SAFE SEASONABLE SECURITIES

Public Utility First Mortgage Bonds

Net earnings $930,595.42 for year ending April 30, 1922, with equities uncommonly substantial.

These properties are under the supervision of

General Engineering and Management Corporation

Price to yield approximately 7½%

Circular on request

Fairman & Company
Drexel Building, Phila.
Established 1902

GILL 1872

COMPETITION

is the life of trade, but there are more than 1000 builders competing in Phila. As in every business, good results in building come only with the selection of the right builder.

JOHN N. GILL CONSTRUCTION CO.

Commercial Buildings, Factories, Institutions and Smaller Work

Otis Building
PHILADELPHIA

GILL 1922

FINANCIAL

The Atlantic Refining Company

Ten Year Six and One-Half Per Cent Gold Debentures

NOTICE OF REDEMPTION

TO THE HOLDERS OF
THE ATLANTIC REFINING COMPANY
Ten Year Six and One-Half Per Cent. Gold Debentures, due March 1, 1931.

You are hereby notified that The Atlantic Refining Company has elected to pay off and redeem as a whole on September 1st, 1922, the entire $15,000,000 principal amount of its Ten Year Six and One-half Per Cent. Gold Debentures, dated March 1, 1921, due March 1, 1931, issued under its Trust Agreement with The Equitable Trust Company of New York, Trustee, dated March 1, 1921. As provided in said Agreement, The Atlantic Refining Company requests each and every holder of said Debentures to present for payment and redemption at the principal amount thereof plus the premium of 3¼ per cent of such principal amount on September 1, 1922, at the office of The Equitable Trust Company of New York, at 37 Wall Street, New York City, in the Borough of Manhattan and State of New York, U. S. A., all such Debentures together with coupon maturing March 1, 1923, and all subsequent coupons attached, and upon surrender of such Debentures in accordance with this notice, the same will be paid and redeemed by The Atlantic Refining Company at the principal amount thereof plus the said redemption premium of three and one-quarter per cent. (3¼%) of such principal amount. The accrued interest due September 1, 1922, will be paid upon surrender of the coupon therefor which should be detached and presented for payment in the usual manner. Interest on all the Debentures will cease on September 1, 1922 and the coupons maturing after said date will become null and void.

THE ATLANTIC REFINING COMPANY.
By ALBERT HILL, Treasurer.

Dated: July 26, 1922.

NOTICE OF REDEMPTION

To holders of Victory Notes and Others concerned:

Notice is hereby given as follows:

1—Call for partial redemption of 4¾ per cent Victory Notes.—All 4¾ per cent Victory Notes, otherwise known as United States of America Gold Notes of 1922-1923, which bear the distinguishing letters A, B, C, D, E or F, prefixed to their serial numbers, having been designated for the purpose by lot in the manner prescribed by the Secretary of the Treasury, are called for redemption on December 15, 1922, pursuant to the provision for redemption contained in the notes and in Treasury Department circular Number 138, dated April 21, 1919, under which the notes were originally issued. Interest on all the 4¾ per cent Victory Notes thus called for redemption will cease on said redemption date, December 15, 1922. Victory Notes of the 4¾ per cent series bearing the distinguishing letters G, H, I, J, K or L, prefixed to their serial numbers are not in any manner affected by this call for redemption, and will become due and payable as to principal on May 20, 1923, according to their terms.

2—Detailed information as to the presentation and surrender of 4¾ per cent Victory Notes for redemption under this call is given in Treasury Department Circular Number 299, dated July 26, 1922, copies of which may be obtained from the Treasury Department, Division of Loans and Currency, Washington, D. C., or any Federal Reserve Bank.

A. W. MELLON,
Secretary of the Treasury.

July 26, 1922.

KENMORE PULP AND PAPER COMPANY First Mortgage 6% Sinking Fund Gold Bonds
Sinking Fund Notice

FIDELITY TRUST COMPANY, Trustee, under the mortgage of the Kenmore Pulp and Paper Company, dated August 1, 1907, hereby give notice that, in pursuance of the provisions of said mortgage, twenty-five (25) bonds for one thousand dollars ($1000) each, secured by said mortgage, numbered as follows:

2, 34, 38, 43, 83, 107, 122, 177, 258, 298, 308, 326, 341, 385, 401, 441, 456, 513, 533, 583, 629, 658, 674, 686 and 690,

have been this day drawn for redemption at par. The said bonds will be paid at the office of the Trustee, Fidelity Trust Company, 325 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, upon presentation with all coupons due, after August 1, 1922. Coupons due August 1, 1922, are payable at the office of Drexel & Co., Philadelphia.

FIDELITY TRUST COMPANY, Trustee.
Wm. P. Gest, President.

Philadelphia, July 15, 1921.

AMERICAN RAILWAYS CO. Extended 7½% Gold Notes—NOTICE is hereby given that in accordance with an Agreement dated Dec. 23, 1921, supplemental to Deed of Trust, dated Feb. 1, 1919, Notes Nos.:

168 241 701 1011 1173 1528 2036 2391 2982
169 255 724 1022 1246 1756 2042 2038 2985
211 423 745 1110 1247 1837 2161 2691
226 609 764 1113 1306 1856 2163 2711
228 669 773 1114 1406 1884 2173 2854
240 673 835 1151 1431 1886 2380 2866

have been drawn for redemption out of moneys held in the Sinking Fund. The principal of said notes will be paid on August 1, 1922, at the office of the Trustee, 517 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, Pa. @ 110 and interest, after which date interest on the bonds so drawn shall cease.

THE PENNSYLVANIA COMPANY FOR INSURANCES ON LIVES AND GRANTING ANNUITIES
Trustee.

NOTICE TO HOLDERS OF LYKENS VALLEY LIGHT & POWER CO. FIRST MORTGAGE BONDS.

Under the Sinking Fund provisions of the mortgage sealed proposals will be received until 3 P. M., July 31, 1922, at the office of The Pennsylvania Company for Insurances on Lives and Granting Annuities, Trustee, for the sale to it at the lowest price not exceeding 102½ and accrued interest, of the many bonds as $3630.60 will purchase. All proposals should be addressed to the undersigned.

THE PENNSYLVANIA COMPANY FOR INSURANCES ON LIVES AND GRANTING ANNUITIES, Trustee.
517 Chestnut St., Phila., Pa.
Proposals for Sinking Fund Lykens Valley Lt. & Pr. Co.

To Holders of AUTOCAR COMPANY FIRST MORTGAGE 6% SERIAL GOLD BONDS

Under the provisions of Section 9, Article 1 of its mortgage dated April 1, 1919, the Autocar Company hereby gives notice of its intention to exercise the right reserved thereunder and will redeem all of the bonds secured by said mortgage on August 21st, 1922 at 102½ and accrued interest, on presentation of said bonds at the office of The Pennsylvania Company for Insurances on Lives and Granting Annuities, Trustee, 517 Chestnut street, Phila., after which date interest on said bonds will cease.

Dividends

THE COMMONWEALTH TITLE INSURANCE AND TRUST COMPANY

Philadelphia, July 18th, 1922.

The directors have this day declared a quarterly dividend of three per cent (3%), free of State Tax, payable August 10th, to stockholders of record at the close of business July 31st, 1922.

Checks will be mailed.

JAMES V. ELLISON, Treasurer.

Amparo Mining Company

Philadelphia, July 25, 1922.

The Directors have this day declared a quarterly dividend of three per cent (3%), payable August 10, 1922, to stockholders of record July 31, 1922. Checks will be mailed.

JOSEPH S. WILLIAMS, Treasurer.

THE GIRARD NATIONAL BANK

Philadelphia, July 25, 1922.

The Board of Directors has this day declared a Quarterly Dividend of Five Per Cent. (5%), payable August 1, 1922, to stockholders of record July 25, 1922. Checks will be mailed.

CHARLES M. ASHTON, Cashier.

THE PEOPLES' FORUM

Letters to the Editor

Skill, Not Chance

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger:

Sir—"A Daniel come to judgment!" In open court at Vancouver, which is, I believe, somewhere out in the State of Washington, the judge has ruled that poker is not a game of chance, but a game of skill.

This is final but belated vindication of an opinion formed long ago. Were it not so how are we to account for the uncanny precision with which an experienced player escorts his unsophisticated victim to certain defeat? What is the "poker face," celebrated in business, diplomacy, every contest of wits, mind against mind, save the consummation of years of training of the emotions until they are completely subject to the will, and facial muscles respond to the determination not to disclose by even the tremor of an eyelash what lies behind the mask? Skill. Surely it is, as any trained player of the game will tell.

None know this better than those whose long devotion to the game have given right to speak, as they seldom do, for conversational poker bears the same relation to the real game that "Old Maid" does to whist.

Yet, come to think it over, the learned Washington judge has but accepted the plea made by the dead game sport long ago, when arraigned on a charge of conducting a game of chance. "Not guilty," he said, "this guy never did have no chance!"

BOBTAIL FLUSH.
Atlantic City, N. J., July 22, 1922.

"Noted Names in Fiction"

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger:

Sir—In these days when Philadelphia is finding it so hard to decide on a head for our Sesqui-Centennial—which, sure as shooting, is only temporarily delayed, for, mark my words, the exposition is going to be a glorious success achieved by the right man or men in the right place—in these days, anyway, as I was saying, I'm taking the time to wonder what service to humanity is performed by those persons who, with diabolical cunning, ferret out the middle and unused names of authors for the United States catalogue, which is used by all libraries.

Bury your middle name ever so deep—if you write a book they will smoke you out. In a library list recently I discovered that old, familiar names of authors had been curiously amended. Here are a few I jotted down at random:

Holworthy Hall is Harold Everett Porter.

Fannie Hurst is Mrs. Jacques Danielson.

Victoria Cross is Vivian Cory Griffen.

Shane Leslie is John Randolph Leslie.

Lord Dunsany is Edward John Moreton Drax Plunkett, eighteenth baron.

Arnold Bennett is Enoch Arnold Bennett.

Katherine Newlin Burt is Mrs. Maxwell Struthers Burt.

Booth Tarkington is Newton Booth Tarkington.

Henri Fabre was Jean Henri Casimir Fabre.

Coningsby Dawson is Coningsby William Dawson.

Jennette Lee is Jennette Barbour Perry Lee, or Mrs. Gerald Stanley Lee.

Stanley Hall is Granville Stanley Hall.

Hilaire Belloc is Joseph Hilaire Pierre Belloc.

John Ayscough is Francis Browning Drew Bickerstaffe-Drew.

BOOKWORM.
Philadelphia, July 24, 1922.

Efficiency Bug's Latest

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger:

Sir—A new kind of efficiency "bug" has been making itself evident on the horizon in some parts of the country. Up to date I haven't noticed it making any particular progress in this neck of the woods. This new bug has figures, statistics and other matter to show that summer vacations for school children are wasteful in time, in money and in energy. They ought, he proclaims, to be eliminated or shortened, the time thus saved being spread over the year in shorter school days.

Efficiency experts, eliminators of the joy of living, uplifters and watchdogs of the public conscience, of course must make a living, and to that end they go far afield in their efforts to reduce life to a cut and dried standard. The offering of this particular member of the efficiency family to my way of thinking is a nuisance of the first degree.

In the case of very young pupils it might be possible, even advisable, to shorten school hours, but to eliminate the two or three months' vacation now enjoyed by the school children ought to find no favor in any quarter. A long play period is absolutely essential for the health and physical growth of lads and lassies of school age. The school year is long, and before its end the confinement, the application to lessons, the lack of outdoor sports and activities during the winter months are apparent in the health and spirits of the pupils. They react more speedily to the open and its pastimes, the games and sports, the free and joyous life of the great outdoors.

To eliminate this season of play and recreation and scatter it through the school year by shortening the hours of study would defeat the very object it is wished to obtain. It would mean physical deterioration and the continuous grind at textbooks and school tasks would seriously interfere with material progress in education. The school children need their play season, and there is little danger of its being taken away from them.

EDWARD S. JONES.
Lancaster, Pa., July 23, 1922.

Remember, We're All Americans

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger:

Sir—Family quarrels frequently are marked with a great deal of bitterness. When persons have been living together or striving together in the closest intimacy, let suspicion or selfishness come between them and then there is no equal for the hatred that may ensue.

Something very like a family feud has developed in America. Some members of the national household cannot speak of the others without resorting to epithets. Men ordinarily calm, friendly and reasonable work themselves into a rage in discussing industrial conditions and they heap denunciation on capital and labor, according to where their sympathies and interests lie. And now we have the ominous spectacle of armed troops at the mines of our own Pennsylvania, prepared to meet a possible outbreak, the possible results of which are fearsome to contemplate.

The third party to these labor disputes deserves a hearing. He or it is the general public.

Necessary as fuel and transportation are, yet no one should adopt the selfish view that the conditions under which they are secured are no affairs of the people at large. A permanent settlement of this family falling-out must not overlook the just claims of workingmen or of property holders. There is no lasting benefit to the nation in an arrangement that forces unfair conditions on any part of its citizenship.

Coal workers, coal owners, coal users, all are Americans, and all fought shoulder to shoulder in the World War. A pause for thought before the hasty word is spoken, a moment's reflection on the quite understandable human nature involved in this domestic feud, will save a great many vain regrets when finally the issue is settled.

ONE WHO WAS OVER THERE.
Shamokin, Pa., July 22, 1922.

Treatment for Drug Habit

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger:

Sir—For the period of thirty-seven years after graduation from the University of Pennsylvania medical school I practiced medicine in Philadelphia. And because of the fact that I treated two prominent members in the so-called social set of Philadelphia for the morphine and cocaine habit successfully I was called upon to treat probably a larger number of this class of patients than falls to the lot of the average general practitioner.

And I can say, from the knowledge gained by this experience, that every individual case that I have ever treated, in whatever station in life, was most desirous to get well and be free from the blighting curse of a drug disease.

It has been my opinion for a long time that if the stigma of crime were removed as applied to this class of illness and these cases could receive proper and scientific medical treatment, under environments which would consider them ill without the stigma of the criminal; if a proper hospital were provided where these patients could be requested to go and remain until cured without charge, and if advisable compelled to go and remain until cured, very much more could be accomplished than is now accomplished by the existing methods.

DR. J. CARDEEN COOPER.
Dover, Del., July 21, 1922.

Questions Answered

Value of Dime of 1834

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger:

Sir—Kindly advise me as to the premium on a ten-cent piece of 1834. On one side is the head of a lady, with "Liberty" inscribed on her forehead, and around the coin thirteen stars. On the opposite side is the picture of an eagle with wings outspread, and underneath is marked 10c.

A DAILY READER.
Philadelphia, July 23, 1922.

In the published lists of rare-coin valuations the dime of 1834, mentioned by the People's Forum correspondent, is not quoted. It might be worth while to consult a coin dealer or collector.

Beacon Hill, Boston

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger:

Sir—I was in Boston a few weeks ago and asked a native why Beacon Hill was so called. He said frankly he didn't know. Will you kindly state the origin of the name?

T. W. CAHILL.
Philadelphia, July 23, 1922.

Beacon Hill was so called from the fact that the public beacon was placed upon its summit. Later the hill was reduced in height, and the State House occupies its highest position.

Width of English Channel

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger:

Sir—What is the width of the English Channel?

MORTIMER.
Philadelphia, July 23, 1922.

There is a great difference in the width of the English Channel in different locations. From Ushant to the Scilly Isles the distance is 100 miles. The width of the Strait of Dover, the narrowest point, is twenty miles.

Poems and Songs Desired

"The Black Sheep"

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger:

Sir—Could you supply me the poem called "The Black Sheep"? I thank you and wish more success to your paper.

E. ESTLACK.
Camden, N. J., July 24, 1922.

THE BLACK SHEEP

In a quiet little village, not so very far away,
There lived a rich and aged man whose hairs are few and gray.
He had three sons, three only ones; both Tom and Jack were sly.
While Ted was honest as could be and would not tell a lie.
They planned their best to ruin Ted in the old man's eyes.
Their poison soon began to work, till Ted was much despised.
One night the old man said: "Begone; you're heartless to the core."
These were the words the black sheep said as he stood by the open door:
"Don't be angry with me, dad; don't turn me from your door.
I know that I've been wayward, but I won't be any more.
Just give to me another chance, just put me to the test.
And you'll find the black sheep loves his dad far better than the rest."
Year by year sped quickly by; the father, now grown old,
Called both Jack and Tom to him and gave them his gold.
"I only want this little room, a place by your fireside."
One night on Jack's returning home he brought with him a bride.
The wife began to hate the father more and more each day.
One night he heard the three declare: "This old fool's in the way."
They then agreed to send him to the poorhouse that was near,
When like a flash the black sheep's words came ringing in his ears.
A wagon drives up to the door; it is the poorhouse van;
The three point toward their dad and say, "There is your man."
Just then a manly form appears and pushes through the crowd.
"Here, stop, you brutes!" the stranger said; "this will not be allowed.
You took the old man's property and all that he could save;
You even sold the little lot containing his wife's grave.
I am his son, but not your kin, from now till judgment day."
The old man grasped the black sheep's hand; the crowd then heard him say:
"Don't be angry with me, lad, I've turned you from my door;
I know that I was foolish; I've repented o'er and o'er.
I wish I'd given you my gold, for you have stood the test,
And I find the black sheep loves his dad far better than the rest."

"The Old Songs"

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger:

Sir—I will thank you very much if you can print the words of some homely verses called, I think, "The Old Songs," and written, if my memory serves me, by Lue F. Vernon. I was reminded of the verses a few evenings ago while listening, perforce, to some "modern songs" as rendered on a phonograph, and I thought, "Oh, what a difference from the songs of my younger days!"

OLD TIMER.
Philadelphia, July 24, 1922.

Following are the lines probably desired by the People's Forum correspondent:

THE OLD SONGS

By Lue F. Vernon

You may talk about the new songs
That you hear sung nowadays
At the fashioned, classic concert,
Operas, musicals and plays.
We hear them whistled in the street
By the rich, poor, sad and gay,
But the old-time songs of long ago
Will ne'er dim nor pass away.

There were "Mollie Darling," "Juanita,"
"Bessie Lee," "Old Uncle Ned,"
"When You and I Were Young, Maggie,"
"Put Me in My Little Bed,"
"Annie Laurie," "Kitty Wells,"
"Old Oaken Bucket," "Nellie Gray,"
"Wh'en the Corn is Waving, Annie,"
"Daisy Dean" and "Maggie May."

The singer on the mimic stage
Must sing the popular songs
(Mere lot of silly claptrap)
To please the frivolous throngs.
But, goodness, the rapture, bliss,
To hear those songs of old,
"In the Evening by the Moonlight,"
"Silver Threads Among the Gold."

Folks now want the ragtime music;
They don't want the "Silver Moon";
Will jeer and laugh at grandma
If she hums an old-time tune.
In my heart I thank the author—
Makes no difference where I roam—
For giving us the dear old ballads
"Down in the Cornfield," "Old Folks at Home."

We may cross the grand old ocean,
Raven locks be changed to white,
But the old songs learned in childhood
Bring back memories of delight.
And the world seems really brighter,
Makes the heart feel all aglow,
That we have not ceased to love them—
Those sweet songs of long ago.

Can a Reader Supply This?

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger:

Sir—Will you kindly print in the People's Forum an old song entitled "Doctor Jasper"? I think it begins like this: "Doctor Jasper, Johnny Jasper."

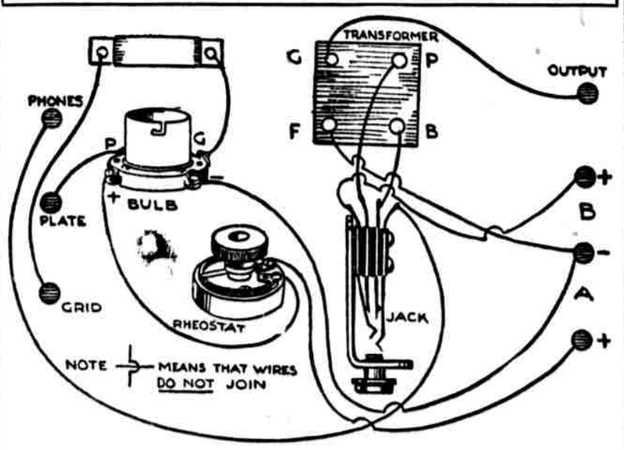
THELMA LIVINGSTON.
Atlantic City, N. J., July 22, 1922.

An Atlantic City reader asks for the verses on "The Old Maid and the Burglar." Can a reader supply?

The People's Forum will appear daily in the Evening Public Ledger, and also in the Sunday Public Ledger. Letters discussing timely topics will be printed, as well as requested poems, and questions of general interest will be answered.

RADIO IN THE HOME

By HENRY M. NEELY



Here is a diagram which shows how to rearrange your detector panel to get ready for an amplifier when you can afford it

Wiring Up Your Transformer

Assuming that you have bought a plug and jack and a transformer with the intention of getting your detector panels ready for amplification, I am giving today a diagram showing how the panel must be rearranged and wired in order to function as a detector alone or else automatically cut in your amplifying bulb when you get it.

First you will see that I have made a change in the binding posts described before for your detector panel. We have now in the left-hand side three binding posts and on the right four. Some people have five on the right, two for the plus and minus of the storage battery, known as the A, two for the plus and minus of the B battery and one for the "output" which will lead to the grid of the amplifying bulb when you get it.

Personally I use only three binding posts for the two batteries, using the same binding post for the minus side of both batteries as they are virtually always connected.

You can do this wiring from the diagram if you wish, but I find that the average beginner has some difficulty in this, so I am going to give you a list of the wires and their connections and you can work from this list independently of the diagram, checking each wire as you attach it.

First we must designate the four blades which you will find on your phone jack. Let us call the top one A, the second B, the third C and the lowest D. Now get ready to attach your wires and run them as follows:

From phone binding post on left to A blade of jack.

From plate binding post on left to plate connection on the socket.

From grid binding post on the left to one side of the grid condenser and from the other side of the condenser to grid binding post on the socket.

Now turn to the binding posts on the right side.

A wire from "output" binding post to binding post marked "G" on the transformer.

A wire from plus B battery binding post to "B" blade of the jack.

A wire from minus binding post to binding post marked "F" on transformer.

Another wire from that same post to minus binding post on socket.

A wire from plus A binding post to one side of the rheostat and another wire from the other side of rheostat to plus binding post on socket.

A wire from B blade of jack to B binding post on transformer.

A wire from C blade of jack to P binding post of transformer.

It is absolutely essential to solder all connections to the blades of the jack and if you happen to have a particular make of jack whose blades are too close together to work comfortably take a pair of pliers and bend them apart.

You are now ready to hook up your panel to the tuning set and when you insert your phone plug in the jack you are cutting out the transformer entirely and merely using the tube as a detector.

Later I will describe how to hook up another unit like this containing the amplifying bulb, but I am assuming that you do not care to go to the expense just now.

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

THE car started off. Lady Alice looked at her companion and shook her head.

"Mr. Tallente," she said, "I am very much a woman of the world and Jane is a very much stronger person that I am, in some things, and a great baby in others. You and she were such friends, and I have an idea that there was a misunderstanding."

"There was," he groaned. "It was my fault."

"Never mind whose fault it was," she went on. "You two were made for each other. You have so much in common. Don't drift apart altogether just because one has expected too much or the other been content to give too little. Jane has a great soul and a great heart. She wants to give but she doesn't quite know how. And perhaps there isn't any way. But two people whose lives seem to radiate toward each other, as yours and hers, shouldn't remain wholly apart. Take a day or two's holiday soon, even from this great work of yours, and go down to Devonshire. It would be very dangerous advice," she went on, smiling, "to a different sort of man, but I have a fancy that to you it may mean something, and I happen to know—that Jane is miserable."

The car stopped. Tallente held Lady Alice's hand as he had seldom held the hand of a woman in his life. A curious incapacity for speech checked the words even upon his lips.

"Thank you," he faltered.

Upon the moor above Martinhoe and the farm lands adjoining, spring had fallen that year as gently as the warm rain of April. Tallente, conscious of an unexpected lassitude, paused as he reached the top of the zigzag climb from the manor and rested for a moment upon a block of stone. Below him the forests of dwarf oaks which stretched down to the sea were tipped with delicate green. The meadows were like deep, soft patches of emerald verdure; the fruit trees in his small walled garden were pink and white with blossoms. The sea was peaceful as an azure lake into which the hulls of the passing steamers cut like knives, leaving behind a long line of lazy foam. Little fleecy balls of clouds were dotted across the sky, puffs of soft wind cooled his cheeks when he rose to his feet and faced inland.

Soon he left the stony road and walked upon the springy turf bordering the moorland. Little curled-up shoots of light green were springing from the bracken. Here and there a flame of gorse filled the air with its faint, almondlike blossom. And the birds! Farmlands stretched away on his left-hand side, and above the tender growth of corn, larks invisible but multifarious filled the air with little quiverings of melody. Bleating lambs, ridiculously young, tottered around on this new-found, wonderful earth. A pair of partridges scurried away from his feet; the end of a drooping cloud splashed his face with a few warm raindrops.

Tallente, as he swung onward, carrying his cap in his hand, felt a great glow of thankfulness for the impulse which had brought him here. Already he was finding himself. The tangled emotions of the last week were loosening their grip upon his brain and consciousness. Behind him London was in an uproar, his name and future the theme of every journal. Journalists were besieging his rooms. Embryo statesmen were telephoning for appointments. Great men sent their secretaries to suggest a meeting. And in the midst of it all he had disappeared. The truth as to his sudden absence from town was unknown even to Dartrey. At the very moment when his figure loomed large and triumphant upon one of the great canvases in history he had simply slipped away, a disappearance as dramatic as it was opportune. And all because he had a fancy to see how spring sat upon the moors—and because he had walked back to his rooms by way of Charles street and because he had met Lady Alice.

The last ascent was finished and below him lay the house and climbing woods—woods that crept into the bosom of the hills, the closely growing trees tipped with tender greens melting into the softest of indeterminate grays as the breeze rippled through their tops like fingers across a harp. The darker line of moorland in the background, scant as ever of herbage, had yet lost its menacing bareness and seemed touched with the faint color of the earth beneath, almost pink in the generous sunshine. The avenue into which he presently turned was starred on either side with a riot of primroses, running wild into the brambles, with here and there a belt of bluebells.

The atmosphere beneath the closely growing trees—limes, with great waxy buds—became enervating with spring odors and a momentary breathlessness came to Tallente, fresh from his crowded days and nights of battle. The sun-warmed wave of perfume from the trim beds of hyacinths in the suddenly disclosed garden was almost overpowering and he passed like a man in a dream through their sweetness to the front door. The butler who admitted him conducted him at once to Jane's sanctum. Without any warning he was ushered in.

"Mr. Tallente, yourladyship."

He had a strange impression of her as she rose from a very sea of newspapers. She was thinner—he was sure of that—dressed in indoor clothes, although it was the middle of the morning, a suggestion of the invalid about her easy chair and her tired eyes. It seemed to him that for a moment they were lit with a gleam of fear which passed almost instantaneously. She had recovered herself even before the door was closed behind the departing servant.

"Mr. Tallente!" she repeated. "You! But how is this possible?"

"Everything is possible," he answered. "I have come to see you, Jane."

She was glad but amazed. Even when he had obeyed her involuntary gesture and seated himself by her side, there was something incredulous about her expression.

"But what does it mean that you are here just now?" she persisted. "According to the newspapers you should be at Buckingham Palace today."

"Tomorrow," he corrected her. "I hired a very powerful car and motored down yesterday afternoon. I am starting back when the moon rises tonight. For these few hours I am better out of London."

"But why—" she faltered.

He was slowly finding himself.

"I came for you, Jane," he said, "on any terms—anyhow. I came to beg for your sympathy, for some measure of your affection, to beg you to come back to Charles street. Is it too late for me to abase myself?"

Her eyes glowed across at him. She suddenly rose, came over and knelt by the side of his chair. Her arms went around his neck.

"Andrew," she whispered, "I have been ashamed. I was wrong. That night—the thought of my pettiness—my foolish, selfish fears. Oh, I was wrong! I have prayed that the time might come when I could tell you. And if you hadn't come, I never could have told you. I couldn't have written. I couldn't have come to London. But I wanted you to know."

She drew his head down and kissed him upon the lips. Tallente knew then why he had come. The whole orchestra of life was playing again. He was strong enough to overcome mountains.

Clad in black silk from head to foot, and always leaving his card, THE JACK OF CLUBS, the central figure of

Edgar Wallace's

new mystery story

JACK O' JUDGMENT

is as baffling as he is fascinating. With his mocking laugh and menacing pistol he thwarts time and again a gang of blackmailers and murderers. The tale of his exploits

Begins Today

"Andrew," she faltered, "you really——"

He stopped her.

"Jane," he said, "I have some stupid news. It seems to me incredibly stupid. Let me pass it on to you quickly. You knew, didn't you, that I was married in America? Well, my wife has divorced me there. We married in a State where such things are possible."

"Divorced you?" she exclaimed.

"Quite legally," he went on. "I saw a lawyer before I started yesterday morning. But listen to the rest of it. Stella is married—married to the man I thought I had thrown over the cliff. She is married to Anthony Palliser."

"Then you are free?" Jane murmured, drawing a little away.

"Not in the least," he replied. "I am engaged to marry you."

At luncheon, with Parkins in attendance, it became possible for them to converse coherently.

"When I found you at home in the middle of the morning," he said, "I was afraid that you were ill."

"I haven't been well," she admitted. "I rode some distance yesterday and it fatigued me. Somehow or other, I think I have had the feeling, the last few weeks, that my work here is over. All my farms are sold. I have really now no means of occupying my time."

"It is fortunate," he told her, with a smile, "that I am able to point out to you a new sphere of usefulness."

She made a little grimace at him behind Parkins' august back.

"Tell me," she asked, "how did you ever make your peace with the trades unions after that terrible article of yours?"

"Because," he replied, "except for Miller, their late chief, there are a great many highly intelligent men connected with the administration of the trades unions. They realized the spirit in which I wrote that article and the condition of the country at the time I wrote it. My apologia was accepted by every one who counted. The publication of that article," he went on, "was Miller's scheme to drive me out of politics. It has turned out to be the greatest godsend ever vouchsafed to our cause, for it is going to put Mr. Miller out of the power of doing mischief for a good many years to come."

"How I hated him when he called here that day!" Jane murmured reminiscently.

"Miller is the type of man," Tallente declared, "who was always putting the Labor party in a false position. He was born and he has lived and he has thought parochially. He is all the time lashing himself into a fury over imagined wrongs and wanting to play the little tin god of Olympus with his threatened strikes. Now there will be no more strikes."

"I was reading about that," she reflected. "How wonderful it sounds!"

"The greatest power in the country," Tallente explained, "is that wielded by these trades unions. There will be no more fights between the Government and them, because they are coming into the Government. I am afraid you will think our program revolutionary. On the other hand, it is going to be a Government of justice. We want to give the people their due, each man according to his worth. By that means we wipe out all fear forever of the scourge of eastern and mid-Europe the bolshevism and anarchy which have laid great empires bare. We are not going to make the poor add to the riches of the rich, but on the other hand we are not going to take from the rich to give to the poor. The sociological scheme upon which our plan of government will be based is to open every avenue to success equally to rich and poor. The human being must sink or swim, according to his capacity. Ours will never be a State-aided socialism."

Parkins had left the room. She held out her hand.

"How horrid of you!" she murmured. "You are gibing at me because I lent my farmers a little money."

He laughed softly.

"You dear!" he exclaimed. "On my honor, it never entered into my head. Only I want to bring you gradually into the new way of thinking, because I want so much from you—so much help and sympathy."

"And?" she pleaded.

He looked around to be sure that Parkins was gone and, leaning from his place, kissed her.

"If you care for moonlight motoring," he whispered, "I think I can give you quite a clear outline of all that I expect from you."

She drew a little sigh of relief.

"If you had left me behind," she murmured, "I should have sat here and imagined that it was all a dream. And I am just a little weary of dreams."

(THE END)

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HALT SUN'S CANTON DRIVE

Deposed President's Army Eighty Miles From Capital

Canton, July 26. — (By A. P.) — Troops of Sun Yat-Sen, driving southward through Kwangtung province in an effort to recapture Canton for the deposed President of the Southern Republic, have been defeated in a number of skirmishes in the last two days in the vicinity of Shiuchow, about eighty miles north of Canton, according to advices.

Sun's forces also are reported to have been defeated near Yungyun, southeast of Shiuchow, in a battle entailing considerable casualties on both sides.

The army loyal to Sun is said to be retreating in the direction of Chihing, northeast of Shiuchow.

HUGHES AND TACNA-ARICA

Not content with the wonderful success of the Disarmament Conference, Secretary Hughes has offered his services to Chile and Peru to determine the ownership of Tacna-Arica. A full account of this troublesome South American problem appears in the Magazine Section of the Sunday PUBLIC LEDGER. "Make It a Habit."—Adv.

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Additional train from Atlantic City (Every Sunday, also Saturdays in August)	8.15 P. M.	9.15 P. M.
Ocean City (Weekdays)	5.20 P. M.	6.20 P. M.
(Sundays)	5.20 P. M.	6.20 P. M.
Stone Harbor (Weekdays)	5.26 P. M.	6.26 P. M.
(Sundays)	5.32 P. M.	6.32 P. M.
Wildwood (Weekdays)	5.20 P. M.	6.20 P. M.
(Sundays)	5.50 P. M.	6.50 P. M.
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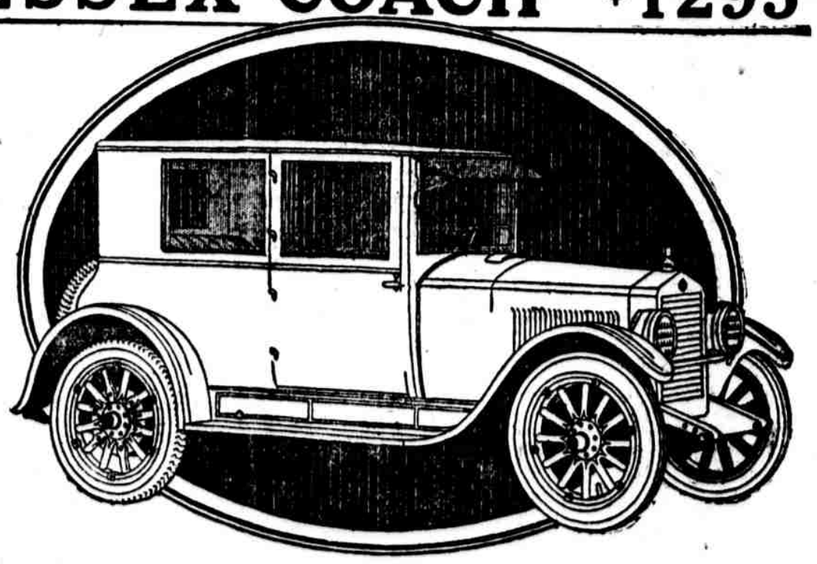

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