

MONTY CRISPEN (The Sequel)

A Remarkable Story of the Millionaire-Hero's Adventures in Kensington

Monty Crispin, upon the death of his uncle, John Montague, inherited a vast estate, comprising chiefly of steel and textile mills in the vicinity of Philadelphia. A proviso in the will made it necessary for Monty to go more than 50 miles from Philadelphia during the first year after his uncle's death in order to gain clear title to the millions.

During the course of the preceding story a part of the Crispin Steel Mills is blown up by the agents of Baron Hecmeister, because war orders for the Allies are being filled. The next day a cryptic cross warns Monty that a stellar attempt will be made to cripple the textile mills in Kensington. Strikes are planned, and if these fail dynamite will be resorted to.

The sequel begins at the point where Monty, traveling incognito, arrives in Kensington to learn conditions at his mills.

The first installment, which appeared in Saturday's Evening Ledger, introduced the reader to Mrs. Marley, with whom Monty had taken refuge, and to the strange and mysterious Mrs. Reed, a neighbor, who calls to ask Monty to come to her home to see her sister, Jennie, who is dying, stricken with the King of Death.

Monty decides to investigate the dread disease, and learns that it is outbreak of the kind which is contracted by mill workers as the result of obsolete machinery and "speed-up" systems.

He realizes that the old, out-of-date equipment in his mills and the terrible system used to spur employees on to more "production" are responsible for Jennie's death and the death of hundreds of others.

Thoroughly awed by the criminal conditions which exist in his own factories, Monty rushes to the telephone and tells Craig Andrews, his lawyer and confidant, that a change must be made immediately.

Andrews at first does not take him seriously.

By ARNOLD GARRY COLM

CHAPTER II—Continued

"AM attentive," said Andrews, with a laugh.

"What I want to know is how long it will take to equip all our textile mills with non-suction shuttle appliances?"

"Probably 30 days; I can't say off hand."

"Not much," replied Monty. "It must be attended to now. This is dead serious, Andrews."

"Very well, I will get Blanchard on the phone tonight and have him make up an estimate on the cost and the lowest minimum time for installation."

"And I want you to see that a rule is posted against any further threading of shuttles by the suction method."

"That is as good as done," said Andrews. "You must be at the mill headquarters tomorrow morning at 9 o'clock. I have arranged to present you to Blanchard as 'Mr. Tallor.'"

Monty responded "I will be there at 8 o'clock."

As our young hero turned into Halsey street he was whistling merrily.

CHAPTER III Monty Gets Fired

ALL success begins with a plan. No plan can succeed that is not based upon facts, their value and their true relationship. Each day since his return from Europe Monty Crispin had been acquiring new data. He was feverishly hunting for the wisdom of others. More than once he thought of splendid young Englishmen whom he had played with at polo, golf and other sports in the sun-kissed outdoors of "The Riviera"; men who should have been in Sheffield, Bradford and Manchester, holding the place of their country in the arena of trade against ambitious rivals of other countries.

Monty conceded that the great industrial enterprises of his uncle were the massed accumulations of a strong man who refused to bend before the growing complexities of modern business; a man who firmly believed that a capitalist had a right to do anything with labor so long as he kept his capital working; a man wholly upright in private life, yet who always put expediency and lawyer-law above justice when considering problems affecting labor.

John Montgomery had never been a hard man. He had been a rule-of-thumb man, who had left out of his calculations the human side of business. Labor to him had been that and no more—labor. Capital was the same—just capital. Two hard, grinding surfaces, labor and capital, that rubbed well together produced a profit; in turn, profit to become capital. Around every circle he saw another to be drawn, an endless process patterned after the planet system. Each new enterprise was a fresh planet ringed.

Marshall Field, as he advanced in years, drew into his business the brightest brains that his money could command, and used their judgments in forming his own; their initiative in keeping him abreast of the times. Old Montgomery had dominated alone, and he had become so engrossed in the creation of new circles of personal control that at his death nearly all of his great enterprises had themselves been passed by new conditions.

Hence it came that Monty found his uncle's estate cradled an iron works full of obsolete processes, textile mills with narrow looms only and much non-safety, antiquated machinery and a shipyard rapidly falling into decay.

While the executives in the various Montgomery plants were generally practical; they had won their promotion by the calendar and time-clock, and had been whipped by environment into narrow, opinionated, prejudiced, precedent-worshipping views. "Distribution was chiefly carried on through jobbers, and the whole management of sales as well as employment was archaic, else no crook like Lemuel Birdseye could have risen to high authority. Of his thefts and suicide we have read. Only a few of the executives were scientific and held advanced, progressive views, like Summers, the iron works boss.

As Monty walked through the Kensington mill district a few weeks after the death of Jennie Reed his responsibilities to mankind loomed in the proportions of a tremendous undertaking. He was ever groping for facts. If he was to defeat the labor plots that dastardly scoundrel, Herr Hugo Hochmeister, alias Major Gustave Sigvar, alias Senor Enrique Velasquez, who had engineered the bombing of the Montgomery Iron Works and lured Birdseye to destruction, he must first get a firm grip upon underlying conditions at the Crispin Textile Mills.

Several intimate talks with Unity Marley and her big brother Strong had brought Monty to a realization that, aside from the immediate menace of the Sigvar gang and their diabolical schemes, there was other important work for him to do. He saw that unless he attained supreme mastery of the great human principles governing production today, so as to re-act his uncle's enterprises in the mold of the new industrial era, they would simply dry up and become breeding spots for socialism and chaos.

Blanchard, the mill boss, had been sullen and gloomy from the morning Craig Andrews, the lawyer, as executor of the Montgomery estate, ordered the disuse of the old-fashioned shuttles in the weave rooms of the woolen and worsted mills, the carpet mill and the lace mill. He had openly sneered behind Andrews' back when informed that only hand-threaded shuttles would be used hereafter in the mills. Blanchard was a thin gray man with a cruel mouth. He had risen from hand-boy in the spinning department, and the higher he went in authority the less considerate of former associates he became. How often the case!

"I'd like to know what in hell has got into Andrews," was his surly greeting to Monty, when our young multimillion-



"You are fired. Get me! You are f-i-r-e-d. Clear out now."

aire, glowing from his invigorating walk, had thrown off his street garb and appeared in Blanchard's private office.

"What's the trouble?" said Monty, unruffled, become accustomed to such outbursts from the mill boss.

"He wants me to get up a full report upon machinery safeguards. These safety-first frills give me a pain. Damn nonsense! Next thing you know Andrews will want me to lock up the mill machinery in the office safe and produce the fabric through the combination."

It was a rough joke, and Monty did not laugh at the wit. For an instant he forgot himself and the role he was playing. The coarse remark sent an expression of his true feelings along his brow in an unmistakable scowl. Blanchard saw the furrows and broke into a tempest of words.

"If this nagging from downtown keeps up I am going to quit the Big Four," he snorted.

The Crispin mills were locally known as the Big Four for the reason that under separate roofs they embraced four branches of textile manufacture, woolens and worsteds, carpets, laces and knit goods. Each branch had a separate superintendent, but all four were under the direction of Blanchard, who stormed on:

"Things have come to a pretty rotten pass in the country when legislators and society women tell us mill bosses how to treat our hands. I am against all this fancy regulation—workmen's compensation, child labor regulation, shorter hours of employment. Tomfoolery! It ain't constitutional and it puts crazy ideas in the workers' heads!"

"Yet the majority of the big mill owners favor these reforms and say they are wise, humane and will ultimately stimulate production," protested Monty. It was out of his mouth before he reflected that it was his first frank expression of an opinion in the presence of the garrulous mill boss.

"A lot of sniveling weak sisters, I call them," roared Blanchard. "If the last mill owner in Kensington knuckled I would still stick to my principles."

"How do you make them out principles?" insisted Monty, and so annoyed was he at the case-hardened egotism of the man he added: "I should call them prejudices."

Blanchard squared around on him. He said:

"You and me might as well understand each other now. Ever since you poked your amateur nose and banjo-eyed goggles into the Big Four there has been nothing but kicks from downtown. I have my opinion of sneaks, and—"

"Stop right there, Blanchard," broke

in Monty. "You have no right to address me in such a manner. I was put here by Mr. Andrews for a distinct purpose, and if you want to get nasty I would advise you to save it up for him."

"Let me finish before you chip in your five cents," yelled Blanchard, quite beside himself with rage. "I have been on to you from the start. You are one of those efficiency guys that are turning out of colleges these days. You are fired. Get me! You are f-i-r-e-d. Clear out now. I won't have you on the premises."

"But," began Monty, retaining control of his temper at thought of the intense humor of the situation.

"No buts go in this office," bawled Blanchard. "You butted in, now you butt out. Off the premises or I will call the gate watchman and have you thrown into the street."

CHAPTER IV Think, Then Act

Unnerving things have happened perhaps in books, thought Monty Crispin that night, but never before had a circumstance so rich in humor occurred in real life. He was sure of that. Fired! Of course, he might have torn aside his mask as "Mr. Tallor, business expert," revealed himself as Crispin, the heir, and sharply turned the tables on Blanchard, the wrong-headed mill boss. But such a triumph would have been a temporary one only, and measured defeat to the whole purpose of his coming disguised to the Kensington district.

Looking back at events of the day, Monty marveled at his own *sana-frodo* when Blanchard threatened to summon the gates and have him fed to the cobblestones. He complacently approved of the grand air with which he had bowed low at the sputtering mill boss, and then walked out of the building, head erect, crowned a martyr in the eyes of scared stenographers, clerks

FARMER SMITH'S RAINBOW CLUB

THE ART OF STICKING TO IT

Dear Children—One of the charms of childhood is its changeableness.

When mother wants you to wash dishes, or father to chop wood, it seems impossible for you to stick to it.

In early life, we want to be on the go; while in the sunset of life, we prefer to sit by the fireside and not be disturbed. Youth cries for action and change.

Realizing this, the schools are kind enough to give you a long vacation.

Not only this, but those who are wiser than you and me have decided that it is best for you to be idle on Saturdays. Not only do you have two days in every week, but you have about three months during the summertime in which to be idle.

When your mother and father give you work to do that takes a long time, maybe they will give a "vacation" of half an hour if you ask them.

A little relaxation gives fresh energy to do better work.

If you, little boy, get tired chopping wood, remember that great men like Gladstone have found a great deal of pleasure and profit in chopping wood.

If you, little girl, do not like to wash dishes, why not "play" that the dainty little butter dishes are SUBMARINES going down underneath to explode the saucepans and kettles.

If you would expend the same energy in doing your work that you do in trying to get out of doing it, the task would soon be accomplished.

FARMER SMITH,
Children's Editor, EVENING LEDGER.

FARMER SMITH'S FAIRY BOOK

Willie Wideawake's Eyes

"I have a good notion to glue my eyes together and see if it will not make me go to sleep," said Willie Wideawake one night when he just couldn't go to sleep—there was no use talking.

"That will do no good, for you can be awake when your eyes are shut. You are a funny fellow to think that your eyes have anything to do with your going to sleep. You simply get sleepy and your eyes go shut—pop! just like that, and your arms fall by your side."

"Look out!" shouted the Good Dream Fairy.

"See how quickly your dear little eyes shut? There is nothing more wonderful in the whole wide world than your tiny eyes. Your eyelid keeps the light out so that you may go to sleep, and it opens in the morning when there is nothing else for you to do but get up. But most important of all, your eyelid keeps the ball of your eye moist, so that it will not scratch. Think about these things when you can't go to sleep and it will be much better than thinking of a lot of trash."

The Good Dream Fairy turned her beautiful eyes upon Willie and he thought he had never seen such eyes before.

"What beautiful eyes you have."

"You may think so, but I tell you that my eyes or your eyes without the lashes, without their surrounding would not be more beautiful than in a fish's eyes."

The Good Dream Fairy was spreading her wings and making ready to fly away, when Willie heard a loud noise, and, looking up, he saw his mother entering the room.

"Why, mother dear, I have not been asleep yet," said Willie suddenly.

"That is too bad," began his mother. "I guess you have been dreaming again—dreaming you are wideawake."

"I had a beautiful time, for the Good Dream Fairy told me a lot about my eyes."

"And then his mother did a very beautiful thing—she kissed his eyes."

By EDWARD WHITE, Hermitage St.

Once there was a little boy who was poor, but very honest. His mother was dead, and to save his soul he could not tell where his father was, so he had to sell papers for a living. One day a rich man came by and asked for a paper.

Jimmy (for that was the boy's name) gave him an EVENING LEDGER. The rich man handed Jimmy a quarter and then jumped on a car and in a second was gone. Jimmy stood spellbound, looking at the quarter, and was wondering who the rich man was when suddenly he spotted a card which he saw the rich man drop. He ran over and picked it up, and then looked at it. James Drennan, 46 5th avenue, New York, was on the card.

Jimmy knew exactly where that was, so he jumped on a trolley car and in a few minutes was standing in front of the door. He rang the bell and a maid came to the door. "Is Mr. Drennan here?" asked Jimmy.

"Yes, come in," said the maid.

Jimmy walked in and was amazed to find that his feet sunk in the carpet at every step. In a few minutes Mr. Drennan came in and Jimmy handed him 24 cents in change.

"What's this?" said Mr. Drennan.

"You gave me a quarter and I thought I would bring you the change," answered Jimmy.

"Never mind; keep the change, and as a mark of my esteem for your honesty I will present you with a check." He handed Jimmy a check for \$100 and told him to come tomorrow. Jimmy went the next day and the man bought him a new suit of clothes and gave him a position in his office.

"Want that very good for a poor working boy?"

THE QUESTION BOX

Dear Farmer Smith—Do you know where the common dog show is going to be held? I would like to enter Judge.

JANE DAGIT, Pine street.

The "Just Plain Dog" show will be held at Horticultural Hall, Broad and Locust streets, Saturday, May 13, from 10 to 10 p. m. Write to the Pennsylvania Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 1627 Chestnut street, for an "entry blank." It does not cost anything to enter your pet. I do sincerely hope that Judge will win a prize.

Things to Know and Do

1. Why can a clock, which shows minutes and seconds, take part in a public meeting?

2. What day do you like to eat? (For little folks.)

MONEY PRIZES

The children who send in the answers of "Things to Know" are entitled to compete for the prizes of \$1, \$5 and \$10. The four 25-cent prizes, awarded at the end of each week.

How many other branch club leaders are going to follow the entertaining example of this practical little lady and organize their members with such a beautiful planned party?

Check back "Home," Frank Postonick, 2000 North 22nd Street, Philadelphia.

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Safe Milk for Infants and Invalids

HORLICK'S THE ORIGINAL Malted Milk

Rich milk, malted grain, in powder form. For infants, invalids and growing children. Pure nutrition, upbuilding the whole body. Invigorates nursing mothers and the aged. More nutritious than tea, coffee, etc. Instantly prepared. Requires no cooking. Substitutes Cost YOU Same Price

Walk-Over Pastel Shades in New Boots

including Pearl Gray, New Ivory and White Kid at \$8.50

are such values as we cannot reproduce again this season owing to increasing leather costs.

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A New Service of Etched Table Glass "Minnehaha"

12 Goblets	12 Claret
12 Cocktails	12 Cords
12 Sherries	12 Sauter Champagnes

72 pieces \$28.00

or sold in such quantities as desired

Wright, Tyndale & van Roden, Inc.

1212 Chestnut Street

and officeboys, who had overheard Blanchard's loud, penny-wise outgivings.

He knew for a certainty that his discharge by Blanchard would get to the ears of the mill operatives, weavers and perchers, handers-in and beamers, speckers and doffers, pickers and mixers, loomfixers and the twosome other classifications of textile skill. It tickled his vanity to feel that his borrowed personality even now was saturated in their good will, particularly when it was at the expense of "Rule-of-thumb Blanchard." Crispin had learned to capitalize every little advantage, and the longer he lived the more interesting a place the world seemed to be. He could be subtle, too, when an occasion demanded.

Fearing that Andrews might let the cat out of the bag, his first act on leaving the Big Four was to rush Lars in the blue limousine with a note to the lawyer, reciting the incidents of the morning, concluding: "Now be careful and don't spill the beans. Give Blanchard all the rope he will take. Don't worry about me. The going is good."

His next procedure was to give his healthy athletic body an unstinted outing. A motor ride to some country club? No. He was content to square his fine shoulders, open wide his breathing apparatus, and set out upon a good, long walk in the city that established the first medical college, the first corporate bank and the first circulating library; the city that laid the keel of the first American warship and unfurled the first National Congress and the first Supreme Court of the United States.

There is no city in the western world that gives back so much to the pedestrian as Philadelphia; history, nature, industry, we find them all within strolling distance of where we live and work. But we should not boast. A quiet city always, we know we might boast if we pleased. Think of it! Forty-four miles of footpaths in Fairmount Park alone; then there are the romantic gorges and cascades of beautiful Wissahickon Glen, and the slumbering Little Penn Treaty Park, in Kensington on

(CONTINUED TOMORROW.)

in every 1/2-lb tin there are sixty cups of

WILBUR'S BREAKFAST COCOA

Note the bright red color, superior flavor, delightful aroma. Your grocer sells it.

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At All Our Stores Where Quality Counts. Low Prices Prevail

The better grade of groceries at the most reasonable prices; strict application of the principle of giving full weight and measure, and the most careful attention to the customers' wants. These combined advantages have won the particular people of Philadelphia and Suburbs for "The Stores Where Quality Counts."

Are you particular?

30 lbs. BEST POTATOES Special Price **65c**
A special price on sound, mealy white Potatoes of the highest grade, and you get full weight at "Our Stores."

GOLD SEAL BUTTER, lb., 43c
Particular people who want the highest grade of freshly churned Butter that is made always "Gold Seal."

Hy-Lo Butter, lb., 38c **Ca-Ro Butter, lb., 35c**
A fancy grade of Pure Creamery Butter. Absolutely Pure Butter of good quality.

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Good Ammonia, bottle, 4c	Lenox Soap, cake, 3c
Ex. Strength Ammonia, bot., 10c	Laundry Starch, pound, 3c
Cloudy Ammonia, quart bottle, 20c	P. & G. Naphtha Soap, cake, 4c
Gold Seal Blue, bottle, 4c	Lighthouse Cleanser, can, 4c
R. & C. Best Oleine Soap, cake, 4c	Old Dutch Cleanser, can, 8c
Gold Seal Borax Soap, cake, 6c	Snowbow Wash Powder, pkg., 4c
Fels Naptha Soap, cake, 4c	Bon Ami, cake or powder, 8c

GOLD SEAL EGGS, carton 28c

If you are extra particular about the Eggs you use, and want the largest, freshest and heaviest, ask for "Gold Seal."

Fresh Eggs, Dozen, 25c **No-Waste Bacon, pkg. 15c**
Fresh Eggs of excellent quality; Highest quality sliced Bacon, trimmed of all waste, and packed in sanitary cartons. and we guarantee every Egg we sell.

LEAN PICNIC SHOULDERS SPECIAL PRICE 13c lb.

Lean and tender, just the right weight, and at this special price very economical.

Recently opened Stores, N. E. Cor. Rosewood and Porter Sts.; S. E. Cor. 18th and Ingersoll Sts. Other stores will be opened as soon as we can find suitable buildings in desirable locations.

Whether you live in the City or in the Country, if you appreciate quality and reasonable prices IT WILL PAY YOU to come to OUR STORES for ALL your groceries.

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VAN ORDEN CORSET

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