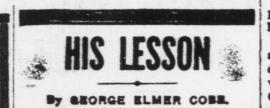
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We have recently accepted the agency in this section, of one of the largest Calendar Companies, in the country. If you desire to inspect our samples at this office or let us know and our representative will see you at your business place



Danais!" pleaded Mrs. Paler.

"I've made up my mind," responded her husband in his usual set and determined way. "It's the call of ambition, woman! I've been humble and lowly too long. It's the chance of my life, and I'm going to take it."

"Aren't we well enough off, Dennis, dear?" objected Mrs. Foley. "You've got a steady job. It's in a line you understand. Better to be foreman of the ward sewer and paving gang than some hifalutin position you may not be able to hold a year."

"I know my powers, woman; I know my powers. The new reform candidate is going to win, and if I stump for him he's promised me a better position.'

Mrs. Foley sighed. They were humble folk. Dennis was uneducated, their little home was located in a poor section. But it was all their own and Dennis was a good husband and a kind father.

Their daughter Nora was earning a fair salary as a stenographer. She was engaged to an estimable young man, a budding architect and engineer. They were all looked up to in their own social sphere, humble as it was, because they were respectable. Once, in the far past, Dennis had been a drinking man, but that was long gone by.

And now came the break that worried and grieved the good housewife. Dennis was bent on breaking into politics. In vain Mrs. Foley pictured the downfall of Mr. Herndon, whose son, Sidney, was engaged to Nora. Politics had ruined the elder Herndon and he had died of broken fortunes and a broken heart.

Dennis went his own way. For two months he was away from home often until midnight. More than once he had come under the influence of liquor. He had mortgaged the little home to the full limit to secure campaign funds.

"It will all come back, Mary," he declared ten times over. "My candidate is sure to win."

And the day after the election, when his candidate had, indeed, won



paign of retribution against their political foes.

What Dennis had done was to fully assume the authority of the city water department. He had supplied himself with the official water shut-off rod. One after the other, whether delinquent in the payment of their water tax or not, he had proceeded to turn off the hydrast supply from the street

So drastic had been his action that one entire end of the ward had no when he sent him out to "cover" the water for twelve hours. The parched, Morris-Norris wedding. "Get away indignant victims of this official frolic from the stereotyped society dope. had at once sent a committee of protest to the mayor. It was after mid- thing sensational and the Norrises night when they reached that funce have controlling ownership in the tin tionary. His action was summary. trust that we have been fighting. Go The newspaper announced the dis- as far as you like; don't hesitate to missal of the new water department offend any one, but at any cost get a superintendent from his official duties | first page story." and Dennis was out of a job.

Then Dennis Foley went to pieces. He became an idler, spending his time est and most exclusive set that had pestering his former political sponsors, haranguing crowds in his favor- dence to witness the most elaborately ite saloon on the ingratitude of an planned wedding of the season. unappreciative municipality. He neglected his family. A shrewd, tricky crowd involved him in a flagrant po- the names of the bridesmaids beforelitical conspiracy and all hands were band and there was nothing in their sent to the house of correction for a year.

she had little to tell him that was the famous society belle, Doris Dabcomforting. Their little property had been foreclosed on. Sidney had mar- goddess in an aura of blues and ried Nora and they had removed to a mauve-Tom shared in the general bustling little interior town where Sidney had secured a position. Too proud to live on them, Mrs. Foley beautiful features of the young woman was sustaining herself by working as as she passed near him to the bower janitress in an office building.

The day that Dennis was released from prison, he was amazed and em- staggering with the impression that barrassed to have his son-in-law ap- suddenly came to him. pear as the first one to greet him at the steps of the reformatory.

politics."

and shovel," observed Dennis, "believe me that I have!"

"Oh, I fancy you won't have to go smiled Sidney, slapping his contrite relative briskly on the shoulder. "If there's to be no more drinking-"

"Try me and see!" muttered Dennis between his set teeth.

a fine future for you. They have appointed me business agent of the town where we live. They are going to put in water and gas and pave the streets. See here, you're an expert in as maid of honor? Could Jane be those lines. How would you like to be my superintendent?"



"Get a good story at any cost," the eity editor had told Tom Ordway, orack reporter on the Morning Star, The Morrises are always doing some-

A half hour later Tom was part of the gay assemblage of the city's richgathered at the palatial Morris resi-

During the strains of the wedding march Tom watched intently. He had conventional prettiness and studied gait to attract his attention. But with Mary visited him there weekly, but the approach of the maid of honorney, who seemed to advance like a wave of admiration.

Tom looked closely, studying the of roses set up at one end of the Morris ballroom. He paused, almost

"It's Jane," he said half aloud, and as the strains of the wedding march "Well, father," he said in a friendly | continued and the Morris pedigree and way, "I hope you've seen the folly of the Norris millions were united in that famous marriage Tom stood as "When you see me back at pickax one in a daze. How had Jane Lane, the girl he had loved in his boyhood. whom he had not seen for five years, to be sure, but whom, in his heart of way back to those rudimentals," hearts, he loved still-how had this country girl been transported to this scene of wealth and elegance? She had been as poor as he in the days when they went to school together. and there she was, dazzling in a gown "Then Nora and I have blocked out that must have cost more than he earned in three months and wearing jewels worth a king's ransom.

What of Doris Dabney, the society beauty who had been expected to act Doris? Was he dreaming?

The story. It was as good as writ-There were tears in the eyes of ten. Every one had expected Doris Dennis Foley. All his wretched mis- Dabney to act as maid of honor. Doris takes seemed fading away like a bad resembled Jane amazingly, for no dream as he and Mary reached the one apparently realized that Doris train with Sidney. The old woman | had not appeared. He would talk to

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A.

the cherished goal, he came into the house in a great state of drink and

What Did I Tell You!" He Crowed.

"What did I tell you!" he crowed. "I'm appointed superintendent of the ward water department district at just double what I was earning be- league, which distributed the Scripfore.'

Then, to the silent gnawing sorrow days. He did not come home at all phia in the course of the Chapman during that period. Mrs. Foley learned that he was "celebrating" his accesdining his faithful adherents. Her cup proof of which Mr. Alexander shows when they brought him home on a man bullet. This book was hit while stretcher one night. In a fight with reposing in the pocket of a British solhis irritated political opponents Den- dier in a trench in Flanders. The week he lay in bed mending up, in Testament saved its owner's life. discomfort and pain, but by no means penitent or forgiving.

strength to pay off the gang that downed me," he told his wife. "T'll every recipient sign a pledge card sigshow them!'

Dennis came home the next night, uproarious. A disorderly crowd com- each day. Mr. Alexander spent two posed of his adherents followed him months in the training camps on Salto the door. They cheered him and isbury plain, in which time 9,708 solmade a great hurrah. Dennis made a diers joined the league.-Philadelphia maudlin speech in reply to their noisy Public Ledger. congratulations.

Mrs. Foley, peering timorously from behind a curtain, discerned that the occasion memorized some signal action against his enemies on the part of her husband.

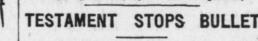
She gathered from the exultant remarks of the crowd that the new wa Fragrance and sweetness, too, play an ter department superintendent had active part in disposing of unwelcome "put it over" on his adversaries. They chuckled, they gloated, and left their known to destroy microbes in 35 minpolitical leader to stagger into the utes; cinnamon kills some species in house with the braggadocio of some triumphant war hero.

He was too muddled to give a coherent explanation to his wife of the in 45 minutes. The odor of some gedoings of the night. Early the next morning, however, a neighbor came forms of microbes in 50 minutes. over with the morning paper.

There it was all in type-the mad frolic of her helpmeet. It appeared that he had braced himself up with bravely killed a rattlesnake that was drinks innumerable. Then he and his trying to climb into her basket." cohorts had started out on a wild cam-

broke down utterly when their daughter welcomed them to her neat hospitable home and Sidney pointed from the window to a lonely little cottage. "See that house, father?" he inquired. "Well, it's furnished, a cow in the shed and a coop full of chickens, two years' improvements ordered for the town and all you've got to do ts to work."

"And forget," murmured the grateful Mary softly. (Copyright, 1915, by W. G. Chapman.)



British Soldier Saved by Bible That Was Plerced Through to Corinthians.

Charles M. Alexander, singing evangelist and partner of Rev. Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman, who passed through this city yesterday on his way to Northfield, said thousands of British soldiers were carrying pocket Bibles as they went to the front. The evangelist believed that the Pocket Testament lowing him, put a hand on his arm. tures, "would evangelize the British army, both at the front and at home." of Mrs. Foley, he was gone for two The league was organized in Philadelcampaign.

Bodies as well as souls are being sion to supposed power of wining and saved by the pocket Testaments, in of misery seemed full to the brim a New Testament pierced by a Gernis had got the worst of it. They steel pellet plowed through 400 pages,

Since the war began Mr. Alexander ener's soldiers. The plan is to have nifying his willingness to carry the Testament always and read a chapter

Poisons and Disinfectants.

The poisons and disagreeable odors are always associated in our minds with the disinfectants. We know germs are routed and destroyed by the liberal use of ill-smelling drugs germs. The odor of cloves has been 12 minutes, and thyme in 35 minutes. The common wild verbena is found to be an effective destroyer of microbes ranium flowers has destroyed various

Its Sort.

"Here's a story of a woman who "That's a rattling good tale."

Jane and get the whole story.

When Tom had made his way to. Jane he noticed that she seemed intent on avoiding conversation. But he was insistent, and "Jane" uttered in a whisper banished her reserve. Tom rushed from expressions of joy at seeing her to a volley of questions, and Jane enthusiastically told him the whole secret. She was serving as governess in the Morris family. Her resemblance to Dorris Dabney had often been remarked.

Then the very day of the wedding Doris Dabney disappeared. It was a scandal, of course. She had eloped with her father's good-looking Danish chauffeur. If the news leaked out i would spoil everything. So Jane had been called to the rescue to play the part of Doris, to wear her gown and to appear with the priceless Dabney pearls and sapphires for the wedding. Tom's elation was divided between delight at having found Jane and joy at having found his "big story." He was hurrying away when Jane, fol-

"How did you happen to be here?" she ask. "You don't travel in the Morris set. Tell me, Tom"-there was anxious appeal in her voice-"are you still with the Morning Star?"

Then Tom, now more intent on his story than on his revived love for Jane, and Jane, herself afraid of being discovered, departed hurriedly as some guests came toward them.

It was nearly midnight, and Tom was pounding the keys of his typewriter in the stifling atmosphere of the city room of the Morning Star. had beaten him up terribly. For a stopping at First Corinthians. This He was just hammering out the last paragraph of his "big story," a real "scoop" for the Morning Star, for none has devoted considerable attention to of the other papers could possibly "I'm just waiting to get back my distributing Testaments among Kitch- have got wind of the scandalous elopement of the beautiful Doris.

> Tom felt a pressure on his arm and a sweet voice at his side. It was Jane, Jane shorn of her jewels and with a simple street suit in place of Doris' finery.

> "Is it too late?" she asked breathlessly. "I came as soon as I could. I know when I ask you that you won't make use of the story I gave you. I told you because you are a friend."

. Ten minutes later, Tora's story of the Morris-Norris nupticls, shorn of all the sensation having gone to paess, Tom and Jane left the office of the Morn'up Star. It was in a deserted surface car that led to the Morris home that Jane pressed Tom's hand to thank him for what he had done.

"It was hard," admitted Tom, "and I wouldn't have done is for anyone else in the world. But I've always loved you, Jane, and for you I would give up the biggest story I ever trapped down. And now I've found you, little Jane, I am not going to let you go."

And something in Jane's smile assured Tom that he had not made his sacrifice in vain.

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