

HOME THE NOVEL OF THE YEAR BY GEORGE A. CHAMBERLAIN



SYNOPSIS. Gerry Lansing has exiled himself in South America. When he saw his wife, Alik,...

What's this I hear about Gerry disappearing? "It's true," said the Judge, and added grimly, "he disappeared the day you went to Montreal."

CHAPTER XIV.—Continued. MRS. J. Y. for a second was puzzled. "That isn't Mrs. Lansing—it's Mrs. Gerry you're thinking of. Mrs. Lansing is her mother-in-law. They live next door."

Alan glanced at him sharply. What was the Judge after? "No," he said after a pause, "I shall not break the communal coma of Red Hill for some time. I'm off again. McDade & McDade have loaned me to Ellinson's. I've become a sort of postman on construction in Africa. They get a premium for lending me."

"How do you get on?" said Alik. "The Honorable Percy isn't it?" "What a memory you have for trifles," said Collingford, laughing. "May I sit down?"

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"Do," said Alik. She was perched in the middle of a garden seat. On each side of her were piled various stuffs and all the paraphernalia of the sewing circle. Collingford sat down before her and stared at her for a moment. Alik seemed to him very small. He felt the change in her before he could fix it in what he lay. She seemed still so demurely, so demurely, so demurely. Spiritually still. Her eyes, gazing at him between stitches, were amused and grave at the same time.

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"Doll's clothes?" said Collingford, waving his hand in a beribboned corset. "No," said Alik. Collingford stared at a little longer and then he broke out with, "Look here, what have you done with that? Over there, Mrs. Gerry—demure and demurely. Don't tell me you have gone in for the Quaker pose, but please tell me which is the pose; you now or the other one?"

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"How's that, sir?" "What did I tell you?" "How's that, sir?" "What did I tell you?" "How's that, sir?" "What did I tell you?"

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"What are you staring at him that way for?" said Alik. "Can a baby make you think? A penny for them?" "I was just thinking," said Collingford gravely, "that a baby is positively the only thing that can't be fooled."

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"No, mother," said Alik. "I'm afraid we couldn't give the Hon. Percy anything new to eat. He says—"

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"No, babies," said Clem. "He wanted to eat the baby's feet, didn't he?" "Mrs. Lansing laughed. "I don't blame him," she said. "I've often wanted to eat him myself."

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CHAPTER XV. ALAN WAYNE had been away for a year. He had not returned from Montreal, but had gone from there to work in South America and, later, to Africa.

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THREE AGED DEACONESSES STILL RULE HOME FOUNDED BY SEVEN OF THEM YEARS AGO



Left to right, Sister Marianne Kraetzer, Sister Superior Wilhelmina Dittman and Sister Magdalene von Bracht.

IT IS no unusual thing for a woman to grow old. But it is a rare thing indeed for a woman to have the evening of her life close about her with the knowledge that the work which she inaugurated in her youth stretches out over the land like a veritable monument to her life's efforts.

Frau Oberin, who has been sister superior of the motherhouse since 1903, has passed her 86th year. She came slowly down the long corridor leading to the office yesterday, a picturesque figure in the starched linen garb, with a question in her eyes as to the intruder's designs upon her.

"What have we done that you should write about us; we are not at war here," she smiled then, a smile that softened the somewhat stern features and placed her instantly in the list of those whom it will ever be a pleasure to remember.

They are Sister Superior Wilhelmina Dittman, or as she is known to those of the motherhouse, Frau Oberin; Sister Marianne Kraetzer and Sister Magdalene von Bracht.

It was a small band of seven deaconesses, of which these three women are the only remaining members, who at the earnest solicitation and urgent appeal of John D. Lankenshaw, president of the German Hospital, finally consented in 1841 to leave their homes in Iserlohn and come to Philadelphia to inaugurate the Female Lutheran Diaconate in this country.

"I am Sister Superior here, yes," she answered. "I am one of the seven deaconesses who came from Iserlohn in 1841 to introduce the Lutheran deaconess work in this country. It is truly a great work. We are like one family here; all like children, and I am, so to speak, their mother. The deaconesses are not salaried workers. Their needs are met by the motherhouse. Their clothes are furnished them and spending money given them. They marry if, after prayerful consideration and petition for divine guidance, they feel they can best serve their Lord in that way. Many of them have married."

"Don't think I don't appreciate the significance of your wiping out a debt which you incurred unwittingly. I can see that you had to do it because a Wayne must carry his head high in his own eyes. But—" and here J. Y.'s eyes left his nephew's expressionless face and looked vaguely into the shadows of the room.

The success of the movement is attested by the Lutheran deaconess institutions that today are dotted over the land from the Alleghenies to the Rockies.

Then there is the matter of screens. It takes a bit of time for any concern to fit and make screens the way they should be made, so buck up and get ready for the army of flies and mosquitoes that swoop down upon us without notice.

For a long minute there was silence, then, on a common impulse, they both arose. Alan's eyes were wide open and moist. He held out his hand and J. Y. gripped it. It was their whole farewell.

It means a voluntary consecration of their lives in the service of their Lord. In his poor and needy members, without material remuneration, or, as Sister Magdalene says, "It is our wish to serve Christ in this way."

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FARMER SMITH'S RAINBOW CLUB

GOOD-NIGHT TALK

Dear Children—Let us talk today about two words: "Thank you." Perhaps some of you have read about Ralph Waldo Emerson, and as you grow older you may enjoy reading what he has written. When you try to read a book and you do not understand it, simply put it aside and wait until you can understand it. Mr. Emerson said, "The highest price you can pay for anything is to ask for it." There are many persons who do kindness for us and we are never able to repay them. For instance, I may ask a policeman the way to some street and when he has told me, the least I can do to repay him is to say, "Thank you."

Our Postoffice Box H. Stofman, McKean street—"I like the Rainbow Club very much and I hope that every one will learn to like it just as much as I do."

Elizabeth Smith, Gray's avenue—"I am going to try very hard to have my name on the Honor Roll. And we know it is going to be there, because when one tries 'hard,' one generally succeeds."

David Sohns, Sansom street—"The Rainbow button is so pretty that the members whose names I sent in can hardly wait to get theirs." David isn't the only boy who says this, either.

Nita Pryor, Huntingdon street—"I think I have lived up to my pledge because when I went to visit grandmother I carried grandfather's meals upstairs to him, as he is not able to come down to the dining room." Indeed you have, little girl. Love to granddaddy.

Helen Fryor, Huntingdon street—"Will you put a picture of yourself in the EVENING LEDGER? The EVENING LEDGER isn't big enough to hold my picture—just yet. F. S."

Harry Leiber, Catharine street—"I am saving my money and now I have an inch of nickels and dimes." I hope you soon have a mile, Harry.

Joseph Kull, Poplar street—"There's not a single thing about the club that I don't like." That's the spirit, Joseph; don't knock, boost.

Fannie Dragota, South 13th street—"When I read the stories and the Postoffice Box it makes me very happy, I don't know why." We know why only it's a secret and we're not going to tell.

Gertrude Segal, North 6th street—"Please send me the names and addresses of little children in the hospital who would like to have scrapbooks." Indeed, you shall have the names and I hope that more of my Rainbows will want to follow your very good example. Rainy days and scrapbooks. Remember those words, little folks, you are going to hear more about them!

Do You Know This? 1. Who built the first steamboat? (Five credits.) 2. Where is William Penn buried? (Five credits.) 3. In what part of Philadelphia was his home located? (Five credits.)

WANTED OVERCOAT—A little boy of 8 years who has an overcoat he wears can have one that I would like to give him. Address George Tappan, Rainbow Club.

Little Journeys to Little People

By FARMER SMITH

One summer's day, or, to be exact, January 27, I took a little trip to the Day Nursery, 420 to 428 Bainbridge street, which is conducted by the Young Women's Union of Philadelphia. So many boys from the nursery had paid your editor a visit that he thought it about time he returned their calls. It is a wonderful place and if you cannot visit it yourself, you might send some picture books over there for the young children. Picture books are especially wanted. The Rainbow Club congratulates the officers of the Young Women's Union, the Misses Berg, Fleisher, Kohn and Jastrow and Mrs. Goldsmith, upon the wonderful work they are doing for Philadelphia's young people.

Later we are going to use pictures of the work done by the boys at this day nursery.

Your editor saw the babies, who were all tucked in dainty cribs on the top floor. One baby seemed to know me, for he said, "Go-o-o!" which means, in baby language, "How do you do?"

Can't you suggest some other places as nice as the Day Nursery for your editor to visit and write about?

"Just a Little Act of Kindness" (By Catherine Murray, Mill st., Danville, Pa.)

One day Mr. Stevens invited a friend to dinner. As they were walking along the street on their way to Mr. Stevens' home, they passed a very rich little girl and her mother. On the steps of a drug store nearby a poor woman sat exhausted with her day's work. As she was rising little Ella Moxley (the rich child) ran up to assist her. When Ella had helped her to her feet the poor woman thanked her sincerely and then went on her way, while little Ella went back to her mother, who was waiting for her.

When they had walked away from the spot, Mr. Stevens turned to his friend and said, "I'll bet that child belongs to Farmer Smith's Rainbow Club which I read so much about in the EVENING LEDGER." And he had guessed right. She did belong to the club and was proud of it.

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PUBLIC LEDGER

Advertisement for SATIN SLIPPERS. Features images of slippers and text: "Just Arrived—Another Lot of Beautiful \$3, \$3.50, \$4, \$4.50 Value SATIN SLIPPERS in all sizes in the most popular colors, white, pink, gold and black." Price \$1.00.

Advertisement for PUBLIC LEDGER. Features an illustration of a man and a woman in a field. Text: "ELLING your farm is an easy task if you use a Public Ledger classified ad. These little wonder workers often form a connecting link between buyer and seller." Price \$1.00.