



# OUR TOWN



VOLUME III. NUMBER 45

NARBERTH, PA., THURSDAY, AUGUST 16, 1917

PRICE TWO CENTS

## GOOD ROADS TO VALLEY FORGE

The movement for the development of the roads leading into Valley Forge received a boom this week at the dinner given by Senator Frank P. Croft, at Washington Inn, Valley Forge. All the men who preside over the destinies of the roads in this section of the State were present and carefully considered plans to develop the old historical Gulph Road section between Gulph Mills and Valley Forge.

State Highway Commissioner Frank B. Black announced to the guests that \$107,000 of State funds was available for the use of the State roads in Montgomery county and that an additional \$29,000 would be contributed by the State for the county and township roads under the State Aid Law, under which the State contributes one-half the county one-quarter and the township one-quarter. Commissioners Hatfield, Bready, and Harper, of Montgomery county, and Commissioners West and MacFarland, of Upper Merion township, who were present, were urged to take immediate steps to raise the contribution and share of Montgomery county and Upper Merion township so that all of the State money could be had at an early date.

On behalf of the farmers and owners of the high-bred horses of the Main Line section, William C. Wilson, of Maple Farm; District Attorney J. Aubrey Anderson and William M. Bray, of King of Prussia, all decried the present practice of the highway department and road authorities of asphaltting the whole width of the roads and thus considering the needs of the motorists only. They asserted that a continuation of this system would result in driving away from this section the famous stock farms, hunt clubs and horse shows for which this part of Pennsylvania has been famous since the earliest colonial days. Earnest pleas were made that in all future road building the sides of the roads be macadamized so that the same could be used with safety by horses.

It is planned ultimately to have Gulph Road taken over as a State highway and connected with Montgomery avenue so as to form one splendid highway from Philadelphia to the Chester Valley region open for the use of both automobiles and horses.

## WANTED—RED CROSS WORKERS

The Narberth Branch of the American Red Cross has a workroom in the Y. M. C. A. which is well equipped and comfortable. More workers are needed—give of your time and talent any day that suits your convenience. No special invitation should be expected or required—this humane work is your work. Report anytime between 9.30 A. M. and 5 P. M.

### RED CROSS

The following is the list of those in charge of the Red Cross work at the Y. M. C. A.:

- Monday morning—Y. M. C. A. Auxiliary, Mrs. Stickney in charge.
  - Monday afternoon—Mrs. R. C. Hoffman in charge.
  - Tuesday morning—Mrs. Tristian B. duMaris in charge.
  - Tuesday afternoon—King's Daughters, Mrs. C. T. Faries in charge.
  - Wednesday morning—Community Club, Mrs. C. P. Fowler in charge.
  - Wednesday afternoon—Thimble Club and Needlework Guild.
  - Thursday morning—Mrs. A. H. Cole in charge.
  - Thursday afternoon—Mrs. Rezo Brooks in charge.
  - Friday morning—Mrs. Robert H. Brown and Miss Buckman in charge.
  - Friday afternoon—Mrs. Carroll Downes in charge.
- You are all cordially invited to be present on any or all of the days.

## OLD FASHIONED PARTY

On Tuesday evening Miss Virginia Downes gave a quaint old-fashioned party in honor of Miss Lillian Speakman, of Harrisburg, cousin of Miss Elizabeth Speakman, of Elm Terrace. The following young ladies were present: Miss Lillian Speakman, Miss Elizabeth Speakman, Miss Mildred Harris, Miss Madelyn McCoy, Miss Estelle Cohic and Miss Jennie Land. They sat around in an informal way knitting, while Miss Lillian Speakman, a very talented and interesting young lady, sang the old-fashioned songs. It carried one back to the old war times, nothing being lacking but the hoop-skirts. After some cool refreshments the guests went to their homes quite happy over their most unusually spent evening.

### NOTICE

The bus which carries people to and from the Episcopal Church from Narberth station, has been discontinued until the middle of September.

### SAVED HIS LIFE

A hospital nurse retired from the ward one afternoon in order to prepare the bread and butter ordinarily served with tea to the patients at five o'clock. She was at work in the pantry, with a loaf of bread on the board before her and a sharp knife in her hand, when she heard a stealthy step behind her. Before she could turn her head, her arms were pinioned and the knife was snatched from her hand.

One of the patients, a stalwart, muscular man, had suddenly become insane, and had stealthily followed her into the pantry without being observed. When the knife was once in his hands he made a frantic flourish in the air, and tearing his collar from his neck was on the point of cutting his own throat.

The nurse was a woman of grit and good sense. If she had shown signs of excitement or fear, the demented man would have killed himself. She looked at him with a smile, and did not move a muscle.

"That is a dull knife which you have," she remarked, quietly. "It will do poor service. Let me give you a sharper one."

The strong man even in his frenzy paused to stare at her, and she smiled again as tranquilly as though she were offering him a palm-leaf fan on a sultry day. She held out her hand for the knife, and after a moment's hesitation he handed it to her. The pantry window was open, and she tossed it into the yard.

"Now go back to your bed," she said to the patient, pleasantly.

The patient sprang to the open window and attempted to throw himself down, but she was too quick for him, calling lustily for help she held on to his legs, and kept him prisoner until the doctor and several attendants appeared. The sick man was taken back to his cot, and put under the charge of two nurses for the night.

The nurse, who had saved his life by her coolness and good sense, afterward became noted in the hospital as a woman who never lost her head under the most trying circumstances. She was a little woman, without much physical strength, but with her keen intelligence and self-possession she was better armed than if she had been sinewy and remarkably courageous.

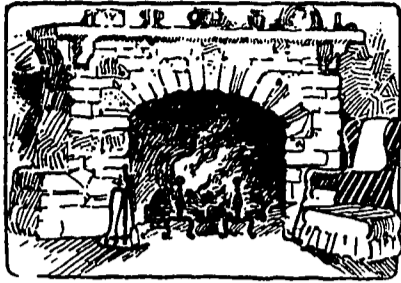
An old and experienced lawyer decided to turn over part of his large practice to his son in order to start him in life. Everything went smoothly until on one occasion the son came to his father's office with a beaming smile upon his face.

"I say dad!" he said joyously. "You know that Wright case that you've been engaged in for the last twelve years?"

"Yes," admitted the old lawyer. "Well, what about it?"

"I've settled it!" exclaimed his son. "Settled it?" shouted his father. "You great, lumbering fool! Why, I gave you that case as an annuity!"

Satan is the father of lies and matrimony is the mother of excuses.



## THE FIRESIDE

Betty Baxter's Gossip

More pleasant weather.

The examining of men for the army is now under way.

Mr. James Wilson and family have gone to Lakewood Farm Inn, New York.

Mrs. H. E. Heidelbaugh, of 117 Wodside avenue, has gone to Catskill, N. Y.

Miss Ella Sergeant, of Wynnefield spent the week with Miss Edith Hewitt, 116 Essex avenue.

Many homes and a large number of business concerns have been greatly upset by the uncertainty of the draft.

Rev. and Mrs. Alfred S. Durston, of Schenectady, N. Y., are visiting their daughter, Mrs. Elliot G. Dodge of 502 Essex avenue.

Judge Hutchinson and family, of Garden City, Kansas, have been spending a few days with Mrs. W. B. Anderson, of Woodside avenue.

A very welcome visitor arrived Monday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred M. Watts. It's a boy and weighs seven and one-half pounds.

Mrs. John J. Paul left Sunday for Atlantic City, where she will join her mother, Mrs. Joseph D. Maguire, who has been there for some time.

Miss Ethel Dittmann, of Chambersburg, after a stay of several weeks with Miss Hewitt, Essex avenue, left Thursday last for a visit with friends in Lancaster.

Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Foster, of Merion avenue, have gone to New Wilmington, Pa., to a summer conference. Mr. Foster is conducting a personal workers' class and Mrs. Foster a mission study class.

Mr. Roland K. Hewitt, 116 Essex avenue, enlisted July 30 in the Aviation Corps. Left Fort Slocum Saturday, August 4, for Fort Sam Houston, San Antonio, Texas, where he arrived Wednesday, August 8.

Now that Mr. A. C. Shand, Jr.'s concrete mixer has arrived, it is hoped that work on Haverford avenue will be rapidly pushed to completion. The closing of the avenue to traffic is a great inconvenience to residents.

Mr. Robert C. McQuilkin, of the Sunday School Times, and until recently a resident of Narberth, will preach at the Narberth Presbyterian Church next Sunday morning at 11 o'clock. Those who attended Mr. McQuilkin's Bible Study class in the Y. M. C. A., and who heard him preach last summer, will be glad to learn of this opportunity of hearing him again.

Richard H. Wallace, Jr., son of our former Burgess, and popular member of our base ball team, has been made second lieutenant in the infantry service, as just announced in the list of appointments made from a training camp at Niagara Falls. His brother, Brenton Wallace, associated with Frederick Warner in the building and contracting business, is a member of Troop E, Philadelphia. Narberth has good reason to be proud of these and the other young men who have enlisted in various branches of the service, now or former residents of the borough.

## FILL OUT and RETURN

this coupon immediately to Our Town, that proper credit may be given the noble youths who have gone in defense of their country.

Name of Volunteer .....

Address .....

Date of Enlistment .....

Branch of Service .....

State whether Army, Navy, Marine Corps, Hospital Corps, or National Guard.

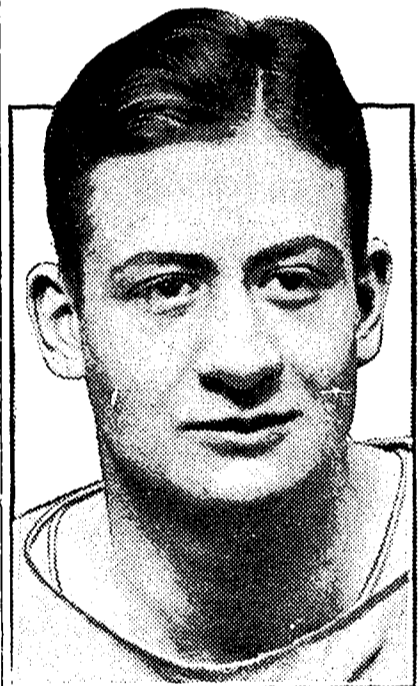
Signed .....

Relationship .....

## "NIG" KOONS PICKED AS U. S. AVIATOR FOR FRENCH FRONT

One of Narberth's Most Popular Base Ball Players on the Recent Disbanded Team

Wynnewood Lad One of Ten Chosen From Hundreds to Leave for Fighting Lines at Once



LANGDON F. KOONS

Narberth's Popular Catcher

There was a community pride at Wynnewood Station, on the Main Line, Thursday, when Langdon F. Koons, familiarly and affectionately known as "Nig Koons" because of a disposition to turn brown under the direct rays of the sun, took leave of his family, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick S. Koons, and Eleanor R. Koons, to go to the front in France. Koons was catcher on the University of Pennsylvania ball club for two years, and a member of Penn's foot ball team as well. He excelled in sports, as he has excelled in the preliminary study necessary to an effective aviator's duty on the front. In eight weeks which he spent at Ithaca, he learned sufficient of meteorology, of astronomy, of the construction of an airplane and its engine, to win the distinction of being one of only ten men of all of the hundreds studying at Ithaca chosen to go to France at once, and there to complete the business of learning actual flying.

Mr. Koons would not discuss his time of departure or his manner of going. He was quiet and self-contained, as always. He was an athlete upon whom his team could depend absolutely. Young Koons is a fine type of an American, six feet tall, quick in resource and strenuous in action. He made a quick response to his country's call as a volunteer in the officers' training aviator corps at Ithaca.

Already he has won an officer's rank, but just what it is Koons has

not said, since he has persistently taken the attitude that the Administration prefers absolute silence on the part of the young men who are enlisting for the country's defense.

The Main Line has given generously of its young manhood to the colors in all branches of the service. His friends declare that young Koons will give a fine accounting of himself as an aviator, because of his level-headedness and tenacity of purpose, so often effectively shown on the athletic field.

### SECRETARY BACON RESIGNS

Main Line Citizens' Association Officially Accepts Government Post

Mr. F. Hume Bacon, secretary of the Main Line Citizens' Association, has resigned from his position and accepted a governmental post in connection with the purchasing of wheat to be shipped to the Allies. It is with sincere regret that the association is forced to accept his resignation. The position has been filled by Miss Catharine Re Qua Brvant, from Chicago.

### SIX COMMISSIONERS

Members of Township Board Will Be Elected in Only Six Districts

There will be only six members of the Board of Commissioners of Lower Merion Township come up for election this fall, as the new law regarding this matter is now in effect.

The districts, by a new law, will be numbered in sequence from the oldest to the newest, and men in odd-numbered districts will continue for four years being elected in the even-numbered districts.

The districts have been numbered as follows:

1. General Wayne;
2. Merion Square;
3. Pencoyd;
4. East Bryn Mawr;
5. North Ardmore;
6. Rosemont;
7. Haverford;
8. South Ardmore;
9. Bala;
10. West Ardmore;
11. West Bryn Mawr;
12. Merion;
13. Cynwyd.

### AMERICA'S CAUSE FOR WAR

"The military masters of Germany denied us the right to be neutral. They filled our communities with vicious spies and conspirators. They sought to corrupt our citizens. \* \* \* They sought by violence to destroy our industries and arrest our commerce. They tried to incite Mexico to take up arms against us and to draw Japan into hostile alliance with her. They impudently denied us the use of the high seas and repeatedly executed their threat that they would send to their death any of our people who ventured to approach the coasts of Europe.

"This flag under which we serve would have been dishonored had we withheld our hand."—Woodrow Wilson, President of the United States.

### UNCLAIMED LETTERS AT NARBERTH POSTOFFICE

- Mr. George Roberts
- Mrs. E. Smith
- Mrs. H. Miller
- Mrs. E. Mehler
- Edward S. Haws, Postmaster.



News of the Churches

MERION MEETING HOUSE.

Merion Meeting House is opened for worship every First-day at 11 A. M. Visitors are cordially welcome. A registry book is kept for visitors. All are asked to register their names.

ST. MARGARET'S CHURCH.

Early Mass on Sunday from April 1st to October 31st at 6.30 A. M. From November 1st to March 31st at 7 A. M. Late Mass, 9.30 A. M. throughout the year. Masses on holidays, 6.30 and 8.30 A. M. Weekdays at 8. Evening devotions and other services at regular times.

THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

Rev. John Van Ness, Minister

The meetings for next Sunday are as follows:

10.00 A. M.—Sunday school.  
11.00 A. M.—Public worship. The sermon will be delivered by Mr. Robert C. McQuilkin, formerly of Narberth.  
6.00 P. M.—Union Twilight meeting. Sermon by Mr. McQuilkin. Miss Freda Schuebel will sing.  
The prayer meeting next Wednesday evening will be held in the Baptist Church. It is expected that Mr. Van Ness will be present and lead the meeting.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH

The Little Church on the Hill

Christian G. Koppel, Pastor

Sunday services:  
9.45—Sunday school.  
11.00—Morning worship. Sermon by the Rev. Stewart A. Young, of Devon  
6.00—Union lawn service. Speaker supplied by the Baptist Church.  
Union Prayer Meeting  
The prayer meeting Wednesday evening the 22nd is in the Baptist Church with the leader supplied by the Presbyterian Church.

EVANGEL BAPTIST CHURCH.

Rev. Avery S. Demmy, Pastor

Sunday services:  
9.45 A. M.—Bible school. Classes for all ages. Everybody welcome.  
11.00 A. M.—Morning worship. Sermon by Rev. Daniel G. Stevens, Ph. D. of the American Baptist Publication Society.  
6.00 P. M.—Union twilight meeting. Preacher furnished by the Presbyterian Church.  
Wednesday, August 15, 8 P. M.—Union prayer meeting at the Methodist Church. Leader, Mr. John W. Shinn.

Church Notes

We had ninety-one present at last Sunday morning's service and a splendid sermon by Dr. Atkinson. Come out next Sunday and hear Dr. Stevens, of our Baptist Publication Society.

ALL SAINTS' P. E. CHURCH.

Rev. Andrew S. Burke, Rector

The services at All Saints' P. E. Church, Montgomery and Wynnewood avenues, for next Sunday are as follows:  
8.00 A. M.—Holy communion.  
11.00 A. M.—Morning prayer and sermon.  
The Sunday school sessions and the afternoon services have been discontinued until the third Sunday in September.

COMMITTEES OF COUNCIL.

Finance and Law Committee—A. P. Redifer, W. D. Smedley, H. D. Narrigan.  
Highway Committee—H. D. Narrigan, F. L. Rose, Robert Saville.  
Police and Health—W. D. Smedley, F. L. Rose, Robert Caville.  
Water, Fire and Light—F. L. Rose, William J. Henderson, Robert Saville.  
Ordinance—William J. Henderson, F. L. Rose, Robert Saville.

An officer, who had "lost touch" with the troops and field-training, said to his sergeant: "I say, sergeant, where have all the blithering fools of the company gone to?"  
The sergeant replied: "Sure, and I don't know, sir; it seems we're the only two left."

THIRTY PIECES OF SILVER

**M**EN in his business circle talked of Robert Hatherleigh as a fine old English gentleman, respecting him for his energy and keenness for affairs. The employes of Hatherleigh's admired him for his grasp of the business details as much as for his humanity and kindly interest. "The old gov'nor" was regarded by them all with respect; but concerning young Bob, the son who would one day take control, the feeling went beyond esteem. Type of all that is best in British manhood, Bob had been of the first to answer the call. The Roll of Honor displayed in the works was headed by his name.

On his rare visits since joining up they had welcomed him with plain delight. Never did the older master pass through the workshops without inquiries as to his welfare, and always the tale had been good hearing. "The rascal is carrying on in accordance with our expectation. He tells me in his last letter they've made him sergeant." Pride was evident in the manner of the telling.

The old gentleman did not spare himself. Often he remained in his office long after his staff had left. There was nothing to draw him home betimes now that Bob was away. Robbed of the lad's cheery companionship, the evening hours were dull and dispiriting. Widowed for some years, business had come to be his chief interest in life. He was building for the boy.

As the car took him home that night he confessed himself tired, but contented himself with the knowledge of a good day's work.

A telegram lay on the salver kept for letters on the hall stand. No suspicion of its import touched him as he took it up. The smile lingered on his face while he tore it open; and then—in one cruel moment—the words "Killed in action" smote on his senses, and tragedy shattered his dream castles. Fate had all along been mocking him.

Somehow he had reached the chair in his study. Stunned and dazed by the shock, he had sat while the sense of the calamity beat into his brain. He had been conscious that his concerned old housekeeper had come after a time to tell him of the neglected meal. He knew that he had ordered her roughly away, and had locked the door against further intrusion.

Throughout the dark night he had remained before the dead fire. The dawn found him still sitting in his overcoat, with head sunk on his breast, a haggard-faced, broken old man. The anguish of bereavement had done its worst with him. He could not see beyond the heart-rending fact that his boy was killed. Hope was dead; futurity was blank. All the pride of achievement, the interest in working, had been killed in the black hours of his anguish. Death had pointed a finger to make a mockery of his plans. His only son had been taken; the promising life had been cruelly cut short. There remained—nothing!

At the insistent knocking he did not turn; the fumbling of the handle failed to house him. For an hour after the woman had gone away the letter she had pushed beneath the door remained untouched; then, as a gleam of sunlight brought him the bitter sense of the first of the days to be somehow lived through, he rose unsteadily to his feet, with hands pressed to his brow, and crossed the room to lower the blind. The letter caught and held his gaze as he stumbled back towards his seat, and slowly he went to the door and took it up.

He could see that it was stamped "Field Post Office," and, as he understood the significance of the mark, some glimmer of hope urged him to tear it open quickly. Mistakes were made. Possibly Bob was not killed, only perhaps badly wounded, and this was a note from his Commanding Officer to correct the official report: "Your son died nobly. . . ." The paper shook in his hands "He was the finest type of soldier, utterly fear-

A man that whispers down a well,  
About the goods he has to sell,  
Can't reap so many golden dollars,  
As one who climbs a tree and hollers.

**Gara McGinley & Co.**  
23 South 17th St. Philadelphia.

**ROOFERS**

MAIN LINE LEAGUE—SECOND ROUND SCHEDULE, 1917

August 18—Norristown at Wayne; Bon-Air at West Chester; Berwyn vs. R. G. Dun and Co at Narberth; Lee Tire and Rubber Co. at Autocar.  
August 25—Wayne at Lee Tire and Rubber Co.; Berwyn at Norristown; West Chester vs. R. G. Dun and Co. at Narberth; Bon-Air at Autocar.  
September 1—Berwyn at Wayne; Bon-Air at Norristown; R. G. Dun and Co. at Lee Tire and Rubber Co.; Autocar at West Chester.  
September 3 (A. M.)—Autocar at Wayne; West Chester Independent at Norristown; Berwyn at Lee Tire and Rubber Co.; Bon-Air vs. R. G. Dun and Co. at Narberth.  
September 3 (P. M.)—Berwyn at

Wayne; Bon-Air at Lee Tire and Rubber Co.; R. G. Dun and Co at West Chester; Norristown-A. C. at Autocar.  
September 8—Wayne vs. R. G. Dun and Co. at Narberth; Bon-Air at Norristown; Berwyn at West Chester; Autocar at Lee Tire and Rubber Co.  
September 15—West Chester Ind. at Wayne; Bon-Air vs. Berwyn; Lee Tire and Rubber Co. at Norristown; Autocar Co. vs. R. G. Dun and Co. at Narberth.  
September 22—Wayne at Autocar; Berwyn at Norristown; Bon-Air at West Chester Independent; Lee Tire and Rubber Co vs. R. G. Dun and Co. at Narberth.

less, and of a cheery disposition that made him liked by all. . . . There is not a man in the company who does not regret with me the passing of a splendid fellow. . . . An everyday incident here—a sudden, unexpected raid, a lively strafing with bombs, and a speedy return. . . . The platoon gained their trench to discover that their officer had been dropped in the rush, and the sergeant, without any hesitation, raced back to bring him in. . . . he had reached the parapet, when a bullet found him. The lad and his burden crashed over together, to silence the wild cheering. He was shot through the head—killed instantaneously. . . . I am making report to proper quarters, Lieutenant Ridgway, who is being sent home to recover, hopes shortly to be able to visit you. . . ."

The sentences beat into his consciousness, to plunge him back to despair. Bob—great-hearted, fearless Bob—had sacrificed himself for his officer. He would never see him, never hear his cheery laugh again. All that would remain was a medal, maybe, and—memory. Ridgway! The name touched some chord in his brain, to recall the most regretted chapter in his life. Involuntarily his gaze wandered to the locked desk, while questioning thought held him tense. Could this that his son had done be the expiation for the father's crime? Could this young officer be the son of Gerald Ridgway who had been the friend of his own youth—the friend whom he had basely betrayed?"

Slowly, as if impelled, he crossed to the desk and opened it. From within it he took a cardboard box tied round with faded tape and sealed with wax at the knot. With fingers that trembled, he cut the fastening and revealed a photograph—the picture of a happy and clever-looking young man—his friend Gerald Ridgway, as he had known him at Bob's age. The picture was strangely framed,

and in the manner of its framing lay all the sting of contempt and utter loathing. It was comprised at thirty shillings, set flat and joined at the edges. Thirty pieces of silver—the blood-money of a Judas!

That had been the gift of the woman he had hoped to win for wife the day after Gerald Ridgway had been sent to prison for embezzlement, and because she knew that a word from him would have saved the man who for friendship would not give away the real culprit, the significance had instantly leapt to his brain, stinging him like a brand of shame, and intensifying for all time the despicable-ness of his cowardly conduct.

Some folly of youth had led him to convert a cheque to hold off exposure and disgrace. Gerald had been with him in his father's counting-house and when discovery had come suspicion had fallen on him. He, too, had wanted Mary Winterton. Gerald could have cleared himself, but in the clearing he knew the chain of evidence would have surely incriminated his employer's son, who was his friend. Out of a sense of loyalty, quixotic, maybe, but splendid, he kept silence. Only, it seemed to Mary had he given the facts which proved his innocence. The result had been the sending of the photograph. From that day, although he had heard of her at times, he had never seen her. After Gerald had served his short term he had made a fresh start and had prospered. Mary and he had married. That had been the black chapter in his life, never to be forgotten. For fear of disgrace he had played Judas to his best friend, and, although he had tried to solve his guilty conscience with excuses, remorse for his cowardice had been ever with him. The memory of that framed picture had ever the power to sting anew. Success had come to him; he had made the marriage desired by his parents; in his business he was respected by all who knew him; but

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Special "Guernsey" Milk (Roberts' & Sharpless' Dairies)	MERION WYNNEFIELD BALA-CYNWYD NARBERTH
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Good Old-Fashioned, Home-Made Fudge. The Kind That Mother Used to Make

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**Before Purchasing Anything So Important as a Home**

take a look through my new houses on the brow of the hill, two on Narberth Ave. and three on Forrest Ave.

**WM. D. SMEDLEY**  
BUILDER  
NARBERTH, PA.

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Nine rooms and bath; hot water heat, electric lights; high ground. Lot 50x125. For quick sale, \$5000.  
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**George B. Suplee**  
Steam & Hot Water Heating Plumbing

Bell Telephone.

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CATERING FOR PARTIES

self-esteem had been killed by the thirty pieces of silver.

The picture had been kept locked away in his desk for thirty years. Some day he had intended to make confession to Bob of the discreditable story behind it, thinking so to punish himself still further; but he had never been able to do it. Bob had believed him straight, incapable of shady dealings. He would have dealt roughly with any man who dared to hint otherwise.

Now Bob was dead, one of the thousands of somebody's sons who had answered the call of Empire to fight in defence of the right against insensate aggression. The questioning that assails the father at such a loss came

(Continued on Fourth Page)



The Smile Pays!

One big city store now boasts an employee with "a fifty-thousand-dollar telephone smile"—a smile that brings in orders for \$50,000.00 worth of merchandise each year.

Selling, or buying, or in the daily round of telephone talking, the "smile," and the pleasant rising inflection which indicates it, does carry out over the wire, making friends and holding them, breeding confidence and building up that thing known as "good will," on which the success of business depends.

The Bell Telephone Company of Pennsylvania  
Business Office,  
1230 Arch Street, Philadelphia.

