## EVENING LEDGER-PHILADELPHIA, TUESDAY, JANUARY 11, 1916.

KAZAN Copyright, 1914, the

CHAPTER X-Continued.

THIS time there came from the Hudson's Bay post to the east a slim, son's Bay post to the faced French halfbreed by the name Henri Loti, the most famous lynx Henri Loti, the Hudson's Bay country, ter in all the Hudson's Bay country, ter in all the fundson's Bay country. of Henri Loti, the meat famous lynx manter in all the Hudson's Bay country. Henry built his trapping shack, and then returned to the post to wait until the first snows fell, when he would come back with his team, supplies and traps. And up from the south, at this same time, there was slowly working his way by cance and trail a young university sociolist who was gathering material for a book on "The Heasoning of the Wild." His name was Paul Woyman, and he had made arrangements to spend a part of the winter with Henri Loui, the half-breed. He brought with him plenty of paper, a camera and the photograph of a girl. His only weapon was a pocket-knife. And meanwhile Kazau and Gray Wolf found the hom: the were seeking in a hick swamp five or six miles from the eabin that Henri Loti had built.

CHAPTER XL

ALWAYS TWO BY TWO. WAS January when a guide from the post brought Paul Weyman to Henri Loti's cabin on the Waterfound. He was man of thirty-two or three, full of the d-blooded life that made Henri like him once. If this had not been the case, first few days in the cabin might have n unpleasant, for Henri was in bad need unification of the second second

strange," said Henri. damn ost seven lynx in the traps, torn the lost seven lynx in the traps, form pleces like they were no more than rab-sthat the foxes hand killed. No thing-is aven bear-have ever tackled lynx in the before. It is the first time I ever it And they are form up so had they not worth one half dollar at the post. avent-that is over two hundred dol-i have lost! There are two wolves a do it. Two-I know it by the tracks lways two-ant-never one. They fol-own transling and est the rabbits I the doll. I won't another one. They fol-always two-an'-never one. They fol-are my trap-line an' eat the rabbits I arch. They have the fisher-cat, an' the dak, an' the ermine, an' the marten; at the lynx-sacre an' damn! they jump the for room him like him an' pull the fur from him like pull the wild cotton balls from the n-bush! I have tried atrychnine in fat, an' I have set traps and dend-but I cannot eatch them. They will me out unless I get them, for I me out unless I get them, for I taken only five good lynx, an' they

have destroyed seven." This roused Weyman. He was one of that growing number of thoughtful men who believe that man's exclusion, as a race blinds him to many of the more wonderful facts of creation. He had thrown down the gantlet, and with a logic that had gained him a nationwide ing, to those who believed that man means, to injust the creature who could reason, and that common sense and claverness, when displayed by any other the state of the s

re is one big wolf an' one smaller." said Henri. Henri. "An' it is always the big who goes in an' fights the lynx. wolf who goes in an' fights the lynx. I see that by the snow. While he's fighting, the smaller makes many tracks in the snow just out of reach, an' then when the lynx is down, or dead, it jumps in an' helps tear it into pieces. All that I know by the snow. Only once have I seen where the smaller one went in an' fought with the other, an' then there may blead all about that was not lynx. ad all about that was not lynx d: I trailed the devils a mile by the

During the two weeks that followed burns the two weeks that following Weyman found much to add to the ma-wral of his book. Not a day passed that somewhere along Henri's trap-line they did not see the trails of the two lves, and Weyman observed that-as mri had told him-the footprints were always two by two, and never one by one. On the third day they came to a trap that had held a lynx, and at sight af what remained Henri cursed in both

In the face. The ignx had been torn until its pelt mouth as he looked at it.

Was practically worthless. Weyman saw where the smaller wolf had waited on its haunches, while its companion had killed the lynx. He did not tell Henri all he thought. But the days that followed convinced him more and more that he had found the most dramatic exemplification of his theory. Back of this mysterious tragedy of the trap-line there was a reason.

Why did the two wolves not destroy the fisher-cat, the ermine and the marten? Why was their feud with the lynx alone?

Weyman was strangely thrilled. He was a lover of wild things, and for that reason he never carried a gun. And when he saw Henri plucing polson batts for the two marauders he shuddered, and when, day after day, he saw that these pollson baits were untouched, he reloiced. Some-thing in his own nature went out in sympathy to the heroic outlaw of the trap line who never failed to give battle to the lynx. Nights in the cabin he wrote down by the theorem and the second s down his thoughts and discoveries of the One night he turned suddenly on

Henri "Henri, doesn't it ever make you sor to kill so many wild things?" he asked. Henri stared and shook his head.

"I kill tousand an' tousand," he said kill tousand more." "And there are 20,000 others just like

And there are 5000 others just loke you in this northern quarter of the con-tinent-all killing, killing for hundreds of years back, and yet you can't kill out wild life. The war of Man and the Beast, you might call it. And, if you could re-turn 500 years from now, Henri, you'd still find wild life here. Nearly all the years of the warfing her wareful the rest of the world is changing, but you can't change these almost impenetrable thousands of square miles of ridges and swamps and forests. The railroads won't

swamps and forests. The fallroads won't come bere, and 1, for one, thank God for that. Take all the great prairies to the West, for instance. Why, the old buffalo trails are still there, plain as day—and yet, towns and cities are growing up everywhere. Did you ever hear of North Battleford?"

near Montreal or Quebec?" Henri asked.

Weyman amiled, and drew a photograph from his pocket. It was the picture

"No. It's far to the west, in Saskatchewan. Seven years ago I used to go up there every year to shoot prairie chickens, coyotes and elk. There wasn't any North Battleford then-just the glorious prairie, hundreds and hundreds of square miles of it. There was a single shack on the Saskatchewan River, where North Bat-tleford now stands, and I used to stay

there. In that shack there was a little girl, 12 years old. We used to go out hunting together-for I used to kill things in those days. And the little girl would sometimes when I killed and I'd laugh at her.

"Then a railroad came, and then an other, and they joined near the shack, and all at once a town sprang up. Seven years ago there was only the shack there, enri. Two years ago there were 1500 ople. This year, when I came through, ere were 5000 and two years from now Henri there'll be 10,000. "On the ground where that shack stood

are three banks, with a capital of \$40,000,-600; you can see the glow of the electric lights of the city 29 miles away. It has a \$100,000 college, a high school, the pro-vincial asylum, a fire department, two clubs, a board of trade, and it's going to have a street car line within two years. Think of that-all where the coyotes howl-ed a few years ago! "People are coming in so fast that they

can't keep a census. Five years from now there'll be a city of 20,009 where the old shack stood. And the little girl in that shack. Henri-she's a young lady now, and her people are-well, rich. I don't care

her people are-well, rich. I don't care about that. The chief thing is that she is going to marry me in the spring. Be-cause of her I stopped killing things when she was only 16. The last thing I killed was a prairie wolf and it had young. Elleen kept the little puppy. She's got it now-tamed. That's why, above all other wild things. I love the wolves. And I have these these these your transling I hope these two leave your trap-line safe."

French and English until he was purple | faced girl, with deep pure eyes, and there in the face.

"My lowaka died tree year ago," he maid. "She too loved the wild thing. But them wolf-damn! They drive me out if I cannot kill them." He put fresh fuel maid. I cannot kill them." He put fresh file into the stove and prepared for bed. One day the hig idea came to Henri. Weyman was with him when they struck fresh signs of jyrs. There was a great windfall 10 or 15 feet high, and in one place the logs had formed a sort of caver, with simost solid walls on three

JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD

of cavern, with almost solid walls on three sides. The snow was beaten down by tracks and the fur of rabbit was scat-tered about. Henri was jubilant. "We got heem-sure" he said.

He built the bait-house, set a trap and looked about him shrewdly. Then he ex-plained his scheme to Weyman. If the lynx was caught and the two wolves came to destruct the back to destroy it, the fight would take place n that shelter under the windfall, and the marauders would have to pass brough the opening. So Henri set five smaller traps, concealing them skilfully under leaves and moss and snow, and all were far enough away from the balt-house so that the trapped lynx could not

spring them in his struggles. "When they fight, wolf jump this way an' that-an' sure get in," said Henri, "He miss one, two, t'ree-but he sure get trap somewhere.

That same morning a light snow fell. making the work more complete, for it covered up all footprints and buried the telltale scent of man. That night Kazan and Gray Wolf passed within a hundred feet of the windfall, and Gray Wolf's keen scent detected something strange and disquicting in the air. She informed Kazan by pressing her shoulder against his, and they swung off at right angles, keeping to windward of the trap-line. For two days and three cold, starlit

nights nothing happened at the windfall. Henri understood and explained to Wey-man. The lynx was a hunter, like himself, and also had its hunt-line, which it covered about once a week. On the fifth night the lynx returned, went to the windfall, was lured straight to the bait.

and the sharp-toothed steel trap closed relentlessly over its right hindfoot. Kazan and Gray Wolf were traveling a quarter of a mile deeper in the forest when they heard the clanking of the steel chain as the lynx fought to free itself. Ten minutes later they stood in the door of the windfall cavern.

It was a white, clear night, so fille with brilliant stars that Henri himself

with oriliant stars that Henri himself could have hunded by the light of them. The lynx had exhausted itself and lay crouching on its belly as Kazan and Gray Wolf appeared. As usual, Gray Wolf held back while Kazan began the battle. In the first or second of these fights on the trap-line Kazan would prob-ably have been disemboweled or had his unpuber yein cut onen had the flore cata ugular vein cut open had the flerce cats een free. They were more than his natch in open fight, though the biggest if them fell 10 pounds under his weight. Thance had saved him on the Sun Rock. en free.

Gray Wolf and the porcupine had both added to the defeat of the lynx on the sand bar. And along Henr's hunting line it was the trap that was his ally. Even with his enemy thus shackled, he took big chances. And he took bigger chances than ever with the lynx under the windfall.

the windfall. The cat was an old warrior, 6 or 7 years old. His claws were an inch and a quarter long and curved like simitars. His forefeet and his left hindfoot were free, and as Kazan advanced he drew back so that the trap chain was slack under his body. Here Kazan could not follow his old tactics of circling about his trapped foe until it had become tangled in the chain or had so shortened and twisted it that there was no chance for a leap. He had to attack face to face, and suddenly he lunged in. They met shoulder to shoulder. Kazan's fangs anapped at the other's throat and min Before he could strike again the lynx flung out its free hindfoot, and even Gray Wolf heard the ripping sound that it made. With a snarl Kazan was flung back, his shoulder torn to the bone. Then it was that one of Henri's hidden traps saved him a second attack-and

Steel laws snapped over one of death. Henri was staring at him. Weyman gave him the picture. It was of a sweet-chain stopped him. Once or twice before

blind Gray Wolf had leaped in when she knew that Kazan was in great danger. For an instant she forgot her caution now, and as she beard Kazan's snarl of pain she sprang in under the windfall. Five traps Henri had hidden in the space in front of the bathouse and Gray Wolf's in front of the bathouse and Gray Wolf's pain she sprang in under the windfall. Five traps Henri had bidden in the space in front of the halthouse and Gray Wolf's feet found two of these. She fell on her

side, snapping and snarling. In his struggle Kazan sprung the re-maining two traps. One of them missed. The fifth and last, caught him by a hindfoot

This was a little past midnight. From This was a little past moment. then until morning the earth and snow under the windfall were torn up by the struggles of the wolf, the dog and the lynx to regain their freedom. And when norning came, all three were exhausted, and lay on their sides, panting and with bleeding jaws, waiting for the coming of man-and death.

Henri and Weyman' were out early. When they struck off the main line toward the windfail, Henri pointed to the tracks of Kazan and Gray Wolf, and the tracks of Kazan and Gray Wolf, and his dark face lighted up with pleasure and excitation. Whin they reached the shelter under the mass of fallen timber both stood speechless for a moment, astounded by what they saw. Even Henri had seen nothing like this before-two wolves and a lyng, all in traps, and almost within reach of one another's former but success of dest lang data. fangs. But surprise could not long delay fangs. But surprise could not long delay the business of Henri's hunter's instinct. The wolves lay first in his path, and he was raising his rifle to put a steel-capped bullet through the base of Kazan's brain, when Weyman caught him eagerly by the arm. Weyman was staring. His fingers dug into Henri's flesh. His eyes had caught a glimpse of the steel-studded col-lar about Kazan's neck.

"Walt!" he cried. "It's not a wolf. It's

Henri lowered his rifle, staring at the collar. Weyman's eyes shot to Gray Wolf. She was facing them, snarling, her white fangs bared to the foes she could not see. Her blind eyes were closed. Where there should have been eyes there was only hair, and an exclamation broke

was only hair, and an exclamation broke from Weyman's lips. "Look!" he commanded of Henri. "What in the name of heaven-" "One is dog-wild dog that has run to the wolves," said Henri. "And the other is-wolf." "And blind!" gasped Weyman. "Out, blind, miseur." added Henri, fall-ing partly into French in his amagement. He was raising his rifle again. Wey-man selzed it firmly. nan selzed it firmly

"Don't kill them," he said. "Give them to me-allve. Figure up the value of the lynx they have destroyed, and add to that the wolf bounty, and I will pay. Alive, they are worth to me a great deal. My God, a dog-and a blind wolf-mates!" He still held Henri's rifle, and Henri was staring at him, as if he did not yet

was staring at him, as if he did not yet quite understand. Weymann continued speaking, his eyes and face blazing. "A dog-and a blind wolf-mates!" he repeated. "It is wonderful, Henri. Down there they will say that I have gone be-yond reason, when my book comes out. But I shall have proof. I shall take 20 photographs here, before you kill the lynx. And I shall pay you, Henri, a hun-dred dollars aplece for the two. May I have them?"

have them?

Henri nodded. He held his rifle in readiness, while Weyman unpacked his camera and got to work. Snarling fangs greeted the click of the camera shutterthe fangs of wolf and lynx. But Kazan hay cringing, not through fear, but be-cause he still recognized the mastery of man. And when he had finished with his pictures, Weyman approached alm within reach of him, and spoke even no dadly to him than the man who had lived back in the deserted cabin.

Henri shot the lynx, and when Kazan understood this he tore at the end of his trapeliains and snarled at the writhing body of his forest enemy. By means of a pole and a babiche noose, Kazan was brought out from under the windfall and taken to Henri's cabin. The two men then returned with a thick sack and more babiche, and blind Gray Wolf, still fettered by the traps, was made prisoner. All the rest of that day Weyman and Henri worked to build a stout cage of saplings, and, when it was finished, the two prisoners were placed in it.

Before the dog was put in with Gray Wolf, Weyman closely examined the worn and tooth-marked collar about his neck. On the brass plate he found engraved the one word, "Kazan." and, with a strange thrill, made note of it in his diary. After this Weyman often remained at the cabin when Henri went out on the trap-line.

After the second day he dared to put its head between the sapling bars and they sally forth any way. touch Kazan, and the next day Kazan

toll it demanded.

Now and then in their wanderings Ka-zan and Gray Wolf had come upon the little mounds that covered the dead. In-

little mounds that covered the dead. In-stinct-something that was infinitely be-yand the comprehension of man-made them feel the presence of death about them, perhaps smell it in the air. Kazan had lured her back to a trap-line. The trail they found was old. It had not been traveled for many days. In a trap they found a rabbit, but it had been dead a long time. In another there been dead a long time. In another there was the carcass of a fox, torn into bits by the owis. Most of the traps were sprung. Others were covered with snow. Kazan, with his three-quarters strain of dog, ran over the trail from trap to trap, intent only on something alive-meat to devour. Gray Wolf, in her blindness, monted death. It shivered in the tree-tops above her. She found it in every trap-house they came to-death-man death. It grew stronger and stronger, and she whined, and nipped Kazan's flank. And Kazan went on. Gray Wolf followed him to the edge of the clearing in which Loti's cabin stood, and then she sait back on her haunches, raised her blind face to the gray sky, and gave a long and Kazan, with his three-quarters strain of ant back on her haunches, raised her blind face to the gray sky, and gave a long and walling cry. In that moment the bristles began to stand up along Kazan's spin-Once, long ago, he had howled before the types of a master who was newly dend, and he settled back on his haunches, and gave the death-cry with Gray Wolf. He, too, scented it now. Death was in the cabin, and over the cabin there stood a sapling pole, and at the end of the pole there fluitered a strip of red cotton rag-the warning flag of the plague from Athabasca to the bay. This plague from Athabasca to the bay. man, like a hundred other heroes of the North, had run up the warning before he laid himself down to die. And that same night, in the cold light

of the moon, Kazan and Gray Wolf swung northward into the country of the Fond du Lac.

(CONTINUED TOMORROW.)



CONVENIENCE QUESTION

ATLANTIC CITY, Jan. 11.—After re-iterating for a great many years that under no circumstances would they per-mit a splendid stretch of beach to be marred and obstructed by a pler, prominent Chelseans are almost ready to make a complete change of front. The bellef is growing among large property owners of the lower residential district that it is of the lower residential district that is hardly fair to the young people there that they should have to travel a good two miles up into the crowded city in search of a place to dance, and that an anusement structure maintained like the Steel Pier would be a very good thing for Chelsea.

Nothing may come of it in time for next summer, but Chelsea can have a pler if public sentiment decides that way and apital is forthcoming. A block of property facing the Boardwalk between Chel-sea and Montpeller avenue and abutting on the landward side the premises of Rodman Wanamaker, is one of the few un-restricted sections on the whole beach-front. Many have predicted that Mr. Wanamaker would buy the beach front-age to protect his holdings, extending back to Pacific avenue, but the title is still in the hands of a syndicate which has not paid the taxes on the land for several years.

terday was, to make business brisk for proprietors of women's specialty shops up and down the Boardwalk. Ten thousand women get out their finery and parade about the hotels all morning when



ing celebrated today by Mr. and Mrs John W. Kielkopf at their home, 1625 Ells worth street. Four generations of the family are participating in the celebra-

Mr. and Mrs. Klelkopf were married January II, 1966, in Fort Richmond. With them at the golden wedding anniversary today will be their only son, George Kleltoday will be their only son, George Klei-kopf, and their three daughters. Mrs. William Morrison, 2325 North Bouvier street; Mrs. W. John Porter, 1313 South Ruby street, and Mrs. E. C. Chism, of National Park, N. J. There are eight grandchildren and one great-grandchild. Mr. Kielkopf has been a tennster, with his place of husiness at 160 Dock street. for 50 years. He is an active member of the Knights of Pfthias, and is master of the exchequer in Integrity Lodge, No. 48.

LITTLE SCHOOLGIRLS TAUGHT WITH DOLLS HOW TO CARE FOR BABY

> Geography and Spelling Books Temporarily Cast Aside, and Children Instructed by Expert Nurses

## ARITHMETICAL LULLABY

The instinct of motherhood received lefinite recognition in the public school curriculum today when many hundreds of little girls cast aside their geography books and their spellers to learn how to care for bables.

The Declaration of Independence, the list of European capitals and all else that goes with the traditional course of the elementary grades were forgotten as the parents of the future tenderly fondied dolls that served as substitutes for real, live babies. Seventeen young women, nurses employed by the Depart-

parade about the hotels all morning when they find parading outdoors is not to be thought of. But when luncheon is past, they saily forth any way, whether it is the lesson was through and the they saily forth any way, whether it is make-believe cradies, the little girls re-turned to their other studies, singing the babies to sleep to the melody of the parts whether it is inlication table. Picturesque and inspiring as the instruc-tion was, it had a greater educational sig-nificance than the majority of laymen who witnessed it could appreciate. It meant that one of the most serious duties of life had been given equal pedagogical rank with other matters that will perhaps never affect the homemakers of the next gen-

CITY TAKES GOOD CARL OF ITS DEPENDENT OLD FOLK IN MANY HOMES

• 11

"Shabby Genteel" and Aged Poor Find Havens in Numerous Institutions of Varied **Characters** 

NEARLY 2000 ON LISTS

City's Aged Dependent Folk Well Cared For

They are well cared for. The city has more than 30 homes corresponding to the proposed Freedman Home, in New York, for the "shabby genteel." Nearly 2000 aged and helpless men and women of good standing or former good circumstances are sheltered in these homes.

Many of the homes are sectarian.

The waiting lists are large.

Philadelphia takes good care of its old people, care as painstaking and reveran as that prescribed in the will of the lake Andrew Freedman, of New York, who left nearly \$7,000,000 for the establishment of a nonsectarian home for the aged Indigent of former good circumstances, who have become dependent through ....

versity. There are more than 30 homes for these "shabby genteel" old people in this city. Either through explicit stipulation or in-directly the members of the "families" in the homes scattered throughout the city come up to the standard prescribed in the will of the New York philantaro-plat. The homes are supported by Stats aid, private bequests, public contribu-tions and by churches and religious, fra-ternal and other societies.

"This city provides very well for its old persons," said the Rev. R. M. Little. old persons,' said the Rev. A. M. Latter, secretary of the Society for Organizing Charity. 'We like to believe, of course, that the City of Brotherly Love is more benevolent in its care of the aged de-pendent than are other cities. We compare very favorably with them.

"The entrance fees, averaging from \$100 to \$300, and the constitutions of the or-ganizations which support the homes, make for a rather high standard socially, among the inmates. The waiting lists of all of them are large, and usually it requires a year of waiting to enter."

NEARLY 2000 IN HOMES

Nearly 2000 old men and women, mar-ried and single, widowers and widows, find shelter under the roofs of homes for the "shabby genteel" of this city. The minimum entrance age ranges from 60 to 55 years and in one or two cases it is 55 enrs.

Most of the homes bar old people who were not well-to-do or who did not move in good society, leaving them to the care of the almshouses. In their comfortable retreats the white-haired belies of long ago ply their needles, if their eyes are not too dimmed, and the now decrepit men read their books or walk in the garden, slowly, to be sure. About half of the homes shelter both husband and wife, so that the twilight years may be spent together

The Indigent Widows' and Single Women's Society of Philadelphia excludes ser-vants from the home, one of the largest in the city, which it maintains at 3015 Chestnut street. Good social standing is insisted upon at the home of the Christ Church Hospital, at 48th street and Belmont avenue, the oldest home for aged women in the city. It was established in 1772 for Protestant Episcopal old ladies.

Another example is the Old Man's ne at 29th and Baring streets, which opens its doors only to aged men whose circumstances have been lowered by mis-



fellow's throat, began to look and

"Ahem! Ahem! Ahem! There is

nothing the matter with your son, my

"Oh, doctor, isn't there something

"Yes," replied Dr. Bull Frog. "Give

him a spanking every hour until he is

As Dr. Bull Frog went down the

steps he heard a "swat, swat, swat!"

accompanied by a loud sound that

couldn't have come from a sore throat.

Do You Know This?

1. A man called for the following

telephone number, I, C, A, Locust.

What number did he get? (Five

2. What street in Philadelphia rep- men are living up to their pledge!

look and look. Finally he said:

# GOOD-NIGHT TALK

Your editor asked you for 1000 members by Christmas and YOU GOT THEM. Then you were asked to get 5000 members by Lincoln's Birthday and we have over 5000 members NOW.

Isn't it wonderful?

How do you suppose we did it? BY ALL WORKING TOGETHER. Let us all try and have 10,000 members by Lincoln's Birthday. From the resutiful letters we are receiving and the kind words which come to us from our little workers, I am sure that we can get 10,000 by February 12.

LET US ALL WORK TOGETHER!

### RAINBOW CLUB PRIZE OFFER

Philadelphia should be known all over the United States as THE ity where the children LOVE to go to school and to bring this about, FARMER SMITH'S RAINBOW CLUB, through the EVENING LEDGER, will offer ten (\$10) IN GOLD to that boy or girl who will answer the following uestions in the best manner before February 8, 1916. The next fifteen children who answer the questions in the next best manner will each receive one dollar (\$1). In case of a tie for the first prize, the ten dollars will be equally divided between the two who have answered in the most matiafactory manner. It is not necessary to buy the EVENING LEDGER to mpete for these prizes. The money for the prizes will be mailed February 21 as a Washington's Birthday present from the EVENING LEDGER, through Farmer Smith's Rainbow Club. Here are the questions, which must be answered on ONE side of the paper only, and mailed BEFORE FEBRUARY 8:

- (1) What do you like about your school?
- (2) What do you dislike about your school?
- (3) What do you like about your home?

(4) What do you dislike about your home?

(5) What can you suggest to bring your home and your school closer together ?

good woman."

better."

credits.)

I can give him?"

Great Doings in Frogville | poking a lightning bug down the little "I got a sore throat," said Willie lop Toad to his mother one night. "My dear child, a hoptoad's throat about all there is to him. If you have a sore throat, you must be sick all over."

"I am," said Willie. "I am dying." "How do you know you are dying ?" sized his mother, putting on her danses and looking at him. "Did you er die before?"

"No," said Willie, thoughtfully, "I im't care to. I don't want to leave

"I send for Dr. Bull Frog at once," Mrs. Hop Toad, as she went over the telephone.

ten the doctor came he hopped in his "Aham! Ahem!"

a mt Willis down on a chair and,

resents a precious stone? (Five credits.)

3. What is the meaning of A. M. P. M.? (Five credits.)

Our Postoffice Box Francis Frasco is one of the prominent members of the Eighth Street

Squad. He is the proud possessor of a bank account and a real live bank book.

The first meeting of the Rosewood



Esirla Espuralli, Latona street, is

a genuine Rainbow! She is helping

her sick mother and doing her best

Percy Braitman, Christian street,

and some of his friends, Samuel and

Louis Cramer, M. Catz, N. Manis and

I. Cohen, are responsible for much re-

cent happiness in this world. At

Christmas time they befriended a poor

little boy whom Percy found on the

street crying because there was to be

no Merry Christmas in his house that

year. Percy says that the Rainbow

Club and its mission came right be-

fore his eyes. He told the boys and

to put sunshine into her life.

"She die," Henri told him on the sev-enth night. "She starve before she eat in that cage. She want the forest, the wild kill, the fresh blood. She two-Uree year old-too old to make civilize." Henri went to bed at the usual hour, but Weyman was troubled, and eat up late. He wrote a long letter to the sweet-Rainbow Sewing Circle took place faced girl at North Battleford, and then last Tuesday night. he turned out the light, and painted vis-lons of her in the red glow of the fire. This club will be He saw her again for that first time remembered as the when he camped in the little shack where the fifth city of Saskatchewan now stood -with her blue eyes, the big shinding braid, and the fresh glow of the prairies Rosewood Helping Hand, which did so in her cheeks. She had hated him-yes, actually hated him, because he loved to kill. He laughed softly as he thought of much good work for Santa Claus

friends with Kazan.

not so long ago. that. She had changed him-wonderfully. that. She had changed him-wonderfully. He rose, opened the door swiftly, and went out. Instinctively his eyes turned westward. The sky was a blaze of stars. In their light he could see the cage, and he stood, watching and listening. A sound came to him. It was Gray Wolf gnawing at the sapling bars of her prison. A moment later there came a low sob-bing whins, and he knew that it was FRANCIS FRASCO The members are as follows: Florence Jackson, Francis Jackson, Mary Collins, Catherine Collins, Marion Daly, Grace Daly, Anna Daly, secretary; Anna Shean, Florence Catafesta, Florence Galvin, Florence Foster, Marie Ghegan, Theresa Zussy and Evelyn Messick.

bing whine, and he knew that it was Kazan crying for his freedom. Leaning against the side of the cabin was an ax. Weyman seized it, and his lips smiled silently. He was thrilled by strange happiness, and a thousand miles away in that city on the Saskatch-owan he could feel another spirit re-olcing with him.

He moved toward the cage. A dozen blows, and two of the sapling bars were knocked out. Then Weyman drew back Gray Wolf found the opening first, and she slipped out into the starlight like a shadow. But she did not flee. Out in the open space she waited for Kazan, and for a moment the two stood there, looking at the cabin. Then they set off into freedom, Gray Wolf's shoulder at Kazan's flank. Weyman breathed deeply.

"Two by two-always two by two, until death finds one of them," he whispered.

#### CHAPTER, XII. THE RED DEATH.

KAZAN and Gray Wolf wandered northward into the Fond du Lac they started to save up for a tree, but in the meantime, they found one, so they gave their savings, which country, and were there when Jacques, a Hudson Bay Company's runner, came amounted to a dollar, to the little boy's up to the post from the south with the mother. I think their own Christmas first authentic news of the dread plague first authentic news of the dread plague --the smallpox. For weeks there had been rumors on all sides. And rumor grew into rumor. From the east, the south and the west they multiplied, until on all sides the P... I Reveres of the wil-derness were carrying word that a Mort Rouge-the Red Death-was at their heels, and the chill of a great fear swept like a shivering wind from the edge of civilization to the bay. Ninetsen years had the time rumors had come up from the must have been a very happy one, don't you? On New Year's Day, while watching the parade, these same boys befriended another little boy. Percy gave up his place in line to him so that he could see and then he gave him a penny. Surely these young

raining or not, and make their way to the shops where the cheapest hat sells for \$15, and a really presentable blouse accepted a piece of raw moose meat from his hand. But at his approach, Gray Wolf would always hide under the pile of cannot be obtained for less than \$10. When two or three wet days come in close succession, women whose bank ac-counts do not require careful watching balsam in the corner of their prison. The Instinct of generations and perhaps of centuries had taught her that man was her deadliest enemy. And yet, this man uy many blouses and hats just to amuse did not hurt her, and Kazan was not

afraid of him. She was frightened at first; then puzzled, and a growing curi-osity followed that. Occasionally, after the third day, she would thrust her blind face out of the balsam and sniff the air when Weyman was at the cage, making friends with Kazan. But she would not eight weeks The Boardwalk as yet has scarcely heard that Evangelist Stough is in town. He can batter away all he sees fit at the cabarets at long range. They do not do much business during the next six or eight weeks anyway, one philosopher expressed it today. But just let Stough get after the movie shows, which run crowded to the doors on Sunday nights and there will be a mighty howl, the But she would not eat. Weyman noted that, and each day he tempted her with the choicest morsels of deer and moose fat. Five days-siz-seven passed, and she had not taken a mouthful. Weyman could count her ribs vie men say.

Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Brinton came to the shore from Media with Miss H. M. Brinton.

Mrs. F. W. Curtis and Miss Curtis, of Reading, are among the Pennsylvanians

nere. Recently arrived Philadelphians include Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Barnits, Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Dalaimer, Miss Harriet Boyer, Mr. and Mrs. N. S. Allinger, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Townsend, Jr., G. S. Cheyney and

Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Schultz. Mrs. Walt Ponder Conaway entertained at bridge at her home on Pacific avenue, her guests being Mrs. Harry N. Earl Mrs. Henry P. Miller, Mrs. William Harri-Earl son Van Dyne, Mrs. Savery Bradle William A. Faunce, Mrs. Roy Woolbert

week.

Mrs. Harry Shinnen. Mrs. Irving Parsons will give a lunch-eon and bridge on Wednesday of this

### Dirge of Used-to-Be

In the dark and gloomy graveyard of the Things-That-Used-to-Be, A group of ghosts were gathered 'neath a

weeping willow tres. a mournful tones, with dismal moans, while tears streamed from his eyes,

melancholy shade explained the cause of his demise.

He said: "I was an Oil Lamp, and I still recall the day When folks thought I was bright enough

to light the darkest way; But when, at last, I'd finally cast a glamor round myself.

They all installed Electric Light and put me on the shelf."

'I was a little Horse Car," another spirit

"And for a time upon my back the world was glad to ride. For many a day things went my way, but soon I, too, departed; The Tramways pushed me off the track to perish, broken-hearted."

An ancient ghost wept softly as he told his tale of wos. He smid: "I was a Mail Coach a century

ago: But conservation taught the nation how

to save its breath. And now the phones and telegraphs have just talked me to death."

And so, beneath the willow trees, these

mournful ghosts resids. All dreaming of the good, old-fashioned days before they died. With plaintive walls they tell their tales of death and dissolution,

of them was killed by plain For every one of them ELECTROCUTION.

ration. The instruction will hereafter be given after regular school hours. The Division of Child Hygiene of the Health Depart-ment will supply the teachers, while the Child Federation, through whose influence this work was undertaken, will furnish the equipment. Albert Cross, secre

tary of this organization, declared today that Philadelphia had only begun what other cities had been doing for many SCATS. This work had been successfully under-

taken under the auspices of the Mothers' Lengues formed by the Federation, but it was not until today that the municipality entered officially into the movement. The list of schools, to which the Division of Child Hygican

has assigned lecturing nurses, is as fol-Baugh-Close, 7th and Dickinson streets; Columbus, 9th and Carpenter streets; Hawthorne, 12th and Fitzwater streets; Randall, 9th and Bainbridge streets; Northeast, Race and Lawrence streets; Durham, 18th and Lombard streets; Mad-

ison, New Market and Green streets; Paxson, 6th and Noble streets; Landen-beyer, 4th and George streets; Baldwin, 16th and Porter streets; stanton, 17th and Christian streets; Landreth, 23d and Fed eral streets; Key, sth and Wolf streets; Rush, 5th street and Snyder a enue; Furness, 5d and Mifflin streets; Nichols, 16th and Wharton streets, and Mount Ver-

non, 3d and Catharine streets.

### MRS. KETCHUM MOVES

Her Soup Kitchen Now Located at Her Home, 3224 Frankford Avenue

Mrs. M. W. Ketchum has opened the arrs. M. W. Betchum has opened the Richmond soup kitchen for the winter at her home, 3224 Frankford avenue, instead of at the former address in the rear of 252 Ann street. She has found her own home to be a more suitable headquarters and the 140-gallon soup kettle has been moved there. moved there. more than 150 persons were supplied with soup and bread yesterday, and dur-

with soup and bread yesterday, and ing the remainder of the winter the will be given out daily between 11 12.50 o'cluck-the lunch hour. Improved industrial conditions have decreased the number of desitutes in the section, but there are still many fixedy ones who would go hungry if it were not for Mrs. Ketchum's efforts.

# LIGHT ARTILLERY ON VIEW

National Security League Has Exhibit at Headquarters

The Franklin Bank Building now looks as if it can defend uself against anything, for the National Security League, which is quartered therein, is showing three machine guns, two one-pounders, a num-ber of three-inch shells, a complete land-ing force and divers other forms of mathing southment. Causin K. C. Mar forma Torma Moring force and divers other forms of righting squipment. Captain K. C. Mor-gan, of the Minesota, loaned the ex-hibits to the league, and sent some sallore from the Navy Fard to set it

SOME ACCEPT POOR ONLY

In direct contrast to this, the homes for poverty-stricken aged persons supported by the Little Sisters of the Poor, a Cathoby the Little Sisters of the Poor, a Catho-lie organization, exclude all who are not poor. Three of these havens are main-tained, at 52d street and Chester avenue, 18th street above Jefferson street, and 602 Church lane, Germantown.

Many of the Philadelphia homes are sectarian. How particular some of them are as to the character of their inmates may be illustrated by the John C. Mercer Home for Disabled Clergymen of the Presbyterian faith, at Ambler, Park where no clergyman who uses tobaccor admitted

ONE HOME FOR NEGROES.

There is one large home for aged an indigent negroes, both men and women, it is the Home for Aged and Infirm Colored Persons, at 400 Girard avenue. It insists on good character and worth-iness in its inmates.

The following is a list of Philadelphia's homes for the indigent aged, whom mis-fortune has rendered dependent. The list does not include almehouses, missions, naval and military homes, asylums for the aged blind or deaf or homes catering to the very poorest classes;

Baptiat Home of Philadelphia, 17th and Ner-

Christ Church Houpital, 48th street and Bal-

Edwin Forrest Home for Aged and Infirm

Friends' Boarding Home. 6100 Greene street,

George Nugent Home for Baptist Ministers

German Baptist Home for the Aged, 7033

Gernage Evangelical Home for the Aged, Old fork road and Hunting Park avenue. Haves Mechanics Home Ala. Home for the 'Aged, 1959 Mount Vernon

Home for the Aged Couples of the City of Home for Aged and Infran Colored Persona. Home for Aged and Infran Israelites, Yors and An Tabor avenue.

ry-1 Music Teachers, 101 West

Martine Jamme January, and West all Roat for the Ageil of the Protestant all Church, 2019 Wayne avents.
Church, 2019 Wayne avents.
Mulows' and Single Woman's Sec-Philastephia, 2016 Chestnut strest.
Sheltering Home for the Homeless d, 31x South 30 street.
Marcor Home for Dhabled Chergs-ine Presbyterian Paith, Ambler, Pa.
Home for Old Ladies. Roumfort reve-tions for Old Ladies. Roumfort reve-tions for Old Ladies. Roumfort reve-bloger street. Moant Airy.
Dread Home and Philadelphia.

Home of Pennaylvania, 3333 North

Episcopul Home for the Aged of Belmont, Edgicy and Monument

224 Article Home for the Aged 2006-32 Column-tication 2027-23 Nicholas futures. Fellows Home of Forlassivenia, 17th Tows streets. Ladies' Home of Fulladelphia, Taxing Andre Home of Fulladelphia, Taxing Andre Home, Whitehomic, getween Any's Home, John and Faring streets a Asyiam of Falladelphia for induced we and Stagle Women, 1404 East Har-inha avenue.

aba average adecable German Protestant Rome for the 2d stress play and Balling trad-aritistan Home for Aged Complex and Mor of the State of Pennsylvania, edge is near Bejongst average. and More of the State of Frenzyllians, the Venue near Besimon avenue. Presbytatian Homo for Wineyes and supris Conon in the State of Posingvirus of rest and Grainway avenue. Babakah Homo for Winey and Wakes of de Feileren, 200 North 17th Styrel. Rocherson Homo for Milansi Vision of the Anti-Kinger for Milansi Vision of the State State State of the State of the State State State of the State of the State State of the State of the State of Feileren State of the State of the State of State of the State of the State State of State of the State of the State State of State of the State of the State State of State of the State of the State State of State of the State of the State State of State of the State of the State State of State of State of the State of the State State of State of State of the State of the State State of State of State of the State of the State State of State of State of the State of the State State of State of State of the State of the State State of State of State of the State of the State State of State of State of the State of the State State of State of State of the State of the State of the State State of State of State of the State of the State of the State State of State of State of the State of the State of the State State of State of State of the St