KAZAN

by JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD

Thorpe, who comes south from the frozen Barkland to wed, brings with him his wolf-dog Kazan. The dog becomes attached to Isobel and later, after her marriage to Thorpe and the trio start back north, he saves Isobel from McCready, a brutal guide, who strikes Thorpe down with a club. Kazan kills McCready and, having punishment, flees and joins a pack of wolves. He becomes leader of the wolves after a life-and-death struggle with the old leader, Kazan and Gray Wolf, a beautiful wolf-dog, she-wolf, become mates, the day of Kazan's trail is discovered, and the wolves give chase. The human beings are Pierre Radisson, his daughter Joan and her baby. Pierre has a lung affection and is trying to reach safety before the end. The wolves overtake and are about to kill them when Kazan sees Joan. The memory of Isobel returns to him and he turns on the pack and drives them off. Kazan is terribly torn and unable to escape. Pierre and Joan bind up his wounds and feed him. That night and the next Gray Wolf hovers near the camp and calls to Kazan. During the day Pierre harnesses himself to the sledge in a frantic effort to reach the river, which is just 40 miles from safety. The third day he is very weak and he harnesses Kazan with him in the traces. Late that day he perceives the end is very near, and without arousing Joan's suspicions, tells her how to get back to safety on the ice over the river. Just before nightfall they catch sight of the stream and make a camp. Next morning Joan awakens to find her father dead. After recovering from the first shock, the mother love in her cries out that she must save her baby. She recalls what her father told her about the trail to safety. She builds a fire and takes up the terrible task of wrapping her father's body in blankets. She pulls down the tent and piles it on the sledge. Before starting out she turns and looks back.

CHAPTER VII—(Continued).

PIERRE RADISSON lay on his balsam bed, with nothing over him now but the gray sky and spruce tops. Kazan stood stiff-legged and sniffed the air. His spine bristled when Joan went back slowly and kneeled beside the blanket-wrapped object. When she returned to him her face was white and tense, and now there was a strange and terrible look in her eyes as she stared out across the barren. She put him in the traces and fastened about her slender waist the strap that Pierre had used. Thus they struck out for the river, floundering knee-deep in the freshly fallen and drifted snow. Halfway Joan stumbled in a drift and fell, her loose hair flying in a shimmering veil over the snow. With a mighty pull Kazan was at her side, and his cold muzzle touched her face as she drew herself to her feet. For a moment Joan took his shaggy head between her two hands

"Wolf!" she moaned. "Oh, Wolf!"

She went on, her breath coming pantingly now, even from her brief exertion. The snow was not so deep on the ice of the river. But a wind was rising. It came from the north and east, straight in her face, and Joan bowed her head as she pulled with Kazan. Half a mile down the river she stopped, and no longer could she repress the hopelessness that rose to her lips in a sobbing, choking cry. Forty miles!

She clutched her hands at her breast and stood breathing like one who had been beaten, her back to the wind. The baby was quiet. Joan went back and peered down under the furs, and what she saw there spurred her on again almost fiercely. Twice she stumbled to her knees in the drifts during the next quarter of a mile.

After that there was a stretch of windswept ice, and Kazan pulled the sledge alone. Joan walked at his side. There was a pain in her chest. A thousand needles seemed pricking her face, and suddenly she remembered the thermometer. She exposed it for a time on the top of the tent. When she looked at it a few minutes later it was 30 degrees below zero. Forty miles! And her father had told her that she could make it—and could not lose herself! But she did not know that even her father would have been afraid to face the north that day, with the temperature at 30 below, and a moaning wind bringing the first warning of a blizzard.

The timber was far behind her now. Ahead there was nothing but the pitiless barren, and the timber beyond that was hidden by the gray gloom of the day. If there had been trees, Joan's heart would not have choked so with terror. But there was nothing—nothing but that gray ghostly gloom, with the rim of the sky touching the earth a mile away.

The snow grew heavy under her feet again. Always she was watching for those treacherous, frost-coated traps in the ice her father had spoken of. But she found now that all the ice and snow looked alike to her, and that there was a growing pain back of her eyes. It was the intense cold.

The river widened into a small lake, and here the wind struck her in the face with such force that her weight was taken from the strap, and Kazan dragged the sledge alone. A few inches of snow impeded her as much as a foot had done before. Little by little she dropped back. Kazan forged to her side, every ounce of his magnificent strength in the traces. By the time they were on the river channel again, Joan was at the back of the sledge, following in the trail made by Kazan. She was powerless to help him. She felt more and more the leaden weight of her legs. There was but one hope—and that was the forest. If they did not reach it soon, within half an hour, she would be able to go no farther.

Over and over again she moaned a prayer for her baby as she struggled on. She fell in the snowdrifts. Kazan and the sledge became only a dark blotch to her. And then, all at once, she saw that they were leaving her. They were not more than 20 feet ahead of her—but the blotch seemed to be a vast distance away. Every bit of lif and strength in her body was now bent upon reaching the sledge—and baby Joan.

It seemed an interminable time before she gained. With the sledge only six feet ahead of her she struggled for what seemed to her to be an hour before she could reach out and touch it. With a moan she flung herself forward and fell upon it. She no longer heard the wailing of the storm. She no longer felt discomfort. With her face in the furs under which baby Joan was buried, there came to her with swiftness and joy a vision of warmth and home. And then the vision faded away, and was followed by deep night.

Kazan stopped in the trail. He came back then and sat down upon his haunches beside her, waiting for her to move and speak. But she was very still. He thrust his nose into her loose hair. A whine rose in his throat, and suddenly he raised his head and sniffed in the face of the wind. Something came to him with that wind. He muzzled Joan again, but she did not stir. Then he went forward, and stood in his traces, ready for the pull, and looked back at her. Still she did not move or speak, and Kazan's whine gave place to a sharp, excited bark.

The strange thing in the wind came to him stronger for a moment. He began to pull. The sledge-runners had frozen to the snow, and it took every ounce of his strength to free them. Twice during the next five minutes he stopped and sniffed the air. The third time that he halted, in a drift of snow, he returned to Joan's side again, and whined to awaken her. Then he tugged again at the end of his traces, and foot by foot he dragged the sledge through the drift. Beyond the drift there was a stretch of clear ice, and here Kazan rested. During a lull in the wind the scent came to him stronger than before.

At the end of the clear ice was a narrow break in the shore, where a creek ran into the main stream.

If Joan had been conscious she would have urged him straight ahead. But Kazan turned into the break, and for 10 minutes he struggled through the snow without a rest, whining more and more frequently until at last the whine broke into a joyous bark. Ahead of him, close to the creek, was a small cabin. Smoke was rising out of the chimney. It was the scent of smoke that had come to him in the wind. A hard level slope reached to the cabin door, and with the last strength that was in him Kazan smashed his burden up that. Then he seated himself back beside Joan, lifted his shaggy head to the dark sky and howled.

A moment later the door opened. A man came out. Kazan's reddened, snow-shot eyes followed him watchfully as he ran to the sledge. He heard his startled exclamation as he bent over Joan. In another lull of the wind there came from out of the mass of furs on the sledge the wailing, half-smothered voice of baby Joan.

A deep sigh of relief heaved up from Kazan's chest. He was exhausted. His strength was gone. His feet were torn and bleeding. But the voice of baby Joan filled him with a strange happiness, and he lay down in his traces while the man carried Joan and the baby into the life and warmth of the cabin.

A few minutes later the man reappeared. He was not old, like Pierre Radisson. He came close to Kazan and looked down at him.

"My God," he said. "And you did that—alone!"

He bent down fearlessly, unfastened him from the traces and led him toward the cabin door. Kazan hesitated but once—almost on the threshold. He turned his head, swift and alert. From out of the moaning and wailing of the storm it seemed to him that for a moment he had heard the voice of Gray Wolf.

Then the cabin door closed behind him.

Back in a shadowy corner of the cabin he lay while the man prepared something over a hot stove for Joan. It was a long time before Joan rose from the cot on which the man had placed her. After that Kazan heard her sobbing; and then the man made her eat, and for a time they talked. Then the stranger hung up a big blanket in front of the bunk and sat down close to the stove.

Quietly Kazan slipped along the wall, and crept under the bunk. For a long time he could hear the sobbing breath of the girl. Then all was still.

The next morning he slipped out through the door when the man opened it, and sped swiftly into the forest. Half a mile away he found the trail of Gray Wolf, and called to her. From the frozen river came her reply, and he went to her.

Vainly Gray Wolf tried to lure him back into their old haunts—away from the cabin and the scent of man. Late that morning the man harnessed his dogs, and from the fringe of the forest Kazan saw him tuck Joan and the baby among the furs on the sledge, as old Pierre had done. All that day he followed in the trail of the team, with Gray Wolf slinking behind him. They traveled until dark; and then, under the stars and the moon that had followed the storm, the man still urged on his team. It was deep in the night when they came to another cabin, and the man beat upon the door. A light, the opening of the door, the joyous welcome of a man's voice, Joan's sobbing cry—Kazan heard these from the shadows in which he was hidden, and then slipped back to Gray Wolf.

In the days and weeks that followed Joan's home-coming the lure of the cabin and of the woman's hand held Kazan. As he had tolerated Pierre, so now he tolerated the younger man who lived with Joan and the baby. He knew that the man was very dear to Joan, and that the baby was very dear to him, as it was to the girl. It was not until the third day that Joan succeeded in coaxing him into the cabin—and that was the day on which the man returned with the dead and frozen body of Pierre. It was Joan's husband who first found the name on the collar he wore, and they began calling him Kazan.

Half a mile away, at the summit of a huge mass of dock which the Indians called the Sun Rock, he and Gray Wolf had found a home; and from here they went down to their hunts on the plain, and often the girl's voice reached up to them, calling, "Kazan! Kazan! Kazan!"

Through all the long winter Kazan hovered thus between the lure of Joan and the cabin—and Gray Wolf.

Then came spring—and the Great Change.

CHAPTER VIII

THE GREAT CHANGE.

THE rocks, the ridges and the valleys were taking on a warmer glow. The poplar buds were ready to burst. The scent of balsam and of spruce grew heavier in the air each day, and all through the wilderness, in plain and forest, there was the rippling murmur of the spring floods finding their way to Hudson's Bay. In that great bay there was the rumble and crash of the ice fields thundering down in the early breakup through the Roes Welcome—the doorway to the Arctic—and for that reason there still came with the April wind an occasional sharp breath of winter.

Kazan had sheltered himself against that wind. Not a breath of air stirred in the sunny spot the wolf-dog had chosen for himself. He was more comfortable than he had been at any time during the six months of terrible winter—and as he slept he dreamed.

Gray Wolf, his wild mate, lay near him, flat on her belly, her forepaws reaching out, her eyes and nostrils as keen and alert as the smell of man could make them. For there was that smell of man, as well as of balsam and spruce, in the warm spring air. She gazed anxiously and sometimes steadily at Kazan as he slept. Her own gray spine stiffened when she saw the tawny hair along Kazan's back bristle at some dream vision. She whined softly as his upper lip snarled back, showing his long white fangs. But for the most part Kazan lay quiet, save for the muscular twitchings of legs, shoulders and muzzle, which always tell when a dog is dreaming; and as he dreamed there came to the door of the cabin out on the plain a blue-eyed girl-woman, with a big brown braid over her shoulder, who called through the cup of her hands, "Kazan, Kazan, Kazan!"

The voice reached faintly to the top of the Sun Rock, and Gray Wolf flattened her ears. Kazan stirred, and in another instant he was awake and on his feet. He leaped to an outcropping ledge, sniffing the air and looking far out over the plain that lay below them.

Over the plain the woman's voice came to them again, and Kazan ran to the edge of the rock and whined.

Gray Wolf stepped softly to his side and laid her muzzle on his shoulder. She had grown to know what the Voice meant. Day and night she feared it, more than she feared the scent or sound of man.

Since she had given up the pack and her old life for Kazan, the Voice had become Gray Wolf's greatest enemy, and she hated it. It took Kazan from her. And wherever it went, Kazan followed.

(CONTINUED TOMORROW.)

WILSON'S BRIDE TO RECEIVE FIRST TIME AT BIG RECEPTION

Pan-American Guests Will Tax Capacity of White House

WASHINGTON, Jan. 7.—Mrs. Woodrow Wilson, appearing tonight for the first time as mistress of the White House, will be hostess at the largest function ever held in the executive mansion, the Pan-American reception. With more than 4000 invitations out, all day futile appeals poured in.

Preparations for the event have taxed the resources of the White House staff.

DEFENSE LEAGUE TO MEET

Nursing and First-Aid Study in Preparedness at Lectures Today

More than 1000 Philadelphia clubwomen and social workers interested in national preparedness have been asked to attend the exercises which will mark the opening of the courses in social science and surgery in the Women's Medical College this afternoon. Addresses will be delivered by Miss Mary H. Ingham and Bernard J. Newman, secretary of the Philadelphia Housing Commission. Dr. Clara Marshall, dean of the college, will preside.

The combined course will consist of 12 lectures. The first-aid course will be given on Mondays, and will be under the direction of Dr. Harriet L. Hartley, clinical professor of surgery at the college.

Philadelphia Holds Potato Record

Philadelphia County leads the State in potato growing, according to the announcement of the Pennsylvania Department of Agriculture. Philadelphia County produces an average of 139 bushels of potatoes to the acre. Adams County is second with an average of 120 bushels. The alfalfa-growing record for the State also goes to Philadelphia County. It produces an average of four tons to the acre. Lancaster County is second.

PROMINENT AUTHOR JOINS FILM WRITERS

Bronson-Howard to Write for Lasky Company of the Paramount Corporation

By the Photoplay Editor

George Bronson-Howard, one of America's leading story writers, will in the future write photoplays for the Jesse L. Lasky Feature Play Company, making photodramas for the Paramount Pictures Corporation. The Lasky Company now appears to be well fortified with well-known writers, and should be able to keep pace with the demand for good subjects, as in addition to Mr. Howard the following are now at the Lasky studios: William C. De Mille, Margaret Turnbull, Marion Fairfax, Hector Turnbull, who wrote "Temptation" and "The Cheat"; Luther A. Reed, who has left the New York Herald to join Lasky, and Jeanie MacPherson.

Owing to the fact that original scenarios have been so well received by the public, such as "Temptation" and "The Cheat," with such a formidable array of writers as the Lasky Company now has under contract, is assurance that this company will be able to supply the Paramount Program with productions of merit. It is probable that before writing any original scenario, Bronson-Howard will arrange several of his well-known books for the screen.

The latest production of the Lasky Company, "The Golden Chance," with Cleo Ridgley and Wallace Reid, is said to be equal to "The Cheat." The Paramount pictures have their first Philadelphia showing at the Stanley Theatre.

A notable feat of motion-picture strategy has just been consummated by Lewis J. Selznick, vice president and general manager of the World Film Corporation, in signing exclusively for a long period Adolf Philipp, the "German George M. Cohan," and known internationally as the author, producer and star of some of the biggest dramatic successes that have ever been staged in Europe and America. Broadway knows Adolf Philipp well through such noteworthy hits as "Alma, Where Do You Live," "Auction Pinochle," "Adele," "The Midnight Girl" and "The Girl Who Smiles," all of which scored heavily during their New York runs, and which are now represented on the road by various companies.

Now that Pavlowa, the great Russian dancer, has had her first experience in cinematography, and has personally witnessed her debut in the silent drama with considerable satisfaction over her first effort, she has become so interested in this new form of entertainment that she is personally working on a Nippon love story, in which her dancing will again be featured. She proposes to complete this before the end of the present theatrical season. Then she will go over th scenario with Lois Weber, her personal director of photoplays, and they will then put on an original production for the Universal equaling the production of "The Dumb Girl of Portici."

HAPPINESS AWAITS EVERYBODY WHO WILL FOLLOW RIGHT PATH

New Thought Teacher, Says Philadelphians, Don't Know the Way to Find Joy in Life

Philadelphia people want to be happy, but they do not know how, says Mrs. Margaret Cutting Ives, of the Maidstone, a New Thought teacher.

Like the children in Maurice Maeterlinck's much-loved "Blue Bird," they are in quest of happiness, ever in search for it, but they know not the path.

Many persons are finding it through the unique teachings of Mrs. Ives, who conducts "Happiness Talks" every Sunday evening at 7:30 o'clock, at 1611 Chestnut street, and each Wednesday afternoon at 3:30 o'clock in the Noyes school, 1720 Chestnut street. No membership and no fee is required Sunday, the only requirement for admission is "to be happy."

Mrs. Ives, herself a charming and cultured native of the Southland, is the picture of happiness, and by her teachings and the New Thought propaganda is bringing this same happiness to others.

The teachings of Mrs. Ives, unique though they may seem to many, have a philosophy as their basis which few gainsay. Mrs. Ives is not a new worker in the realm of New Thought. She has been doing this same work for seven years in New York and Philadelphia.

ALWAYS NEW THOUGHT BELIEVER

"I have always been a New Thought believer, but I did not know it," she said when asked today for a statement about her belief. "I was brought up in the Episcopal Church, but somehow I could not sympathize with the statement that I was a miserable sinner and all that. Then, too, I seemed to have a certain something that soothed people when they were sick—and this is part of the New Thought work, although I never practice healing for money.

"When I was a little girl, doctors twice, of their own accord, asked me to stay with sick people because they found that my presence seemed to make them feel better," she added. "People can become happy and well, and acquire self-control and poise, spiritual, mental and physical, if they will but apply themselves and know how to do it."

She says that many people think that New Thought has not a bit of philosophy about it and no firm foundation, but that if they really study it they will find that it has. She has studied at the Pestalozzi-Froebel Haus in Berlin, and took three years' work in psychological subjects at the University of Pennsylvania to acquire knowledge necessary to comprehend the control of the body and mind by thought.

She said Ralph Waldo Emerson was the modern founder of "New Thought," and added that Maurice Maeterlinck was also doing a big work in the field.

Mrs. Ives is not the only one in her household who has reached pinnacles in the world's achievements. Her husband, F. E. Ives, has patents on 50 inventions and has won 30 medals for scientific work. His name is in the book "American Men of Science," entrance to which is coveted by men throughout the nation.

Mr. Ives holds the Rumford medal for his work in colored photography. This medal was given Thomas A. Edison for the electric light inventions and to Doctor Roentgen for his X-ray work.

What Mrs. Ives Believes

There are no "bad" people in the world. If they do "bad" things it is because they are defective, physically, mentally or morally.

People can learn to control their environment by getting self-control.

Men and women can acquire poise if they but try. They can learn self-control, spiritual, mental and physical, if they work hard.

There are many unhappy people because they do not know how to be happy.

Dogma should not be taught.

KNEISEL QUARTET HEARD

Program of Chamber Music Excellently Presented at Witherspoon

The fine organization of musicians known as the Kneisel Quartet returned to Philadelphia last night in its first program of the season at Witherspoon Hall. The Kneisels are now the only traveling quartet to come to this city, and not even the excellence of the local organizations can make them entirely dispensable.

Last night the characteristic qualities of their playing were all fully in evidence. One can never say of them, as one says of the Flonzaleys, that they are one, but it must be said that they can find an astonishing unity in spite of their diversity of disposition. Messrs. Kneisel, Letz, Svecenski and Willeke, playing first and second violin, viola and 'cello, respectively, are all excellent artists. Together they never are at odds, and can always reach a fine, fluid tone, which all too frequently has to atone for some very dull music.

The program had Haydn, Ravel and Grieg for the quartet, and, as a pleasant interlude, a sonata by Archangelo Corelli, for cello and piano, the latter instrument played by Mrs. Willeke. She and her husband played so well that the stupid piece, which is like a hundred other stupid pieces, was at least pleasant to hear. Of the other pieces, the most interesting was Ravel's quartet in F major. It is a commonplace to speak of strange discords. The wonder of Ravel is that, by his lovely rhythms, his unusual orchestration, and by the quality of his imagination, he makes harmonies as strange and as fascinating as discords can ever be. G. V. S.

Workman Badly Scalded

Steam escaping from a cap seriously scalded Ralph D. Ellavache, 40 years old, of 6117 Cremont street, today, while he was repairing steam pipes in the chemical and paint plant of Harrison Bros. & Co., Inc., 35th street and Gray's Ferry road. He was taken to the University Hospital in a serious condition, in the patrol of the 20th and Fitzwater streets station.

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, Some Show."

BROAD—"Sherlock Holmes," with William Gillette. The famous dramatization of Conan Doyle's famous detective.

LYRIC—"Maid in America," with Mlle. Dazie and Florence Moore. A New York Winter Garden show of the usual stupendous dimensions.

FORREST—"Watch Your Step," with Mrs. Vernon Castle, Frank Tinney, Bernard Granville and Elizabeth Brice. Tinney fun, Castle grace, Berlin rags and a Dillingham production.

GARRICK—"On Trial," with Frederick Perry and a good cast. An exciting story of crime written backward in the form of a trial. Novel and entertaining.

WALNUT—"The Irish Dragoon," with Andrew Mack. Reopening of the playhouse for popular-price plays.

PHOTOPLAYS.

CHESTNUT STREET OPERA HOUSE—All week, "Madame X," with Dorothy Donnelly, a Pathe Gold Rooster film.

STANLEY—Friday and Saturday, "Lydia Gilmore," with Pauline Frederick.

ARCADIA—Friday and Saturday, "Let Katy Do It," with Jane Grey.

REGENT—Friday and Saturday, "The King's Game," with Pearl White.

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

VAUDEVILLE.

KEITH'S—Phyllis Neilson Terry, in scenes from Shakespeare; Manuel Quiroga, violinist; Beatrice Herford, monologist; Clarence Oliver and Georgie Olp, in "Discontent"; Donahue and Stewart, in "Him and Her"; The Great Leon, magician; Gautier's Toyshop, Alexander Kids, Wheeler Trio, acrobats.

COLONIAL—Hatkos' Midnight Rollickers in "Dancing Around"; Icelanders, Norris' Baboons, an animal act; The Wild Moors, Sellers and Orth, Spencer and Williams, Nelson Waring, "Cigarette," Patricola and Myers, Soretty and Antoinette.

GRAND—The Rigoletto Twins, "At the Party," Wood, Melville and Phillips, singing and dancing; Rockwell and Wood, Adelaine Francis, Phonograph Girl; Tom Kuma, contortionist.

CROSS KEYS—Edmund Hayes and company in "The Piano Movers"; Klein's Minstrels, Breen and King, Louise Mayo, Jergen and Hamilton, Eduard Brothers, Ogden Four, Betty Rae, Harris and Nagle and Zara Trio.

GLOBE—Bobby Heath, the Fair Co-Eds, Mable Carew and Vic Burns in "The Untrained Nurse," Sam Watson's Barnyard, Mr. and Mrs. Cortez in "The Tamer," the Arlington Four, the Dunn Sisters, Tampa Japs, Bill and Bob, "Racecycle Fiends"; Martin and company.

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.

Grace La Rue Charms in Costume Recital

Grace La Rue, formerly "featured" in musical comedy and "headlined" in vaudeville, has transferred her charms of person and impersonation to the concert pla form and has added vocal assets superior to the capacities of tone-coloring and interpretation known in her previous metiers.

In a recital at the Little Theatre last night Miss La Rue showed just what fine results follow rigorous schooling when it is animated by an unswerving ambition, grounded in conscientious practice and inspired by intelligent ideals. It is a fine object lesson for American girls.

Miss La Rue is following the path of musical aspiration trod by Alice Nielsen, Marguerita Sylva and Marcella Craft, and if she has not come so near the roseate horizon of achieved ideals it is because she has been traveling on the way a much shorter time. On the evidence of her art, as displayed in a recital that was very intimate in mood and unique in motif and carrying out, she has passed several of the roadposts of success and she will undoubtedly go far, much farther.

The singer's voice is a soprano, more serviceable in dramatic than in lyric passages, though in brief arioso "bits" in several of her songs she indicated lyric capacity that can—and doubtless will—be developed; she has a keen sense of the melodic line; the volume was ample for the restricted spaces of the auditorium in which she sang, and probably would fill larger places to the satisfaction of audiences.

Miss La Rue has the power to project the drama of the song to her hearers through her voice; it is emotionally capable of varied, expressive and convincing feeling. She supplements and "points" her vocal dramatizing by plastic gestures and mobile expression; her histrionic emphasis is curiously artificial, but by the same token, curiously effective, in an adaptation of Delsarte and Dalcroze to song rather than forth-right acting in any real sense. Enhanced by appropriate costumes—she wore four "creations" which excited feminine "ahs" and dazzled masculine eyes—and by well-devised lighting her program had every advantage of atmosphere and environment.

The program itself was masterly in selection and arrangement. It had unity of idea and the mood was not shattered by enforced encores. Twenty-two numbers were divided into "Morning," "Afternoon," "Evening" and "Night." Each had at least one lyric to set the mood, followed by others in key. H. T. Burleigh and Elsa Maxwell were represented by several songs apiece, the negro composer's "Hour Glass" and "The Grey Wolf" attaining distinction as art songs equal to that of any foreign contemporary writing lieder or chansons, and the latter's "The Singer" furnishing the vocalist chance for an affecting interpretation and a particularly smooth mezzavoce finale. Oddly the best example of folk music was not by Burleigh, but was Alexander Rodgers' "Adam," a lilting conceit worthy the imagination of Uncle Remus. Neil McCay's "A Hundred Years from Now" and Ernest Ball's "That's How the Shannon Flows" proved creditable to American composition.

Aid of the dance was invoked to summon novelty to the concluding group and leave an agreeable final impression of the proceedings. Chadwick's "Danza" opened, then came tango and ragtime. Irving Berlin's name did not appear on the program, but surely his spirit was anear to approve the sublimated syncopation to which Miss La Rue danced so trippingly and "raggingly." W. R. M.

31,393 DEEDS FILED IN 1915

Number of Instruments Smaller Than 1914—Amounts Larger

The office of Recorder of Deeds handled 79,630 deeds and other legal instruments during 1915, according to figures made public by Recorder Hazlett. The number of instruments handled in 1914 was 76,894.

Last year 31,393 deeds, involving a consideration of $87,772,504 were recorded. This amount is in excess of the $75,187,775 involved in the deeds of 1914, but the number falls short of the total number, as 32,466 were placed on record year before last.

In both number and amount the mortgages of last year show an increase over the year before. In 1915, 34,472 mortgages for $109,424,455 were recorded, as compared with 31,674 mortgages for $93,890,697 in 1914.

FARMER SMITH'S RAINBOW CLUB

GOOD-NIGHT TALK

Dear Children—What are your HOBBIES?

Perhaps some of you do not know what a hobby is. Suppose you look it up. I want you all to get acquainted with a dictionary, for it will be your very good friend and you can buy one for only 10 cents.

Looking in my little paper-back dictionary which I always have close to me, I see: HOBBY, n., a favorite object. Looking for OBJECT, I find it is that on which we are employed.

So, then, your hobby must be that occupation which is your favorite—which you LIKE to do.

One little girl I know has a hobby and it is a very useful one, for it keeps her busy and her pocket full of pennies. She makes candy. Instead of running all over for something fancy, she takes any ordinary breakfast food her mother has and, following the directions on the box, makes the most delicious, harmless candy.

A boy I know is collecting stamps and still another is always "puttering" with electricity. Recently he took a flower-pot and made a shade for an electric light with it. Wasn't he clever?

Still another young friend of mine has wireless for his hobby, and he allowed me to listen to the dots and dashes as they came from out the air.

I think it would be a good idea to have a list of our members' hobbies, for sometimes we outgrow a hobby and need a new one.

Write me and tell, for the benefit of our members, what YOUR hobby is.

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 .....

Address .....

Age .....

School I attend.....

Mister Whale's Joke

The sun was high in the sky one day when Mr. Whale thought it about time to go and have a little chat with his friend Mrs. Spider. So he said good-by to the fishes and the crabs at the bottom of the ocean and swam near the shore.

"Good-morning, my good friend," he said, as he neared the shore. "I am glad to see you this morning. How are the flies coming along?"

"Very slowly," said Mrs. Spider. "I wish you would get me a few."

"What!" exclaimed Mr. Whale. "I didn't know there were flies in the ocean."

"You never looked for them," said Mrs. Spider.

"All right, if you say there are flies in the ocean, I will go down as far as I can go and look for them." And with that the big fellow went down to the bottom of the ocean and when he came up he spouted water all over Mrs. Spider and her beautiful web.

"Hold on!" shouted Mrs. Spider. "Don't splash the whole ocean on me."

"I thought you wanted some flies and I sent you a lot of them along with the water. Didn't you catch them?"

"I should say not!" said Mrs. Spider, indignantly.

"Then don't ask a whale for flies next time," said the big fellow as he dived down again, shaking his tail at Mrs. Spider as he went.

Our Postoffice Box

This is little Williamette Haney, of Germantown avenue. If the picture gallery were only larger you would have the chance to see a very charming costume. Williamette is dressed for the Tom Thumb Wedding. She writes to the postoffice box very often and very interesting letters, too. The other day in school she saw the shadow of a Rainbow on the wall and what do you suppose it was? It was the reflection of her curl falling across her Rainbow button!

W. HANEY

Samuel Perelstein, South 6th street, says that he will never forget to wear the Rainbow button. How many others have made the same resolution? Leon Koppelman, New Market street, sent a very nice letter. Please write again, Leon. Samuel Soufer, Reed street, promises to keep "our motto" in his mind every minute. Think of how many chances Samuel will find to "spread sunlight"!

Mary Wright, Spring City, Pa., has been the means of founding a very representative branch of the club in her "home town." We extend many welcomes to these out-of-town members and hope that very soon the postoffice box will be buzzing with Spring City news.

Do You Know This?

1. What do these abbreviations stand for—ETC., C. O. D.? (Five credits.)

2. What street in Philadelphia climbs up the side of a house? (Five credits.)

3. What is wrong with this sentence? Aunt Jane gave we children some books. (Five credits.)