### NOBODY'S MAN:-: By E. Phillips Oppenheim

THIS BEGINS THE STORY Andrew Tallente, political leader, has married for money. His wife eccepted him to forward social ambitions to a title. Losing his seat in Parliament he meets her recriminations with the statement that their marriage has been unsuccessful, owing to her cold and selfish temperament and her interest in his young secretary. Anthony Pallisor, who has just disappeared. She has a sudden suspicion that her husband a sudden suspicion that her husband a responsible for the disappearance. Lady Jane Partington, a beautiful and wealthy aristocrat interested in labor problems, is a neighbor who interests Andrew greatly. He tells her he and his wife have parted. Andrew has missed some valuable solitical papers, and in an argument with Palliser on the edge of a cliff has struck him. The secretary fell over. Andrew, formerly an Alpinist, has climbed down to the beach below, but found no trace of Palliser. Indrew Tallente, political leader. pinist, has climbed down to the beach below, but found no trace of Palliser. He is kept under observation by In-spector Gillian, of the police. Stephen Dartrey, the great Labor Party leader, with Miller, a coarse-grained radical, and Nora Miall, a charming and brilliant feminist leaders, visits Fallente and asks him to join their

AND HERE IT CONTINUES

MITHERE is so much of truth in what THERE is so much of truth in what you say," Tallente declared, "that I am going to speak to you frankly, even though my frankness seems brutal. I am going to speak about your friend Miller here. Throughout the war Miller here. Throughout the war Miller was a pacifist. He was all for a peace at any price."

"Steady on," Miller interrupted, suddenly sitting up in his chair. "Look here, Tallente," he began. Nora turned round and suddenly beckoned her hest to her.

"Come quickly," she begged. "I can do nothing with Mr. Dartrey. He has just decided that our whole scheme of life is absurd, that politics and power are shadows, and that work for others is lunacy. All that he wants is your cottage, a fishing rod and a few books."

"Nothing else?" Tallente asked, smiling.

Government and bringing the war to an end. I should say that but for the fact end. I should say that but for the fact that our Government at the time was wholly one of compromise, and was leaning largely upon the Labor vote, be would have been impeached for high treason."

Miller, who had been busy rolling a word.

elgarette, lit it with ostentatious carewhat of all this?" he de-"Nothing." Tallente replied, "except

acter of the audience. It is to the text-books of our creed. Dartrey's textbooks, about these great human problems. They are there for any man to whom daylight

that you should turn."

"I have read your views on certain comes, to see. They are all inevitably bound up with the future of our race, but there is no need to dig further. My work is done."

observed, turning toward her.

She laughed understandingly. Here eyes twinkled as she looked at him.

"And thoroughly disapproved of them, of course! But you know, Mr. Tallente, we are out not to reconstruct society but to lay the stepping stones for a reconstruction. That is all, I suppose, that any single generation could accomplish. The views which I have advocated in the Universal Review are the views which will be accepted as a matter of course in fifty years' time. Teday they seem crude and unmoral, chiefly because the casual reader, especially the British reader, dwells so much upon external effects and thinks so little of the soul that lies below. Even you, Mr. Tallente, with your passion for order and your distrust of all change in established things, can scarcely consider our marriage laws an entire success?"

Tallente winced a little and Dartrey hastly intervened.

"We want you to remember this," when day by day your power in the country grows, when everything points to you say that," Tallente enture of our race, but there is no need to dig further. My work is done."

"How can you say that," Tallente argued, "when day by day your power in the country grows, when everything points to you as the next Premier?"

"Precisely," Dartrey replied quietly. "That is why I am here. The head of the government of this country, but you know, at this point I have a very sad confession to make. I am the worst politician who ever sat in the House. I am a poor debater, a worse strate-through your beautiful grounds and it at this moment walk together through your beautiful grounds and watch the rim of that yellow moon. It is yourself we want."

Tallente felt the thrill of the moment, felt the sincerity of the man whose hand pressed gently upon his arm.

"If you are our man, Tallente." his visitor continued. "if you see eye to eye with us as to the great things, if you can could accomplish. The principles which we ad-

archy, bolshevism and other diseased fluals. You have never stooped to separate the good from the bad. The person who dares to tamper with the laws of King Alfred stands before you prejudged. Granted that our doctrines are extreme, are we—let me be personal and say am I—the class of man whom are extreme, are we—let me be personal and say am I—the class of man whom you have associated with these doctrines? We Democrats have gained great power during the last ten years. We have thrust our influence deep into the hearts of those great, sinister bodies, the trades unions. There is no ies, the trades unions. There is no one except ourselves who realizes our numerical and potential strength. We could have created a revolution in this could have created a revolution in this country at any time since the Premier's first gloomy speech in the House of Commons after the signing of peace, had we chosen. I can assure you that we haven't the least fancy for marching through the streets with red flags and letting loose the diseased end of our community upon the palaces and public buildings of London. We are Democrats or Republicans, whichever you choose to call us, who desire to conquer with the brain, as we shall conquer, and where we recognized a man of

liser?"
"He has disappeared," Tallente an-swered calmly. "That is all I know

wered calmiy. That is all I know about it."
Miller stood with his hands in his pockets, gnawing the end of his mouspockets, gnawing covertly at the man who stood waiting for him to pass on. Tal-lente's face was immovable.



a very sweet persuasive voice in his ear

smiling.

ward. During the service of the meal, on the terrace afterward, and even when they strolled down to the edge of the cliff to see the great yellow moon come up from behind the hills, scarcely a word was spoken on political subjects. Dartrey was an Oxford man of Tallente's own college, and, although say. "Nothing," Tallente replied, "except that it seems a strange thing to find you now associated with a party who threaten me openly with political extinction unless I choose to join them, I call this junkerdom, not socialism."

"No man's principles can remain stable in an unstable world," Miller promounced. "I still detest force and compulsion of every sort, but I recognize its necessity in our present civil life far more than I did in a war which was, after all, a war of politicians."

Nora Miall leaned over from her chair and laid her hand on Tallente's arm. After Miller's raneous tones, her voice sounded almost like music. f
"Mr. Tallente," she said, "I can understand your feeling aggrieved. You are not a man whom it is easy to threaten, but remember that after all we must go on our fixed way toward the appointed goal. And—consider—isa't the upraised rod for your good? Your place is with us—indeed it is. I fancy that Stephen here forgets that you are not yet fully acquainted with our real principles and aims. A political party cannot be judged from the platform. The views expressed there have to be largely governed by the character of the audience. It is to the text-books of our creed. Dartrey's textbooks, that you should turn."

they strolled down to the great yellow moon come up from behind the hills, scarcely a word was spoken on political subjects. Dartrey was an Oxford man of Tallente's own college, and, although several years his senior, they discovered many mutual acquaintences and indulged in reminiscences which seemed to afford pleasure to both. Then they divide the knowledge of the man whose whole life was suffered into literature, and Tallente found himself amazed at the knowledge of the man whose whole life was suffered into literature, and Tallente found himself amazed at the knowledge of the man whose whole life was suffered into literature, and the lastice. I dear say the acquaintance with certain modern writings and his marvelous farmiliarity with many of the classics, as he and his host walked

"We want you to remember this," he said. "The principles which we advocate are condemned before they are considered by men of inherited principles and academic education such as yourself, because you have associated them always with the disciples of anarchy, bolshevism and other diseased rituals. You have never stooped to separate the good from the said That is not so with us. A man man have

"But do you mean to sa-" Tallente asked, "that when Horlock goes down, as go down he must within the next few months, you are not prepared to take his place?"

take his place?"

"I should never accept the task of forming a government." Dartrey said quietly, "unless I am absolutely driven to do so. I have shown to the people whom I love their destiny, but I have not the gifts to lead them. I am asking you, Tallente, to join us, to enter Parliament as one of our party and to lead for us in the House of Commons."

"Yours is the offer of a prince." Tallente replied, after a brief, nervous pause. "If I hesitate, you must remember all that it means for me."

Dartrey smiled.

choose to call us, who desire to conquer with the brain, as we shall conquer, and where we recognized a man of genius like yourself, who must be for us or against us, if we cannot convert him then we must see that politically he ceases to count."

Robert came out and whispered in his master's ear. Tallente turned to his guests.

"I cannot offer you dinner," he said, "but my servant assures me that he can provide a cold supper. Will you stay? I think that you. Dartrey, would enjey the view from some of my lookouts,"

"I accent your invitation." Darted to the face and answer me this question. You know little of us Denotron crats as a party. You see nothing but a hotch-potch of strange people, struggling and striving to attain definite form. Naturally you are full of prejudices. Yet consider your own political position. I am not here to make capital out of a man's disappointment in his friends, but has your great patron used you well? Horlock offers you a grudging and belated place in his Cabinet. What did he say to you when you came back from Hellesfield?"

Tallente was silent. There was, in Dartrey smiled.

"I accept your invitation," Dartrey replied eagerly. "I have been sitting here, longing for the chance to
watch the sunset from behind your
"It will be delightful," Nora murmured. "I want to go down to the
grass pier."

Miller, too generated a little.

You came back from Hellesfield?"

Tallente was silent. There was, in
fact, no answer which he could make.
"I do not wish to dwell on that."
Dartrey went on. "Ingratitude is the
natural sequence of the distorted political ideals which we are out to destroy. You should be in the frame of
mind, Tallente. to see things clearly.
You must realize the re" - condition mured. "I want to go down to the grass pier."

Miller, too, accepted, a little ungraciously. The little party wandered off down the path which led to the seashore. Miller detained his host for a moment at one of the corners.

"By the bye, Tallente," he asked, "what about the disappearance of Paller?"

In mind, Tallente, to see things of the re" - condition of the political party to which Horlock belongs—the Coalitionists, the Whigs, or whatever they like to call themselves. The government of this country since the war has been a farce and a mock-ery. We are dropping behind in the world's race. Labor fattens with sops, develops a spirit of greed and production. the war has been a farce and a mockery. We are dropping behind in the world's race. Labor fattens with sops, develops a spirit of greed and production languishes. You know why. Labor would toil for its country, labor can feel patriotism with the best, but labor hates to toil under the earth, upon the earth, and in the factories of the world for the sake of the profiteer. This is the national spirit, that jealousy, thus slackness, which the last ten years has

little rim of gold, no wider than a wedding ring, announced the rising of task the clearer? It brings before us the moon. He felt a touch upon his sleeve, a very sweet, persuasive voice in his ear. Nora had left Miller in the background and was standing by his Her voice had become almost part of the western of the western.

developed. There is a new Little Englander abroad and he speaks with the voice of labor. It is our task to find the soul of the people. And I have come to you for your aid."

Tallente looked for a moment down to the bay and listened to the sound of the incoming tide breaking upon the rocks. Dimmer now, but even more majestic in the twilight, the great, immovable cliffs towered up to the sky. An owl floated up from the grove of trees beneath and with a strange cry circled round for a moment to drop onto the lawn, a shapeless, solemn mass of feathers. At the back of the hills a

Her voice had become almost part of the music of the evening. She was

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