JOHN - WHERE

ARE YOU ?

THE PADDED CELL

## HER DEAR BARBARIAN

By JOHN LUTHER LONG

DEASE be that sweet to me soon an' all time till marry, Barbarian!" "Yes," said Vardog, "for after, I sup-

"After-there is no to'ch, no voice-

Pand you won't let me make trouble. fahl, play the very deuce to make them let you go?"

"No, dear Barbarian. Firs' place nothin can change Japan-

egy the Lord, I can," vowed Vardog, "If you would let me!" "Secon' place, jus' resul' in killin' you."

"Fil take the chances." "No. They too many for you! And

you thing that happy for me, log' up an' got thing you dade? Ain' more happier for me thing you 'live an' lovin' me severy minute? "Well-if it will make you happy,"

"Well-if it will make you happy,"

"Behel Vardoz.

"Dear Barbarian." whispered the girl,
me day later, "mebby you don' got bring
Gaddess Liberty an' George Wash'n'ton
bep. Don' got play deuce or fight."

"What-what's that?" asked Vardoz.

Sometimes Miss Peach's galety was as

"belle as his-but now she was distressed.

"'Xpeck they go'n' outcast me."

"Xpeck they go'n' outcast me."
"What for?"
"Bline. Kin do those. Forgot."

"Barbarian-don' be glad they outcast-And then Vardog remembered what that

meant to a Japanese—no people, no country, no gods!

"Forgive me," he said. "But I'll try to make up for all you lose. You will be ridd of it after a while."

"Will I, dear Barbarian?" asked the

"Yes." said Vardog. And the day came galloping: Momowith painted face and smiling eyes to be

cutcas!

The naval lieutenant was there, his lordly father, the father and mother of Mamo-San—and many brothers and lesser relatives. This breaking of a prenatal betrothal was as impressive as had been

Said Daimyo Motomori to Daimyo

Fani: "Honorable beseeching, I.beg that the selemn covenant between your lordship and miserable me, before the birth of your excellent daughter, concerning the sugust marriage of the twain, shall be hisorably annulled because of the blindbers of the same. As your august lordship well knows, we come of a great line -no less than Kuge. It is our duty to -no less than Kuge. It is our duty to perpetuate that line, in all its august physical and mental vigor. But, shall we agustly do that if your daughter shall bear to my son children blind of the eyes? Upon your lordship's august knees break my bones and miserably be-

"It is true, august lordship," answered Damyo Izani, "that the obligation you honorably refer to was entered into and failified with joy by the miserable birth of a daughter to me. That alone could bring joy in the fathering a woman child, which is sorrow and vexation to the helis themselves. But in this too great Joy there was implety. The gods for too great joy "ill punish sorrow. Therefore, they have sent this blindness. August lordship, because you righteously demand, the compact of marriage is broken and your son is honorable free to marry another." To the assembled witnesses he turned and

The naval Beutenant, by special grace, was permitted to speak in the presence of his clders. It was the new way of the new navy.

"As an officer and a Japanese gentle-

man I stand ready to make this marriage

even against the wishes of my father, if Momo-San still desires it."

o-San, being also permitted, replied, still in the old way of Bushido

spoken is miserably true. I could not bear you perfect children. Therefore—" Fut that was quite nough. The father nd son protested their obligation to the geon father of Momo-San and with low pros-trations went their way. To the relatives the father of Momo-

"Little good fortune is there in female children. Howelf low is my miserable hoad. Shumed am I before the gods. Counsel me what to do with her." "She must be put away," answered

"Out of sight!" orled several others. "Then will the gods forget her," said a wise bronze from Nagasaki. Said an uncle from Hakodadi: "There is a retreat on the mountain of

Spring Snow. In the summer it is less cold. Others are there. I see them being led down to the valley. They live long. Some, three years!" 'When do you return?' asked the

father. "Tomorrow." "She shall go with you."

To Momo-San he said:
"Prepare!"
"I will be ready," said the girl.
Then they left her alone there, to be

forgotten of the gods.

But you know, of course, that Vardog was not far away. And so, when he very slowly and gently drew the satin hands into his she did not tremble and draw away. If, indeed, she remembered the teaching of the Young Ladies Old Book of Decorum concerning barbarians at this moment. She let him have them. "Aexcuse, dear Barbarian," she said, in white white a single property of the said.

sobbing whispers, "I have that lonesome-ness. There is now no one but you." "Yes," whispered foolish old Vardog, with an ecstasy he could not keep out

of his voice.
"You sound lig" you glad, dearest Barbarian!" said Momo-San, with surprise.
"Yes!" was again all that Vardog could
trust his voice with.
Momo-San's head drooped to his shoul-

"Thass wrong?" she asked. "Hade or ou? I'm that tired!"

"That's right," answered Vardog,
"So ver', ver' tire," sighted Momo, suddenly letting go and relapsing upon him
like a wornout child, "Thass hard work -be outcasted by neverybody-gods an "Did they really outcast you?" asked Vardog, the triumph in his voice.

The-the water-soldier, too?"
'Yaes."

Vardog laughed and closed his arms bout the lonely girl.
Even a Japanese could not entirely mis-

understand this.

"Dear Barbarian—you lig' liddle blin' girl—liddle—yaet!" "A little!" almost shouted old Vardog. "I told you about that. I won't tell you again. It's bad for you. It's tautological. No, I won't tell you again that-I love

He laid his lins on hers. She did not shrink. She was even not much sur-prised. He had explained this American custom, and had said that it would be certain to happen if he ever became en-"Gods-augustnesses-not-it is not that you wan' me-bline

"Yes!" shouted Vardog, disgracefully. "How that is sweet, dear Eijinsan. But not marry-lig' you once say-no, no, no! Course not. Jus' be good frien'-mebby woman. Thass 'nough happy-" "Yes! Marry!" cried Vardog.

And there was no more for a long time. Then Momo-San whispered: "Then-then, take me, dear Elfinsan, far, far away. Mebby to your own coun-try, where is no dizgraze-jus" loave-happy. Now, dear Barbarian-else to-

mappy. Now, dear Barbarian—eise to-morrow they take me to a mountain al-ways full show, where the gods forget me—an' I die—and go to the hells."
"Yes," said Vardog. "I came here to find happiness, and it is flung at me! Now I'll take you back to show Simpling that I've found it! Come! Do we have to ask any one's consent?" to ask any one's consent? "All outcast me," said Momo-San.

ing happily here and there. At last she took from the tokonoma a doll— "Dear Elfinsan—may I take these?—do

Merican wire have doll?

"This one will," said Vardog, He put it into her sleeve "Come, Eijinsan!" whispered M "All my souls are yours!" ner sieeve himself. whispered Momo-San. The temple bells of Night had fallen.

"Great honor would it be, most august the gardens of the yashika of the Prince Lord Montomori, to be married to you. of Imani with their faces toward America. Nevertheless, what our fathers have And then one day they went back to And then one day they went back to the land where it is always afternoon— with Momo-San's eyes quite healed. Var-dog had found the good American sur-

They were on the Nihon Bashi-crossing the bridge-in a kuruma, when another kuruma came toward them. In it were a naval lieutenant and a woman. "You thing those his wive?" ask Momo-San.

"A geisha," smiled Vardog. "No. Too ogley, fat," objected Momo-San, "Gesha always pretty, Oh! Madame Yone-Ichi, widows Marquis Ichi! Wive!"

"So" laughed Vardog.
"Lig' him see I happy," pleaded Momo-San, "and got sight return. An more Where on earth did you learn that

ime" asked Vardog.
"Land of free an home of brave," laughed Momo-San-Vardog ordered the kuruma to turn. So they passed the rickshaw contain-ing the water-soldier and the lady, and

turned again.
Now, Momo-San was dressed in American attire, and she knew well how to wear it! There was a great picture hat on her lead at a perilous angle. Tiny patent-leathered feet extended beyond a clinging gown of palest yellow. Over her head was a brilliant crimson parasol. This gorgeous array could not but at-tract the attention of any naval lleu-tenant. As they approached, Momo-San put up her starers, leaned out of the little carriage engagingly, and bowed to

Lieutenant Motomori. "Tadaima! Tadaima!" she cried, waving a hand, in the breezy American way, to stop him.

Well-the young officer only knew, be will-the young omcer only know, bewilderingly, that he was being courted
by the most radiant being he had ever
seen. Certainly his own small carriage
stopped in all the traffic opposite her
own, Momo-San continued to smile. The
overplump lady in the other carriage
did anything but smile. One might have
thought was had never smiled thought she had never smiled.

As for the water-soldler—all the stol-clam hundreds of stoical ancestors had Joined to teach him was gone in an instant, and he was, metaphorically, at the feet of Momo-San-a thing which would have lost him the membership of some of his clubs should it become known. "So "Arigato" chattered Momo-San, "So nize of you to stop. How-do? You sleep-in' an' eatin' well? Yaes? Can see it in

the eye an' stomach."
For the water-soldier also was growing plump. ing plump.
"Ah, how those are beautifool meet with you once more!" Momo-San, in American fashion, extended a small, white-gloved hand.

The lieutenant leaped from his carriage "But you are Japanese, are you not?" he asked in that language. "Though it is hard to believe that so wonderful a

"No, 'Merican," answered Momo-San, sweetly, "Mrs. Hapeburn Vardog---" She repeated the name carefully, and then Lieutenant Motomori for the first time saw Vardog-and understood. It was accomplished. And no one knew better than Momo-San when to begin and where to end.

"Ah, good morning, Mister Lieutenant. So glad to have see you again once

And Vardog, hardly concealing his laughter, took his cue by starting the 'ricki-man full speed ahead. Momo-San did not even look back. But

Vardog did. Motomori was standing, dazedly, in the middle of the bridge. His wife was gesticulating furiously. A po-liceman was urging him out of the traffic. Mome-San dropped the sunshade to the floor, pulled off the picture hat, plunged her small head under the arm of Vardog and, laughing, said:
"You the mos' sweetes' man I sever

see!"
"It's all your fault," replied Vardog, kissing her before all the world of Nihon-Bashi. "It's catching."
"Jus' account you naever tell me you loave me, I naever tell you I loave you—"

"Beware!" shouted an astonished po-liceman from the side of the bridge. "You told me once that there was no jealousy in Japan," chided Vardog. There is now," nodded Momo-San, sol-

"Beware!" shouted the policeman. THE END.

THE BROWN MACKINTOSH, by Caroline Updike Collins, begins in Monday's Evening Ledger.

# SCRAPPLE



-The Passing Show Editor-Ah! A wave of patriotism, I suppose?
Foreman Compositor-Well! Perhaps that's the way to put it, but they say they would rather be shot than set any more of your copy!

-London Mail. He-By the Tube, darling

The Reason



here so early? He-You see this car is an early





a place in a munitions factory.

Mistress—Dear me, Mary! Well, of course you know that if you go dropping shells about as you do our crockery, you won't remain long in your

that motor accident? Second Guy-Two hundred for me and a hundred for the missus! First Guy-The missus? Wot, was

Had to Think Quickly



First Guy-Did you get damages ta Second Guy-No, but I had the presence of mind to fetch her one over the head before we wuz rescued!

# FARMER SMITH'S RAINBOW CLUB

#### Honor Roll

William Blumenstein, South 13th

George Tanguay, Arch street. Anna Shaw, North Reese street. Angelo Perri, South 8th street. Victor Eisenberg, Susquehanna

Esther Hill, North College ave-

Charles Marola, South 8th street. William Pescatore, South 8th Otto Kaufman, Butler street.

Leonard Bitterman, West Mont-

gomery avenue. This is our first Honor Roll. The hildren whose names appear here sent in the most carefully thought-out answers to the questions for the week nding December 4. You don't know how proud we are of these members who spent so much time and thought on their club work. You see, they tried for the mere love of work-of service-at least they thought they 44 but guess what??? They were striving for a big surprise. Sur-prize tan mean lots of things when you divide the word! Oh, I nearly told a

#### wif hidden for at least two days. HONORABLE MENTION

secret that positively has to keep it-

It wasn't very easy to decide just the should be on this Roll of Honor; ther girls and boys tried very hard, They deserve honorable mention best wishes for an early appearee on the Honor Roll. Those who erit mention are: Walter Kelly, Smifred Quirk, Thelma Willard, areld Willard, M. Ems.

Gertrude Shaw, S. Melincoff, Lillian Wellman, Rose Sylvester, Margaret Satchinson, Anna Heaney, Martha er, Antonio Di Santi, Loretta Stahl and Alfred Palmer.

### Have a Hunt Party

The list of those who have joined tmer Smith's Rainbow Club this cek will be found on another page of this paper. Hunt for it! Is YOUR

Once upon a time there was a little boy and he joined the Rainbow Club. just as you have, and after he had joined he went all around looking for some one to whom he could do a kindness. He could find no one, so then he read the Rainbow Club pledge again and decided that he would like to spread a little sunshine along the way.

He started hunting once more, but could find no way of spreading sunshine. He was very much discouraged, so he sat down to think it over and then-what do you think he did?

He said real loud, "Aha! Aha! I have it! I WILL BE KIND TO MY-SELF EVERY DAY!"

Then he went upstairs and washed his face and hands and brushed his hair-such beautiful hair! He had never noticed it before. And his clean face, it looked so sweet to him-and his eyes, how they shone and they were brown; he had never looked at

"Now," he said to himself, "how can I spread a little sunshine all along the way?"

He caught sight of himself again in the looking glass and lo and behold! the looking glass was SMILING. Just then the sun happened to strike the mirror and cast a stream of light on the ceiling.

"I see, I see," excaimed the boy. "I may catch the sunshine in my face as does the looking glass and re-

Farmer Smith, Children's Editor, EVENING LEDGER, Philadelphia.

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 ...... School I attend .....

#### Good-Night Talk

flect it on the ceiling and everywhere.' So now never say you have no one to be kind to-never say you do not know how to spread sunshine-JUST

> BE KIND TO YOURSELF. FARMER SMITH. Children's Editor, EVENING LEDGER.

SMILE and KEEP SMILING.

Willie Treetoad's Dream "I can't sleep," said Willie Tree-

toad one evening to his mother. "What are you thinking about?" asked the dear woman.

"Christmas, of course," replied her "Did you smooth out the wrinkles

in your pillow?" "Yes, mother, dear, and I have tried to listen to the Rainbow Band, but I can't go to sleep. Sing to me, mother."

she did so, Willie dropped off to sleep and soon was smiling in his sleep. Finally he awoke with a start. "What is the matter, my dear?"

asked his mother.

Mrs. Treetoad began to sing, and as

"I dreamed that Santa Claus sent me a tree for Christmas and it was so tall I could not climb it," answered "Did he put it in your stocking?"

"Of course, mother, that's why I was smiling in my sleep." "Well," began his mother, "go to sleep and you may dream that Santa Claus sends you a stocking big enough

to hold the tree." Willie closed his eyes and was soon fast asleep.

#### Do You Know This?

1. How many words can you make out of this word-SERVICE. (Six credits.)

2. How many stars are there on the flag of the United States? (Six credits.) 3. Why (Six snow white?

credits.)



"Look at the spelling."

Vera-Have you made up your mind Estelle-No; I've made up my face to go out.



"How do you know that Chaucer dictated to a stenographer?"

Hope

"Yes, she rejected me, but she did it in a most encouraging way."

"As I went away she pointed to the footprints that I had made on the carpet and said: 'The next time you come to propose to me, I want you to wipe your shoes clean!" "

Why?

"Mother, why do the poor never

"Then why do you give them all the clothes I outgrow?"-Puppet. The Idea!

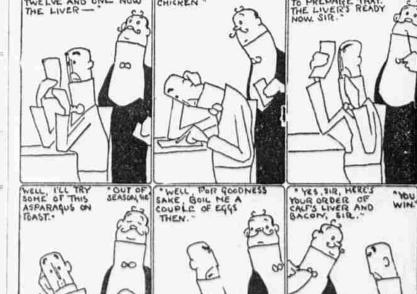
Did you see those autos skid?" Sir! How dare you call me that?"

-AND THE WORST IS YET TO COME



### ONE MIGHT AS WELL AS LET THE WAITER





A Question

