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open market to independent producers. open market to have announced to have been closed here, it was announced have been closed here, it was announced have been closed here, it was announced have less than 105% market for New last night with the departure for New loss. Work of Dennis F. O'Brien, attorney loss. last night with the departure for New York of Dennis F. O'Brica, attorney for Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks, who with Charlie Chaplin and D. W. Griffith are organizing the con-

Mr. O'Brien stated the new organization would be a releasing medium only, would not enter the producing field and would handle independent productions exclusively. If no other concern has a similar name, the new one will be called "the Allied Corporation." it was said.

Sprouting Oat in Ear Causes Death New Haven, Conn., April 21.—(By A. P.)—An oak kernel, which became lodged in the right ear of Peter Everson two weeks ago and sprouted brought on meningitis, from which Everson died in a hospital here last night

President Signs Hospital Bill Washington, April 21.—(By A. P. -Signature by President Harding of the Langley bill authorizing an additional appropriation of \$17,000,000 for hospital incilities for disabled former service men was announced today at the White House.

Joseph B. McCall to Leave Hospital Joseph B. McCall, president of the Philadelphia Electric Company, who has been convalescing from an affliction of the heart at Bryn Mawr Hospital.
is reported to be in good condition
again. He expects to return to his
home in Merion in few days.

THE STREET

ent rate of such dividend was fixed at 8 per cent per annum, payable quarterly from January 1, 1922.

Corporate Maturities in May

Corporate maturities in May total \$50,710,510 against \$73.764.860 in April and \$41,524,830 in May, 1921. Public utility bonds furnished the largest amount, \$24,658,260. Among the largest amount, \$24,658,260. the largest and most important issues is Philadelphia Company, convertible debenture \$9,794,000 5 per cent bonds due May 1. Company has already com-pleted financing to take care of this

is Eastern and Amboy \$6,000,000 5 per cent first extended bonds due May 1. The company issuing these bonds is owned by Lehigh Valley Railroad

company, which is in a strong financial position and able to pay off this maturity without refunding.

In the industrial field obligations falling due in May are unusually small, largest items being Jewel Tea Company, \$1.000,000. 6 per cent notes and \$1,000,000 Shaffer Oil and Refining Sper cent notes. per cent notes.

market in a position where loans can obtained at an unusually low rate

. American Brass-Anaconda Deal

stated in the tringe that activities by the American Brass Company have been bis increasing steadily in recent weeks.

and it is known, of course, that in normal times the brass company will under practically the same manage 9514 Va Riy Go 55 ment will be taken care of by this con-

Railroad stocks had the same large following that believed these issues are on the way to much higher levels, with

Price of 'Change Seats on Upgrade Prices of seats on the New York Stock Exchange, long regarded by many as an index of approaching market conditions, are still on the up grade. Wall Street got a thrill yesterday when it was announced that Erich Marks had bought the seat of W. 1'. Bliss for \$93.000, which was \$4000 more than the provious sale reserved less these the previous sale, recorded less than a

Mary, Doug, Charlie and Griffith Organize Independent Body
Los Angeles, April 21.—(By A. P.)

recorded in a generation. The record price was \$115,000 reached in the war Los Angeles, April 21.—(By A. P.)
—Negotiations for the formation of a new motion-picture releasing company, which, it is understood, will insure an open market to independent producers. land was going into the war.

THE TRADER. Halts Honeymoon to Face Charge York, Pa., April 21.-Charles W Newport interrupted his wedding trip in Williamsport to return yesterday to face charges of embezzlement while treasurer of the Point of Purchase Advertising Association. Information was made by Legrand Dutcher, head of the concern. It is alleged that between October 1, 1921, and April 1 Newport converted for this own use a sum of works. for his own use a sum of

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BLAKE and BURKART

The Daily

By ROSE MEREDITH

BILLY WINCH halted his horse at the cross trail and slipped from the saddle to tighten a girth. As he lifted his head he heard a light footstep on once the sand and bounded into the saddle. "Ho. Miss Pretty!" he cried.

The girl stopped short and looked at him from indignant blue eyes. There was a lunch basket hwinging from one hand and she carried some school books in the other.
"How dare you speak to me in that

too fast—I expect he's running yet."

Dimples came to her face, but she frowned them away and turned off into a bypath.
"I'm getting off the trail—we're hik-

backed away with a little scream. coiled in the path was a small rattle-snake basking in the hot sun. "Is he alive?"

"Is he alive?"

"Just now he is—but wait a minute." He whipped out a gun and fired.
There was a flurry of dust and something flopped into the sagebrush and
was still. The horse danced excitedly.

"Oh!" screamed the girl, shutting
on his horse like a young centair—
that hurt look on his face—
"He was riding like everything—
like he does when he's mad or when
sunshine of a beautiful day. "How
cruel men are!"

"I'll be hanged!" growled the exasperated Mr. Winch. "Wimmen always did get my goat! Oh. Pretty
Lady, have a heart—be still!"

"You are impossible!" tossed Beth
"The was on the way when I left—
ain't it awful—and him so kind to all

"What—w—was it?" chattered Beth.
leaning against the doorpost white and
sick. She could see him now—sitting
on his horse like a young centair—
that hurt look on his face—
"He was riding like everything—
like he does when he's mad or when
he's after somethin'— and his hoss
steppel into a gopher hole and threw
him—and he's unconscious yet—they
took him to Blair's."

"The doctor?" gasped Beth.
"He was on the way when I left—
ain't it awful—and him so kind to all

Novelette over her shoulder as she ran down the trail toward Blair's ranch, where she was boarding. Mr. Blair was chair "Miss what?" screamed Beth. "Miss what?" screamed Beth. "Miss Pretty—that's the name of his hoss—the one he always rides—teacher from the East.

Beth thought Billy Winch was handsome, and secretly she believed he was
the nicest cowpuncher she had met out
in the Stone Gulch country. But, although she knew him so slightly, she
had been annoyed and finally angered
by his familiarity in calling her "Miss
Pretty" or "Pretty Lady." More than
once she had left him haughtly when
he had said it to her, but always there he had said it to her, but always there was the same look of dumb surprise in his hazel eyes, while today there had been more than that, a sudden awakened look-a blaze of something-what?

Wise as a little schoolma'am must be, Beth had not solved that riddle, though she had tossed many a long night through. The next day when she met Billy Winch she burely inclined her proud

Way? she asked.

He bared his dark head sheepishly.

"Sorry, ma'am—I didn't know that I was speaking to you," he said humbly.

The lovely young face flushed deeper.

"Is it worth lying about" she asked coldly.

Billy Winch stiffened until he looked like a handsome bronze statue. "Only one man ever called me a liar," he murmured dreamily.

"I suppose he's dead now," she retorted sarcastically.

He shook his head. "He could run too fast—I expect he's running yet."

Dimples came to her face, but she

The getting of the trail—we re like ingright along—don't you walk in the little schoolhouse under the cottonwoods were drawing near the entrance waiting for Beth and her bell.

Two of the larger boys who rode the call me she told him.

The getting of the trail—we re like ingright along—don't you walk in the little schoolhouse under the cottonwoods were drawing near the entrance waiting for Beth and her bell.

Two of the larger boys who rode she told him.

The getting of the trail—we re like ingright along—the little schoolhouse under the cottonwoods were drawing near the entrance waiting for Beth and her bell.

Two of the larger boys who rode she told him. Lunch hour was over and the children home for the midday meal came racing back to the schoolhour. "Oh, teacher! Something happened to

"Miss what?" screamed Beth.
"Miss Pretty—that's the name of his hoss—the one he always rides—sometimes he calls her 'Pretty Lady."
Beth smiled strangely, as she gave the school bell into Lem's capable hand.
"Bing it please," she said: "I have "Ring it, please," she said; "I have a very bad headache." But it was a heartache, and much

rder to cure. That afternoon, when she approached Blatr's house, she crept in unseen and tiptoed into her own room and closed

But her room was occupied. In her pretty white bed lay the invalid—Billy Winch, bale and diffident in his strange quarters. His unhappy eyes had wistfully surveyed all the dainty belongings of this most desirable of girls. "Oh." she half sobbed, "I am

glad they put you here—it's the best room in the house."

seconds horse and rider were a brown streak across the plain. After a while they disappeared suddenly, and the plain was empty of moving life.

See ald not see the wonderful light that came into the hazel eyes, but she did feel the tender touch of his brown hand on her bonny head, and she obeyed the thrilling tone of his deep voice.

"I love you, Beth." he told her henthe thrilling tone of his deep voice.
"I love you, Beth." he told her henestly: "could you love me enough to

"I could-I could, if you will promise to call me 'Miss Pretty' sometimes.' she told him, her face against his hand. 'That's easy,' he laughed, "because

Winch this morning-something MAN OF MYSTERY DEAD

Romaine appeared in Thunderbolt, a resort four miles from Savannah, more of a century ago. He resort four miles frem Savannan, more than a quarter of a century ago. He brought only a name from his past, and it was never known whether that was his own. Each Monday thereafter until his death he walked to the Savannah postoffice and received a letter. He never told whence his letters came nor from whom, and he was at great pains to destroy all trace of them. No one remembers having heard him

mention his past, or his family or his former home, and he avoided all who sought to question him. Old residents of Thunderbolt, however, say he was thought to have lived as a young man at Watervliet, N. Y.

Romaine at first boarded at the residence of a Mrs. Hill living apparently

dence of a Mrs. Hill, living apparently on remittances contained in the un-explained letters. Then hope deserted him, or the miser's passion seized him, or the remittances were stopped. No to live in the yard of a Thunderbolt resident in a shed so small he could barely lie full length to sleep Here he lived for years in an en-

vironment of direct poverty, a "queer" old man, to be questioned and wondered about by the curious. His clothing bewas pieced out and patched with cro-



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