

THE ENEMY

—BY—
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Author of "THE BALL OF FIRE," etc.
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Continued.

There was no sleep in Billy, though. When Tommy Tinkle, unable to keep his ears or eyes open any longer, tumbled in for a good long sleep, Billy went to his desk and plunged into work. He'd have to pay stricter attention to business now. It meant something when a fellow was going to be married! And he'd watch that little matter of drink! He had been rather careless of late, but his days of bachelor irresponsibility were over! By George, he owed it to Tavy to become a solid, substantial citizen, like Three-B Benning, Geraldine. His conscience rather hurt him about Geraldine. He hadn't been around to see her for—let's see—how long was it? He'd send her some roses in the morning, and, soon as he found time, he'd run out and tell her the glad news. She'd be tickled, of course. A fellow was might lucky to have a chum like Geraldine.

At seven o'clock Billy locked away his work, and called Burke, and enjoyed a hearty splash and a healthy breakfast, and, fresh of garment and keen of eye, went down to the Pannard Building. He accomplished perfect prodigies of labor that morning; and, at noon, he went up on the avenue to buy a ring! He was so frankly delighted with that task, that the head of the diamond department came over and spent twenty minutes with him in selecting the jewel of the finest cutting and color. Then Billy, with the ring in his pocket, whirled gaily up to the enchanted apartment, and put the ring on Tavy's finger, where it glowed and sparkled and flashed as a symbol of their never-ending happiness.

Billy had only a minute in the enchanted apartments. He was very busy, oh, tremendously busy; and all four of the dainty little rooms seemed to vibrate and crackle and tingle from the verve of him. He enjoyed a laughing little banter with Mummy Stewart, not quite proud of her handsome big son-in-law-to-be, and he made an engagement with them for the theater that night, and he enjoyed an ecstatic five minutes alone with Tavy, or was it ten, or maybe fifteen; then he rushed away, like a racing aeroplane, for a plunge into business again.

At the club the aeroplane hesitated, hovered, then came down for a few minutes—just a brief little run-in, to order tickets.

CHAPTER XVI

A Little Gaiety For Tavy

"You are like sunshine in a garden, child," exclaimed Mrs. Stuart, as she received Geraldine in the dainty pink and gray parlor. She had a keen love of bright color, which had found its expression in the gay little court dolls she had made down in Vannester Square, and Geraldine's afternoon frocks always delighted her. "I feel like a spring bonnet," laughed Geraldine, looking down at the rose silk, and once more deciding that its becomingness quite excused its brightness. She sat by the window and glanced out at the shimmering river. The trees along the Palisades were beginning to feather out, and their greenness to-day, for the first time, was visible from this distance. A trace of speculation came into Geraldine's eyes. "It's a beautiful afternoon. I thought that perhaps Tavy might care to go for a drive."

"I don't know that she has any engagement for the afternoon," considered Mrs. Stuart contentedly. "She can't stay out late because we are going to the theater this evening. Geraldine's lashes drooped for the most infinitesimal flash of time. She knew quite well with whom they were going.

"I'll bring her back at four-thirty," she gaily promised. "That will give her time for the nap to make her especially beautiful for the evening; although Tavy doesn't need it." "That's pretty of you," Mrs. Stuart smiled with pleasure. "However, I don't believe Tavy will need it to-night."

Again that infinitesimal flicker of the lashes. A clumsy river steamer was churning down stream, a broad, glistening white blot on the water, and Geraldine watched its slow progress as interestedly as if it were laden with a life-time of pleasure for her. "How much stronger you are looking than when I first met you, Mrs. Stuart. The air seems wonderfully good up here."

"I don't think it's air so much as just solid happiness," returned Mrs. Stuart, and her gaze strayed to the huge basket of white lilies which hung in the bay window. Geraldine knew a piece in it; a Billy special. That particular assortment was known in the crowd. His imagination did not run to variations in candy. Billy! Billy! There were evidences of him everywhere! The hand on the arm of the chair contracted. Up the river—

"Hello, Geraldine! I didn't know you were here," Tavy, in a quaint, stiff little pompadour taffeta. She was beautiful; stunningly beautiful, with her exquisitely tinted complexion, and her glowing dark eyes, and her dancing black curls. There was a new sparkle about her to-day, a new vivacity. It was as if the sly littleimps had slipped out from those glossy ringlets, and turning demure, had taken complete possession of her, glinting and glimmering everywhere, from the pointed toes of her little patent leather slippers, from . . . There was a sudden flash like crimson fire, as Tavy reached forward her hands in greeting, and it was then that Geraldine saw the ring; Billy's ring!

"How sweet you look!" exclaimed Geraldine, rising to take the outstretched hands, and she kissed Tavy impulsively. She spoke with exaggerated animation, and her voice was just the slightest degree sharper and higher in pitch than usual. "I want to take you for a drive. Will you come?"

"Indeed I will." Tavy's voice is more animated, too, but it is not a shade sharper or higher in tone. If anything it is softer and sweeter. A great happiness has come to Tavy, and it has made her better in every way, as happiness must, for only they can be happy who are made better by it.

Tavy sat in the bay between her

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What is it?
This, Anemic People Ought to Know.

mother and Geraldine, and inspected the new rose silk with frank admiration. "The country must be wonderful now, with all the trees in blossom," she observed, but that the country was not strong in her mind was evidenced by the fact that, in spite of herself, her eyes strayed to the sparkling diamond on her finger. For the past two hours she had been practicing at not being over-conscious of it. Mrs. Stuart's eyes strayed to the ring, in spite of herself. It was such a beautiful stone, so clear, so alive with a thousand iridescences. Geraldine's eyes strayed to the ring. There was no avoiding the thing! It filled the room! Its radiance blotted out the possibility of

viewing anything else; its radiance and its illuminative significance! Geraldine laughed, and, reaching over, touched the glittering solitaire, then she shook her finger playfully at Tavy. "Confess!" she demanded. Tavy blushed furiously. Her mother laughed happily. "There's no use trying to hide it, Tavy," she counseled. "Billy!" charged Geraldine, and Tavy shyly dropped her eyes; but her head nodded, and every one of the little black curls danced. "I knew you'd take our Billy away from us," chattered on Geraldine, with that queer little accentuation of pitch and tone in her voice. "Our crowd will never quite forgive you, but they won't blame Billy. I don't see how he could help himself." "Have some candy," invited little

Tavy demurely, but the lips were dancing in her violet eyes. "A Billy special," Geraldine selected a confection. "This one has coconut in it, and that one pistache, and the big square one fruit cake. You're very much to be envied, Tavy. You'll have exactly this assortment of candy all your life." Tavy merely smiled. "Billy always knows how to please." If she had suddenly made up her mind to vary Billy's candy selection, she kept that decision to herself. "Yes, he has excellent taste," agreed Geraldine instantly. "He went with father to help choose these sapphires for my birthday, and he added this little purse for his own gift. Isn't it neat?" "Exquisite," Tavy took the purse,

and examined it with all the appreciation which was expected of her. "I'll slip on my bonnet and be with you in a minute." "Excuse me, please, Geraldine," begged Mrs. Stuart, and with a smile of hearty friendliness, she trotted out after her daughter. It was such a joy to expend on Tavy the dainty care she had exercised in the dressing of the gay little dolls. So Billy had reached his goal at last! His fevered race was run, and now he could pause to hear the voices by the wayside. A young man in love is headstrong. There is no stopping him until he has reached his goal. Geraldine looked out upon the broad river, but the current of her thoughts ran deeper than the stream. Three months she had waited for

Billy to become engaged to this Octavia Stuart. Tavy! "If you're to marry Billy, you must become better acquainted with all his friends," Geraldine chatted, as, with the primly bonneted and gowned Tavy by her side, she whirled up the Drive, and into the back road, and around the long, sweeping wooded curves, where the great gray castles of the modern barons have raised their stone turrets in frowning guardianship of the Hudson. "I must arrange parties for you, teas for you

to meet all the girls, and dances for the boys." That was an interesting conversation, the planning of all this brilliant incursion into social activity. The world seemed to have become very wide and beautiful since Billy had opened the door, and it was a finished and excited little Tavy who came back to the enchanted apartments, quite soon after four-thirty, to take her beauty nap. (To Be Continued.)

This Announcement Will Appear Today In Over 400 Newspapers Throughout the United States.

WARNING!

The Leather Market is Paralyzed! Prices For Shoes Are Taking Spectacular Advances! Look at the Facts Squarely and Listen to Reason. Follow Our Advice and You Will Be Money In Pocket. Read Every Word of This Story and You Will Know WHY.

Europe has stripped America of its leather. With not half enough for ourselves—the demand from across the water is for MORE, MORE, MORE! You can appreciate how desperate the situation is when we tell you that a foreign government recently laid down FIVE MILLION DOLLARS IN COLD CASH—before one of the biggest tanners in the United States and said: "GIVE US AS MUCH SOLE LEATHER FOR THAT AS YOU CAN!" Mind you, they didn't specify HOW MUCH they wanted for their money—but as MUCH AS IT WOULD GET FOR THEM! And now they are trying to DUPLICATE that order—and CAN'T. The quantity is SIMPLY NOT TO BE HAD.

In order to get even HALF enough leather for their OWN needs, American shoe manufacturers have had to pay as HIGH a price for leather to the leather manufacturers as THE NATIONS OF EUROPE WERE WILLING TO PAY!

And you see what has happened.

The shoe manufacturer simply HAD to pass the increases in price to the wholesaler; the wholesaler in turn passed it on to the dealer, and the dealer passed it on to YOU—the CONSUMER!

Take your BOY'S shoes for instance.

Two years ago you could buy a GOOD pair for him for \$2.00. Try it NOW! They're \$3.50 NOW—and soon they'll be \$4.00.

And WOMEN'S shoes! Four dollars used to buy a shoe acceptable to the average woman. Today she must pay TEN dollars a pair for them. And unless conditions change very materially very soon—those very ten-dollar shoes will cost her FIFTEEN dollars a pair! What do you think of that? It's got you thinking—hasn't it? And you know it's the TRUTH because you have ALREADY PAID THE PRICE!

Now then, see what is taking place in the realm of MEN'S shoes. Manufacturers and Retailers are frankly telling you in the magazines and newspapers that they can't give you at \$4.00 what they gave you in the past, and that you have to pay \$5, \$6, \$7 or more per pair.

And what they say is TRUE! Shoes that you once paid \$4.00 for, are now \$7.00! And pretty soon they'll be \$8.00!

Now follows what is unquestionably the greatest master-stroke of shoe merchandising ever accomplished. Stated in its simplest terms, it means that you may now buy for a very short time:—

Shoes	Worth	\$4.00	for	\$2.50
Shoes	Worth	\$4.50	for	\$2.95
Shoes	Worth	\$5.50	for	\$3.50

No, this is NOT a sale—it is MORE than that. It is giving you a chance—your chance—to buy your shoes at these remarkably low prices, if you act immediately.

Russia, Germany, France, England, Italy—they all would gladly pay us MORE for them—for that's LESS than the ACTUAL WHOLESALE COST OF THEM TODAY!

We have on hand, made up—and in the process of making—MORE THAN THREE MILLION PAIRS OF THESE SHOES. Think of that—MORE THAN THREE MILLION PAIRS!

We saw this thing coming long, long ago. If we were running a single store, or only a few stores, it would be different. But we operate TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY-SEVEN NEWARK SHOE STORES in the United States—and when we anticipate, we place gigantic contracts for supplies that run into millions of dollars at a clip!

In the latter part of 1915, we contracted for enough to cover ourselves for all of 1916 and half of 1917—OVER ELEVEN MILLION DOLLARS' WORTH OF SHOES!

When these are gone—UP GO THE PRICES—for you can't sell an article for \$2.50 that costs \$4 to make; or one for \$2.95 that costs \$4.50 to make; or one for \$3.50 that costs \$5.50 to make—can you?

So we say to you—BUY NEWARK SHOES NOW at \$2.50, \$2.95, or \$3.50—while you have that chance. And buy enough pairs to last you at least a YEAR.

And don't forget the BOY—buy HIM enough NEWARK shoes at \$1.75 or \$2.50 to see him through the year.

And tell your wife to go to HER dealer and buy a supply for HERSELF as well.

This is not a scheme on our part to make profit—you KNOW that, for, as previously stated, the warring nations would gladly take these shoes at these prices without us spending a dollar advertising them, because, they are less than the actual wholesale cost today.

We are simply inspired by a desire to let our customers in on the ground floor of good value on the theory that it will come back to us ten-fold in their good will and continued support of this great national enterprise, which today is the largest of its kind in the world.

Let us urge upon you not to put off your visit a single day, but to COME HERE TOMORROW. If you can't buy more than one pair tomorrow, we'll gladly lay aside one or two extra pairs for you for future delivery.

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Operating 257 Newark Shoe Stores In The United States—The Greatest Enterprise of its Kind in The World.

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