EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER-PHILADELPHIA, FRIDAY, MAY 7, 1920

THINE IS NOT MINE **By FANNIE HURST**

e Kolinsky goes to be inter-by Pelix Grats, theatrical man-who wants to give her a princi-pri in one of his road companies, nather objects to her taking it as the has uever done anything kind before



FANNIE HURST

working.

stage

ung girl-

the girls dressing rooms

out to you is bunk. It's true that

ing. 'Gott

o m p a n s. Mrs. Ko-nsky, not a uple of 'em, it dozens' of a. I'm proud shake by ened by a film of moisture. 'Why. Mrs. Kolinsky, I wouldn't take your beau-tiful liftle girlie away from you, not for a million dollars, if that's the way you feel. You just forget all about it and take her home with you

the h a n d s : most of 'em by "No. to. Mr. Gratz. it's all right. You 'em must excuse manua. She don't mean non. you ain't good to offer it, but-she trusts with 'ou just as much as I do. Mr. Gratz, but orking, plucky little common-propositions, some of em with a to support or saving up for a farm in their old ago. Most of tage temptation stuff you get

"Why, Mrs. Kolinsky, I'd no more take your little girl for this business if you don't want-"

"The set of under the first when back in a state of under time, Mr. Gratz, Maybe's some other time, Mr

Tant it—so: "Gott in Himmel! And she didn't want ten to come, Mr. Gratz, so help me. "Inst's how the stage gets hold of em ight away. She didn't want to come. It. Lang didn't come bothering around ind—and you. Mr. Gratz. How she takes up to you right away. Never in my life did I see her make up so quick ight away.

Why, little Miss Roste." said Felix tort. it, moving toward her. "you trust "I-sixty-I-mana_"" "don't you?"

"I do, MrN Gratz, I-I do trust you. -I just do." And at that a flush rose. "Never, Mr. Gratz, did she maky up inter away with a young man before. "Never, Mr. Gratz, did she maky up inter away with a young man before. that's how bashful she is. Gott if only hat, and Mr. Lang hadn't come bother. I us the trust you. 'You want it. Rosie? Don't be afraid to say to mama what you want. You-'You want it. Rosie? Don't be afraid to say to mama what you want. You-'You want it. Rosie? Don't be afraid to say to mama what you want. You-'You want it. Rosie? Don't be afraid to say to mama. what you want. You-'You want it. Rosie? Don't be afraid 'You want it. Rosie?' 'You want it. Rosie? Don't be afraid 'You want it. Rosie?' 'You want it.' 'You want it.'' 'You

"Why, you pretty little thing, you," aid Felix Gratz.

and Felix Gratz. "Oh-oh, Mr. Gratz." The pink tide sky, ther confusion rose higher. "Ach, all of a suddin you two, such admiration society. It aln't even nice young girl and a young man should ght away begin such-such admiration weiety."

Mama

ght away

"Why, Mrs. Kolinsky, I was only-" Don't you see, mamma, it's like Mr. Grain said, ma. Didn't you, Mr. Grain, T "Why, you pretty little thing, you." "epeated Mr. Felix Grain, moving to-

with my sick husband is that child. Mr. Gratz. Don't take her away from me Just let us live on like before. Mr. Gratz. don't take her away from me?" 'Mama. dear. Please. darling! J won't go; 1-won't, dearie, mann."

"Why, Mr. Gratz, did you come to us "Why. Mr. Gratz, did you come to us with such big ideas when better off we were without them? Don't take her from me, Mr. Gratz, Don't! With her little wages by Tracy's and when always I can sell my pickles and smolied meats to the delicatessen, we can get for her poor papa what comfort he needs, Don't. Mr. Gratz, don't?"

dressing rooms once and let you see for yourself our rules posted up there in black and whither great retching sobs all released, she rose, groping for the slim form of her daughter; folded it to her beneath the cape, the curving young and white against smok-ing and swear-

"Gott" He moved toward her with a sudden "Why, there's girls in miy ened by a film of moisture.

"He-he needs me. too. You-sou

With her hands cupped one in the other and held out straight from her, Miss Kolinsky opened her lips for re-

"Answer mans. Roste. I feel better f you tell me the truth. What you want, baby, won't be hard for mains to learn how to want, too. You want "Of course she wants it, Mrs. Kolin-sky. Look at her face ain't that enough."

You want it, Rosie?"

Y-yes, mama! . . .

When Felix Gratz's pale yellow auto-mobile, racy-looking as a hound and with red leather upholstery and three extra tires in red leather casing, drew up alongside of twelve stories of and stucco, facing the lowest e Riverside Drive where rents and end o rside Drive, rents and apart

habitual dry wash, followed the low black figure into the pink-lighted room, thawing and smilling. "Fe-fle-foe-fum! I smell potroast, sweet-sour." "The roast you sent up yesterday," "I bet." "Fe-fle.-foe-fum! I smell potroast, sweet-sour." "The roast you sent up yesterday, Felix. I fixed you with potatoes klose the you you like." "Aha." Copyright, 1330, by Wheeler Syndicate (CONTINUED TOMORROW)

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We have made our removal to our own store, and invite you to come in and see what will be the most complete and practical grocery establishment in the city. We have united two buildings into one grand store, with entrances on three streets, which gives us 600 square feet greater floor space than our old store.

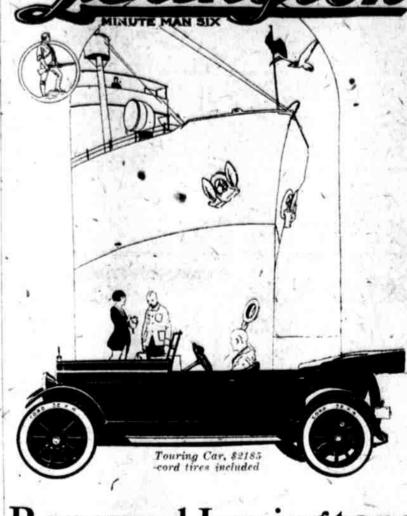
All departments are ready except our bakery, where new doubledecked ovens are 'now being installed.

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Renewed Lexingtons

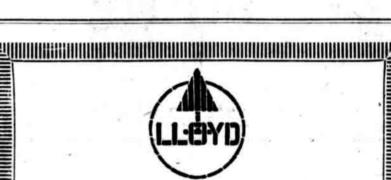
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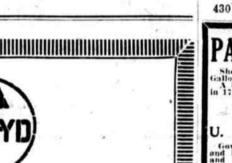
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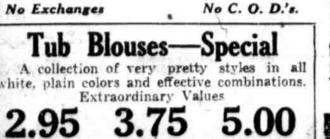
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The Story of a Strike

As Seen By the Employers

On Friday evening, April 30th, the teamsters and power truck-men employed in the lumber yards of Philadelphia held a meeting and decided to strike. Next day (sometimes called May-Day, and sometimes May-not Day), practically all the lumber yards of Philadelphia were tied up, which, of course, quickly brings building to a standstill.

What was it all about?

On the surface it was merely a question of pay. The teamsters and truck men demanded a 25 per cent increase in wages.

For a five-and-a-half-day week the teamsters had been getting \$24, the two-ton-truck men \$26, and the five-ton-truck men \$28.

As a compromise most of the employers offered a flat increase of \$3 per week; and on the Friday night when the men struck nearly all of them had in their pockets the extra \$3. which had been paid them in the vain hope that those who have wives and children might think an extra \$3 better than an empty envelope.

But the men with wives and children didn't decide the question. They rarely do. The strike was ordered by a very different class of men, who want something more than an increase of wages-they want what is called "the closed shop"-that is, the power to shut out of all the lumber yards every man who does not belong to their union.

Now we employers may be a set of mossbacks, living too much in the past, but we confess to a prejudice against the "closed Aside from the question of pay, we shop. don't like to have our sobersided, reliable old teamsters and truckmen, our best and steadiest men, told by outsiders that they must "join the union or quit."

Would you?

As to pay, here are the figures: For a fiveand-a-half-day week we have now offered and paid \$27 for teamsters, or 108 per cent advance over April, 1916; for two-ton-truck men, \$29, or 123 per cent advance, and for five-ton-truck men, \$31, or 138 per cent advance.

With all increases in the cost of living, are not these fair rates of pay?

As to the demand for the "closed shop," we want to know whether the other citizens of this free country would like to see us surrender.

