IRISH FIGHTER STIRS WAR "PEP" AT MEADE

Chides Officers and Men Whose "Punch" Wouldn't Hurt Dying Woman

SPIRIT IS LACKING

Leaders Now See They Must Put Real Enthusiasm Into Men

By a Staff Correspondent

CAMP MEADE, Admiral, Md., Jan. 17.

After four months of hard work, Little Penn's corps of officers, Y. M. C. A. secretaries and its coterie of French and British instructors have reached the conclusion that until the fighting men in the Liberty Division develop a proper appreciation of America's aims it will not become a class A unit.

Despite the willingness of the men and their honest efforts to construct an efficient army division there is much to be done before the National Army outfit from eastern Pennsylvania can take equal rank with the crack divisions of England and France.

In the language of a "Y" worker who enjoys a national reputation in the field of religion and government, the boys from Philadelphia and other points from which this division draws its timber must develop a "genuine war pep." To do that the Sammee must perform mental gymnastics while learning to kill an imaginary Hun at 600 yards.

"Every man," says the "Y" worker, "must surrender his mind to the cause. The men have surrendered their bodies, but to round out perfect physical fighting machines it is necessary to round out efficient thinking machines."

NO MENTAL FIGHTING

Since the opening of the camp the officers have found that thousands of men exhibited little interest in the war and virtually none in the bigger issue, concerning the war's influence upon civilization. Briefly the men took the position that they were doing their bit by learning to be soldiers and that it was not necessary for soldiers to grapple with social and economic problems of European governments.

The indifference of the men to take advantage of the camp's educational facilities and acquire an intimate knowledge as to why America is at war and as to what will happen to civilization in the event of a German victory has retarded the development of the division and served to generate a spirit that does not breathe of war.

What the division commanders hope to do is to develop a spirit that is found in the French army, a spirit that is built upon the knowledge that France is in a death struggle with a soulless nation and that to avert national disaster every man must fight hard.

The "hit-hard" idea is difficult to incubate into the minds of the Pennsylvania Sammees. At heart they are tender and while not lacking in physical courage they do not take kindly to the sordid and brutal phases of army training.

How this mental attitude reflects upon the training program was illustrated today by Captain James Patrick O'Donovan, of the British army and now a boxing instructor at Camp Meade. The fighting Irishman has a class of nearly 100 officers, all likable chips, willing and enthusiastic, but up to date minus the "punch."

A WEAK PUNCH

Captain O'Donovan was demonstrating a blow and requested his pupils to try it. Assuming a defensive position, the Irishman told his pupil to hit. The young officer, an exceptionally clever man with his fists and splendidly educated, obeyed the command. O'Donovan blocked the blow, but even if it had landed flush on the Irishman's jaw he would not have felt it.

"Say," said the British army veteran, "that punch wouldn't hurt a dying woman! You fellows seem to regard this whole affair as a pink tea, but, believe me, you will think differently when you get over. You have got to fight. Do you understand, you must fight and hit hard? Now, the place for you to learn is right here, for if you can't fight on this side of the ocean you can't fight on the other. Throw your heart and mind into the work. When you face notry to imagine that I am a low-down, murdering Hun, who is trying to destroy your home, murder your dear ones and enslave your neighbors. Then come at me and hit; just try to hit me so hard that it will knock me cold. If you knew the Hun as I do you would soon develop the fighting spirit."

Then O'Donovan employed a few tactics that are typical of the Hun. He put over some good wallops on his pupil and kept up a running fire of tantalizing remarks.

IT STINGS

The effect was magical, for the National Army soldier began to fight and for five minutes proved to the British army veteran that there was a real fighting spirit at Camp Meade, even though it does not appear on the surface.

That is the kind of spirit that must be cultivated by the selects, and the various forces at the cantonment are trying to organize it. A step in that direction has been made by obtaining Jean Aleide Picard, a French officer, to deliver a series of intimate war talks.

The Frenchman, who is a veteran of the Marne, Ypres and a dozen other battles, will remain at Little Penn for a week and carry the message of France direct to the men. He will discuss the war activities of France and in a heart-to-heart manner tell the Pennsylvania soldiers why they have been called to the colors. Picard pictures Germany as a huge vulture that is a menace to the world and in sharp, crisp sentences nails down the argument that soldiers in the Allied armies cannot fight their best until they learn the true character of the Hun.

William F. Cochran, the millionaire Christian Socialist of Baltimore and now the "Y" director of education activities, today announced that many men of national prominence would deliver war lectures at the camp, the most notable being ex-President William Howard Taft, who will visit Little Penn on January 28. "The men," said Cochran, "must know what they are fighting for, and the Y. M. C. A. is determined to extend that knowledge."

TRANSFERS MADE

To perfect the organization of the Twenty-fifth Engineers at Camp Devens, Ayer, Mass., a big batch of men have been transferred from this camp. The men were selected because of their fitness to enter various technical units and made their departure so hurriedly that there was no time for farewell ceremonies. The following men were transferred to service as:

Pile Drivers—Homer B. Hook, 313 Infantry; Ralph E. Morgan, David A. Kearney 314th; Raymond F. Caffery, Charles W. Connelly, 315th; Charles O. Lee, James J. Adams, Arthur J. Henry, John M. Freudock, 311th Field Artillery; John McHugh, Elmer D. Rumiller, 310th Machine Gun Battalion; Basil G. Voulgaris, Bert B. Dyer, Harry L. Vasey, William J. Williams, George Gaydos, 311th Machine Gun Battalion.

U. S. Army Aviator Killed

MINEOLA, N. Y., Jan. 17.—Harold Blakely an army aviator, and his mechanician, Edward Higgins, were killed here when a military biplane in which they were flying fell to the ground from a height of about 200 feet.

TOUGHS BEAT UP SAMMEE

Soldier Attacked and Left for Dead in Paris Suburb

PARIS, Jan. 17.—T. J. Durand, an American soldier, detailed to the French Ministry of War, was attacked without provocation Tuesday by ten young ruffians at Ivry-sur-Seine, a suburb of Paris, and left for dead. He was picked up and recovered consciousness after being cared for in a drug store.

Durand was able to describe his assailants, eight of whom were arrested.

WIDOW SHUNS POMP IN GARDNER FUNERAL

Former Congressman, Who Died in War Camp, Honored by Comrades

WASHINGTON, Jan. 17.—Following the request of his widow plans for a State funeral at the Capitol for Major General Augustus P. Gardner, formerly Congressman from Massachusetts, who died of pneumonia at Camp Wheeler, Ga., were abandoned. Services will be held tomorrow in Old St. John's Church here and burial will be in Arlington National Cemetery.

MACON, Ga., Jan. 17.—Tribute to Major A. P. Gardner is contained in an order issued by Brigadier General John L. Hayden, acting commander of the Dixie division. The order follows:

"It is with genuine sorrow that the commanding general announces the death of Major Augustus P. Gardner, 121st Infantry, which occurred at Camp Wheeler.

"The whole country knew him as the leading exponent in Congress of the cause of preparedness.

"The Dixie division, which he named, knew him as a faithful and sympathetic friend, and as a deeply patriotic, unselfish, duty-loving and hard-working officer.

"He gave his life for his country just as truly as though he had been killed going 'over the top' over there.'

"To the members of his family is extended the heartfelt sympathy of each and every member of the Dixie division."

FREEMASONRY'S AIMS PRAISED BY MARSHALL

"If Principles Had Been Upheld War Would Never Have Occurred"

WILMINGTON, Del., Jan. 17.—Vice President Marshall, speaking on "Masonry and Patriotism" at the celebration here by the Royal Arch Masons of the one hundredth anniversary of the order in Delaware, said he was present as a Mason and not as an officeholder and declared that "if the principles of Free Masonry had been in the hearts of the men who ruled the world this war would never have occurred."

The Vice President continued:

"There is a body of Masons in this country who are going to leaven the whole matter until all men in the world are brothers. This war had to be, in order that the world might sweep away the rubbish which has covered its institutions and the sacred vessels of right and justice be recovered.

"The time has come when man can no longer answer God with Cain's old cry, 'Am I my brother's keeper?' For 8000 years men have made this answer. Thank God that the American people have been given the courage to answer to that cry, 'Yes, under God, we are brothers.'

"When this war is over we may not have what we had when the war began, we may lose some of our traditions. When the American people know what the right is they will stand for the right. Patriotism from now on is going to consist of a determination to make any sacrifice that the country's honor may be maintained.

"Don't talk of your rights. What counts is your willingness to make sacrifice. As Masons you owe something more. You have connections with Central and South America. Bind them closer, reach Free Masonry over all the Americas. Let us establish lodges in Chicken Russia. If we had them we could make Russia free."

The afternoon celebration was held in the Masonic Temple, where there was a speech by Warren S. Sripp, grand lecturer of Maryland. Stuart J. Horn, a past high priest of Delaware, read a history of chapter Masonry in Delaware.

The evening exercises were held in the Wilmington High School auditorium. Speakers at the evening meeting in addition to the Vice President were William Herbert Lowe, grand high priest of New Jersey, and Ferdinand C. Neidt, of Trenton, N. J.

Vice President and Mrs. Marshall arrived in Wilmington in the afternoon and were accompanied from Washington by Senator and Mrs. Willard Saulsbury, who entertained them during their stay in this city, and Congressman and Mrs. Albert F. Polk. Senator Saulsbury is not a member of the craft, but was one of the guests at the meeting held last evening.

WILL EXEMPT MEN OF 31

War Department Favors Discharging Them From Draft Liability

WASHINGTON, Jan. 17.—The Senate Military Committee has been advised the War Department favors discharging from draft liability men who have passed the age of thirty-one since registering on June 5, 1917, and without having been called to the colors.

Army Masquerader Jailed

CHICAGO, Jan. 17.—Henry B. Custer, who posed as an American army officer at Milwaukee and Rockford, Ill., was sentenced to thirteen months' imprisonment at Leavenworth by Judge Landis today. Custer told the Judge he would really like to enlist.

"Any chap in your fix would," answered the Court, and pronounced sentence.

"LONG LIVE THE KING"

A Human Story of Child-Desire, Court Intrigue and Love, the Latest Novel

By MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

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CHAPTER XXI—Continued

BUT he had the natural elasticity of youth and a sort of persistent belief in his own luck, rather like the Chancellor's confidence in seven as a number—a confidence, by the way, which the Countess could easily have shaken. So he had wakened the next morning rather cheerful than otherwise, and over a breakfast of broiled ham had refused to look ahead farther than the day.

That afternoon in the study Nikky hesitated when he saw Hedwig. Then he came and bent low over her hand. And Hedwig, because every instinct yearned to touch his shining, bent head, spoke to him very calmly, was rather distant, a little cold.

"You have been away, I think?" she said.

"For a day or two, Highness."

The Crown Prince put a small napkin around the handle of the silver teapot. He knew from experience that it was very hot. His face was quite screwed up with exertion.

"And today," said Nikky repreachfully, "today you did not ride."

"I did not feel like riding," Hedwig responded listlessly. "I am tired. I think I am always tired."

"Lemon and two lumps," muttered the Crown Prince. "That's Nikky's, Hedwig. Give it to him, please."

Nikky went a trifle pale as their fingers touched. But he tasted his tea and pronounced it excellent.

Prince Ferdinand William Otto chattered excitedly. He told of the dog, dilating on its cleverness, but passing politely over the manner of its return. Now and then Hedwig glanced at Nikky when he was not looking, and always, when they dared, the young soldier's eyes were on her.

"She will take some tea without sugar," announced the Crown Prince.

While he poured it, Hedwig was thinking. Was it possible that Nikky, of every one, should have been chosen to carry to Karl the marriage arrangements? What an irony! What a jest! It was true there was a change in him. He looked subdued, almost sad.

"To Karnia?" she asked, when Prince Ferdinand William Otto had again left the room. "Officially?"

"Not—exactly."

"Where, in Karnia?"

"I ended," Nikky confessed, "at Wedeling."

Hedwig gazed at him, her elbows propped on the tea table. "Then," she said, "I think you know."

"I know, Highness."

"And you have nothing to say?"

Nikky looked at her with desperate eyes. "What can I say, Highness? Only that—it is very terrible to me—that I—" He rose abruptly and stood looking down at her.

"That you—" said Hedwig softly.

"Highness," Nikky began huskily, "you know what I would say. And that I cannot. To take advantage of Otto's fancy for me, a child's liking, to violate the confidence of those who placed me here—I am doing that, every moment."

"What about me?" Hedwig asked. "Do I count for nothing? Does it not matter at all how I feel, whether I am happy or wretched? Isn't that as important as honor?"

Nikky flung out his hands. "You know," he said rapidly. "What can I tell you that you do not know a thousand times? I love you. Not as a subject may adore his princess, but as a man loves a woman."

"I too!" said Hedwig. And held out her hands.

But he did not take them. Almost it was as though he would protect her from herself. But he closed his eyes for a moment, that he might not see that appealing gesture. "I, who love you more than life, who would, God help me, forfeit eternity for you—I dare not take you in my arms."

Hedwig's arms fell. She drew herself up. "Love!" she said. "I do not call that love."

"It is greater love than you know," said poor Nikky. But all his courage died a moment later, and his resolution with it, for without warning Hedwig dropped her head on her hands and, crouching forlornly, fell to sobbing.

"I counted on you," she said wildly. "And you are like the others. No one cares how wretched I am. I wish I might die."

Then indeed Nikky was lost. In an instant he was on his knees beside her, his arms close about her, his head bowed against her breast. And Hedwig relaxed to his embrace. When at last he turned and looked up at her, it was Hedwig who bent and kissed him.

"At least," she whispered, "we have had this. We can always remember, whatever comes, that we have had this."

But Nikky was of very human stuff, and not the sort that may live by memories. He was very haggard when he rose to his feet—haggard, and his mouth was doggedly set. "I will never give you up, now," he said.

Brave words, of course. But as he said them he realized their futility. The eyes he turned on her were, as he claimed her, with hope. For there was no escape. He had given his word to stay near the Crown Prince, always to watch him, to guard him with his life, if necessary. And he had promised, at least, not to block the plans for the new alliance.

Hedwig, with shining eyes, was already planning.

"We will go away, Nikky," she said. "And it must be soon, because otherwise——"

Nikky dared not touch her again, knowing what he had to say. "Dearest," he said, bending toward her, "that is what we cannot do."

"No?" She looked up, puzzled, but still confident. "And why, cowardly one?"

"Because I have given my word to remain with the Crown Prince." Then, seeing that she still did not comprehend, he explained, swiftly. After all, she had a right to know, and he was desperately anxious that she should understand. He stood, as many a man has stood before, between love and loyalty to his King, and he was a soldier. He had no choice.

It was terrible to him to see the light die out of her eyes. But even as he told her of the dangers that compassed the child and possibly others of the family, he saw that they touched her remotely, if at all. What she saw, and what he saw, through her eyes, was not riot and anarchy, a threatened throne, death itself. She saw only a vista of dreadful years, herself their victim. She saw her mother's bitter past. She saw the austere face of her grandmother, hiding behind the mask her disappointments.

But all she said, when Nikky finished, was: "I might have known it. Of course they would get me, as they did the others." But a moment later she rose and threw out her arms. "How skillful they are! They knew about it. It is all a part of the plot. I do not believe there is danger. All my life I have heard them talk. That is all they do—talk and plan and plot and do things in secret. They made you promise never to desert Otto, so that their arrangements need not be interfered with. Oh, I know them, better than you do. They are all cruel. It is the blood."

What Nikky would have said to this was lost by the return of Prince Ferdinan William Otto. He came in, carrying the empty cup carefully. "She took it all," he said, "and she feels much better. I hope you didn't eat all the bread and butter."

Reassured as to this by a glance, he climbed to his chair. "We're all very happy, aren't we?" he observed. "It's quite a party. When I grow up I shall ask you both to tea every day."

That evening the Princess Hedwig went unannounced to her grandfather's apartment and demanded to be allowed to enter.

A gentleman-in-waiting bowed deeply, but stood before the door. "Your Highness must pardon my reminding Your Highness," he said firmly, "that no one may enter His Majesty's presence without permission."

"Then go in," said Hedwig, in a white rage, "and get the permission."

The gentleman-in-waiting went in, very deliberately, because his dignity was outraged. The moment he had gone, however, Hedwig flung the door open and followed, standing, a figure of tragic defiance, inside the heavy curtains of the King's bedroom.

"There is no use saying you won't see me, grandfather. For here I am."

They eyed each other, the one, it must be told, a trifle uneasily, the other desperately. Then into the King's eyes came a flash of admiration, and just a gleam of amusement.

"So I perceive," he said. "Come here, Hedwig."

The gentleman-in-waiting bowed himself out. His hands, in their tidy white gloves, would have liked to box Hedwig's ears. He was very upset. If this sort of thing went on, why not a republic at once and be done with it?

A Sister of Charity was standing by the King's bed. She had cared for him through many illnesses. In the intervals she retired to her cloister and read holy books and sewed for the poor. Even now, in her little chamber off the bedroom, where bottles sat in neat rows, covered with fresh towels, there lay a small gray flannel petticoat to warm the legs of one of the poor.

The sister went out, her black habit dragging, but she did not sew. She was reading a book on the miracles accomplished by pilgrimages to the shrine of Our Lady of the Angels, in the mountains. Could the old King but go there, she felt, he would be cured. Or failing that, if there should go for him some emissary, pure in heart and of high purpose, it might avail. Over this little book she prayed for courage to make the suggestion. Had she thought of it sooner, she would have spoken to Father Gregory. But the old priest had gone back to his people, to his boys' school, to his thousand duties in the hills.

Sometime later she heard bitter crying in the royal bedchamber, and the King's tones, soothing now and very sad.

"There is a higher duty than happiness," he said. "There are greater things than love. And one day you will know this."

When she went in Hedwig had gone, and the old King, lying in his bed, was looking at the portrait of his dead son.

CHAPTER XXII

At Etzel

THE following morning the Countess Loschek left for a holiday. Minna, silent and wretched, had packed her things for her, moving about the room like a broken thing. And the Countess had sat in a chair by a window and said nothing. She sent away food untasted, took no notice of the packing and stared, hour after hour, ahead of her.

Certain things were clear enough. Karl could not be reached by the old methods. She had, casting caution to the winds, visited the shop where Peter Niburg was employed. But he was not there and the proprietor, bowing deeply, disclaimed all knowledge of his whereabouts. She would have to go to Karl herself, a difficult matter now. She would surely be watched. And the thousand desperate plans that she thought of for escaping from the country and hiding herself — in America, perhaps — those were impossible for the same reason. She was helpless.

She had the choice of but two alternatives—to do as she had been commanded, for it amounted to that, or to die. The committee would not kill her, in case she failed them. It would be unnecessary. Enough that they place the letter and the code in the hands of the authorities by some anonymous means. Well enough she knew the Chancellor's inflexible anger and the Archduchess Annunciata's cold rage. They would sweep her away with a gesture and she would die the death of all traitors.

A week! Time had been when a week of the dragging days at the palace had seemed eternity. Now the hours fled. The gold clock on her dressing table, a gift from the Archduchess, marked them with flying hands.

She was for the first time cut off from the gossip of the palace. The Archduchess let her severely alone. She disliked having anything interfere with her own comfort, disliked having her routine disturbed. But the Countess surmised a great deal. She guessed that Hedwig would defy them and that they would break her spirit with high words. She surmised preparations for a hasty marriage—how hasty she dared not think. And she guessed, too, the hopeless predicament of Nikky Larisch.

She sat and stared ahead.

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

THREE SUCCUMB AT CAMP

Meningitis Cause of Deaths at Alexandria, La., Cantonment

ALEXANDRIA, La., Jan. 17.—Captain Jacob Stern, of Bessemer, Ala.; Captain Otis Hopkins, of Ohio, and First Lieutenant Dan Beall, of Mississippi, died yesterday of meningitis, it was announced at the base hospital at Camp Beauregard.

Millville Woman Falls Dead

MILLVILLE, N. J., Jan. 17.—While building a fire this morning Benjamin Sheppard heard a noise, and rushing upstairs found his wife dead on the floor. She had been in apparent good health and death was due to apoplexy. She was sixty-six years old.

HANCOCK CLEANS UP TO BANISH DISEASE

Thorough "Airing" Made and Quarantine Fixed Against Measles

HEALTH RECORD GOOD

Figures Show 9.8 Per Thousand of Illness for Last Week

CAMP HANCOCK, Augusta, Ga., Jan. 17.—The sick rate of the Twenty-eighth Division was announced today as 9.8 per 1000 for the last week, which, according to comparisons with the other National Guard and National Army divisions, is the lowest in the country.

Division staff officers say that no division has maintained a continuously low sick record as the Twenty-eighth Division has done.

The average sick rate for all divisions is 45.7 per 1000. Diligence marked the procedure today to keep the sick rate of the division to the lowest possible figure, when, after the outbreak of measles in the 112th Infantry Regiment, all the tents were ordered taken down and thoroughly cleansed. The canvas was cleaned and the entire interior of the quarters all taken out and aired. All the blankets were given a rigid inspection and shaking. The floors and walls were scrubbed with soap and water.

Major C. Blaine Smathers is in command of the regiment during the absence of both Colonel George C. Rickards, who is at Fort Sam Houston, Texas, and Lieutenant Colonel B. Bruce Gamble, who is confined to the base hospital with a slight attack of pneumonia, and directed the work of banishing the germs from the regiment, which today was placed under quarantine as a precautionary measure.

The water situation relating to the city of Augusta and to the camp remained unchanged today. The water going through the city mains is now not filtered and the people have been instructed to boil all their water. The water going to the camp, however, is filtered, a different main carrying the supply. It was stated by the city authorities that all efforts to relieve the situation were being put forth.

KOSHLAND—King of Odd Lots

MEN OF PHILADELPHIA

SOME SALE!

Going Full Speed Ahead and Setting the Pace Again, as Usual, in Clothing Values. Annual Event Now in Full Swing.

$6.66 Values $12.50 to $18.00 — SALE ONLY At Our 15th St. Store — $9.66 Values $20 to $25

Alterations Charged for But Only At Actual Cost of Tailor's Time.

Never has a sale been so popular, due to the vast stock, the enormous values and the variety of styles—and all in the face of the greatest rise in clothing prices in our history. Woolens are practically unattainable, yet through our system of buying Odd Lots, Samples and Models we have one of the biggest clothing stocks in existence. Come and make your selection early.

MAMMOTH REDUCTIONS IN OUR 13th ST. STORE *End of the Season Is the Reason.*

$25 Suits and Overcoats	$30 Suits and Overcoats	$35 Suits and Overcoats	$40 Suits and Overcoats
$12.45	$14.95	$17.45	$19.95

We have kept these tremendous values separate from our other sale, in order to avoid all confusion and to give the promptest kind of attention. You will see here the finest clothes ever produced—clothes that have attained pre-eminence in fashionable circles.

Fur Collar Overcoats *At Half Price* $24.95

5000 Pairs of ODD PANTS, worth double, $1.48 to $5.98

KOSHLAND

15-17-19 North 13th Street
2nd Door Above Market Street

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Between Market and Chestnut Streets

OPEN MONDAY, FRIDAY AND SATURDAY EVENINGS

SELECT your tailor with same care you select your doctor, lawyer or banker.

Hughes & Muller have spent nearly three-quarters of a century in making garments for Philadelphians who demanded the best.

Ask some of your friends who come to us for their wearing apparel what they think of our service.

Our Army and Navy Uniforms have the same distinctiveness that characterizes all our garments.

HUGHES & MULLER
Tailors
1527 Walnut Street
Established 1848

Genuine CORDOVAN $10 Elsewhere $6.75 Buy Them Here Now

Smashing Wholesale Prices

$7, $8 and $9 Shoes

Here at $4.75, $5.25 and $6

The greatest showing of high grade shoes in Philadelphia today—Kohn Calf, Mahogany Calf, Black Royal Calf, Tan Calf—every good leather is represented at a positive saving of $2 to $5 the pair. This exhibition sale is a direct challenge to every ground-floor shop in Philadelphia because the evidence is displayed for you to pick up, examine and prove to your own satisfaction.

The finest $7 Cordovans sold in Philadelphia can't hold a candle to these Royal Cordovan superfine shoes. It is an acknowledged fact there are no better Cordovans in the country. If you want convincing positive proof of the bona fide wholesale values in our exhibition sale, see these Cordovans.

Examine them, convince yourself. Remember, there is 100 per cent satisfaction and 35 per cent cash saving for you here today—so do not wait until your choice is gone. Come in this week—not later than Saturday night.

Come in this week for widest, fullest choice, not later than Saturday night.

ROYAL BOOT SHOP FOR MEN "Better Shoes at Basement Prices"

N. W. Cor. Market and 13th Sts. DOWNSTAIRS
Entrance on 13th St.
OPEN EVENINGS TO 9:30

New Scripps-Booth Models

Impart That Feeling of Luxury

which can be judged only on the basis of previous experience. To motor car users, it is a sensation of perfect satisfaction and maximum comfort. The Scripps-Booth has always appealed to that class which has always bought the best, and is constantly on the alert for the newest motor car achievement. To a superlative degree, this year especially, the Scripps-Booth has attained that position. Every line and finishing touch expresses dignified smartness, linked with sound, efficient mechanical construction.

The Six-cylinder model this year is a marvel in power, speed and flexibility.

It is roomy, without being cumbersome; easy riding and staunch without unnecessary weight; strikingly beautiful, but not freakish.

At the Auto Show (Near Main Entrance)

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FACTORY REPRESENTATIVE
BROAD & RACE STS. (ABBOTT BLDG.), PHILA.

The Franklin

Has No Radiator; It Is Air Cooled

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It is nothing new for the Franklin to be efficient. Thrift does not *just happen.*

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The Franklin Car is efficient and economical because the *fundamentals* of design make it so.

It is a matter of record in the automobile industry how Franklin design has stood against *excessive weight* and *complication*—and all that these things mean in waste of power, of gasoline, of oil, abnormal tire expense, high repair cost and heavy annual depreciation.

Franklin Cars are on exhibition at the Automobile Show, Space 12, Red Room, and in the Arcadia Cafe's Empire Room.

Men or women interested in automobiles who fail to examine **the Franklin** before they finally buy **err against good judgment!**

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(Note—On March 1 the price of the Franklin Car will advance approximately 10 per cent.)

McFarlan "90"
The "Made-to-Your-Idea Car"

See it at the Show

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