

**THE STREETS OF LIFE**

By HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR  
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**Despondency**

Ann's father thought he would make her over to his own ways of thinking. He thought by depriving her of friends and the pretty things she had loved and that he was fully able to buy that she should give up the idea of marrying. When he decided on the life for her, when he decided on the man that she was to marry, he felt that there would be no trouble about it. However, Daring decided to take it. He introduced Daring into Ann's life. Daring was a handsome, wealthy woman. Through a jealous woman, Ann met Dan Grey, the handsome son of her father. Of unassuming ideal of her girlhood. Of course, these new friends were kept at a distance from her father and her Aunt Martha, and then, on day Aunt Martha died suddenly of heart disease.

Ann was terrified at her father's suggestion. Through the two dreary days before the funeral she thought of nothing else. Her terror amounted almost to a panic, everything seemed slipping away from her, everything that she had known slipping away.

The day after Aunt Martha's death, she slipped away from the house and went to tell Geraldine what had happened. Geraldine was sympathetic, sorry that Ann could not come, as usual, but not deeply so. Ann felt with a pang of terror that if something happened soon to prevent these afternoon walks with the Carpenters, Geraldine would not care overmuch. Of course, she was over-sensitive; but it helped to accentuate the general gloom.

The day after the funeral, Jim Carter spoke again to Ann about her marriage.

"Have you talked with Bill?"

"No, father."

"He said he'd be over tonight, we'll have a talk then."

"No, no." Ann's protest was almost a prayer.

"What's the matter with you?" her father asked, suspiciously.

"Nothing, but Aunt Martha's only been gone a few days. I don't want to go from that first. I don't want to think of my marriage just now," she quavered.

"I guess you didn't get such a store as your Aunt Martha's," her father replied. "She was a good woman, but she didn't have any time for this pinching and fussing. Why couldn't I have had a boy with some get-up and go to him instead of a white-livered girl who can't say her soul's her own?"

Nevertheless, he said no more about the marriage. The next day, Ann returned to the Carpenters' after hurrying through the housework and getting everything ready in the kitchen so that she could get a hasty meal for her father when she returned that evening. Geraldine was ill with a headache. She lay on the cushioned couch in her sitting room, a rose-colored light burning on a little table near her. The silken robe thrown over her. A tea wagon with an appetizing lunch on it was drawn up near her, but it had not been touched. She looked up at Ann

and a little smile wavered about her mouth. It was good to see Ann again. The smile warmed Anne through and through. It was the one thing needed to pull the girl out of her despondency, and in a second she had slipped out of her outer things. She vanished into Geraldine's room and emerged a few minutes later in a dainty afternoon frock purchased with her own money. Anne had insisted on this with a dignity that Geraldine could not affront.

It was a minute Anne was rubbing the kinks out of Geraldine's head with firm movements of her fingers. It was quite marvelous to watch the furrows in Geraldine's forehead disappear as if by magic. Finally she looked up at the girl through drooping half-closed lids.

"That's so much better, you have wonderful fingers, Anne," and then as the girl kept her fingers moving softly and rhythmically over her forehead and temples Geraldine's eyes closed and she dropped asleep.

Anne was glad that Geraldine was not about as usual so that she could ask questions. Ever since Geraldine had suggested that Anne tell her father the truth Anne had expected to be pinned down with a question as to whether or not she had done this and when she expected to. It sounded so easy to Geraldine and it was so insurmountably difficult for Anne. She was held in thrall by all the experiences of her childhood; her terror of the night, her mother had been brought in from the river had never died. The memory of that scene was as vivid as ever when she closed her eyes and conjured it all up. It has been said by Freud and many other well-known psychologists that a child's mind may be definitely turned in one direction through an episode in childhood, and his entire life may eventually be changed by it unless he is confronted with the truth and fights the thing face to face, conquering it once and for all.

Two natures were warring in Anne constantly. Her mother's softness and her father's iron will. Brought up as the average child, she might have been entirely different, left to herself her nature would have asserted itself and the result would have been a rare and perfect combination. But Anne's will was still subservient to her father's and she knew it.

(Tomorrow, an unexpected call)

**Jenkintown Choral Society**

The Jenkintown Choral Society, under the direction of Bessie Kille Slauch, gave its annual spring concert in the auditorium of the Abington High School, last night. Assisting soloists were Leslie W. Joy, baritone, and Bertrand A. Austin, cello. Mary Nock Malpass and Lucien A. Austin assisted at the piano. The chorus, composed of more than thirty women, sang with a fine understanding of their songs.

**Ocean City Masons to Dine**

Ocean City, May 12.—Ocean City Lodge, No. 171, F. and A. M., will celebrate its twenty-third anniversary with a dinner at the Biscayne Hotel Tuesday evening, May 25.

**Adventures**

**With a Purse**

THESE luncheon sets are a special, so I hasten to write about them before they are all sold. They are of a nice-looking linen-finish material, scalloped around the edges with a neat blue edging. The dark blue against the gleaming white forms a striking contrast, and makes the dainties exceptionally fresh-looking. The sets consist of thirteen pieces, and are specially priced at \$1.85.

The other day I was going to write about a ouija board, for so many people are having lots of fun with them these days. I thought you might like to have one. The price of the one I saw was \$1.25. But today, quite by accident, I came across a table of ouija boards at the remarkable price of fifty cents! Although slightly smaller than the first I saw, they are nevertheless quite large enough to answer all the many important questions you may ask, and I feel sure that the possession of one will afford you much fun.

Peter was being helpful. That is to say, Peter was helpfully inclined. Adorned in a big apron, and purposefully grasping an egg-beater, he started industriously to whip the cream. In my word, you should have seen that place! There was cream splattered from one end to the other, with a fat glob clinging coily to Peter's forehead. The really sensible beater is the kind one shop has marked at twenty-five cents. It consists of a deep glass jar, with a top, to which is attached the beater. The top keeps the cream or eggs or butter in the jar where they belong, while the shape also enables you to set it in a pan of water, which, as every one knows, is a good thing when whipping cream, as it will never whip until it is quite cold.

**SCHOLARSHIP IS MEMORIAL**

**P. R. Women Who Aided in War Honor Lost Soldiers**

In memory of three young men of the freight traffic department of the Pennsylvania Railroad who gave their lives in the war, the Pennsylvania Railroad Women's Division of War Relief, Department No. 3, has founded a \$5000 scholarship at the University of Pennsylvania.

The three men who gave their lives were Arthur Dutton, Robert Howard Gamble and Ernest Eugene Stine.

The scholarships are given with the stipulation that they shall be open to the son or daughter of present or deceased employes of the freight traffic department of the Pennsylvania system, or to the son or daughter of a member of Department No. 3, Pennsylvania Railroad Women's Division of War Relief, who was a member in good standing during the years 1918-19.

In addition to announcing the foregoing scholarship, Provost Edgar F. Smith made public the fact that the firm of George H. McFadden & Bro. had subscribed \$1000 a year for five years for the purpose of creating a scholarship in the American-Scandinavian Foundation.

**SPANKED HER, WIFE SAYS**

**Husband Replies He Was Obligated to "Treat Her Like a Father"**

Wilmington, May 12.—Charged in city court yesterday with spanking his twenty-year-old wife, Henry Little, who is twenty-seven, said she was irresponsible and he was obliged to "treat her like a father."

Mrs. Little testified he often spanked and slapped her. She refused to live with him any longer and was granted a sum of \$15 a week. Little also admitted slapping his mother-in-law. He said "too much mother-in-law" was responsible for all his troubles.

**MUNSING WEAR —because it fits**



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There's a right size for everyone, tall, stout, short or thin. Don't say underwear—say Munsingwear.

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"For their learning be liberal. Spare no cost; for by such parsimony all is lost that is saved."  
—William Penn

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with special reference to our ideals and institutions. She wants you to stand behind her in her efforts to prepare your daughters to meet the problems of their time usefully and understandingly. She wants you to help her to send forth in the future, as she has in the past, well-trained, well-equipped women of high purpose and character to teach your children in the schools and the colleges.

**Bryn Mawr asks every Pennsylvanian to buy a little liberty bond—**

a five-dollar investment that will free the college from some of the limitations that are restricting its usefulness. It carries no coupons, but 100 per cent interest will be paid to your children in education.

Education in America is for all the people, and its endowment should be by all the people. Sign on the dotted line for five dollars, or for multiples of five, and send the money to

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