

**DAILY NOVELETTE**  
**HER WISE OLD RELATIVE**

By Frank H. Williams

OF ALL the sweet and pretty girls in the little town of Brampton, Madge Hoffman was the sweetest and the sweetest. And because she was all this and also had been to college and was the only child of a rich, retired farmer, she had more leeches than all the other girls in the city put together.

But in spite of the way that life seemed to smile at her, Madge wasn't happy. Most of the time she was listless and wistful. Most of the time there was a far-away look in her eyes. And though she danced and played from day to day, it was plain to be seen that her heart and her thoughts were generally elsewhere.

The trouble was this: The one man Madge wanted to see among her beaux wasn't there. This man was Harry Jennings. They had met and fallen in love when attending the same educational college. During their last year in college together they had made wonderful plans for their future. Figuring prominently in these plans was a little bungalow and a rose garden. Then, quite suddenly, the dream had gone to smash.

One day Harry had come to Madge with a despairing look on his face. "Madge," he said, "they tell me your father is wealthy, and you're an only child—and—"

Deep trouble was mirrored on Harry's handsome, honest face as he gazed at Madge.

"Yes," was the reply that Madge had made.

The look of despair on Harry's face had deepened greatly.

"Don't you see what this means?" Harry had asked. "I'm working my way through college. I simply won't marry a girl for her money and you can see what that means. It means I'll have to work awfully hard to get as much money as you've got. There isn't much chance that I'll be successful in doing so right away. So we better part. I'll come to you just as soon as I've made enough."

Of course there had been tears and pleading on Madge's part, but Harry had been obstinate. He had left college at once. Since that time Madge hadn't seen him and his letters had been very infrequent.

This was the situation just a year after Harry's departure. And it was when Madge was feeling particularly blue about the matter that the following letter came to her from Harry:

"Dear Madge—It is evidently going to be a long and hard struggle for me to get together as much money as I should have. So I am going to pass out of your life. You shouldn't be asked to wait for me, and, of course, I couldn't stand it to have you support me. I've got a job in South America. I'm going down there. I'll be gone a long, long time. While I'm gone I hope for your own sake that you will be happily married. But before going I simply must see you again. So I'll come to your town within a few days. I'll call you up when I come."

This letter thrilled Madge and yet dismayed her. She was immensely pleased at the thought of seeing Harry again and yet dismayed at the tone of his letter. She didn't want him to go away. She didn't want him to give her up. She didn't want to marry some one else. She wanted Harry, and only Harry.

Consequently it was only natural that after the first ecstasy of their greeting

**Pleasant Modes Inspire Many Types of Clothes**



By CORINNE LOWE

When Ellis Island leaves off Manhattan Island begins. And now that the immigrant to our shores is arriving in shirtwaist and skirt, the staid rest-dent is going to the discarded national costumes for the source of many of her most fashionable clothes. All winter there has been a constant drizzle of peasant blouses, and in the frocks of many noted Parisian designers—notably those of Poiret—we may trace the influence of the picturesque national costume in outline, trimming and color.

Both the Jugo-Slav and the Czecho-Slav, saturated as they are with the artistic tradition of the East, provide the richest vein of inspiration to the designer that is found in agricultural Europe.

Here in this frock of white broadcloth shown today the design and peasant motifs are composed after Roumanian rhythms. The sleeveless jacket and the full skirt are both embroidered in red, black and gold, while bright red broadcloth forms the revers and pockets. The accompanying blouse of white voile with its characteristic peasant sleeves is embroidered in red cotton.

Some days later at Madge's home during the afternoon when her family were all present, Madge began pleading with Harry to change his plans.

"It's so foolish, Harry," Madge cried, "when we both care for each other for you to let your pride stand in the way of our happiness. What if you haven't much money? My father could give you a fine job—"

over with an old relative of mine who is pretty wise. And he says that the thing you should do would be to come here and go to work for my father. And—"

"No, No," cried Harry. "I can't explain it to you as this relative of mine can. You come with me and talk to him. Please."

For a moment Harry hesitated. "All right," he said sulkily at last, "but don't let your father know anything about me. He'd just naturally kick me out of the house if he thought that there was anything doing between us. Of course, he wouldn't want a poverty-stricken son-in-law and of course he wouldn't give me a job. I've never seen your dad, but I know just how he'd act and I couldn't blame him."

Madge said nothing, but hurried Harry out of the house and down the pleasant little street to an ancient frame building.

"The office is up on the second floor," explained Madge.

The stairway was dark. Harry's arm slipped around Madge's waist as they went upstairs, and at the top, in the semi-darkness, their lips met in a kiss.

The office into which Madge directed Harry was old, but clean. It was comfortably filled with bookcases and filing cases and chairs, and a roll-top desk. At the latter sat a stalwart, keen-looking pleasant-faced old man with snow-white hair but sharp gray eyes.

"This is Harry—Harry Jennings," said Madge. "He—he's the man I told you about."

The old man at the desk rose and shook hands with Harry while gazing at him sharply. A smile came to the old man's face.

"I'm pleased to meet you, Harry," said the old man, "sit down here."

The old man indicated a seat near his desk and drew up another to Madge close by. Harry sat down rather gingerly.

"Madge has told me all about you," said the old man. "I know just the same way years ago when I married my wife. I didn't have much of a start in those days, and her folks were wealthy. When I married her I went to work for her dad, and believe me, I worked. I probably worked a lot harder because I had married a rich man's daughter than I would have worked otherwise. And I made good a lot sooner on that account than I would have done otherwise. Did you ever stop to think that you might also work harder and make good sooner because of marrying a rich man's daughter than you would otherwise?"

"No, I hadn't thought of that," said Harry, thoughtfully.

"I guess you're a lot like me," went on the old man. "I thought only of myself in the matter of the humiliation of folks saying I was a fortune hunter and all that. I didn't think at first about the pain and sorrow I'd cause my sweetheart by my false pride in not marrying her in spite of her money. Have you thought about the pain and sorrow you'd cause Madge by going away—by letting your pride get the better of you?"

A look of surprise and anxiety came into Harry's face.

"Would it really hurt you more to have me go away than to stay and seem to marry you for your money?" demanded Harry, gazing at Madge.

"Yes," said Madge softly.

"Then if you're the sort of a man you look to be," said the old man, "you'll stuff your false pride in your pocket, marry Madge, go to work for her dad and prove that you've got the

right stuff in you by working like an old man and making good just as quick as you can."

Madge, with her heart in her eyes, gazed at Harry.

"This—this relative of mine is old and wise, Harry," she pleaded. "Don't—don't spoil both our lives."

For an instant Harry returned her gaze, a great light in his eyes. Then he leaned to her and folded her in his arms. For an instant they embraced. Then Harry looked up at the old man with renewed anxiety.

"This is all very fine," said Harry suddenly, "but what will Madge's father say? I wouldn't blame him a bit for throwing me out of the house."

At this the old man rose and patted Harry kindly on the shoulder.

"That's all right, son," said the old man with real affection in his voice. "I'm Madge's dad."

And, smiling kindly at them, Madge's dad turned and hurried from the room.

**BANDIT GANG'S ATTEMPT AT HOLD-UP PREVENTED**

Nine Youths Try to Rob Another Lad in Front of Theatre

An attempt by nine youthful bandits to hold up Alexander Stiefel, nineteen years, 1230 Wyoming avenue, in front of his father's theatre, at Sixth and Poplar streets, was prevented last night by his brother, Samuel Stiefel, who manages the theatre.

The younger brother was seated in an automobile in front of the theatre after it had closed and had about \$500 in one of his pockets. One of the bandits jumped on the running board of the car and was frightened away when Samuel Stiefel ran across the street. The youth returned with eight others, who made a dive for the car, but the other brothers started it. One of the doors of the car was broken.

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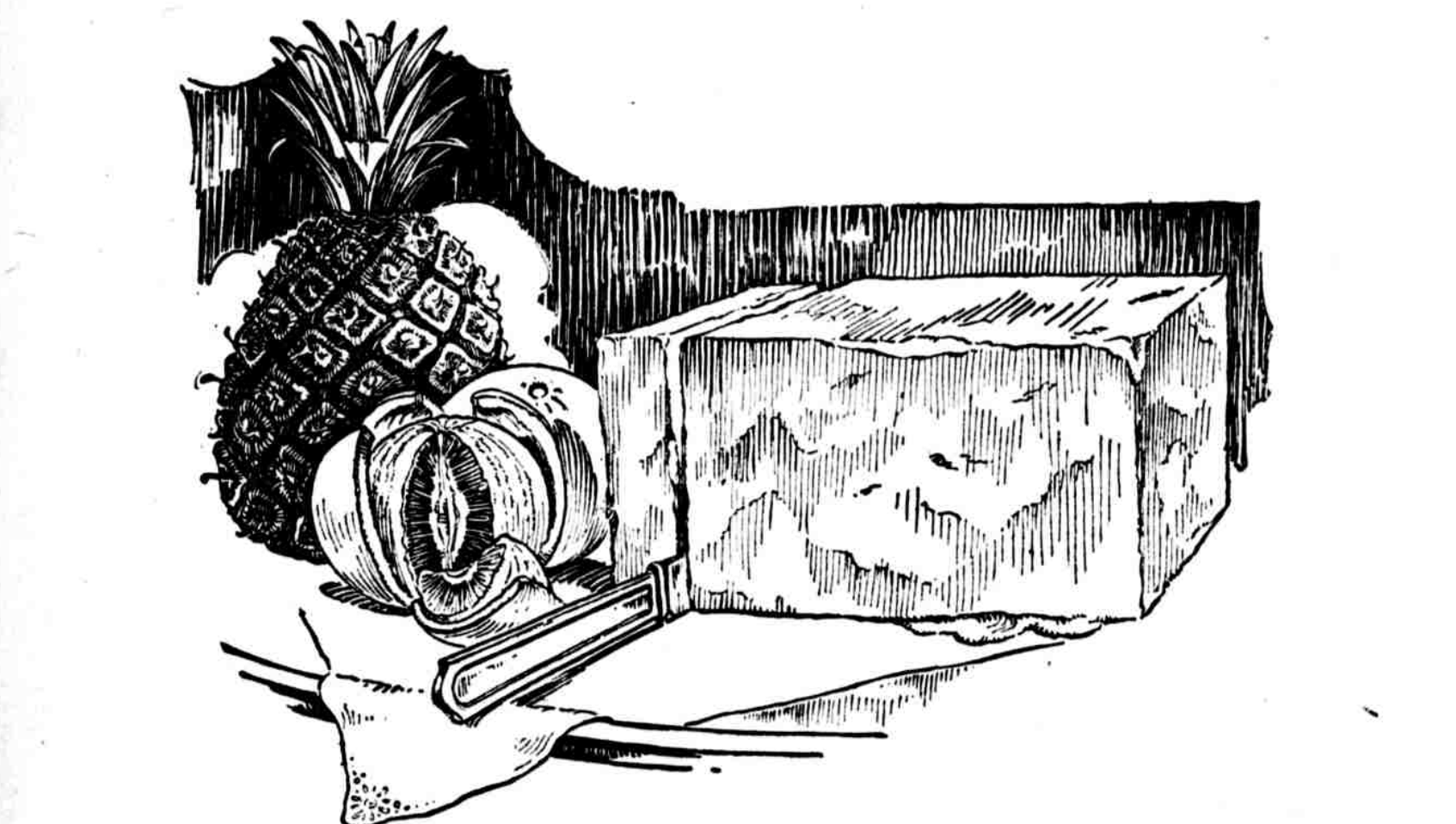
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**Keep that wedding day complexion**

The blushing bride of today should be the blooming matron of tomorrow, retaining the charm of girlhood's freshness to enhance radiant maturity.  
For bridal beauty should not fade, nor the passing of each anniversary be recorded on your face.  
Keep the school-girl complexion which graced your wedding day, and you will keep your youth. With a fresh, smooth skin no woman ever seems old.  
The problem of keeping such a complexion was solved centuries ago. The method is simple—the means within the reach of all.  
Cosmetic cleansing the secret  
To keep your complexion fresh and smooth you must keep it scrupulously clean. You can't allow dirt, oil and perspiration to collect and clog the pores if you value clearness and fine texture.  
You can't depend on cold cream to do this cleansing—repeated applications help fill up the pores. The best way is to wash your face with the mild, soothing lather blended from palm and olive oils, the cleansers used by Cleopatra.  
Science has combined those two Oriental oils in the bland, balmy facial soap which bears their name. You need never be afraid of the effects of soap and water if the soap you use is Palmolive.  
How it acts  
The rich, profuse lather, massaged into the skin, penetrates the pores and removes every trace of the clogging accumulations which when neglected make the skin texture coarse and cause blackheads and blotches.  
It softens the skin and keeps it flexible and smooth. It freshens and stimulates, encouraging firmness and attractive natural color.  
Oily skins won't need cold cream or lotions after using Palmolive. If the skin is inclined to dryness, the time to apply cold cream is after this cosmetic cleansing.  
And remember, powder and rouge are perfectly harmless when applied to a clean skin and removed carefully once a day.  
Don't use it only for your face  
Complexion beauty should extend to throat, neck and shoulders. These are quite as conspicuous as your face for beauty or the lack of it.  
Give them the same beautifying cleansing that you do your face and they become soft, white and smooth. Use it regularly for bathing and let it do for your body what it does for your face.  
Not too expensive  
Although Palmolive is the finest, mildest facial soap that can be produced, the price is not too high to permit general use on the washstand for bathing.  
This moderate price is due to popularity, to the enormous demand which keeps the Palmolive factories working day and night and necessitates the importation of the costly oils in vast quantity.  
This soap which would cost at least 25 cents a cake if made in small quantities is offered for only 10 cents, a price all can afford. The old-time luxury of the few may now be enjoyed the world over.



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