CHAPTER VI-Continued. THREE times that night he heard faithful Gray Wolf calling for him teep in the forest, and each time he an-wered her. Toward dawn she came in wered her. Toward dawn she came in less to camp. Once he caught the scent if her when she circled around in the sind, and he tugged and whined at the sind, and he tugged and whined at the and of his chain, hoping that she would ome in and lie down at his side. But so somer had Radisson moved in the ent than Gray Wolf was gone. The ent than Gray Wolf was gone. The san's face was thinner, and his eyes were redder this morning. His cough was not so loud or so rending. It was like a wheeze, as if something had given may inside, and before the girl came out he clutched his hands often at his throat. Joan's face whitened when she saw him. Anxiety gave way to fear in her eyes. Fierre Radisson laughed when she flung her arms about him, and coughed to prove that what he said was true.

"You see the cough is not so bad, my rean," he said. "It is breaking up. You sennot have forgotten, ma cheri? It al-

can," he said. "It is breaking up. You senot have forgotten, ma cheri? It always leaves one red-eyed and weak." It was a cold, bleak, dark day that followed, and through it Kazan and the man tugged at the fore of the sledge, sith Joan following in the trail behind. Staran's wound no longer hurt him. He called steadily with all his splendid strength and the man never lashed him ence, but patted him with his mittened hand on head and back. The day grew steadily darker and in the tops of the trees there was the low meaning of a storm.

torm.
Darkness and the coming of the storm did not drive Pierre Radisson into camp.
"We must reach the river," he said to himself over and over again. "We must reach the river—we must reach the river—" And he steadily urged Kazan in to greater effort, while his own strength at the end of the traces grew

It had begun to storm when Pierre stopped to build a fire at noon. The snow all straight down on a white deluge so hick that it hid the tree trunks 50 yards Pierre laughed when Joan shived and snuggled close up to him with e baby in her arms. He waited only hour, and then fastened Kazan in the more about his own waist. In the silent cloom that was almost night Pierre arried his compass in his hand, and at ast, late in the afternoon, they again and buckled the straps once rried his compass in his hand, and at, late in the afternoon, they came a break in the timber-line, and ahead them lay a plain, across which Radisn pointed an exultant hand.
"There's the river, Joan," he said, his fee faint and husky. "We can camp to now and wait for the storm to

Under a thick clump of spruce he put up the tent and then began gathering fre-wood. Joan helped him. As soon as they had boiled coffee and eaten a sup-ber of meat and toasted biscuits, Joan

to be artists and possibly inventors.

SEE FIRST when you open your eyes.

Airship

a neighboring tree and Mr. Jay Bird

w over to where the commotion was

and discovered what seemed to be a

'Oh, dear!" whined the big bird.

What's the matter?" asked Mr.

Bird, not a bit afraid of the

te bird caught in the tree.

ange-looking creature.

d the big bird.

FARMER SMITH'S

Hazan's alert eyes saw Pierre start suddenly. He rose from his seat on the sledge and went to the tent. He drew back the flap and thrust in his head and

shoulders.
"Asleep, Joan?" he asked.
"Almost, father. Won't you please "After I smoke," he said. "Are you

comfortable?"

"Yes. I'm so tired—and—sleepy—"

"Yes. I'm so tired—and—sleepy—"

"Pierre laughed softly. In the darkness he was gripping at his throat.

"We're almost home, Joan. That is our river out there—the Little Beaver. If I should run away and leave you tonight you could follow it right to our cabin. It's only 40 miles. Do you hear?"

"Yes—I know—"

"Yes—I know—"

"Porty miles—straight down the river. You couldn't lose yourself, Joan. Only you'd have to be careful of airholes in the ice."

"Won't you come to bed, father?

"Won't you come to bed, father?
You're tired—and almost sick."
"Ies—after I smoke," he repeated.
"Joan, will you keep reminding me to-morrow of the airholes? I might forget. You can always tell them, for the snow and the crust over them are whiter than that on the rest of the ice, and like a sponge. Will you remember—the air holes—"

"Yes-s-s-" Pierre dropped the tentflap and re-turned to the fire. He staggered as he "Good night, boy," he said. "Guess I'd better go in with the kids. Two days more—forty miles—two days—"

Kazan watched him as he entered the



Joan flung herself upon her father's breast.

tent. He laid his weight against the end tent. He laid his weight against the end of his chain until the collar shut off his wind. His legs and back twitched. In that tent where Radisson had gone were Joan and the baby. He knew that Pierre would not hurt them, but he knew also that with Pierre Radisson something terrible and impending was hovering very near to them. He wanted the man outside—by the fire—where he could lie still and watch him. In the tent there was silence. Nearer

to him than before came Gray Wolf's cry. Each night she was calling earlier and coming closer to the camp. He wanted her very near to him tonight, but he did not even whine in response. He dared not break that strange silence in the tent. He lay still for a long time, tired and lame from the day's journey, but sleepless. The fire burned lower; and the thick gray

clouds rolled like a massive curtain un-der the skies.

The stars began to glow white and metallic, and from far in the North there came faintly a crisping meaning sound, like steel sleigh-runners running over frosty snow—the mysterious monotone of the Northern Lights. After that it grew steadily and swiftly colder. Tonight Gray Wolf did not compass herself by the direction of the wind. She

per of meat and toasted biscuits, Joan went into the tent and dropped exhausted in her thick bed of balsam boughs, wrapping herself and the baby up close in the skina and blankets. Tonight she had no word for Kazan. And Pierre was glad that she was too tired to sit beside the note in Gray Wolf's voice, a wailing for the skina and blankets. There was a new note in Gray Wolf's voice, a wailing finished one of her hands was bleeding. She piled the tent on the sledge, and then, half covering her face, turned and looked back.

matecall. It was The Message. And at the sound of it Kasan rose from out of his silence and his fear, and with his head turned straight up to the sky he howled as the wild dogs of the North howl before the tepees of masters who are newly dead.

Pierre Radisson was dead.

CHAPTER VII OUT OF THE BLIZZARD

T was dawn when the baby enuggled L close to Jean's warm breast and L close to Joan's warn breast and awakened her with its cry of hunger. She opened her eyes, brushed back the thick hair from her face, and could see where the shadowy form of her father was lying at the other side of the tent. He was very quiet, and she was pleased that he was still sleeping. She knew that the day before he had been very near to exhaustion, and so for half an hour longer she lay quiet, cooing softly to the baby Joan. Then she arose cautiously, tucked the baby in the warm blankets and furs, put on her heavier garments, and went outside.

By this time it was bread day, and she

By this time it was broad day, and she breathed a sigh of relief when she saw that the storm had passed. It was bit-terly cold. It seemed to her that she had

terly cold. It seemed to her that she had never known it to be so cold in all her life. The fire was completely out.

Kazan was huddled in a round ball, his nose tucked under his body. He raised his head, shivering, as Joan came out. With her heavily moccasined foot Joan scattered the ashes and charred sticks where the fire had been. There was not a spark left. In returning to the tent she stopped for a moment beside Kazan, and patted his shaggy head.

and patted his shaggy head.
"Poor Wolf!" she said. "I wish I had given you one of the bearskins!" She threw back the tent-flap and en-tered. For the first time she saw her father's face in the light—and, outside, Kazan heard the terrible mouning cry that broke from her lips. No one could have looked at Pierre Radisson's face and not have understood.

After that one agonizing cry, Joan flung herself upon her father's breast, sobbing so softly that even Kazan's sharp ears heard no sound. She remained there in her grief until every vital energy of womanhood and motherhood in her girlish body was roused to action by the wailing cry of baby Joan. Then she sprang to her feet and ran out through the tent opening. Kazan tugged at the end of his chain to meet her, but she saw nothing of him now. The terror of the wilder-ness is greater than that of death, and in an instant it had fallen upon Joan. It was not because of fear for herself. It was the baby.

And then, all at once, there came to her what old Pierre had said the night be-fore—his words about the river, the air-holes, the home 40 miles away. 'You

noies, the home 40 miles away. "You couldn't lose yourself, Joan." He had guessed what might happen.

She bundled the baby deep in the furs and returned to the fire-bed. Her one thought now was that they must have fire. She made a little pile of birch-bark, covered it with half-burned bits of wood. and went into the tent for the matches. Pierre Radisson carried them in a waterproof box in a pocket of his bearskin coat. She sobbed as she kneeled beside him again, and obtained the box. As the fire flared up she added other bits of wood, and then some of the larger pieces that Pierre had dragged into camp. The fire gave her courage. Forty miles—and the river led to their home! For the first time she turned to him and

spoke his name as she put her hand on his head. After that she gave him a chunk of meat, which she thawed out over the of meat, which she thawed out over the fire, and melted the snow for tea. She was not hungry, but she recalled how her father had made her eat our or five times a day, so she forced herself to make a breakfast of a biscuit, a shred of meat and as much hot tea as she could find.

The terrible hour she dreaded followed that. She wrapped blankets closely about her father's body and tied them with her father's body and tied them with babiche cord. After that she piled all the furs and blanket: that remained on

RAINBOW CLUB

THE KING PLAYS A CLEVER GAME

Pearl White and Sheldon Lewis, Slips One Over

By the Photoplay Editor THE KINGS GAME Pathe-Gold Rooster film in 5 parts. Written by G. B. Seitz. Produced by Arnold Daly, Released Priday. The Grand Duke of Kiev. Stanley Dart. The young Duke, his son! Percley, the Nibilist George Probert Count Dardinilis Shelden Lewis Catherine, his daughter Pearl White

What would our novelists and scenario What would our novellsts and scenario writers do without that old standby of "a double" or mistaken identity? Where would our Rudolph Rassendaels have come from? Such popularity would have been lost to world if this most useful idea had never been found. Cortainly "The King's Game" would not have existed to have given the ladies a chance to fall in admiration before James K. Hackett in the legitimate drama, nor now George Probert as the Grand Duke and the Nihilist.

"The King's Game" is a story of the

"The King's Game" is a story of the Prisoner of Zenda-Graustark-Princess Dehra, kind with nobility, nihillets, intrigue and love all rolled together. There is no end to it all until suddenly our here triumphs and our hereine falls into his arms. The picture must end here because no more need be told. Tet this particular sample of the ever popular style of story is exceptionally well told and still more exceptionally

well acted.

well acted.

It serves to reintroduce Elaine—I beg her pardon, Pearl White—who after a vacation returns more lovely to look upon than over. As Catherine she has a role which gives her plenty of opportunity to look well and act little, a most decidedly "Whitish" part.

Sheldon Lewis, as Count Dardinilis, is remarkably good, and shows what a truly versatile actor he is by the clever change from the dashing young officer in the first reel to the desporate criminal in the first reel to the desperate criminal in the last four. His makeup is excellent, and his whole characterization finely drawn. George Propert (poor man, he is awfully hard worked) is quite remarkable in the manner in which he depicts the pleasuremanner in which he depicts the pleasureloving, irresponsible, happy-go-lucky
Grand Duke and the fanatic, half-crippled nihilist. As the young ruler he supplies moments of the most delightful
comedy, a thing you would hardly expect
if you had only seen him in "The Lure,"
or with Pauline Frederick in "Innocent."
The whole picture goes with lots of
"pep" and interest never lags. The
photography is uniformly good throughout.

of Henri de Targy, the young sweetheart of Therese in "A Parisian Romance," at the Chestnut Street Opera House next week, is a brother of Miss Madge Titheradge, and will be remembered here for his work in the recent production of "The Whip." Mr. Titheradge is a poet as well as a player, but claims gardening as his fad.

The number of persons who are willing The number of persons who are willing to do almost anything to break into motion pictures is past counting. Here is one fellow who wants to "drop in" the business, and in the further parlance of the street stands ready to "fall for the motion pictures." Comes one Theodore Finkelstein, of 659 Hinsdale street, Brooklyn, N. Y., who writes Lewis Hooper, casting director at the Rolfe-Metro studio as follows:

casting director at the Rolfe-Metro studio as follows:
"My Dear Mr. Hooper: I want to be the first man to jump off the Woolwerth building in a parachute, and I want your advice, if you will be kind enough to advise me. What I want to know is how to go about it. That is to notify different film companies and who to see Alexanders and alexanders are alexanders. ent film companies and who to see. Also what price to charge. You will greatly oblige me by sparing me some of your valuable time."

In recognition of his good work in "The Lily and the Rose" and other plays, the Triangle-Pine Arts studio has promoted Wilfred Lucas to stardom. Mr. Lucas, who is a native Canadian and ex-opera singer, was for five years a prominent member of "The Chorus Lady" company with Rose Stahl.

Theatrical Baedeker

ADELPHI—"Androcles and the Lion," by G. Bernard Shaw, and "The Man Who Married a Dumb Wife," by Anatole France, "Some Lion, Some Shaw, Eome Show,"
BROAD—"Shericek Holmes," with William Gillette. The famous dramatization of Con-tract Doyle's famous detective with Mile. Da-letter and Florence Moore, A New York Win-ter and Florence Moore, and Proposition of the usual stupendous di-termental control of the usual stupendous dimensions. "Watch Your Step," with Mrs.
'ORREST." Watch Your Step," with Mrs.
Vernon Castle, Frank Tinney, Bernard Granville and Elizabeth Brice. Tinney fun. Castile grace. Berlin rags and a Dillingham proville and Elizabeth as and a Dillingham paytic grace. Berlin rags and a Dillingham paytic grace. Berlin rags and a Dillingham paytic grace. The paytic grace and a paygrace and a good cast. An exciting story of crime
written backward in the form of a trial.
Navel and entertaining.
WALNUT—'The Irish Dragoon," with Andrew
Mack. Reopening of the playhouse for popular-price plays.
PHOTOPLAYS.

PHOTOPLAYS.

TREET OPERA HOUSE—All
STREET OPERA HOUSE—All

CHESTNUT STREET OPERA HOUSE—All week, 'Madame X.' with Dorothy Donnelly, a Pathe Gold Rosster film, STANLEY — Wednesday, 'The Foundling,' with Mary Pickford, a photoplay in which Miss Pickford begins as a poor orphan, but ends as a charming, happy and marriageable heroine. Thursday, Friday and Saturday, 'Lydia Gilmore,' with Pauline Frederick. ARCADIA — Wednesday, 'The Beckoning Flame,' with Henry Woodruff and Tsuru Acrt; Thursday, Friday and Saturday, 'Let Raty Do R.' with Jane Grey. REGIENT—Wednesday and Thursday, 'What Will People Say?' with Petrova; Friday and Saturday, 'The King's Game,' with Pearl White.

PALACE—All week, "The Chest," with Fanny Ward and Sessue Hamakays.

PALACE—All week, "The Cheat," with Fanny Ward and Sessue Hamakaya.

VAUDEVILLE.

KEITH'S—Phyllis Nellson Terry, in scenes from Shakespeare; Manuel Quiroga, violinist; Beatrice Herford, monologist: Clarence Oilver and Georgie Oin, in "Discontent"; Donahue and Stewart, in "Him and Her": The Great Leon, magician; Gautier's Toyshop, Alexander Kida, Wheeler Trio, acrobata.

COLONIAL—Hatkow Midnight Rollickers in Danicing Around"; Icelanders: Norris Rabancing Around"; Icelanders: Norris Rabancing Around"; Telanders: Norris Rabancing and Orth. The Williams, Nelsgon Waring, Cleanette, and Williams, Nelsgon Waring, "Cleanette and Williams, Nelsgon Waring, "Cleanette and Williams, Nelsgon Waring, "Cleanette and Philips, singing and dancing; Rockwell and Wood, Adelains Francis, Phonograph Girl; Tem Kuma, contortionist.

CROSS KEYS—Edmund Hayes and company in Francis, Phonograph Girl; Tem Kuma, controlled to totionist.

Thouse KEYS—Edmund Hayes and company in the Plano Movers, 'Klein's Minstrels Brisren and King, Louise Mayo, Jersen an Hamilton, Eduard Brothers, Ogden Pour Betty Rae, Harris and Nazie and Zara Trie LODic Heave, and the Co-Eks Colonist Co-Eks Co-Eks

STOCK. AMERICAN—"Broadway Jones," The Arvine Players in George M. Cohan's play. KNICKERBOCKER. "The Ninety and Nine." the Knickerbocker Players in a problem play. BURLESQUE. DUMONT'S-Dumont's Minstrels, in burlesque and travesties of the times.

THE CHEERFUL CHERUB

don't see how people can ever be bored; With duties and pleasures the whole world is rife. It worries me sometimes to think of a way To do all my living in just one short

HEMSTITCHING

STAGE SOCIETY GIVES NEW BILL

George Probert, Assisted by Three Odd Plays Well Done. One Impossible "Classic"

> The best thing in the fourth bill of the Stage Society-all of which was visible to members last night and will be repeated at the usual democratic prices Friday and Saturday nights-is the holdover from the third, another Shavian brilliant, "Overruled." With only one change in the cast and with its delightful lines and charming scenery intact, it fintahed out an odd but by no means unin-

> Ished out an edd but by no means uninteresting program.
>
> The outstanding feature of the new playlets is easily "Simoon," a weird desert tale by Strindberg, with a soul-eating woman of the East and a deluded, maddened, death-driven French soldier as the chief figures. It is an odd, wild and difficult piece, which Miss Baer, Mr. Ward and Mr. Wallace deserve great credit for making so effective, terrifying and pretty much understandable. It enjoys a very beautiful setting by Howard Ashman Patterson.

much clearness and not a little sympathy a dying old reprobate of a poacher, who uses up his last bit of ebbing energy—not to mention the audience's nerves—with a gun shot at the carrier pigeon of a neighbor enemy. Mr. Whitney must be credited with another perfect bit of character portrayal, backed by excellent work from Sophia Geddes.

One of the eternal mysteries of the theatre, and particularly the amateur theatre, is why Tchekhov's rude, silly, old-fashioned, obvious, tedlous, uningenious farce, "The Bear," is always getting liself acted. Do directors really think it is humorous drama? Or are they so deeply and secretly enamored with

think it is humorous drama? Or are they so deeply and secretly enamored with the low-brow that they gladly shove in this bit of knockabout mentality on the shoulders of a playwright of great and deserved reputation. Possibly they imagine that a certain ragilime song has given "The Bear" an enduring severisement that nobody can resist. This critic prefers the song.

\$4815 Fines Imposed by Film Censors HARRISBURG, Jan. 6 - Fines have been imposed by the State Board of Moving Picture Censors since its organization in 1914 amounting to \$4815 for the illegal display of films. The violations have been anything from fallure to obey the orders of the board to the exhibition of objectionable pictures. More prosecu-tions have been orderd by the new board under the amended law than previously, although this is said to be more by reason erson.

The other commendable playlet is a bit of character study by Eden Philpotts, 'The Carrier Pigeon.' It depicts with

NEW LINGERIE SHOP OPEN

Bonwit, Teller & Co. Gather Daintlest of Dainty From Everywhere

A distinctive lingerle shop, with prices ranging from 25 cents to \$65, has been opened by Bonwit, Teller & Co. at 18th and Sansom streets. Lingerle from the Philippines, lingerie from France, lingeria from everywhere has been gathered together to suit the taste and the pocketbook of the most fastidious shopper.

book of the most fastidious shopper.

The daintiest nightdresses of pink and blue batiste come as low as % cents, the ascending prices take one through an orgy of gowns of embroidered handkerchief linen, gowns with designs of real valenciennes lace, gowns of creps dechine, gowns of striped chiffon, to the most expensive gowns of a material fashloned exclusively for Bonwit, Teller & Co. These gowns come in pale coral, apple green and peacock blue.

The necond floor is given over to a diaplay of negligees of chiffon, Georgette dreps, meteor and will of the wisp in a variety of colors.

Northeast Alumni to Dine

Northeast Alumni to Dine
Director of Public Safety Wilson will
speak tonight at the midwinter meeting
and dinner of the Alumni Association of
the Northeast High School, which will
be held at the Rittenhouse. Other speakers will be former Judge Dinner Beeber,
Dr. John P. Garber, the superintendent
of public schools, and John Glover, deputy
collector of internal revenue.



PROMINENT PHOTOPLAY PRESENTATIONS

THE following theatres obtain their pictures through the STANLEY Booking Company, which is a guarantee of early showings of the finest productions. All pictures reviewed before exhibition. Ask for the theatre in your locality obtaining pictures through the STANLEY Booking Company.

Lou Tellegen in "The Unknown' ARCADIA CHESTNUT BELOW 16TH

JANE GREY in "LET KATY DO IT" APOLLO 52D AND THOMPSON MATINEE DAILY EDWIN ARDEN and MISS MILFORD IN "THE BELOVED VAGABOND" PATHE GOLD ROOSTER PLAY

BLUEBIRD 2200 NORTH BROAD ST.

VILLIAM PAVERSHAM I "ONE MILLION DOLLARS"

60TH AND CEDAR PARAMOUNT THEATRE

HAZEL DAWN IN THE MASQUERADERS' B-ACT PARAMOUNT PICTURE FAIRMOUNT 26TH AND GIRARD AVE. LIONEL BARRYMORE and IRENE HAWLEY IN "A YELLOW STREAK" A Metre Picture in 5 Acts.

GERMANTOWN BEES GERMAN-MARGUERITE GALE in

GLOBE STH & MARKET Mat., 2:15; Evgs., 7 & 9.

Puramount Offers DONALD BRIAN in "The Voice in the Fog"

GIRARD AVENUE THEATRE

Valli Valli in "The Woman Pays" AMATEUR CONTESTS Great Northern BROAD ST. ERIE & House Peters and Ethel Clayton in

JEFFERSON 28TH AND DAUPHIN STREETS TRIANGLE PLAYS—TULLY MARSHALL IN "The Sable Lorsha." RAYMOND HITCHCOCK and MABEL NORMAND in "Stolen Magic."

LAFAYETTE 2014 KENSINGTON AVENUE **HELEN WARE** in LIBERTY BROAD AND COLUMBIA

ALICE BRADY in LOGAN THEATRE 4816 NORTH VICTOR MOORE in

Weekly Programs Motion Picture Chart

ALHAMBRA 12th, Morris & Passyunk Ave. LANCASTER AVENUE LANCASTER AVENUE Marguerite SNOW and Paul GILMORE in "ROSEMARY"

Logan Auditorium Bread St. Above ALICE BRADY in

Market St. Theatre STREET ARTHUR HOOPES and RUHY HOFFMAN IN "THE DANGER SIGNAL" See "GRAPT" Every Wednesday.

ORPHEUM GERMANTOWN AND
WM. FOX Presents RALPH KELLARD in
"Her Mother's Secret." Mr. and Mrs. SyDNEY
DREW in "Is Christmas a Here."

ORIENT 62D AND WOODLAND AVE Daily Mat. 2. Evg., 6:30 to 11 -Paramount Picture— THE INCORRIGIBLE DUKANE

PALACE 1214 MARKET STREET 10 A M to 11:15 P. M Fanny Ward & Sessue Hamakaya

PARK RIDGE AVE. & DAUPHIN
Continuous Show from 1.5 & 6:30-11.
"THE DEATH LOCK"
A Mutual Masterphico-Featuring
WILMA WILKIE and DAVID W. BUTLER

PRINCESS 1018 MARKET "THE CONVICT KING"

RIALTO GERMANTOWN AVE. MAUDE FEALY in

REGENT 1684 MARKET STREET HUMAN FOICE ORGAN **OLGA PETROVA** in

RUBY MARKET STREET BELOW THE STREET MARGUERITE CLARK IN "THE PRINCE AND THE PAUPER" TOMORROW—DOUBLE TRIANGLE BILL SHERWOOD SATH AND BALTIMORE METRO. PICTURES CORP. Presents

Emmy Wehlen in 'Her Reckoning' SAVOY 1211 MARKET STREET GLADYS BROCKWELL in

VICTORIA MARKET ST. CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG in

STANLEY MARKET ABOVE 18TH Pauline Frederick in "Lydia Gilmore" **************

Chestnut St. Op. House 11th and Chestnut SEE TODAY'S AMUSEMENT COLUMN

GRAND SED AND MARKET STREETS WM. FOX FREDERICK PERRY in "THE FAMILY STAIN"

WEST PHILADELPHIA

LOCUST STREETS CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG in "CAMILLE"

OVERBROOK HAVERFORD AVE "GRAFT," No. 4-Each a Com-AND OTHERS plete Story.

GARDEN SSD & LANSDOWNE AVE. MARY PICKFORD in "MISTRESS NELL"

EUREKA 40TH AND MARKET STREETS -TRIANGLE PLAYS-DOUGLAS FAIRHANKS in "THE LAMB"
RAYMOND HITCHCOCK in "MY VALET"

Keystone Comedy

NORTH

Broad Street Casino BROAD Below LILLIAN DREW in

THE WOMAN WITH A ROSE." OTHERS NORTHWEST Susquehanna THEATRE-ITH A

May Allison and Harold Lockwood "The End of the Road"-5 Parts

NORTHEAST STRAND 12TH AND GIRARD AVE. Henry B. Walthall Star of the "Birth of

"GHOSTS"-5 Parts. CHAPLIN COMEDY

DARBY

DARBY THEATRE DARBY. FOR THE HONOR OF THE CAMP Bread-may Star Peature (S acts). "HROKEN DOIN." No. 11. "The Hooder's Busy Day." KENSINGTON

JUMBO FRONT ST. AND "The Heart of a Mermaid TWO OTHER BEELS

Weekly Programs

Motion Picture Chart

er other-BEGIN NOW. FARMER SMITH, Children's Editor, EVENING LEDGER. FARMER SMITH, The Children's Editor,

The Evening Ledger, Philadelphia, Pa. 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

GOOD-NIGHT TALKS

we started unless you did your part. Your part is what pleases you most.

Did you ever stop to think that our wonderful club is just what YOU

I might work as hard as ever I could and still we would be just where

Farmer Smith's Rainbow Club aims to help you in the work you are

ng to do in after life. Some of you will write stories while others wish

No two children are alike and so we take up different things so as to

by to please ALL the children who are members of the club. We invite you

tell us what you like about our club and what you DO NOT LIKE. This

a your thinking. If you think you have nothing to write about, just close

ur eyes and turn around and then write a few lines about WHAT YOU

Try this simple exercise, for it will help you in putting your thoughts

paper and you ALL will have to put your thoughts on paper at some time

If you have never written to your editor, do so, for it will help YOU

is called criticism and it is always helpful if offered in the right spirit.

Address

School I attend Bird. "You must be one of those air-The Jay Bird and the

guess I'm a treeship now," whined the One sunny afternoon there was a big bird. rible noise in Woodland and Mr. Mr. Jay Bird hopped up nearer to by Bird could not imagine what was the stranger and looked at its wings. ppening. He was sitting on the Then he said: "What funny wings you limb of a tree when he heard a crash have and what a queer thing that is."

ships I have heard so much about."

"I thought I was an airship, but I

"That," said the big bird, "is my engine. It makes me go." "I don't see you going," said Mr. Jay Bird with a laugh. "I haven't any engine and yet I fly."

"Men did not make you," said the big bird sadly. Just then two men came along and one of them said: "See that wonderful no men were trying to make a bird near our airship. Let us make

out of me and I cannot fly," our next one like him!" "Well, what DO you think of that?" ter the discoverer of America? (Five Well, I declare!" said Mr. Jay said Mr. Jay Bird to the big bird. credits.)

"They are talking about ME!" and with that he flew away, while the men undertook to release the airship.

Our Postoffice Box

Samuel C. Doughty, Jr., the young man in the picture gallery, has made the club very prominent in Pleasantville, N. J., the town in which he resides. He sends another message that is even more wonderful than that,

read it: "I AM MORE OBEDIENT SINCE I JOINED THE RAINBOW CLUB." I would like to read three thousand letters a day saying just that very same thing!

S. C. DOUGHTY

Israel Reiner, North 13th street, remembered his pledge the other day. He writes: "I saw a lady carrying two bags of coal she could hardly lift. I helped her to the door of her house. She told me to wait and she would pay me, but instead of taking the money, I told her about the Rainbow Club." That was a very kind act, Israel, and we are proud of you. Mildred Greenspan, South 5th street, sent a letter wishing everybody a very, very Happy New Year. The same to you, Mildred, and many of them. Rosie Ricciardi, Ernest street, reads the club news every night the minute the older folks are finished with the paper. I hope that you all are as anxious as Rosie is to learn just how the club is pro-

Do You Know This? 1. What State in the union becomes a doctor when you abbreviate its

name? (Five credits.) 2. What boulevard in Philadelphia represents two points on the compass? (Five credits.) 8. What city in Ohio was named af-