"AND I did go," went on my strange niece. "Aunt Lucinda, you and father between you control the stock of mills down there. It's criminal to think you've never been near the place. It

are Bluebottles. I see a hundred neces-sary things that must be done for those people down there. And I — "Minerva—you are ridiculous," I broke in "When I was your age young women

were content with gowns and dances and casional communion with our minds as means of diversion. It was not considered delicate to tramp the slums among the poor who are poor because they're too stupid to be anything else."

"You were young in a dark age, Aunt buckada," smiled my niece flipmantly. "Gowns and balls are inane. As for communion with our best minds, I believe in that thoroughly. I am becoming very well acquainted with Mr. Sabotky. Working with himMinerva's wild disclosures were here in-

terrupted by the entrance of Prudence, my brother's wife, who was as usual tear-til and ineffectual. "I sappose you know," she sniffed, "of Minerva's latest madness. I cannot un-

Minerva's interest the state of Roger brought home to dinner my old friend, Mr. Robert Reamer, a graceful writer and a gentleman of honorable fam-By. It developed that Mr. Reamer had lately been investigating mill life up-State for one of our most conservative and re-Hable magazines - a magazine always hon-ored in our circle, because in the present trend toward yellow sensationalism it has kept firmly to its policy of protecting

property rights. "My dear your "My dear young lady," he said to Mi-nerva at dinner, "I am afraid you have been temporarily led astray by the rapid cry of the demigogue—the self-seeker. I have, I assure you, made an exhaustive study of conditions in our mill towns. I have talked with all the men in power there. This cry of 'social justice' is simply the old cry of envy against those who have succeeded."

"It is, on the contrary," said Minerya. her eyes flashing, "the cry of the cham-plens of the weak."

"A fine pose-protector of the weak,"
"A fine pose-protector of the weak,"
answered Mr. Reamer, smiling indulgently. "It appeals to those who love the
limelight. But common sense, not emotion, must decide these things. The price labor receives depends on the law of sup-ply and demand. Business is businessply and demand. our friends want to make it a philan-

"And ruin the business man," cried r. "How about our small stockhold-Who ever thinks of them? There are some of them who could ill-afford reduced dividends. There are widows and

"Oh, father," cried Minerva, "don't tell me your next word was to have been orphans. I think of some of our stockholdmual trips to Europe-and my heart

"Amyhow," put in Mr. Reamer, "even if some of these mill workers don't make enough to live by the best standards—that needn't worry us. They have never been used to anything better." Robert Reamer always did have the knack of Beamer always did have the knack of the unfair bonus system. Does that in-stating original facts vividiy—it has been terest you? No? Well, I'll say good night

"Mr. Reamer," inquired Minerva, "have you ever tried keeping a wife and five small children on \$8 a week?"

Mr. Reamer blushed. He is a bachelor, with an extremely sensitive mind. "Of course not," he said. "I couldn't do it. I've been used to better things.

And remember, too, that children are not

the fault of the mill owner—"
"Exactly," cried Roger, "Who asks
them to bring children into the world? I
don't. It's no affair of mine. I can't
raise wares live become raise wages just because my employes have been so foolish as to acquire fami-

FARMER SMITH'S RAINBOW CLUB

The Rainbow Club right away quick, but I think we ought to have at least

100,000 members by one year from now. Say 100,000 members by Thanks-

giving, 1916. You see, there is a children's club of about 75,000 in Kansas

· Philadelphia is a city of homes, and it seems to me that we can easily

get 100,000 members by the end of our first year. Then we will have the

I wish to become a member of your Rainbow Club and agree to DO A LITTLE KINDNESS EACH AND EVERY DAY. SPREAD A LITTLE SUNSHINE ALL ALONG THE WAY. Name ..... Address ..... Age .....

of New York, some of them, do not know what grass is.

FARMER SMITH, The Children's Editor, The Evening Ledger, Philadelphia, Pa.

largest children's club in the whole world.

animal that roams about the prairies

where the Indians live? (Three

credits.) (3) What city the name of

which contains 10 letters, the first let-

ter being W, was called for a very fa-

us President? (Three credits.) (4)

What street in Philadelphia was

named after the Christmas tree? (Six

Wanita and Kawasha

A Story of the Mohawk Valley.

(Introduction)

Many years ago, before the houses

Dear Everybody-Of course, I do not expect every boy and girl to join

agreed Mr. Reamer. "In my forthcoming article I shall expound it fully. The mill owner pays wages according to the law of supply and demand. Some workers de enough to live on, perhaps. Their plight affords a sad spectacle—but a necessary one if our country is to de-velop properly. A surgical operation is not a pretty sight, but it is often neces-

sary," "Who am I," asked Minerva, "to com-I srieved at the lack of respect in her

When dinner was finished Minerva excused herself and went to her room. In the library Mr. Reamer and Roger smoked

"Blindness is pleasant, isn't it?" she replied in a superior tone, "I was blind for a long time myself. But now—I see, a little after nine Mr. Reamer left, and the door had scarcely closed upon him when Minerva appeared upon the stair. In her hand was a small travel.

She had exchanged a single of unrest, while results of unrest, while results of college. In my day a fashionable finishing school was sufficient, and it put no feelish notions in young heads. A little after nine Mr. Reamer left, and the door had scarcely closed upon him when Minerva appeared upon the stair. In her hand was a small travel. eyes, and has inherited little from her nother's people-a great blessing.

She came into the drawing-room and sat There was in her eyes that Joan of Arc look I had noted several days back.



"I am afraid you have been led astray."

I admire Joan of Arc, but I have always ontended she would have been unfortuately placed in the Back Bay.

"New, family," said Minerva calmly, "don't let's have any heroics. I have talked this matter over with Mr. Sabotky, and he agrees that it is quite wrong for ne to stay on here wrapped in luxury provided in a manner of which I don't approve. I have chosen this moment for leaving because Aunt Lucinda is here, and she is with father the one most responsible for affairs at the mills. I am just as fond of you all as I ever was, but I cannot possibly live here any longer on the Bluebottle dividends. So I am leaving tonight to earn my own living. "Minerva Bluebottle!" fairly screamed

Prudence. Roger called upon the Deity, a trait in Bluebottle men when thoroughly roused.

"Where are you going?"I asked. "There is a hotel for working girls in Huntington street," she said. "It is not elegant, but it is good enough. I am gong there for the present. I am taking ill dellars of your money, father, which shall repay as soon as I find a post-

Roger's face worked convulsively, "Of

Nothing of the sort," said Minerva.
"Nothing of the sort," said Minerva.
"I've simply come to the conclusion that we're getting more than our fair share of he profits of the mills, and I won't take the money any longer. I will send you my address, and call to see you now and then. If it interests you-my terms for surrender are a 19 per cent, increase in wages at the mills and the abolition of

you," bellowed Roger, leave this house-"The days of the lyied tower, father," Minerva answered, "are forever over. I'm

of age, you dear, foolish, old dad. Good-night." She kissed her dazed father, managed to insert a kiss into Prudence's torrent of tears, and moved toward the door. There she stood like a crusader waiting for a

train.
I was, myself, in something of a dage. Strange things have happened among our friends since the younger generation took to following after new idols, but this was "There is justice in that viewpoint," town. I hastily put on my bonnet.

City and one a little larger in Cincinnati. New York has a children's club of Indians, for they washed each morn-

80,000, and New York is not a city of homes like Philadelphia. The children ing with a soap made of bark which

The Children's Editor, The Evening Ledger.

FARMER SMITH,

"You'll let me take you to your hotel my carriage, dear?" I saked. Minerya finally consented to ride to her

martyrdom in a vehicle bought with Blue-bottle dividends, and we left her over-whelmed parents and went out into the street.

As we drove through unfamiliar streets In search of Minerva's new home, ought gently to get her to come to my my bed, my breakfast, all were outlawed by those dividends, it seemed, and I could

by those dividence, it seemed, and I could not prevail upon my niece.

She rented a room on the top floor for a week, paying a sleek clerk in advance, and we ascended to it in an elevator no and bemoaned the spirit of unrest; while larger than the closet where I keep I again tried to explain to Prudence how grandfather's Civil War uniform. If the Minerva's queer point of view was the clevator was small, the room my nices clevator was small, the room my niece proposed to dwell in was infinitesimal. It held a cheap fron cot, a cheaper chiffonler,

a stand and a chair.
"Minerva," said I, sitting upon the cot—
it was as hard as Plymouth Rock—"you must remember that we of the older gen-eration do not quite understand the vaga-ries of the new. I think all this is most unkind and ungrateful to your father and nother, Have you considered that?"

She turned round, and I could see that ter chin trembled. "I have," she said, "and I'm so sorry. But—I won't have my father pointed out as an oppressor of the poor. I want him to change before it is too late. This hurts me as much as it does him. But it's for his good," She smiled faintly. I made no further work by the standard of the said of the sai

I made no further effort. She told me she heped to get work as a secretary, but that "anything honest" would do for the present. She unpacked her bag and placed a book on the table. It was entitled "Practical Socialism" or some such thing. When I saw it a little shudder went down my spine, and I kissed my poor, mad niece good night.

It was on the following Monday that I went to call on Arthur Sabotky. Minerva had visited me daily with detailed accounts of her ludicrous search for work, and most of her talk was of the young agitator who had inspired her to take this "advanced" step. I realized that an interview with him was imperative. Without arousing her suspicions I secured from her his address and invited him to tea.

vited him to tea.

He replied rudely that he did not drink tea, and that if I wished to see him I must come to the printing shop where he worked. It was a wrench, but I went. I found him amid his shabby surroundings, dark, foreign, fiery. With eyes like his I am not sure but that the Back Ray might have taken him up—had he been a musician or a poet instead of a Socialist. Socialist.

"Sir," I said, when I had introduced myself. "I do not know whether or not you realize the influence for evil you are exerting over my niece. Minerva Bluebottle. Upon your advice she has left her home and caused her family much unhappiness. I have come—" "Unhappiness?" he answered, his eyes glowing. 'What should the Bluebottles know of unhappiness? Unhappiness is for the men and women they force to live like animals, stealing most of the profits of the work of their hands, dealing them a pittance like charity."
"I did not come here to debate your

doctrines," said I sharply. "I came to ask what price you set for removing your influence from my poor niece..."

Influence from my poor niece—"
"A bribe?" he flared.
"You state it crudely," I replied. "But I do not believe that men such as you are averse to personal profits—"
"Really?" he sneered, "You have known few men such as I, I take it. My price to stop influencing your niece is the same as hers. A 10 per cent. increase in wages and—"
"That," said I, "is out of the question."
"Then you will excuse me. I have my work—"

I looked him steadily in the eye.
"What," I asked, "do you get out of all this-only glory? A height young man like you might, by application, rise high in the world. You waste your time dreaming impractical dreams."

"Impractical, are they?" he said, clos-ing his eyes. "No, I do not think so, but even if they were—it is too late ing his eyes, "No, I do not But even if they were-it is now. I have seen too many dark tenements, have come into close contact with too many pitiful struggles for existence—" He stopped, "By the way," inquired, "have you seen these

"Of course not," I replied.
"Of course not," He repeated the words with a bitter laugh. "You live in haxury, and the unhappy crowd that pays the bills does not concern you." He stepped to a closet and took out a coat and hat. "Miss Bluebottle," he said, "you and I are going this minute to Saxton." Such effrontery! Such sublime preaumintion!

"No," I said, " I am not going to Sax-ton today or——"
"You are going now," he replied, "or you stand accused of being too cow-ardly to face the facts of how your money is made,"

CONTINUED TOMORROW

A NEW DEPARTMENT FOR CHILDREN It is in one of these Indian camps that we find two children, Wanita and Kawasha. They were white children brought there by the great Chief Agawanda and turned over to the squaw

mother and their color was that of

turned them Indian color.



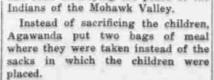
School I attend..... Do You Know This? Wanita and Kawasha were known to their parents as Wee Wee and Chee (1) What name of a State is an Chee and when the white men and answer to this sum, 10-NES-C? (Five For the women of the camp where the chilcredits.) (2) What city in New York dren lived went out to fight the In-Wee Wees State was named after a BIG, shaggy

> Open your mouth, And close your eyes; I'll throw you a kiss, A sweet surprise.

Dear Wee Wees—How do you like Mister Frog? What do you want him to do next? Write me a frogogram soon, Farmer Smith.

were built, the sun used to laugh and kiss the little bubbles as they rose and fell on the water.

Here and there could be seen a white settlement and far in the distance the smoke rising toward the blue which now line the Mohawk River sky from Indian camps. (Continued Friday, December 10.)



dians, Wee Wee and Chee Chee were

stolen by the Indian Cross Dog and

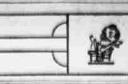
brought to Agawanda to be burned as

a sacrifice to the Thunder God who

had been destroying the peace of the

After the bags of meal were burned, we find Agawanda taking the children through the woods to their new home, where we now find them, in the shade of the hills along the Mohawk River.

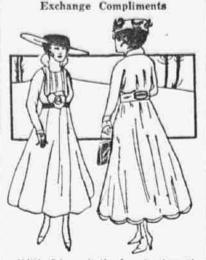
## SCRAPPLE



THE PADDED CELL



Irish Sergeant (sleeping in a ruined farmhouse somewhere in France)—Here, Burke, just shiip out and see if there's a front door; and, if there is, shut it!"



Edith-I haven't the face to stare at man like that. Dorothy—No, dear; and you haven't the face to make a man stare at you like that, either.

Poor Man

KACHOORIH.

and that opened my eyes

Kind Lady-Ah! a day before yes-terday you were blind." Beggar-But yesterday I got married

An English View

SNUFFING THE WRONG CANDLE.

Different Case

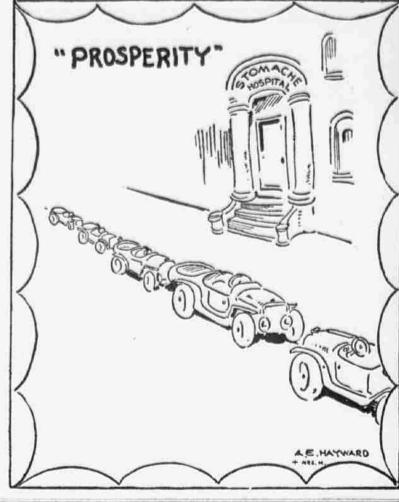
Poor old Brewster, Half-a-dozen

doctors have given him up at various times during his life."

What was the matter with him?"



peace is declared and the custom of "treating" has just been reinstated.) Picture of Sanders Macintosh and Andy MacMurchie deciding who stood the last one in 1915.



DID IT EVER HAPPEN TO YOU?

YOUR SUPPORT

ALL

RICHT

HAVE A CIGAR? SAY TOM 'I I'M A CANDIDATE FOR MOST L ILLOSTRIOUS GRAND EXALTED MOGUL IN THE LODGE I WANT







WELL THERES 45 LIARS THAT I KNOW BULLETIN RESULT OF ELECTION FOR MOST ILLUSTRIOUS GRAND EXALTED MOGUL GED. BUSHELHEAD S 55 YOTES 602 JERRY TOPP 20 VOTES

WELL! WELL! MY OLD PAL JOEY HOW ARE YOU? THA'S COOD JOE CAN ICOUNT ON YOUR VOTE AT THE

People Who Ought to Be Strafed

-The Sketch. The husband who can't do fewer than 15 boxes of matches a day.

## -AND THE WORST IS YET TO COME



LATEST PHASE OF THE BRITISH SERVANT QUESTION

MINNE S



The domestic difficulty, which is always with us, to now intensified by the many new openligs for women



of carbolic acid. Dealer-This is a hardware store But we have a fine line of ropes, re-



## Man Above-Hey, amash yuh one with me picki