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Evenings

ANGLED TRAILS

By WILLIAM MACLEOD RAINES
Author of "A Man Four-Square,"
"Gunlight Pass," etc.
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CHAPTER XLII
ENTER XI

SHIBO stood on the threshold and sent a swift glance around the room. He had expected to meet James alone. That first slant look of the long eye forewarned him that Nemesis was at hand. But he faced without a flicker of the lids the destiny he had prepared for himself.

"You write me none come see you now," he said to Cunningham.

James showed surprise. "No, I think not."

"You no want me?"

The Chief's hand fell on the shoulder of the janitor. "I want you, Shibo."

"You write me none come see you now," he said to Cunningham.

"No, I reckon you want here now."

"I plenty busy. What you want me for?"

"For the murders of James Cunningham and Horikawa?"

"Before the week there were out of his mouth the Chief had his prisoner handcuffed."

Shibo turned to Kirby. "You tell me, I killum Mr. Cunningham and Horikawa?"

"Yes."

"I plenty sorry I no kill you."

"You did your best, Shibo. Took them shots at ten feet. Rotten shooting."

"Do you mean that he actually tried to kill you?" James asked in surprise.

"In the Denmark Building, the other night, at eleven o'clock. And I'll say he made a bad mistake when he tried an 'didn't get away with it. For I knew that the man who was aiming his gun at me was looking at him. He had recovered consciousness."

Cunningham's eyes condemned him to death. In their steel depths there was a gleam of triumph. He was about to call for help. Shibo knew what that meant. He and Horikawa were in a strange land. They would be sent to prison, an example made of them be-

Frank L. Packard
is the author of the new serial. He wrote "The Miracle Man," and also "From Nose On," one of the most popular serials published in this paper.

"PAWNED"
is unusual, even for such a master of romance as Mr. Packard. Think of people in pawn to do the bidding of others. That's the strange theme.

Begins Tomorrow

Phyllis Cunningham came up to Kirby and offered him her hand. "You're hard on James. I don't know why you're so hard. But you're cleared up all. I say thanks awfully for that. I've been horribly frightened. That's the truth. It seemed as though there wasn't any way out for us. Come and see us, and let's all make up, Cousin Kirby."

Kirby did not say he would. But he gave her his strong grip and friendly smile. Just then his face did not look hard. He could not tell her why he had held his cousin on the grill so long, that it had been in punishment for what he had done to a defenseless friend of his in the name of love. What he did say suited her perhaps as well.

"I like you better right now than I ever did before, Cousin Phyllis. You're a good sport and you'll do to ride the river with."

Jack could not quite let matters stand as they did. He called on Kirby that evening at his home.

"It's about James. I want to see you," he said, then stuck for lack of words with which to clothe his idea. He prodded at the rug with the point of his cane.

"Yes, about James," Kirby presently reminded him, smiling.

"He's not so bad as you think he is," Jack blurted out.

"He's as selfish as the devil, isn't he?"

"Well, he is, and he isn't. He's got a generous streak in him. You may not believe it, but he went on your bond because he wanted a thing of life and joy. He held her close. Her eyelashes swept his cheek and sent a strange, delightful tingle through his blood."

Kirby held her head back and looked into her eyes again. Under the starlight their lips slowly met.

"The road lay clear before them after many tangled trails."



Shibo stood on the threshold and sent a swift glance around the room.

cause they were foreigners. Automatically, without an instant of delay, he acted to protect himself.

Two strides took him back to Cunningham. He reached across his body for the automatic and sent a bullet into the brain of the man bound to the chair.

Horikawa, to judge by his confession, was thunderstruck. He was an amiable little fellow, who never had stepped outside the law. Now he was caught in the horrible meshes of a murder. He went to pieces and began to sob. Shibo stopped him sharply.

Then they heard some one coming. It was too late to get away by the door. They slipped through the window to the fire-escape, and from it to the window of the adjoining apartment. Horikawa, still sick with fear, stumbled against the rail as he clambered over it and cut his face badly.

Shibo volunteered to go downstairs and get him some sticking plaster. On the way down Shibo met the younger James Cunningham as he came out of the elevator. Returning with first-aid supplies a few minutes later, he saw Jack and Phyllis.

It was easy to read between the lines that Shibo's will had dominated Horikawa. He had been afraid that his companion's wounded face would lead to his arrest. If so, he knew that he would be followed by a confession. He forced Horikawa to hide in the vacant apartment till the wound should heal. Meanwhile he fed him and brought him newspapers.

There were battles of will between the two. Horikawa was terribly frightened when he read that his flight had brought suspicion on him. He wanted to give himself up at once to the police. They quarreled. Shibo always gained the temporary advantage, but he saw that under a grilling third degree his countryman would break down. He killed Horikawa because he knew he could not trust him.

This last fact was not, of course, in Horikawa's confession. But the dread of a threat to the valet had come to Kirby. He was convinced in his shrinking heart that the man meant to get rid of him. It was under some impulse of self-protection that he had taken the fatal shot.

Shibo heard the confession read with the twitching of a facial muscle. He shrugged his shoulders, accepting the inevitable with the fatalism of his race. "He weak. He no good. He got yellow streak. I bossum," was his comment.

"Did you kill him?" asked the chief.

"I killum both—Cunningham and Horikawa. You kill me now maybe yes."

Officers led him away.

CHAPTER XLIII

The New World

Kirby took his lady love driving in a rented flivver. It was a Colorado night, with a strong moon looking down through the cool, rare atmosphere found only in the Rockies. He drove her through the city to Berkeley and up the hill to Inspiration Point.

They talked over in intermittent snatches. Rose had the gift of comradeship. Her tongue never rattled. With Kirby she did not need to make talk. That he always understood each other without words.

But tonight their silences were filled with new and awkward significances. She guessed that an emotional crisis was at hand. With all her heart she welcomed and shrunk from it. For she knew that after tonight life could never be the same to her. It might be fuller, deeper, happier, but it could not hold for her the freedom she had guarded and cherished.

At the summit he killed the engine. They looked across the valley to the hills dimmed by night's velvet dusk.

"We're through with all this back there," he said, and the past he meant the tangled trails of the few weeks into which their fate had led them. "We don't have to keep our minds full of suspicious and try to find out things in mean, secret ways. There, in front of us, is God's world, waitin' for you and me, Rose."

Though she had expected it, she could not escape a sense of suddenly stilled pulses followed by a clamor of beating blood. She quivered, vibrating, trembling. She was listening to the call of

Two Minutes of Optimism

By HERMAN J. STICH

Here and There With Schwab

FEBRUARY 18 is the birthday of Charles M. Schwab—tomorrow marks his sixtieth. Congratulations, Charlie!

Somebody once remarked to Schwab's parents—who, by the way, some time ago celebrated their sixtieth wedding anniversary—that Charlie proved himself quite a wonderful and resourceful business man, that he was constantly building.

"He was always like that," rejoined his mother. "When he was a little fellow he used to show visitors all the different stunts he could do. And when they patted him on the back and told him what a bright boy he was, he would pipe up. 'But here's something else I can do.' Charlie was always adding his boyish accomplishments."

This trait of Schwab's, this "Here's something-else-I-can-do" instinct, continued into manhood, so that hardly a year goes by but sees something new and constructive that he is doing.

Napoleon was fond of saying: "My power would fail were it not supported by new achievements. Conquest has made me what I am and conquest must maintain me."

Something of the same idea has been the animating motive of Schwab's career. "Too many big men," he once said to me, "expect momentum to carry them along. Momentum is all right to help, but it is all wrong to depend upon. It's a lucky man who discovers that before it's too late."

Schwab tells an incident of the time he took charge of the Carnegie works at Homestead, an incident that cannot be too often repeated.

"There was a young chap employed there as a water boy," he says. "A little later he became a clerk. I had the habit of going over the works at unusual hours to see how everything was moving. I noticed that no matter what time I came around I would find the former water boy hard at work. I never learned when he left."

"Now, there seemed to be nothing remarkable about this fellow except his industry. The only way in which he attracted attention was by working longer hours and getting better results than any one else."

"It was not long before we needed an assistant superintendent. The ex-water boy got the job."

When we established our great armor-plate department, there was not the slightest difference of opinion among the partners as to who should be manager. It was the youth with the penchant for overtime service, the man with the desire to go, grow and become.

"Today that ex-water boy, Alva C. Diney, is the head of a great steel company and very wealthy. His rise was predicted on his willingness to work and his passion to climb as long as there was any work to be done and any height to be reached."

PEGGY GETS FILM OFFER

intimates She Will Refuse, as She is Resting for New Play

Special Cable Dispatch, Copyright, 1920, Paris, Feb. 17.—A big hair dresser, with Croix de Guerre and Legion of Honor ribbons in his lapel, betokening heroism in the trenches, was waving her blonde hair when Peggy Joyce, still abed, received the correspondent yesterday afternoon at the Ritz Hotel.

"I was out stepping last night and must have drunk too much champagne and danced more than was good for me," said Peggy, who was attired in a filmy pink night robe which revealed a generous expanse of throat and gleaming shoulders as she squirmed around to permit the correspondent to manipulate his comb and curling iron.

"A French film company has made a good offer to me to produce a picture," she said, "but the picture requires two months, and I came to Europe to rest up for a new play. 'The Lover-in-Law,' which I am to star in next season."

"Millionaire husbands I have had," Peggy's book, will be finished before she returns to the United States next April. The book will not mention any one by name except the husbands, she says.

\$5778 FOR POOR FOUND

Interest From Buchanan Fund Lies in Lancaster General Account

Lancaster, Pa., Feb. 17.—The new City Administration has discovered that \$5778 in interest from a trust fund for the poor of Lancaster, established by former President Buchanan, a resident of Lancaster, was in the hands of a fund account, and it will now be used in relief work.

The fund in question has grown largely through other legacies, until it amounts to \$47,000. Some of the interest has annually been used for buying coal for the poor, but this unexpected balance will now be used for general relief work.

Uncommon Sense : The Law of the Herd

By JOHN BLAKE

THE law of the herd may not always be righteous, but it is safer to comply with it as long as it is not absolutely oppressive.

There is no statute which prevents you from wearing bright red trousers and a flowered silk dressing gown down to your work. But you will discover if you attempt it that it is not wise.

To affect to despise public opinion is merely foolish. It is not necessary to truckle to it, or to rule our lives according to the passing ideas of the majority.

But there are some things, hardened into custom by long use, that we must do or be ostracized. Fortunately most of the law of the human herd is just. And as civilization becomes more progressive, each new statute that is added is wiser and more worthy of obedience.

IN CIVILIZED countries the law of the herd compels man to be polite to woman, to be honest with each other, to be kind to children and to confine ambitions to objects which can be honestly attained.

The law is frequently violated, but there are punishments for the violators, and these punishments are frequently ineffectual.

Blustering and boasting is against the present herd law, and the blusterer and boaster soon discovers that people walk away and leave him to do his forest to himself.

The open practice of most forms of evil are not approved by the majority, who are quick to make the man who follows them feel their displeasure.

It is often said that this law has suppressed genius and made progress impossible. But it has more often suppressed what was merely pretension to genius, and forced progress into surer and safer channels.

THE man who sagaciously and openly runs counter to settled public convictions upon any subject is merely handicapping himself. He must be a greater genius than any yet born into the world to get away with it.

George Bernard Shaw preaches violations of the law, yet no one more rigorously conforms to it, even in his writing. Compare, for example, the excellent clear prose of Shaw to the wild and fantastic verse forms of the futurists, and you will understand what we mean.

We may not believe in law, but we must abide by it, for it is the influence that steadies the world. We may think that the herd is often wrong, as it is, but if we try to run counter to it we suffer, and usually we suffer needlessly.

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