EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER-PHILADELPHIA, MONDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1922



besible. Be stood, a desolate little figure, in the shabby hall, listening to her mether's hysterical voice upstairs. Burely it was a nightmare, this last half hour; surely soon if she were very stitut, she would wake up and find it retains but a bad dream. Harden hated tragedies; he would have given a great deal to have gone way from it all, but such a thing was oriously impossible. The appearance of the boys on the stitu-faced and scared-loking; there waite-faced and scared-loking; there waites tare in Ned's eyes, and be kept which he would have considered un-the was remembering that he marted from his father in anger, and the was a made an undutiful the was at Dangerfield senior. The was at Dangerfield senior.

She raised her beautiful eyes to site face. "I always remember you as the kind-est mail ever met," she said. Harde flushed. "But even so. I could not hold you-with all my kindness, could I?" he said with a touch of irony is his volce. She caught her breath on a sigh. "We all make mistake," she whis-

GASOLINE ALLEY-Meet Mr. Glib, the One-a-Minute Oil Co.

By King

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