. The purpose of this conference will be to devise means of handling the insurance question in the various posts of the Legion.

John W. Brock, Jr., the state finance officer, is issuing to all paid-up members an official membership card. This card is forwarded from state headquarters as soon as the membership is paid, and it requires the signature of the post finance officer and the post commander.

Six vaudeville acts will feature a program tonight at the Benjamin Franklin Post, No. 465, in the E.K. Hall, Juniper and Arch streets—the first of a number of entertainment programs which will be provided by this post. Incidentally, Dr. A. C. Abbott, the post commander, was able to announce at the Second district meeting of the Legion that his post now has a paid-up membership of 485, which is the largest paid-up membership for the year 1920 in the country of Philadelphia.

Officers of the American Legion and various posts throughout the city were invited today by Dr. Henry Heilmann to attend a smoker of Post No. 168 Thursday evening, February 19, in Battery Hall, Germantown avenue and Somerset street.

All post commanders of the Third district were the guests last night of H. N. Schwartz, the district chairman, at a dinner at the City Club, at which plans were discussed for developing the various organizations in the ward of the Third district. The chairman of the posts in that district are as follows: Philip Hering, Jr., Post No. 88; George McDowell, Post No. 189; William H. Croemer, Jr., Post No. 105; Samuel E. Schaff, Post No. 275; I. G. Gordon Forster, Post No. 277; James B. Anderson, Post No. 280; H. N. Schwartz, Post No. 312; John P. Rieder, Post No. 396; Louis Washburn, Post No. 385.

THE NAME AND THE GAME

By FANNIE HURST

Marjorie Clark, who was born in the slums, is trying to better herself. She refuses an invitation to spend Christmas Eve with Charles Souly at his mother's home in the suburbs, because she does not trust him. On her way home she is met by Blink, a disreputable friend of former days.

CHAPTER IV



FANNIE HURST

MARJORIE CLARK'S companion steeled her past and turned toward her his twitching features, suddenly, and even through their looseness, softened into a smile.

"Poor kid," he said, "just send them to me for reference, I can do some tall vouching for you."

"The way I feel lately, some times, honest, I think if I get to getting the indigestion much deeper, there is no telling where they'll land me. The game as well as the name ain't all poetry, let me tell you that."

Through the fall of mild snow he could see her face shining out darkly, and his bare, eager fingers moved toward her arm, and except when the spasmodic twitch locked his features, his face, too, was thrust forward, keen and close to hers.

"I've been telling you that for five years, girl."

"Now, don't go getting me wrong, Blink. Now, Marjorie, I'm a free man. Mary, you know what kind of a proposition I would have put up to you five years ago when I had my health and my looks and—"

"If you want to make me sore, just tune up on that old song. You ain't man enough to even get your own little kid out of the clutches of a mother that's pulling her down to Hades with her. Take it from me; if there wasn't something in me that's just sorry for you, I wouldn't walk these here blocks with you. Sometimes when I look at you right hard, Blink, honest, it looks to me like the coke's got you, Blink."

"You wouldn't tell me if it had. But you got the twitches all right."

"It's my nerves, Marjorie, my nerves and you."

"Bab, you got about as much backbone as a jelly fish. Blaming things on a girl."

"You took the backbone out of me, I tell you."

"Oh, no, I didn't; it's been missing since your first birthday."

"Eating out my heart and vitals for you and your confounded highfalutin amen notions."

"Before you ever clapped eyes on me you was more famous for your arm muscles than your backbone. I guess I don't remember how your own mother told me the very day before she died how she tried on her old knees to keep you out of a marriage with that woman. All that happened and you—"

way back in the days when you had your muscles and was head rubber-down at Hershey's. You knew her kind when you did it, and now why ain't you man enough to blame yourself for what you are instead of blaming a girl, Gee?"

"I didn't mean it, Marjorie. It slipped. S'help me, I didn't. Sometimes I just don't know what I'm saying, Marjorie; that's how my mind kinda gets sometimes. All fuzzed over like."

"What's the odds what you say, Blink? You're just not man-size, I guess."

"I ain't, ain't I? I ain't gone through a living hell sitting on the water wagon for you, have I?"

"Try to keep from twitching that way, Blink; you give me the horrors."

"I ain't cut out playing stakes, have I? I can live from Sunday to Sunday on a pickup from a little gamble here and a little gamble there. But when you hollered, I didn't cut it and begin to work up muscle to get back on the job again, did I? I didn't, did I?"

"You can't pump that into me, Blink. His voice narrowed to a nasal quality."

"I didn't send her and the kid a whole Christmas box like you wanted me to, did I? I didn't stick a brand new fiver in the black silk dress party, knowing all the while she'd have it drunk up before she opened the boxes out, I didn't, did I?"

"They were approaching a convergence of the two great avenues. The snowfall had lightened. Marjorie Clark let her gaze rest for the moment upon her companion and her voice seemed suddenly to nestle deep in her throat."

"Gee, Blink, if I thought any of the uplift stuff I've tried to pump into you had seeped in, Gee, if I could think that, Blink!"

Tears lay close to the surface of her words and his lean face was thrust further forward in affirmation.

"I has, Marjorie. All I got to do is to think of you and those big black eyes of your shining, and I could lead a water wagon parade."

"It's the habits, Blink, you got to watch. For a minute tonight you looked like a coke and—and it scared me. Don't let the coke get you, Blink; for God's sake, don't."

"I sent her a fiver, Marjorie, and a black silk, and a doll with real hair for the kid. Y'oughta seen, Marjorie, real hair on 'em."

"That was fine, Blink. Fine!"

"Where you going? Aw, come, Marjorie, for the love of Mike; you're not going. Yes, yes, you go. This is Twenty-ninth street, my corner. That's where I room; that fourth house to the right. That dark one. I got to go."

"Where?"

"Where do you s'pose? Home."

"What's doin' there?"

"N-nothing."

"Whatta you going to do Christmas eve? Sit in your two by four and twiddle your thumbs?"

"Lord," she said, "I dunno! I dunno!"

He set up the jangling again. "It's Christmas eve, Marjorie."

"That's right, rub it in," and she looked away from him.

"Come, Marjorie, don't leave me high and dry like this. Come, I'll blow you to a little supper, kiddo. I got a couple of meal tickets coming to me down at Harry's on the some ivories I threw last night."

"Diced! And after the line of talk you just tried to make me swallow. Did I believe it? I did not."

"No, yes, Marjorie. Just for a couple of meal tickets we tossed. Come, girl, you ain't been down to Harry's for months; you won't get your halo nussed from one time. It's Christmas eve, Marjorie."

"I heard you the first time."

"If I got to go it alone tonight, Marjorie, it'll be the coldest Christmas I ever spent. I'll pickle this Christmas eve like it was never pickled before, I will."

"Aren't you no man at all, threatening like that? Just no man at all?"

"I tell you if I got to go it alone tonight, I won't be. I'm crazy enough to tear things wide open."

"A line of talk like that will send me home quicker than anything, if you want to know it." She turned her face away and toward the dark aisle of the side street.

"I didn't mean it, Marjorie. It slipped. S'help me, I didn't. Sometimes I just don't know what I'm saying, Marjorie; that's how my mind kinda gets sometimes. All fuzzed over like."

"What's the odds what you say, Blink? You're just not man-size, I guess."

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FANNIE HURST

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CUNARD-ANCHOR

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Table with columns for ship name, destination, and date. Includes ships like Vestalia, Navarino, Rembrandt, Saxonian, Netherpark, Chipena, Doonholm, Valdivia, K. A. Victoria, Pannonia, Imperator, Royal George, Columbia, Mauretania, Saxonia, K. A. Victoria, Carmania, Royal George, Caronia, Columbia, Imperator.

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