

## WOMEN'S INTERESTS

## A GIRL AND A MAN

A New and Vital Romance of City Life  
by Virginia Terhune Van de Water

## CHAPTER XI

Copyright, 1916, Star Company.  
At 8.30 on the second morning of her occupancy of her new position Agnes Morley was elbowing her way out of the packet subway train at Fulton street.

She had awakened early and had lain wide-eyed for a time thinking of Phil, then, finding the sleep had deserted her permanently, she had arisen and helped her protesting aunt in the preparation of breakfast.

"But, dear child," Miss Lucy Morley had objected, "there was no need of your getting up so early. You told me that you did not have to be down town until 9 o'clock."

"I know," Agnes admitted, meanwhile beating energetically the eggs for an omelet, "but I am going to try to get down early for the first few weeks at least. I am only a beginner, and I am sure it will make a good impression if I am always on time."

As she joined the throng climbing the subway stairs to the street the girl thrilled a little, thinking for the hundredth time that she was at last self-supporting.

All about her were workers—gray-haired men, slim, hurrying youths, women of almost every type and age—a detachment of the workers of a great city, all a part of the vast army of fighters for a decent living.

"And I am one of the huge hash!" Agnes reflected exultantly as, reaching the street, she turned toward the tall building where Hale & Bainbridge had their offices.

The elevator which bore her aloft also carried the red-haired lad who acted as guardian of the outer gate in the firm's offices. He grinned and nodded as he met her eyes.

"You're kinder early, ain't you?" he commented.

"Not so very early," the girl told him. "It is twenty minutes of nine now."

"Huh!" he snorted. "You'll get over that early habit quick enough. The crew in this place never shows up till just five minutes before nine. We all know that the big boss gets here at five minutes to nine, sharp. I don't guess he's varied a minute in a year. The rest of the gang gets here before he does. They have it as close as they can."

A Reason for It  
"But you," Agnes reminded him, "are pretty early yourself."

"I got to be," he said mournfully. "I open the windows and tear off the calendars, and put fresh bottles in the drinking fountains, and do a dozen jobs before the rest of the push gets here. Gee! If I could have slept fifteen minutes longer this mornin' like you could a done, I wouldn't be here now—believe me!"

The girl only smiled in reply and followed him into the office. She had divested herself of her hat and coat, and after opening her machine and getting her papers and pencils ready, had returned to the outer office, when Annie Rooney entered.

"For goodness sake, kid!" the new arrival exclaimed after returning Agnes' "Good morning!" cordially. "What you doing here so long ahead of time? Did you stick around here all night?"

Agnes explained again, and Annie listened the while she bestowed sundry parts to her much-dressed hair as she stood before a tiny mirror near the cloak closet.

"And me thinking I was the regular early bird of the firm!" the good-natured Irish girl commented. "Say, how do you like my coiffure?" she demanded, giving what Agnes had heard termed "a strictly made in the U. S. A. pronunciation" to the final word. "A lady friend of mine who works in a manicuring and hairdressing emporium showed me how to do it."

"It is very elaborate," Agnes answered vaguely, surveying the high-piled mass of hair that Agnes had heard termed "a strictly made in the U. S. A. pronunciation" to the final word. "A lady friend of mine who works in a manicuring and hairdressing emporium showed me how to do it."

"I say—don't get so enthusiastic!" the other advised with a laugh. "You might hurt yourself. But let me tell you, if you'd fix your hair that way you'd be some class. For you're mighty good looking, in spite of your plain way of dressing."

Before Agnes could reply the door of the office opened and the other members of the force came hurrying in. Agnes watched them, as, after removing hats and coats, they seated themselves at their various desks and typewriters.

A Gav Co-worker  
One of the clerks, a slim, light-haired youth, chuckled. Annie Rooney under her rounded chin as he passed. "Hello, baby-doll!" he greeted her joyously. "Up early this morning, as usual, eh? Haven't you got a kiss for papa?"

"Oh, you go on, Larry Briggs!" Annie warned, slapping ineffectively at his outstretched hand. "You're a kid, and he just teases, that's all. He is different from some of the others higher up in the world than he is."

"Mr. Bainbridge, you mean?" Agnes asked the question impulsively, then was suddenly frightened at her indiscretion.

For a moment Miss Rooney regarded her in surprise. "So," that young lady then remarked slowly, "you have sized him up already, have you?"

"I think perhaps I have," Agnes admitted with some timidity. "But of course I do not know anything about him. That was only a fancy of mine."

"He is a holy terror," the Irish girl said confidently, sinking her voice to a whisper. "He's never bothered me. It's good for him that he hasn't. I'd poke him one as quick as a wink. But once he takes a shine to a girl—good night! You wouldn't think it of him, either—the old sinner."

"But if he annoys a girl, why doesn't she complain to Mr. Hale?" Agnes asked.

"Most of them are scared of him, for one thing," Annie replied. "What good would it do? Old Bainbridge would say the girl lied, and she'd be out of a job. Here he comes now!"

As she spoke the rotund form of Mr. Bainbridge appeared in the outer doorway. He was clad in a Spring suit of light gray and carried a bunch of flowers in his hand.

"I wonder who gets the flowers this time," Annie muttered, pretending to busy herself with her typewriter as the man approached.

A vague, intuitive spasm of dread ran through Agnes' frame, and, without a backward glance, she hurried into the inner office. She hoped that Mr. Hale would come in promptly this morning.

## The Social Pirates

Story No. 15  
BLACK MAGICPlot by George Bronson Howard.  
Novelization by Hugh C. Weir.  
Copyright Kalem Company.

(Continued from Yesterday.)

As Mona nodded curiously, the man stepped back to the teakwood table in the rear of the room, and clasped his hands to summon his servant. The two conferred together in whispers for a moment, and then the servant vanished, to reappear a moment later with a small wax image which he deposited solemnly in the center of the table.

"Watch!" said the Hindu gravely, and proceeded to make a series of weird passes directly above the image. For a moment nothing happened, and then Mona gave a low gasp. The image was slowly vanishing before her eyes—vanishing, and completely as though it were actually dissolving into thin air.

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Again Mrs. Wallace stiffened, and Mary saw her hands clench, as though in an effort to control her nervousness. Then, as before, she rose abruptly from her chair, and the presence of Mary was following when the street door opened, and there stepped into the hall a man, whose every movement cried out that he was a detective.

The girl paused, watching breathlessly as he also made his way to the library. Would the presence of the Hindoo be discovered, and if so, what would be the result? It was quite evident that Hadji Rulu did not care to have his presence advertised.

The reason for the detective's presence was explained by his first words. "The Hindoo has been discovered, and he has been robbed, and that so far as he knows no person in this house knew of the robbery, though, I am sure, where the money was placed, except himself. It looks like an inside job."

Mrs. Wallace, who had been standing behind him, said quickly, "I would stake my life on them."

"That is generally the way which will bear watching," said the detective cynically. "Who is the girl who has charge of the cleaning and dusting of this room?"

"That is Hattie, one of our younger maids, who has been with us all her life," answered Mrs. Wallace.

The detective surveyed the maid authoritatively and literally barked his questions at her. "What do you think of her?" he asked, though, pride himself on the "fear and repulsion" which the girl exhibited.

"What did you think of the combination of that safe?" he demanded. "We know you took it—we know you took it from the red book there on the top shelf, where you watched Mr. Wallace hide it! Now, give us the truth! No lies!"

The maid cowered back, ready to burst into tears, and Mrs. Wallace laid a hand encouragingly on her shoulder. The detective scowled at the gesture, and renewed his cross-examination.

And then suddenly Mary saw a hand steal out from the curtains of the opposite doorway, behind which she knew the Hindoo was concealed—a lean, brown hand, and in its fingers was the paper, bearing the fatal combination, the paper which Mrs. Wallace obediently had delivered to her master in the trance.

The next instant the paper was dropped into an apron pocket of the weeping Hattie, with the action unseen except by the watching girl in the hall.

If the detective insisted now on a search what would be the result? Evidently the officer had been pointed in the result of his rustling of questions, for suddenly he dismissed the girl, with no attempt to search her. Mary just time to dart to the stairs when Hattie appeared in the hall, weeping, and followed to the upper floor behind her.

Mary thought swiftly. If the Hindoo had succeeded in slipping the combination into the girl's pocket, why should she not succeed in slipping it out of the pocket? On the sudden thought she called to her, and under the pretence of asking her some questions as to the best hour to call on Mrs. Wallace in future, she managed to reach her pocket, and fasten her fingers on the tell-tale paper.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

BOY'S BIRTHDAY PARTY  
Special to the Telegraph  
New Germantown, Pa., Aug. 1.—A birthday party for Laurence, the young son of Professor and Mrs. Elmer Stambaugh, was held at the Stambaugh home at Center Square at which the following were present: Prof. and Mrs. Elmer Stambaugh and son Lawrence, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel W. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Smith, Mrs. E. L. Pinkenbinder, Misses Elizabeth, Myrtle Maxine, Margaret, Olive and Marie Smith, Ada Snyder and Bertha Snyder, Ruth and Martha Collins, Jessie Gring, Columbia Henry, Ada Gutshall, Mabel Kester, Belle Arnold, Mamie Burkett, Wilson Gutshall, George and Lloyd Smith, Samuel Finkendiner, Mark Bistline, Paul Henry, Alvin Collins, Robert Wilson, Willis Smith and Clark Arnold.

"Health Is the First Wealth"  
The rich man suffering from asthmatic or pulmonary trouble knows this even better than the poor man thus afflicted. Either may be able to obtain relief by using Eckman's Alternative, a preparation containing calcium chloride, which for more than twenty years has been giving widespread satisfaction in such cases.

Of course, its use should be seconded by rest, pure food and fresh air, for no medicine can be of much help where these provisions of Nature are not made use of. But in numerous instances where they have not produced desired results, Eckman's Alternative has furnished the missing link in the chain.

It contains no poisonous or habit-forming drugs. Trial is safe. At your druggist's.  
Eckman Laboratory, Philadelphia, Advertisement.

WHAT'S WHAT  
ABOUT THE STREET CAR STRIKE

The strikers say they must work 18 to 20 hours every day in the year and then that they can hardly earn a living for their families.

Is this true?

If a man works 18 hours per day at 26c per hour, he earns \$4.68 per day or \$140.40 per month.

The Facts—

The average Conductor and Motorman of this Company draws over \$75 per month, 12 months every year, no lost time caused by bad business or bad weather, but a steady, regular, sure income of \$900 or more per year.

How many hours does the average Conductor and Motorman work?

It's really up to the man. The Company wants him every day that he can work, in justice to his health and family.

To make \$75 per month at 26c per hour he must work 288½ hours or 9 hours and 36½ minutes per day for 30 days. To make \$90 per month, he must work 345 hours or 11½ hours per day.

## Harrisburg Railways Company

DIXON WARNS ALL  
OF WATER DANGER

Pollution Is So General That  
People Are Liable to Be  
Made Ill by Streams

The importance of knowing what water we drink is urged by Dr. Samuel G. Dixon, the State Commissioner of Health, in a week-end interview. Dr. Dixon says that the streams which used to furnish such excellent supplies of water are now so polluted by careless people that they are apt to be dangerous.

The commissioner says: Our streams once undefiled by man ran from the mountains to the sea in all of Nature's purity. They ran through our valleys and meadows in all their pristine beauty and offered to all animate nature that which would innocently quench the thirst of man and beast and help them live. To-day it is not so. Man relentlessly, regardless of his brother down stream, now throws his waste and that of domestic animals into the waters flowing nearest his home.

In that with which Nature has endowed much of our territory more richly than many other countries, we now find lurking poison has been hidden, in some cases only to be seen by the aid of the microscope.

Now is the season when we travel through the country to be happy and lay up energy and strength for the coming winter. Alas! The want of intelligence and care makes us deaf to the teaching of preventive medicine and we quench our thirst at the stream we run across regardless of its purity, and often the sparkling tumbler of water is only to be compared with the draught of the deadly hemlock. The parched lips have been moistened and the thirst satisfied, but the day of judgment too often comes bringing the development of typhoid fever, which in years past we could only compare with some of the plagues that ravaged our ancient cities.

Those of us who collect, tabulate, and have ever before us the statistics that show the suffering and sorrow that still continue from typhoid fever, beg you to awaken to that which causes so much distress. By proper care it can be avoided.

Never drink out of an unknown surface stream. When traveling seek that pure water is carried along as well as otherwise the harvest of sickness and death will follow and defeat the object of summer vacations.

A WELL KNOWN WOMAN SPEAKS.  
In Every Town in Pennsylvania Neighbors Say the Same.

Bodines, Pa.—"I will drop you a few lines to let you know that your 'Favorite Prescription' has done me a wonderful lot of good."

"Seven years ago when our first child was born I was left miserable. I doctored with two physicians without any relief. I then went to see one of the head doctors in Williamsport; he said I must have an operation at once and that I should quit work, but that was something I could not do. I then began taking your 'Favorite Prescription,' and it helped me so much. I always suffered so until our last child was born when I got along nicely. I shall never go through it again without your medicine."—Mrs. F. W. MYERS.

The mighty restorative power of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription speedily causes all womanly troubles to disappear—compels the organs to properly perform their natural functions, corrects displacements, overcomes irregularities, removes pain and misery at certain times and brings back health and strength to nervous, irritable and exhausted women.

It is a wonderful prescription, prepared only from nature's roots and herbs, with no alcohol or falsely stimulate and no narcotics to wreck the nerves. It banishes pain, headache, backache, low spirits, hot flashes, dragging-down sensation, worry and sleeplessness surely.

Write Doctor Pierce, Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y., for free and confidential medical advice, also for free medical book on Diseases of Women.

BREAD HANDLING  
NEEDS WATCHING

Dixon Says That It Is Often  
Contaminated Through Carelessness of People

Bread, no matter how sanitary the baking process, is apt to be contaminated by the carelessness with which it is often delivered or handled, according to Dr. Samuel G. Dixon, State Commissioner of Health. Dr. Dixon has been making a series of investigations and says:

"Even should the process of making and baking of bread be sanitary, the loaves are often far from being clean when they reach the consumer. It is frequently loaded into containers for the delivery wagon by hands that have just swept the stable, curried and harnessed the horse."

"En route the driver may divide his time between the dexterous handling of the dirty reins or the smoking of a pipe or cigar. The contents of his wagon he delivers from house to house and from shop to shop with hands smeared with dirt from the stable, horse, harness and mud or dust from the road."

"If he cannot carry enough bread in his germ-laden hands he takes a loaf under each arm. The bread that is delivered to the corner grocer may pass through two or three sets of hands before it reaches the children's mouths."

"If a servant were to stick a finger in a dish that was being served you would vehemently protest, but ten times the carelessness in the handling of your family's bread supply is passed without thought. If you have any doubt as to the accuracy of the observations noted above, make some of your own and imagine the danger of the transmission of disease."

Resorts  
ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.  
\$2 up Daily, \$10 up Weekly. Am. Plan  
**ELBERON**  
& Fireproof Annex, Tennessee Av. nr. Beach, Cap. 400. Central open surroundings; opp. Catholic and Protestant churches. Private baths. RUNNING WATER IN ALL ROOMS. Excellent table; fresh vegetables. Windows screened. White service. Booklet. R. B. LUDY, M.D.

LEXINGTON  
Pacific and Ark. ave. Grounds adjoin beach and boardwalk. Only hotel where guests may go to surf in bathing attire without using streets, which is prohibited. Use of bath houses free. Running water in rooms. Private baths. Special rates, \$1.50 up daily; \$8 to \$17.50 weekly, including choice table, supplied from own farm. White service, orchestra, ballroom, tennis courts, garage. Booklet free. M. A. SMITH.

HOTEL MAJESTIC Virginia ave. & Beach. Renovated throughout; centre of attractions; ocean view; capacity 300; elevator, private baths, white service, etc. Superior table. Special \$12.50 up weekly; \$2 up daily. Booklet. M. A. SMITH.

THE WILTSHIRE Virginia ave. and view. Capacity 350; private baths, elevator, porches, etc. Special rates, \$15 up weekly; \$2.50 up daily. American plan. Every convenience. Op. all year. Auto meets trains. Booklet. SAMUEL ELLIS.

Best Located Popular Price Family Hotel in Atlantic City, N. J.  
**NETHERLANDS**  
New York Ave., 50 yards from Boardwalk. Overlooking lawn and ocean. Capacity 400; elevator; private baths. Over 50 outside rooms have hot and cold running water. Special \$10 to \$17.50 WEEKLY. \$2 to \$4 DAILY. SPECIAL PRICE PEACHES. BATHING PRIVILEGE FROM HOTEL. LAWN TENNIS COURT. DANCE FLOOR.

BOOKLET WITH POINTS OF INTEREST IN ATLANTIC CITY  
AUGUST RUHWADTEL, Proprietor.

Speaking of the concrete construction of the Blenheim, Thomas A. Edison said, "It is the coming construction for all great buildings. It won't bend, it won't break, and you couldn't burn it if you tried."

**Marlborough-Blenheim**  
ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.  
THE LEADING RESORT HOUSE OF THE WORLD  
Capacity 1100  
American and European Plans  
The great essential of a resort hotel, as distinguished from a city hotel, is ample public space devoted to the use of its guests, in the form of bright and airy exchanges, lobbies, parlors, galleries and solariums, affording pleasing vistas and beautiful promenades, the whole combining into a harmonious vision of grandeur and beauty, while replete with the cozy group seclusions of home, and yet affording full view of the pleasing panorama of the resort life. In this essential the Marlborough-Blenheim stands without an equal in Atlantic City or elsewhere.

Its "Ownership Management," while accounting for its unique reputation, is a guarantee of the high character of its patronage and the unexcelled quality of its service and cuisine. It employs only white service in both its American and a la carte dining rooms.

It makes a specialty of high-class music every evening throughout the year, with special Sunday night solo features.

Atlantic City, with its only real competitor (Europe) this year impossible, is offering unusual attractions and entertainments. Two flying boats are daily sources of interest. Two golf courses, the Yacht Club, the fishing fleet and the world-famous bathing, each attract their respective devotees, while the pier amusements, numerous theatres, the Boardwalk, the fine motor roads and the splendid hotels and restaurants, afford enjoyment to all. There is only one Atlantic City, and this summer it is particularly gay and attractive. Write for illustrated booklet and rates.

JOSIAH WHITE & SONS COMPANY

Resorts  
ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.

**HOTEL KINGSTON FIRE PROOF**  
Ocean Ave., 1st hotel (100 feet) from Beach, Cap. 250; elevator; bathing from hotel; distinctive table and service; \$2 up daily; \$12 up weekly. Special family rates. Garage. Booklet. M. A. LEYER.

**HOTEL KENTUCKY**  
WITH FIREPROOF ADDITION  
Kentucky Ave. Near Beach. Capacity 50. 50 rooms with hot and cold running water; 25 with private bath. Telephone and electric lights in every room. Elevator from street level. Fine dance floor, and table unexcelled. Send for booklet and points of interest. \$2 TO \$4 DAILY; \$10 TO \$17.50 WEEKLY. AMERICAN PLAN. N. B. KENNADY, Proprietor.

**HOTEL TENNESSEE**  
Tennessee Avenue and Beach. Ocean view. Bathing from hotel. Showers. \$8 to \$12.50 weekly; \$1.50 up daily. A. HEALY.

**MONTICELLO**  
EXCELLENCE IN COMFORT, SERVICE AND CUISINE  
Kentucky ave., near Beach and all attractions. 200 choice rooms; private baths; running water; attractive public rooms and veranda. Exceptionally fine table; good music. Booklet free. \$10 up weekly; special week-end rates. Booklet. Auto coach. 12th season. A. C. EKHOLM.

**SOMERSET**  
Mississippi Ave. Fourth house from beach. 26th year same management. \$1.25 up daily. Bathing from house. RUTH ALEX. STEES.

**THE MACDONALD**  
87 So. North Carolina Ave. Central. Near Beach. \$2.00 up daily. \$3 up weekly. Mrs. W. G. Macdonald, formerly of 25 So. Arkansas Ave.

**NELLUNDY** Virginia av. 2d house from Beach. One minute to Steel Pier. Excellent cuisine; white service; private baths; running water; elevator to level. Cap. 250. Special \$12.50 up weekly. \$2.50 up daily. E. H. LUNDY.

**OSBORNE**  
Pacific and Arkansas Aves., near Beach. Elevator. Hot and cold running water in rooms. Private baths. Bathing from house. Excellent table. Capacity 300. Booklet. MECKLEY & FETTER.

**THE WILTSHIRE** Virginia ave. and view. Capacity 350; private baths, elevator, porches, etc. Special rates, \$15 up weekly; \$2.50 up daily. American plan. Every convenience. Op. all year. Auto meets trains. Booklet. SAMUEL ELLIS.

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Drink  
**Coca-Cola**  
and learn why millions find in it the very acme of wholesome, delicious refreshment.

Demand the genuine by full name—nicknames encourage substitution.

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Send for free booklet, "The Romance of Coca-Cola."

