

Avoid Imitations & Substitutes

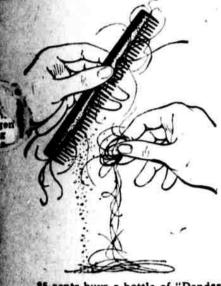
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KEARAN



35 cents buys a bottle of "Dander-ine" at any drug store. After one application of this delightful tonic you can not find a particle of dandruff or a falling hair. Besides, every hair shows new life, vigor, brightness, more color and abundance.—Advt. less, the blood pounding fiercely at his temples.

He was conscious that a tall, white halred man in scanty attire was there, because the doorway framed two figures: but he saw only a beautiful face, pitifully white, only the slim form of a girl whose great brown eyes were very wide with fear, and who held her dressing gown tightly clutched around her throat. It was the girl of the traveling pawn-shop, it was the girl of his dreams in the shaft of sunlight, it was the girl he had followed here—only—only the picture seemed to be fading away. It was very strange: It was most curious! She always seemed to leave that way. This was Larmon now instead, wasn't it? Larmon and a quill toothpick

Skin unsightly caused by errors

of diet

CHAPTER VII

The Girl of the Traveling Pawn-Shop

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The Girl of the Traveling Pawn-Shop

John Bruce abstractedly twirled the
tassel of the old and faded dressing
gown which he wore, the temporary
possession of which he owed to Paul
Veniza, his host. From the chair in
which he sat his eyes ventured stolen
glances at the nape of a dainty neck,
and at a great coiled mass of silken
brown hair that shone like burnished
copper in the afternoon sunlight, as
Claire Veniza, her back turned toward
him, busied herself about the room. He
could walk now across the floor—and
a great deal further, he was sure, if
they would only let him. He had not
pressed that point; it might be taking
an unfair advantage of an already
over-generous hospitality, but he was
not at all anxious to speed his departure from—well, from where he was at
that precise moment.

And now as he looked at Claire
Veniza, his thoughts went back to the
night he had stepped, at old Hawkins'
invitation, into the traveling pawnshop. That was not so very long ago
—two weeks of grave illness, and then
the past week of convalescence—but
it seemed to span a great and almost
limitiess stretch of time, and to mark
a new and entirely different era in his
life; an era that perplexed and troubled
and intrigued him with conditions and
surroundings and disturbing elements

well-known skin specialist ye that eruptions are "signal flags of danger" often indicat-

eruptions are so fre-associated with faulty f esting and improper that the first thing to do that our food is right.

or these skin disor-ann's Yeast is rich nts which improve ligestion and which

"PAWNED"

An Unusual Remance of People Whose Very Being Pledged to De the Bidding of Others By FRANK L. PACKARD Author of "The Miraele Man," "From New On," etc.

Hawkins, an old New York cabman unable to throw off his love of drink, sawns his little motherless daughter. Claire, to his dud friend, Paul Ventza to be brought up without knowledge of her real father until he can redeem his pleades by overcoming his weakness and redeeming himself. Twenty years later a futile attempt made by a young un known witempt made by a young un passenger ship sating from Samoa brings him under the keen observation of one of the passengers, who follows him ashore and astonahes him by revailing accurate showledge of his former life as a San Francisco youngster of wealth and good family, with one weak spot—gambling. Persuaded by the tentative promise of a passenge home to relate the story of his wanderings since his disappearance from San Francisco, the stranded youth tells of touching the low successfully the lure of chance. Satisfied that the youth has no criminal record, the mysterious passenger draws up a strange contract, whereby the younger man agrees to pawn himself—bedy and soul—into his service. Gilbert Larman is the signature of the older mag upon the written bond—a name known widely as the lead of America's wealthlest chain of gambling houses. The younger man writes his signature with native invisible ink, requiring the action of the salt saw water to bring out the simple name—John Bruce. In the gambling houses which Bruce 'wait's he given a chance to pawn some valuables. The psymbroker is a marvelously beautiful girl. Trailing her taxicab, he gets into a brawi with some excited foreigners, but finds sancturery just as he keels over at the feet of the girl in the taxicab. She calls in Dr. Crang, a brilliant physician, but a drug addict, who is in love with her. She repulses his advances, but to save Bruce's life agrees to marry Crang, Venira, who has adopted her, and Hawkins, her father, woo has not yet redeemed himself of drink, are astonished. Crang brings in two years men to open the safe in which Claire had put Bruce's morey.

AND HERE IT CONTINUES "I thought perhaps he would have told you. I—I am going to marry

"I thought perhaps he would have told you. I—I am going to marry

Dr. Crang"

The idea will be presented for consideration of the Philadelphia Music League. The idea will be presented for consideration by John F. Braun, who has taken an active part in the steps toward the forming of the league. Persons interested in music and members of music occurse with wild abandon and the postpone until he had become physically a little stronger!

was bared. He steeled number at the instinctive inpulse to wince at the sharp prick of the needle which he knew was coming—and felt instead a cold and curiously merelless rage sweep over him as the act was performed. Then he dared to hope; sometimes he was plunged into the depths of misery and despair. Little things, a touch of the hand as she had nursed him that had him as the set was performed. Then quietly twisted his head around on the pillow, reached out his arm, and his bagers drew the silk panel of the screen he had not seen and which he had alhe had not seen and which he had al-lowed his heart to interpret to its adightly away from the edge of the vantage with perhaps no other justiframework again.

He could see the safe they had referred to now. It was over at the far side of the room against the wall, and the three men were standing in front of it. Presently it was opened. The man called Dec knelt down in front of it and began to examine its contents.

He could see the safe they had refeation than its own yearning and desire, had buoyed him up; and then, at times, a strange, almost bitter aloof-ness, it seemed, in her attitude toward him—and this had checked, had always checked the words that were ever on his lips.

He swung around to his companions after a moment with a large pile of banknotes in his hands. From this pile he counted out and handed a small portion to each of the other two menand coolly stuffed the bulk of the money A faint flush dyed his checks. But even so, and for all his boasted love. did he not in his own soul wrong her sometimes? The questions would come. environment in which she lived? Why into his own pockets.

The scene went blurry then for a should she have driven to a gambling The scene went blurry then for a moment before John Bruce's eyes, and he lifted his free hand and brushed it neross his forenead. He was so beastly weak, anyhow, and the infernal dope was getting in its work too fast! He fought with all his mental strength against the impulse to relax and close his eyes. What was it they were doing now? It looked like some foolish masquerade. The two companions of the man with the sinister, pasty face were own, thoughts, even if they came in man with the sinister, pasty face were own thoughts, even if they came in tying handkerchiefs over their faces and spite of him.

drawing revolvers from their pockets: and then the big man began to close the Perhans it was the strange, unusual character that surrounded her, that The Doc's voice came sharply:
"Look out you don't lock it, you came and went in this curious place "Look out you don't lock it. you foo!"

Once more John Bruce brushed bis hand across his eyes. His brain must be playing him tricks again. A din internal rose suddenly in the room. While the big man lounged nonchalantly against the safe, the other two were scuffling all over the floor and throwing chairs about. And then from somewhere upstrirs on the floor there here, that fostered such thoughts; persomewhere unsteirs on the floor there three days prior to the time when his too. John Bruce thought he caught the actual convalescence had set in, and sound of hurried movements.

Then for an instant the scuffling in was not at all sure that in law his tes-Then for an instant the seuming in the room ceased, and the pasty-faced timony would be of much value. They man's voice came in a peremptory whisper:

"The minute any one shows at the ward—and Dr. Crang would as industrially: and helpless amazement held sway in this expression—then his lips tightened

you'd been working at it all the time. Birdle, and pretend to shove everything in sight into your peckets. And you concerned and covered here—see? And you hold the doorway with your gun too; and then bioth of you back away and make your graway through the window.

The scuffling began again. John Bruce watched the scene, a sense of drivasiness and apathy creeping upon him. He tried to rouse himself. He cought to do something. That victous-fined little crook who had haunted him with unwelcome visitations, and who at this precise moment had the bulk of the money from the safe in his own pockets, was in the act of planting a somewhat crude, but probably none the less effective, slibi, and—

John Bruce heard a door flung open, and then a sudden, startied cry, first in a woman's and then in a man's voice. But he could not see any door from the position in which he lay.

He turned over with a great effort, facing the other way, and reached out with his fingers for the panel of the screen that overlapped the head of the cot. And then John Bruce lay motional less, the blood pounding fiercely at his temples.

He was conscious that a tall, white bitably attack his testimony as peing nothing more than the hallucination of a sick brain.

The luck of the devil had been with Crang! Why had be, John Bruce, gone drifting off into unconsciousness sust at the psychological moment when, if the plan had been carried out as arranged and the other two had made their fake escape, Crang would have been left in the room with Claire and Paul Veniza

to marry Crang Venica, who has adopted her, and liawlins, her father, who has adopted her and liawlins, her father, who has another curious hand it is ling, masterful love, the girl who stood there just across the room all unconscious of the worship that he knew was another curious thing about it all, which too had influenced him in keeping silent. Hawkins, Paul Veniza, Claire and Dr. Crang had each, severally and collectively, been he was sure. He had loved her from the moment he had first seen her, and in his heart he knew he held fate kind to have given him the wound that in its turn had brought the week of convalence in this room many times since the haddle after her in his heart he knew he held fate kind to have given him the wound that in its turn had brought the week of convalence just past! And yet—and was bared. He steeled himself against the instinctive impulse to wince at the brain seemed to stumble. Sometimes he was slored the needle which he knew he defend to have given him the wound that in the moment he had first seen her, and in his heart he knew he held fate kind to have given him the wound that in the moment he had first seen her, and in his heart he knew he held fate kind to have given him the wound that in his presence in his heart he knew he held fate kind to have given him the wound that in his presence in his heart he knew he held fate kind to have given him the wound that in his cyes, and not once in his presence he was sure. He and the control of there is the moment he had first seen her, and in his ever been mentioned!

And then there was another curious thing about it all. which too had in. fluenced him in keeping silent. Hawkins, Paul Veniza, Claire and Dr. Crang had each, severally and collectively, been here in this room many times since the heart he was sure. He had loved her from the moment he had f glorious youth and freshness.

within him, and-

suddenly; and across the room her eyes net his, calm, deep and unperturbed at first, but wide the next instant with a startled shyness, and the color sweep-ing upward from her throat crimsoned her face, and in confusion she turned away her head.

"I-I did not mean to tell you like that." he said huskily. "But I have wanted to tell you for so long. It seems as though I have always wanted to tell you. Claire—I love you."

She did not answer.

he was beside her now—ouly her head was lowered and averted and he could not look into her face. Her fingers were plucking tremulously at a fold of her dress. He caught her hand between both his own.

"Claire—Claire, I love you!" he whispered.

She disappened her hand santle and He was beside her now-only her

She disengaged her hand gently; and.

door you swing that safe open as though you'd been working at it all the time. Birdle, and pretend to shove everything a sick brain.

Ward—and Dr. Crang would as industry and helpless amazement held sway in his expression—then his lips tightened nothing more than the hallucination of a sick brain.

"Is that fair to me. Claire—to give



a little stronger! And then there was another

glorious youth and freshness.

How dainty and sweet and alluring she looked! His eyes were no longer contented with stolen glances; they held now masterfully, defiant of any self-restraint, upon the slim figure that was all grace from the trim little ankles to the poise of the shapely head. He felt the blood quicken his pulse. Stronger than he nad ever known it before, straining to burst all barriers, demanding expression as a right that would not be denied, his love rose dominant within him, and

The tassel he had been twirling dropped from his hand. She had turned

John Bruce was on his feet. He stumbled a little as he took a step forward. His heart was pounding, flinging a red tide into the pallor of his cheeks that illness had claimed as one of its tells.

still refusing to let him see her face, shook her head slowly.

"I—I—" Her voice was very low. "Oh, don't you know?"

"I know I love you," he answered passionately. "I know that nothing the law that matters."

ow.

"I know I have passionately. "I know the passionately. "I know the passionately. "I know the clse but that matters."

Again she shook her head.

"I thought perhaps he would have involutional. I—I am going to marry Dr.



ly. "You—and Dr. Crang! I don't understand! It is monstrous! You can't love that—" He checked himself, biting his lips. "You can't love Dr. Crang. It is impossible! You dare not stand there and tell me that you do. Answer me, Claire—answer me!" She seemed to have regained her self-centroller perhaps it was the one decontrol—or perhaps it was the one defense she knew. The little figure was drawn up, her head held back: "You have no right to ask me that," she said steadily. To be continued tomorrow

WILL MAKE PLANS FOR CITY'S "MUSIC WEEK"

Meeting Will Be Held Tomorrow at Chamber of Commerce

oral organizations have been invited to attend tomorrow's meeting.

Officers nominated for the Music League, who will be voted on at the meeting are: Honorary president, Mayor Moore; president, Mr. Braun; vice presidents, Mrs. J. S. W. Holton, Mrs. Edwin B. Garrigues, Colonel John C. Gribbel and Hollinshead N. Taylor; treasurer, Henry L. McCloy; secretary, William C. Hammer, and supervising director, Mrs. Frederick W. Abbott.

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