When does human nature rash under the strain of and tragedy? Must it down all loved ones disaster?

CHAPTER I EAVEN and earth," sang the

HEAVEN and earth," sang the tenor. Mr. Henry Wallace, wher of the Wallace garage. His synt, which gave him somewhat the synt, which gave him somewhat the fect of having swallowed a crabapple and got it only part way down, produced above his low collar. "Heaven and earth," sayer the bass, if. Edwin Goodno, of the meat marter and the Boy Scouts. "Heaven and earth are full—" His chin, large and fleshy, buried itself deep; his eyes and fleshy on the music sheet in his glued on the music sheet in his

"Are full, are full, are full," sang colonial house on the Ridgely road, sang with her eyes turned up, and he reached G flat she lifted herself er toes. "Of the majesty of Thy

endy." harked the choirmaster. now, and all together." choir room in the parish house ded to the twenty voices of the

The choirmaster at the piano spiritime with his head. Earnest and stent, they filled the building with he 'Festival Te Deum' of Dudley suck. Opus 63, No. 1.

Elizabeth Wheeler liked choir practes. She liked the way in which, after he different parts had been run brough, the voices finally blended into armony and beauty. She liked the mall sense of achievement it gave her, and of being a part, on Sundays, of he service. She liked the feeling, when she put on the black cassock and white surplice and the small round velett cap, of having placed in her locker the things of this world, such as a rose-colored hat and a blue georgette frock. ed hat and a blue georgette frock. nd of being stripped, as it were, for

At such times she had vague dreams renunciation. She saw herself clois-ed in some quiet spot, withdrawn red in some quiet spot, withdrawn from the world; a place where there there long vistus of pillars and Gothic arches, after a photograph in the living geom at home, and a great organ somewhere, playing.

She would go home from church.

She would go home from church.

She would go home from church.

Half way up Palmer lane she turned in for the first time she began to feel that people in the mass might be cruel.

Wheeler house. She was flushed and angry, hating Clare for her unsolicited angry, hating Clare for her unsolicited confidence and her malice, hating even had mentioned?

Half way up Palmer lane she turned in for the first time she began to feel that people in the mass might be cruel.

Wheeler house. She was flushed and angry, hating Clare for her unsolicited confidence and her massing the cruel.

She would go home from church.

She would go home from church.

Half way up Palmer lane she turned in for the first time she began to feel that people in the mass might be cruel.

She would some time during the day pass on behind their hands, the gossip Clare had mentioned?

She changed her position, and

Haverly, that smiling, tree-shaded sub-urb which "talked."

the peace of the house enveloped her. What did it matter if, beyond that door,

there were unrequited love and petty gosslp, and even tragedy? Not that

love and security and quiet happiness.

page, heard her singing as she went up the stairs. In the moment of the turning he too had a flash of content. Twenty-five years of married life and

all well; Nina married, Jim out of college, Elizabeth singing her way up the stairs, and here by the lamp his wife quietly knitting while he read to her. He was reading "Paradise Lost":

"The mind is its own place, and in itself can make a heaven of hell a hell

congregation. During her slow prog-ress up and down the main aisle behind the Courtney boy, who was still a so-prano and who carried the great gold

cross, she always looked straight ahead.

Or rather, although she was unconscious of this, slightly up. Sac always

looked up when she sang, for she had

the piano music rack was high above

commenced to take singing lessons when

So she still lifted her eyes as she

went up the aisle, and was extremely

serious over the whole thing. Because it is a solean matter to take a number

to worship.

Nevertheless, although she never

Mrs. Sayre's butler would call up and

town knew, if it happened to be winter, that the Florida or Santa Barbara sea-

son was on; or in summer the Maine

brows would come in when the sermon

was almost over. Again, a hand would reach through the grill behind it, and a tall young man who had had his eyes

fixed in the proper direction, but not al-

casions, however, he would first iden-tify the owner of the hand and then

And Mrs. Crosby, without taking her eyes from the sermon, would nod.

and a sense of philosophy about sleep. That is, that 11 P. M. was bedtime to

When he went to church he listened

tle line, fought with a surgical kit in-stead of a gun, but he was content. Not to all the high adventure.

Had he been asked, suddenly, the name of the tall blonde girl who sang

among the sopranos, he could not have

The other new was at the back of the

"I am speaking for Mrs. Sayre. Mrs. Sayre would like to have the pleasure of Miss Wheeler's company on

of people who have been up

she put all that into conscious thought; ing.

on the blue georgette frock, and cat a ealthy Sunday luncheon; and by 2 clock in the afternoon, when the fam-y slent and Jim had gone to the counclub, her dreams were quite likely be entirely different. Generally aking, they had to do with love—romantic, unclouded young love, dramatic only because it was love, and very

sometimes, perhaps, some one would come and say he loved her. That was all. That was at once the beginning and the end. Her dreams led up to that and stopped. Not by so much as a handelasp did they pass that wall. sat in the choir room and dted her turn.

"Altos a little stronger, please."
"Of the majesty, of the majesty, of majesty, of Thy gl-o-ory," sang lizabeth. And was at once a nun and

What appeared to the eye was a small rown hair and wistful eyes; nice eyes, too particular color. Pretty with the cauty of youth, sensitive and thoughtal, infinitely loyal and capable of sufg and not otherwise extraordinary ras Elizabeth Wheeler in her plain rooden chair. A figure suggestive of no drama and certainly of no tragedy, its attitude expectant and waiting, with that alternate hope and fear which is youth at twenty, when all of life lies ead and every tomorrow may hold great adventure.

Clare Rossiter walked home that light with Elizabeth. She was a tall londe girl, lithe and gracefr' and rith a calculated coquetry ber

you mind going a the There was something furtive d yet candid in her voice, and Eliza-

eth. It's hard to talk to you. But 've got to talk to somebody. I go and by Station street every chance

By Station street? Why?"

should think you could guess She saw that Clare desired to be

estioned, and at the same time she t a great distaste for the threatened ence. She loathed arm-in-arm afidences, the indecency of dragging p and exposing, in whispers, things hat should have been buried deep in ence. She besitated, and Clare slipan arm through hers. "You don't know, then, do you?

Sometimes I think one must know. And I don't care. I've reached that

Her confession, naive and shameless, yet somehow not without a certain ity, flowed on. She was mad about Dr. Dick Livingstone. Goodness knew shy, for he never looked at her. She might be the dirt under his feet for all knew. She trembled when she met street, and sometimes he in't sleep well any more. Elizabeth listened in great discom-

church. Always it had one occupant; sometimes it had three. But the behavior of this pew was very erratic. Sometimes an elderly and portly gentleman with white hair and fierce eyeman when the services. ort. She did not see in Clare's hopee self-dramatization of a neurotic She saw herself unwillingly forced peer into the sentimental windows Jare's soul, and there to see Dr. Dick Livingstone, an unconscious oc-cupant. But she had a certain fugisense of guilt, also. Formless as dreams had been, vague and shy. ways on the rector, would reach for his hat, get up and slip out. On these ochey had nevertheless centered about one one who should be tall, like Dick Myingstone, and alternately grave, which was his professional manner, and ay, which was his manner when it turned out to be only a cold, and he ould take a few minutes to be himself. erally speaking, they centered about but who did not, as did Dr. Liv-Againe, assume at times an air of lightful maturity and pretend that in ears gone by he had dandled her on

"Sometimes I think he positively avoids me," Clare wailed. "There's the house, Elizabeth. Do you mind stopping a moment? He must be in his office now. The light's burning." I wish you wouldn't, Clare. He'd hate it if he knew."

She moved on and Clare slowly fol-lowed her. The Rossiter girl's flow to falk had suddenly stopped. She was a thoughtful and impulsively suspicious. "Look here, Elizabeth, I believe you tare for him yourself." to the sermon, but rather often he look-ed at Elizabeth Wheeler. When his eyes wandered, as the most faithful eyes tonight, Clare?"

I'm just thinking. Your voice was fought for his country in a sea of raud, never nearer than 200 miles to the bat-

They walked on in silence. The flow Clare's confidences had ceased, and er eyes were calculating and a trifle

There's a good bit of talk about im." she jerked out finally. "I suplose you've heard it."
"What sort of talk?"

"Oh, gossip. You'll hear it. Everys talking about it. It's doing him of harm."
"I don't believe it." Elizabeth flared.

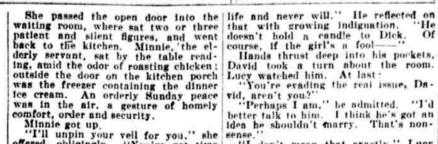
This town hasn't anything else to do, and so it talks. It makes me sick."
She did not attempt to analyze the motives that made Clare belithat she professed to love. And did not ask what the somip was. did not attempt to analyze the motives that made Clare belitte she professed to love. And not ask what the seesip was. If or the first time she wondered. Some the faces were blank, as though there was a gray no-man's land of doubt and indecision; a half-way house of compromise, and sometimes David not ask what the seesip was.

THE BREAKING POINT

By Mary Roberts Rinehart

uthor of "Dangerous Days," "K," "The Amazing Interlude," and many other striking and successful novels.

Copyright, 1922, by George H. Doran Co.



Minnie got up.
"I'll unpin your veil for you." she sense."
offered, obligingly. "You've got time to lie down about ten minutes. Mrs. persisted.

"I'll unpin your veil for you." she offered, obligingly. "You've got time to lie down about ten minutes. Mrs. Morgan said she's got to have her cars treated."

"I hope she doesn't sit and talk for an hour."

"She'll talk, all right," Minnie observed, her mouth full of pins. "She'd be talking to me yet if I'd stood there. She's got her nerve, too, that woman."

"I'd don't like to hear you speak so of the patients who come to the house, Minnie."

"Well, I don't like their asking me"

sense."

"I don't mean that exactly," Lucy persisted. "I mean, won't he want a good many things cleared up before he marries? Isn't he likely to want to go back to Norada?"

Some of the ruddy color left David's face. He stood still, staring at her and silent.

"You know he meant to go three years ago, but the war came and—"

Her voice trailed off. She could not even now easily recall those days when Dick was drilling on the golf links and

Minnie."
"Well, I don't like their asking me

Can evil identity be lost in good? See how this throbbing story of mystery, regeneration and love solves these problems.

COMPEL SUCCESS

Unchecked WASTE

in paring vegetables
is Extravagance
Continued Extrav.

egance means Failure CLAD'S PARER turns WASTE into WEALTH

Kitchen Equipment

for Hotels and Restaurants

VICTOR V. CLAD CO. 119 & 121 S. 11th St.

Standard Make

10 Days' Free Trial 1 Year Written Guarantee

"Perhaps I am," he admitted. "I'd better talk to him. I think he's got an idea he shouldn't marry. That's non-

DEALERS IN ALL MAKES OF TYPEWRITERS 1005 CHESTNUT ST. (WALNUT 2873-4) BUNDY TYPEWRITER CO.



He stood smiling up at them, very tidy in his Sunday suit, very boyish for all his thirty-two years

Dr. Dick Livingstone store helped Dr. David into his new spring helped Dr. David into his new spring helped Dr. Livingstone store helped Dr. Dick Livingstone store helped Dr. David into his new spring helped overcoat. He was very content. It was May, and the sun was shining. It was Sunday, and he would have "She wanted to know who was Dr. "Donaldson is dead," David broke in, It was Sunday, and he would have an hour or two of leisure. And he had made a resolution about a matter that had been in his mind for some thought she'd known his people."

It he does go back "Donaldson is dead," David broke in almost roughly. "Maggie Donaldson is still living." "Maggie Donaldson is still living." "What if she is? She's loyal to the

f. self can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven."

Ile did a certain amount of serious reading every year.

Son Sunday mornings, during the service, Elizabeth enruestly tried to banish all worldly thoughts. In spite this resolve, however, she was all ways conscious of a certain regret that the choir seats necessitated turning her.

Con Sunday mornings, during the service, Elizabeth enruestly tried to the bronze tablet set in the wall on the choir seats necessitated turning her.

Con Sunday mornings, during the service, Elizabeth enruestly tried to the bronze tablet set in the wall on the choir seats necessitated turning her.

Con Sunday mornings, during the service, Elizabeth enruestly tried to the bronze tablet set in the wall on the roll of honor. Small as it was, it was conscious of a certain regret that the choir seats necessitated turning her.

Con Sunday mornings, and the time. He was very content.

He looked around the church with what was almost a possessive eye. These people were his friends. He knew them silence. "Thank you, Minnie."

Bonnet in hand, she moved toward the stairs, climbed them and went into her from Wyoming, and she "Maggle Donaldson is still living."

What if she is? She's loyal to the time. He was almost a possessive eye. These people were his friends. He knew them silence. "Thank you, Minnie."

Bonnet in hand, she moved toward the stairs, climbed them and went into her from Wyoming, and she "Maggle Donaldson is still living."

What if she is? She's loyal to the thought she'd known his people."

What if she is? She's loyal to the thought she should bring her one, she is a silence. "Thank you, Minnie."

Bonnet in hand, she moved toward the stairs, climbed them and went into her from Wyoming, and she was all the should bring her one, she is a silence. "Thank you, Minnie."

Con Sunday mornings, during the she should bring her one, she is a silence. "Thank you, Minnie."

Con Sunday mornings, during the she is? She's loyal to the family. The she is the she is? She's loyal to the consta of this resolve, however, she was always conscious of a certain regret that the roll of honor. Small as it was, the choir seats necessitated turning her profile to the congregation. At the age of twelve she had decided that her nose was too short and nothing had happened since to change her conviction.

She seldom so much as glanced at the congregation. During her slow progress up and down the main side behind.

The wall on the wall on the wall on the roll of honor. Small as it was, this world.

Half smiling, he glanced about. He did not realize that behind their bows and greetings there was something new that day, something not so much unkind as questioning.

Outside in the street he tucked his and, Mrs. Crosby, against the spring to the conding to live with them ten years before, a boy of twenty-two, she had found a vicarious maternity and gloved in it. Recently she had been growing increasingly calm and less beset with doubts. For the first time, with Dick's coming to live with them ten years before, a boy of twenty-two, she had found a vicarious maternity and gloved in it. Recently life had been growing increasingly calm and less beset with doubts. For the first time, with Dick's coming to live with them ten years before, a boy of twenty-two, she had found a vicarious maternity and gloved in it. Recently life had been growing increasingly calm and less beet with doubts. For the first time, with Dick's coming to live with them ten years before, a boy of twenty-two, she had found a vicarious maternity and gloved in it. Recently life had been growing increasingly calm and less beet with doubts. For the first time, with Dick's coming to live with them ten years before, a boy of twenty-two, she had doubts. For the first time, with Dick's coming to live with them ten years before, a boy of twenty-two, she had doubts. For the first time, with Dick's coming to live with them ten years before, a boy of twenty-two, she had doubts. For the first time, with Dick's coming to live with them ten years before a was one tim

o do, not man.

ounger couples, their other and on the future.

She stopped rocking.

want to talk to you.

He stared at her

Then he turned.

"She usually has." he said.

never knew you considered it worth repeating. No. Nothing in particular."

The very fact that Mrs. Morgan had

I want to talk to you about Dick."

think he's in love, David."

limited her inquiry to Minnie confirmed

ontentment turned to anxiety.

aunt, Mrs. Crosby, against the spring wind, and waited at the wheel of the car while David entered with the deliberation of a man accustomed to the his weight. Long ago Dick had dropped the titular "uncle," and as David he uow addressed him.

"You're going to play some golf this afternoon, David," he said firmly, "Mike had me out this morning to look at your buggy sneings".

"Shoulders, efficient, tircless, and introduced Dick's return, and almost immediately Minnie rang to did body a fierce and unexpected results of lettuce between a course and abided by it. He had chosen a course and abided by it. He had course time Caress." sagging of his old side-bar buggy under

at your buggy springs."

David chuckled. He still stuck to his old horse, and to the ancient vehi-

She changed her position, and glanced quickly over the church. The

glowing symbol. Came the choir, two by two, the women first, sopranos, altos

and Elizabeth. Came the men, bass and tenor, neatly shaved for Sunday morn-

so far below the mark he had set. Came the benediction. Came the slow rising from its knees of the congre-

Dr. Dick Livingstone stood up and

He was very content.

urb which "talked."

She apened the door quietly and went in. Micky, the Irish terrier, lay asleep at the foot of the stairs, and her father's voice, reading aloud, came pleasantly from the living room.

Suddenly her sense of resentment with the closing of the front door.

Suddenly her sense of resentment down the aisle the Courtney boy, clean died. With the closing of the front door and shining and carrying high his

she had merely a sensation of sanctu-ary and peace. Here, within these four walls, were all that one should need, love and security and quiet have been carried wistful, because always he fell so far below the mark he had set.

Walter Wheeler, pausing to turn a gation and its cheerful-bustle of dis-

cle which had been the signal of disment engrossed in thoughts of food or tress before so many doors for forty servants or business, and in the inkling of an eye, as the prayer would say. "She doesn't freeze her golf or servants or business, and in the twinkling of an eye, as the prayer book said about death, turn their minds to worship.

"I can trust old Nettie," he would say. "She doesn't freeze her radiator on cold nights, she doesn't skid, and if I drop asleep she'll take me home and into my own barn, which is Nevertheless, although she never looked at the pews, she was always conscious of two of them. The one near the pulpit was the Sayres' and it was the 'social calendar of the town. When Mrs. Sayre was in it, it was the social season. One never knew when social season. One never knew when social season.

I don't think Lucy here expects to be the only woman in your life." Dick stared into the windshield. "I've been wondering about that. David," he said, "just how much Thursday to luncheon, at 1:30.7 When the Sayre pew was empty, the

"Balderdash!" David snorted. 'Don't get any fool notion in your head."
Following a short silence with Dick

driving automatically and thinking. Finally he drew a long breath. "All right." he said, "how about that golf-you need exercise. You're putting on weight, and you know it. And you smoke too much. It's either tobacco or more walking, and you

ought to know it."
David grunted, but he turned to Lucy Crosby, in the rear seat:
"Lucy, d'you know where my clubs

are?"
"You loaned them to Jim Wheeler casions, however, he would first identify the owner of the hand and then bend over the one permanent occupant of the pew, a little old lady. His speech was a Yea, yea, or Nay, nay, for he either said. "I'll be back for dinner," or "Don't look for me until you see me."

And Was Croshy without taking her property. When, early in her widow-hood and her return to his home, she had found that her protests resulted Of late years Dr. David Livingstone had been taking less and less of the 'Don't -look -for -me -until -you-see-me' cases, and Dr. Dick had acquired she had said. "Tell me where the a car, which would not freeze when left things go. There wasn't a blanket for outside all night like a forgotten dog, and a sense of philosophy about sleep. Diocesan Convention."

"I'll run around to the Wheelers', say That is, that if I are some people, but was just II o'clock and get them," Dick observed, in a for him. Carter baby, too, David, and that clears the afternoon. Any message?'
Lucy glanced at him, but but David her suspicions. But somehow, face to face with David, she could not see his

will now and then, they were apt to rest on the flag that had hung, ever since the war, beside the altar. He had called over his shoulder "Give Elizabeth a kiss for me," he called over his shoulder, and went chuckling up the path.

Mrs. Crosby stood on the pavement, gazing after the car as it moved off. She had not her brother's simplicity nor his optimism. Her married years had taken her away from the environ-

man of the tall blonde girl who sang among the sopranos, he could not have old it.

The Sunday morning following Clare

The Sunday morning following Clare

The Sunday morning following Clare Rossiter's sentimental confession Eliz-abeth tried very hard to banish all by them. own sturdy decisions and then to abide Black and white, right and wrong. worldly thoughts, as usual, and to see the kneeling, rising and sitting congregation as there for worship. But for the first time she wondered. Some the proper course and the improper course—he lived in a sort of two-dimensional ethical world. But to Lucy Crosby, between black and white

David's heavy body straightened, but his face remained screne. "We had to expect that, Lucy. Is it Elizabeth Wheeler, do you think?" inquisitive eye now on one, now "She's a good girl, Lucy." "That's not the point, is it?"
"Do you think she cares for him?"
"I don't know. There's some talk
Wallie Sayre. He's there a good

"Wallie Sayre!" snorted David.

tons and darn his socks, and turn down his bed at night. He filled the rest."

old house with cheer and with vitality. And, as David gave up more and more of the work, he took it on his brond shoulders, efficient, tireless, and increasingly months.

old body a fierce and unexpended by it. He had chosen a course and abided by it. He had even now no doubt or falterings. Just as in the first anxious days there had been no doubt in him as to the essential rightness of what he was doing.

The base time time, turns, absently, Caruso was the name I had given the bird. And to Day She must be in her thirties now. Then his anger anxiety burst out. What different time because the name I had given the bird. And to Day She must be in her thirties now. hosen the bars of the bird eage.

had "Dinner time, Caruso," she said
Just absently. Caruso was the name Dick al rightness of what he was doing. "Probably." Then his anger and now—
This was what came of taking a life can it make about her? About Donald-

and molding it in accordance with a son's wife? About any hang-over from predetermined plan. That was for God that rotten time? They're gone, all of sat slown near her window and He's strong and fine. That's gone.

In the lower hall Dick was taking off rocked slowly, to coim herself. Outside the Sunday movement of the little sub-urban town went by: the older Whee- "Smell's like chicken, Minnie," he

her girl, Nina, who had recently mar-ried Leslie Ward, in her smart little "Chicken and biscuits, M car; Harrison Miller, the cynical bachried Leslie Ward, in her smart little car; Harrison Miller, the cynical bachelor, who lived next door, on his way to the station newsstand for the New York papers; young couples taking small bables for the air in a perambulator; this couples, their eyes on each other and on the future.

said into the dining room.

"Thicken and biscuits, Mr. Dick."

"Hi, up there!" he called lustily.

"He stood smiling up at them, very this for all his thirty-two years. His face, other and on the future.

younger couples, their eyes on each other and on the future.

That, too, she reflected bitterly: was strong rather than handsome, quietblick was in love. She had not watched by dependable and fairtly hamorous, him for that very thing for so long. "In the language of our great ally," without being fairly sure now. She had caught, as simple David with his est servi."

In his eyes there was not only tendered.

had caught, as simple David with his cellbate heart could never have caught, the tone in Dick's voice when he mentioned the Wheelers. She had watched him for the last few months in church on Sunday mornings, and she knew that self, that this new thing that had come as she watched him, so he looked at Elizabeth. And David was so sure! So sure. The office door closed and Mrs. Morgan went out, a knitted scarf wrapping her ears against the wind, and following her exit came the slow ascent of David as he climbed the states to wash ticularly to inspire-well, to inspire David as he climbed the stairs to wash what he wanted to inspire. At the foot of the states he drew

Lucy's arm through his, and held her hand. She seemed very small and frail beside him. beside him.
"Some day," he said. "a strong wind will come along and carry off Mrs. Lucy Crosby, and the Doctors Livingstone will be obliged to rent airplanes, and to search for her at various elevations."

"David!" she called sharply.

He opened the door and came in, a bulky figure, still faintly aromatic of drugs, cheerful and serene.

"D'you call me?" he inquired.

"Yes. Shut the door and come in. He closed the door and went to the hearth rug. There was a photograph of Dick on the mantel, taken in his uniform, and he headed elevations! David sat down and picked up the old fashioned carving knife.
"Get the clubs?" he inquired. form, and he looked at it for a mo-

ent. Then he turned.
"All right, my denr. Let's have
"Dick looked almost stricken.
"I forgot them, David," he said
guiltily. "Jim Wheeler went out to
look them up, and I—I'll go back after was some time later in the meal that Dick looked up from his plate and

said:
'I'd like to cut office hours on Wednesday night, David. I've asked Elizabeth Wheeler to go into town to the theatre What about the baby at the Homer

"Not due until Sunday. I'll leave my seat number at the box office, any-"What are you going to see, Dick?"
s. Crosby asked. "Will you have Mrs. Crosby asked.

it Elizabeth Wheeler, do you think?"
"Yes."

For a moment there was silence. The canary in its cage hopped about, a bendy inquisitive eye now on one, now.

He ate on, his mind not on his food, but back in the white house on Palmer Lane, and a girl. Lucy Crosby, fork in air, stared at him, and then glanced at David. But David did not look up from his

plate.

GAS Soldering Furnaces and Appliances Hanufactured by CLAD'S PARERS L. D. Berger Co., 59 N. 2d St.

> SALESMANSHIP SALESMANSHIP — Theory and practice.
> Night classes. Taught by an expert salesman. A good thing for ambitious young men earning less than \$50 a Week to learn.
> Apply at once. STRAYER'S BUSINESS COLLEGE

Bell, Market 654 - Reystone, Main 8714

SCHOOL Children's Hair

FITZGERALD'S HAIR SOAP (The Medicated Coconnut Oil Shampoo)
Does away entirely with the use of Liquids
Drugs or fine Combing, cures even the more

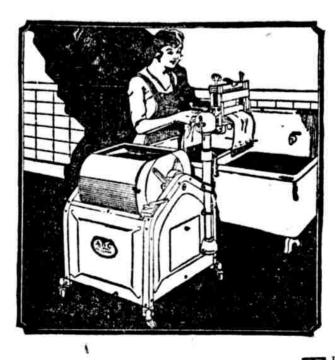
Auto-Hemic Therapy Is the New Drugless Treatment That Is Giving Beneficial Results

To those who are interested we have records to show of cases that have yielded to this where ordinary meth-ods of treatment have failed to show results. Thoroughly explained in pamphlet which will be mailed free upon request.

WM. H. GREISS, M.D. SUITE 210-11, 1435 CHESTNUT ST., Philadelphia, Pa. Hours: Closed Monday, Labor Day, Tuesday, Friday, 9 A. M. to 8 P. M. Wednesday, Thursday, Saturday Until 6 P. M.

No. 50 E. Market St., Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

The Most Amazing Offer We Have Ever Made



For a limited time

Only \$\frac{50}{20}\) each week

S. 40th St.

on a strictly highgrade, guaranteed copper tub Electric Washer -famous ABC make—oscillating

HIS machine is the latest product of one of the pioneer and largest manufacturers in

the industry, the greatest value that they or any other manufacturer has ever offered, and made possible only because of very large and highly efficient production. And, now, if you act at once, while we have the

machines on hand to deliver, you can get this fine A B C Oscillating Machine at this amazingly price of only \$99.00. You can buy this fine Electric Washer on weekly payments as low as \$1.50 per week. And, further-

more, we make you only a very slight extra charge for these liberal terms. Please bear in mind that this offer stands good only as long as our supply of these washers holds out For that reason we urge you not to delay if you have any thought of getting an electric washer. We don't want you to be disappointed, and this may be just the chance you have been waiting for. TODAY-

Call-Telephone-Write

The PHILADELPHIA ELECTRIC COMPANY

TENTH AND CHESTNUT STREET 6th and Diamond Sts.

4600 Frankford Ave. 18th St. and Columbia Ave. Broad and Ruscomb Sts. (Logan) Broad and Wharton Sta.

3100 Kensington Ave. 7 and 9 W. Chelten Ave.

DELAWARE COUNTY ELECTRIC COMPANY



Here are the two

Bell, Walnut 3000 Keystone, Main 1601

Did your cook leave today?

Have you lost your job or your pocketbook?

Do you need a chauffeur?

Want to rent rooms or an apartment?

Got a house for sale? Want to borrow on a mortgage?

Have you household goods to sell

in a hurry? Need another bookkeeper or stenog-

rapher?

Use either of the Hurry Calls and it will put you in touch with the Classified Advertising Department of the Public Ledger.

A little ad in this medium will carry he news of your needs into over a quarter-million homes within twenty-