

MONTE CRISPEN A TALE OF PHILADELPHIA

WRITTEN ESPECIALLY FOR THE EVENING LEDGER BY ARNOLD GARRY COLM

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CHAPTER XVII—Continued

ONE of them was a fair-complexioned man of middle age who walked like a duck. He had a round face, round brown eyes, round smile; not an angle, all curves and well-upholstered from his fat legs to his plump well-mantured hands.

His companion, heavy-framed with shoe-button gray eyes, clean shaven except for dark side whiskers and a long drooping mustache. He had a scar over his right eye, and exteriorly at least his appearance bespoke Latin-America.

Both men carried small handbags. The one held by the big dark man was oddly shaped, and had a tag of the Hotel Saville, Havana, Cuba, pasted conspicuously on its side. They had evidently walked over from the Pennsylvania station in West Philadelphia.

"Here we are right at your doorstep, Señor Velasquez," remarked the fat man with a gesture of impatience, denoting unfinished business. They stood talking. "Our minds met some time ago. How soon will our purses scrape acquaintance? It is too big a proposition to let drag. Then those other matters?"

"Si, Señor Birdseye, cosa particular, my home for the present only," replied the other, ignoring the dig about money for the moment. His gray eyes were unflinching.

Evidently he decided to parry off the money thrust, for he said: "Have I not listened most attentively to the fumes of the magnificent train all the distance from your beautiful city of Washington?"

"Yes! But I must have your definite answer. When I helped you prepare the blueprints of the iron works, textile mills and shipyard, with the inside figures of the Montgomery properties, you said it would take less than a month to get word back from your partners in South America. That was two months ago."

An angry expression crossed the countenance of Señor Velasquez. He controlled himself, he said: "I am ever ready atrevesar a cosas grandes, what you clever North Americans say to undertake great things, but never falta de dinero, without money."

"But you did go into speculations with me without money. I have been a fool. Come now, when will you hear?" insisted the other. "Everything seems to play into our hands. Since you have been away they have had a bad explosion at the iron works. The young heir will be glad to let go when our time comes."

"An explosion, you say—I do not understand."

"Yes, and a bad one; did \$50,000 damage."

"I am so sorry, my good Señor Birdseye."

"But it helps us. Can't you see that? Now, when will you hear from your people about that \$30,000,000 we need to swing the deal, and how about your end of our formation that the European war would

Joint speculations in Wall street? We are short thousands of shares in a rising market. Business is business, and I want to know now."

"Soon we shall have good news, my very good friend. Then we have plenty money. Twice I have written, and once I have cabled. I suspect—"

Señor Velasquez lowered his gruff voice to a whisper: "I suspect the whole agreement signed and ready for you as well as my drafts were on the steamship Van Dyck, which was captured by the Germana Paotencia! Soon we hear again from my partners in Rio Janeiro, I am favorable to the plan, for in it I mine as well as yours." Is that not enough, Señor?"

"Time is money with me, Velasquez," said the fat man, his face filling with an unmistakable terror. "I am no coward when it comes to risking my own money. I am used to swinging big enterprises, but you have done me in our side speculation. It was your supposedly inside information."

His lips twitched: "Here I am almost at the zenith of my ambition—a man of means—and my own child turns against her father. For every share of stock the Yankee Birdseye sold in the market I have bought an equal amount. I am rich. We shall live in Monte Carlo, California, anywhere fancy takes us."

She answered, wilyly: "Rich! And at what a price. I tell you I'm done with this dreadful business. For years you have forced me to do as you willed; a lure for men you would crush. But you have gone too far. I despise you. What has this boy Monte Crispén done to you? He saved you from arrest that night on the roof. You plot his ruin in return. Rich! It has been so ever since I was old enough to wear an evening gown, and play decoy in your game of intrigue."

"Be silent, Zeda!" he roared, in anger. "You are silly, like all women! I tell you I will not be crossed. You are my child and must act as I say. I never wanted you. I wanted a male offspring, to become a man, with red blood in his veins and a headful of brains, one to who gladly the orders of a parent and supreme master."

She sneered: "You serve only yourself. It was ever so, as far back as I can remember. You are paid to do work that those who pay you would not stoop to do. You have no country. You are a mercenary, a hireling. You are monstrously wicked. Any side is your side, if you are well paid."

He said, "I warn you to be more careful what you say."

She rose, tranquilly: "What! Am I nothing but your chattel in this great free country, where in many States women vote and speak out their thoughts?"

He walked across the floor and raised a portiere and scanned the recesses of a small adjoining room, as if to see if there were any witnesses about. In his rage the mustache he wore had fallen from his face, revealing thick, red lips. His appearance was almost comical under the partial crumbling of his disguise.

"Curse you, Zeda; this is no time to rebel," he bellowed.

She cried: "Thank God I am not afraid of you. I warn you now. Take care! I have a tongue that can speak; it has been silent long."

He would have taken anything else but a threat to betray him. He hoarsely mumbled: "You dare not."

She persisted: "We will see."

Then he seized her roughly by her round white shoulders and shook her as he would have shaken a curtain. Still she continued struggling in his grasp: "I shall speak."

Pushing her off to arms-length he struck her, as if she had been a man. She tattered, and he rained blow after blow upon her head and shoulders. She groaned. Bruised and bleeding she sank to the floor, where she lay quite still, a crumpled mass of pink and white.

CONTINUED TOMORROW

Tom Daly to Speak on Humorists

Tom Daly, of the Evening Ledger, will dip back tonight into the humor of the past and trace the evolution of ancient jokes down to the present time, when he will sketch a family tree in his fifth lecture on the subject, "Humor and Humorists of the 18th Century."

The lectures are being given in the auditorium of St. Joseph's College, 17th and Stiles streets. The course is being given in conjunction with the St. Joseph's College Evening Classes. The final lecture of the course will be given on May 2.

Freckles

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705 Flanders Bldg., 15th & Walnut

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MAKER TO WEARER

White Top Combination Boots

As usual the demands of fashion find us lavishly prepared.

Beautiful boots, smartly modeled and perfect fitting, in combination of

Tan Russia Calf with white top.

Champagne Kid with white top.

Black Kid with white top.

Patent Leather with white top.

Pearl Gray Vamp with white top.

Cherry Vamp with white top.

\$5 to \$6.50

919-21 Market Street

4025-26 LANCASTER AVE. 3096-98 GERMANTOWN AVE. 5878 E. CHESTNUT ST. 1724 G. ST. BRANCH STORE OPEN EVERY EVENING

Things to Know and Do

P. M. Germantown—What is the difference between the two varieties of the 15-cent stamp of 1897?

The difference consists in the fact that there is a frame line running around the picture on the common variety and no such frame on the scarce variety.

Elmer Palmer, Aspen street, and Charles Mitnik both want to draw funny pictures. Why not copy the cartoons that appear in the club news and submit them for correction? Annie and Flora Virginia Yost, of Norristown, have just joined.

We wish to acknowledge a clever story and drawing from Sarah Colton and "gratefulness notes" from Joseph Switkin, North Lawrence street; Edward Peppin, Matthew Hallpenney, South 19th street. A. Friel, River avenue, and Alexander and Samuel Lipschutz, Snyder avenue.

BOYS AND GIRLS. If you want to earn money after school send your address to the Farmer Smith Club.

THE CHEERFUL CHERUB I've had personal troubles of most every kind. All through my life I've had worries enough. So part of me's sad, but the rest of me's glad About music and art and all that kind of stuff.

face could not conceal the pallor of her cheeks, or the hollows under her great black eyes.

She murmured: "Whenever is it all going to end? I am sick of it—sick to death of it. I cannot go on much longer."

The man shrugged his shoulders, impatiently.

"Where is Murgar?" he growled, savagely.

She answered, angrily: "Don't ask me. He left several hours ago to carry the messages to the men you hire to blow up mills, yet dare not face."

His lips twitched: "Here I am almost at the zenith of my ambition—a man of means—and my own child turns against her father. For every share of stock the Yankee Birdseye sold in the market I have bought an equal amount. I am rich. We shall live in Monte Carlo, California, anywhere fancy takes us."

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AID JEFFERSON HOSPITAL BY BUYING "CAST-OFFS"

Sale of Hundreds of Articles Begins Today

The lure of beautiful gowns, many of which adorned social leaders at the most exclusive functions, attracted hundreds of women to the rummage sale which opened today in the Widener Building. In the sale, which is being conducted for the benefit of the Jefferson Hospital by a number of prominent society women, are hundreds and hundreds of bargains, with which the greatest cut-rate store could not hope to compete.

And everything that goes with milady's outfit went almost for a pittance. Wonderful hats from Paris almost too pretty to be described, shoes of all hues, dainty collars and slimy creations so diaphanous they would seem to disappear almost under one's very touch, were among the most popular attractions.

It is little wonder that a throng of women, yet and men too, stormed this citadel of bargains when the doors were opened shortly before noon. Wives who never before had opportunity to wear an evening gown stood in line patiently for hours, and the very fact that a cherished ambition was about to be realized gave them strength to stand the ordeal.

Of course there was pushing and shoving, but the restless and restless big reserves were at their wits' ends to calm the bargain hunters. The pressure became so great shortly before the doors opened that the plate glass in the door cracked under the strain.

The buyers were greeted cordially when they piled into the big salesroom by the neatly shopped girls, who did all in their power to satisfy every customer.

But the bargains were not only confined to wearing apparel. There were prettily household things, flowers, phonographs and numerous odds and ends which find a place in the perfect home—and all were within reach of those of slim purses.

When two women reached for a bargain at the same time, the saleswoman acted as peacemaker, and in nearly every case brought about harmony through smiles and diplomacy.

Mrs. Bessie Dobson Altman, chairman of the committee which conducted the sale, had a decidedly busy afternoon. The committee also includes Mrs. A. Crawford Allison, Mrs. Franklin Baker, Jr., Mrs. Daniel Baugh, Mrs. George W. Boyd, Mrs. Walter Blahon, Mrs. Edward L. Blahon, Mrs. Walter Bryant, Mrs. Joseph Priestly Butts, Mrs. C. Connelly, Miss Mary E. Converse, Mrs. James E. Corvell, Mrs. Charles E. Cox, Mrs. J. C. Da Costa, J. Chalmers Da Costa, Mrs. Edward P. Davis, Mrs. Francis X. Derum, Mrs. Howard A. Davis, Mrs. J. Leslie Davis, Mrs. Frank S. Evans, Mrs. J. M. Fisher, Mrs. Simon Gratz, Mrs. John D. Gibson, Miss Alice Gilpin, Mrs. Edward G. Graham, Mrs. Gertrude Goff, Mrs. W. E. Goodman, Jr., Mrs. Hohart A. Hare, Mrs. Robert E. Hare, Mrs. H. E. Hansell, Mrs. D. L. Hebard, Miss Anna Hinchman, Miss Christine Howe, Miss Edith Howe, Mrs. Alva B. Johnson, Mrs. D. Braden Kyle, Mrs. F. G. Kennedy, Mrs. Charles M. Lea, Mrs. David Lewis, Mrs. Fielding Lewis, Mrs. Honolo Gates Lloyd, Mrs. B. Vincent Lyon, Miss Anna M. May, Mrs. Phillipus W. Miller, Mrs. J. R. McAllister, Mrs. Thomas McCrea, Miss Mayer, Mrs. John Muckle, Mrs. John North, Miss Mary Pierce, Mrs. James R. Reed, Mrs. James S. Rogers, Mrs. Albert Rosenbarten, Mrs. Frank Samuels, Mrs. Edward A. Schmidt, David Seymour, Mrs. E. McCuen Smith, Mrs. Hollister Sturgis, Mrs. C. T. Warriner, Mrs. N. Fielding Wilson, Mrs. Edward H. Weil, Mrs. F. Bolton Wempney, Mrs. Rollin H. Wilbur and Mrs. Wendell Woodward.

20 KENSINGTON CHURCHES TO JOIN ANTI-SALOON PARADE

Demonstration to Be Held on Night of April 26

Torches, transparencies, floats and banners will be displayed in a demonstration to be held on the night of April 26, when the congregations of more than 20 churches will join in a parade to show the residents of Kensington their opposition to the saloons of that section. The demonstration was decided upon last night at the third weekly meeting of the delegates of various churches in Kensington, at the light-house, 152 West Lehigh avenue. It was said that there are 126 saloons in the district between Frankford avenue, 6th street, Norris and Tioga streets, and that there are also four breweries. In the last two weeks three saloons have been transferred to Kensington from other sections of the city.

Four subcommittees were appointed to arrange the anti-saloon demonstration. The chairmen follow: Mrs. E. R. Bradford, transparencies; Mr. Ruth, on route; Mr. Sutcliffe, on publicity; and Thomas A. Merryweather, on music and bands.

DON'T BLAME RELIGION FOR WAR, SAYS SPEAKER

Dr. MacColl, Lenten Preacher, Explains "Tragedies of Peace" in Europe

The present war is no proof of the failure of Christianity, but simply the letting loose of human passions as a climax of the grim tragedies of peace, today declared the Rev. Dr. Alexander MacColl, pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church, in a stirring noonday Lenten address in the First Presbyterian Church, 7th and Locust streets.

Political corruption, hypocrisy, pleasure-seeking, lawlessness and falsity in the observance of the doctrines of God were some of the "tragedies" the speaker mentioned which has done Christianity more harm than the present conflict.

"More than once have there been accusations against the good of Christianity, and that religion has been in a state of decadence," Doctor MacColl said, "because people have started this mammoth war. But do not let us forget that war is not the only contradiction of the spirit of God. Christianity has failed only where men have lived for self, thinking of others as mere assets in the business of life."

"Where men and women have come under control of their bodies," he continued, "awayed by the passions, indulging their moods, nursing their sensations—there Christianity has failed. Where the home is degraded, and men and women who have pledged their loyalty are false to themselves and the children God has given them, there Christianity also has failed."

LOVING CHRIST NOT ENOUGH; FOLLOW HIM, SAYS PASTOR

Doctrinal Salvation Schemes Hopeless Unless He Is Imitated

The long controversy over the value of the work of Christ on one hand in doctrine, and on the other, in life, was referred to by the Rev. David M. Steele today, at the noon Lenten services in Old Christ Church, 2d street above Market.

"Everything under the first of these is theological; all that is embraced in the second is practical," he said. "Therefore, while in some doctrinal scheme of salvation certain views of the divinity of Christ may be interesting, they are of no value in daily living, unless His example is to be put into practice and His methods of patience imitated."

The speaker analyzed two questions: What is patience? and What is the value therein of Christ's life as an example?

As an instance of why prices are being advanced—The Whittall Anglo-Perian Rug—the peer of all rugs in the world, is not only wholly dependent upon the foreign markets for the materials entering into its manufacture, but is absolutely precluded by their policy from substituting anything to decrease the price, the cost of quality. In justice to yourselves, we ask you to profit by our knowledge and experience. Select now if you prefer a future delivery at present prices, but buy your summer and fall rugs now.

Fritz & La Rue, Inc., 1124 Chestnut Street

Domestic Rug "Pointers" For Home Makers

You doubtless have in mind several rooms in your home which are in need of new rugs. We can not advise too strongly that now is the time to supply these needs.

We hold out no offer of bargain prices, but appeal to you with honest reasons and truthful statements. Every rug in our stock will be worth more money soon and there is no telling how soon or how much more. It will be unpleasant for us to have to increase prices and likewise an equal hardship to the mills to increase the cost to us. But we must both yield to the conditions which European troubles have forced upon us. To us the increase are inevitable and unavoidable. You alone can insure against them by supplying your rug needs now.

Fritz & La Rue, Inc., 1124 Chestnut Street

MANDO Removes Superfluous Hair PRICE \$1.00 All Druggists and Department Stores

THE figures which show Goodyear Tires to be equipment on 21 per cent of the cars counted in 71 cities can have but one meaning, and that is decidedly clear:—

Goodyear is the favored tire with the great majority of tire buyers.

The basis of this emphatic preference cannot be price; for many brands sell for less than Goodyear.

It is Goodyear quality and Goodyear features of construction—which make Goodyear Tires go farther, last longer, and so cost you less in the end.

Goodyear No-Hook Tires are fortified against: Rim-cutting—By our No-Rim-Cut feature. Blow-outs—By our On-Air Cure. Loose Treads—By our Rubber Rivets. Insecurity—By our Multiple-Strapped Piano Wire Base. Punctures and Skidding—By our Double-Thick All-Weather Tread.

Easy to get from Goodyear Service Station Dealers Everywhere

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GOOD YEAR TIRES

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FARMER SMITH'S RAINBOW CLUB

THE QUESTION OF CLOTHES

At this season of the year there is more conversation about what we should wear and what we should not wear than at any other time of the year. And why not?

The birds are building new houses and getting ready for their little ones, and the flowers are beginning to bloom, and there is no reason why we should not "blossom out" in something new.

Did you ever stop to think about this question of clothes? They were originally worn for the purpose of adornment. It is right and proper that we should look our best, because it shows that we are careful of our appearance.

The principal point about a boy's clothes are the pockets and there are sometimes as many as 16 and they are not enough, especially in the summer time, when one has to carry bait and lunches and a few more things. On the other hand, girls carry all their contraptions in little (or big) handbags, which are far more interesting than the contents of boys' pockets—don't YOU think so?

Everything about a boy's raiment is necessary except his necktie. Even his collar, linen or whatnot, is necessary, for that keeps his coat collar from rubbing his dear neck. But his necktie! No one has ever found out just what that imitation of a clothes line is for.

It is well to remember that a clean and neat suit is more acceptable than an expensive suit which is covered with spots.

Be sure to take care of your clothes and see that they are hung up nicely at night so that they may AIR, and be careful of your shoes and put them side by side under the bed so they will not get lonesome.

Above all, wear what is becoming to you, for colors have a lot to do with the world around us and they are ALL IN THE RAINBOW.

FARMER SMITH, Children's Editor, EVENING LEDGER.

Our Postoffice Box

Robert Dettmann, Germantown avenue, makes a manly bow to the club members this evening. His Rainbow button was a surprise to him and he doesn't know yet just who the kind fairy was that told us to send it to him.

John Doyle, South Bethlehem, Pa., sent us a picture of his "last fall" football team. He and his friend, Robert Agrest, were "live-wire members" of this. How about a Rainbow baseball team?

Margaret Williams, Rosemont—The check you received was for the answers to "Things to Know and Do." Many thanks for the designs for Rainbow Club stationery, Marion Coyle, Jefferson street, sent a lovely scrap book to St. Joseph's Hospital and some very pretty paper dolls and views to your editor for similar distribution.

Adrienne Wellens, Gowen avenue, Mt. Airy, has a lovely dog named "Lady Links" and it can talk! If you don't believe it, peek in the window of this Mt. Airy home some night when Adrienne's daddy is going for his nightly walk. You will hear "Lady Links" say, "Please, please take me with you!" Eleanor Byrnes has a dog named "Tommy." Can "Tommy" talk, too?

Elizabeth McKibbin, Germantown, is getting so many members they won't all fit on one page. Hattie Sonstent and her little sister, of North Caroline street, want to know our "office hours." We are ready to receive visitors most any day except Monday, when we are busy writing "good-night" talks. This announcement is also intended for Mary Gladis and Mary Smith. "Way off from West 24th street