

JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD

MEMBERS OF FARMER SMITH ROSEWOOD RAINBOW CLUB



These kiddies have named their little gathering after the EVENING LEDGER's popular Rainbow Club and meet at the home of Mrs. Oliver Server, 2318 Rosewood street, on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings. When they celebrate their first anniversary an elaborate entertainment and exhibition of plain sewing will be given.

COMMON SENSE RULES REGARDING HABITS OF FEEBLE-MINDED YOUTH

Mrs. Carrie C. Webb Won In-corrigeable Class of Negro Children by Perseverance in Practical Methods

A CLASSROOM STORE

Sixteen feeble-minded negro boys and girls have been made into useful, peaceful little citizens through the educational efforts of Mrs. Carrie C. Webb, a young woman of their own race. Mrs. Webb is the wife of Walker B. Webb, messenger to Mayor Smith.

Her first step in solving the problem was to arouse the interest of the pupils in ordinary affairs. She talked to the children about the weather. At first they seemed to be unconcerned of what she was saying, but eventually the unfortunate little ones appeared to appreciate that there was such a phenomenon as weather and they displayed as much interest in it as normal folk.

Discipline was the next question to be considered. Mrs. Webb devised a code of ethics for the pupils and enforced it rigidly. The youngsters soon learned, in their own peculiar way, that every act affected every other person in the class and they learned of a system of rewards and punishments. She carefully avoided physical force in carrying out her plan.

Mrs. Webb has established a "store" of foods and wearing apparel are stored into a corner of the classroom and "make-believe money" is valued in the eyes of the children. It is distributed, it serves as "pay" for faithful work and a system of fines is employed to discourage infractions of the rules.

218 New Members in Campaign

This first day of the two weeks' campaign being held by the Philonian Literary Institute for 1000 members brought 218 new names.

THE CHEERFUL CHERUB. My life would make such a good book with all of the troubles I've got. It's very exciting, I think. To live like this right in a plot.

Fairy Godmother to the Children

Brings Peace and Harmony Where Neighborhood Feuds Were Common

It sounds like a fairy tale so that the coming of Mrs. Oliver Server into the neighborhood of 2318 Rosewood street brought peace and happiness to the little folks where street feuds and quarrels used to be the order of the day. But this is telling the end of the story before the beginning.

"The children around here used to quarrel so that I began to wonder what could possibly be done to stop them. The little boys and girls would run to their parents and the mothers would join in, and the first thing you know there would be a regular hotbed of ill feeling all around the block. So I took six or seven of the little girls aside and formed a sewing club. We meet every Tuesday evening and make aprons, little petticoats and even dresses."

"Pride glowed in her eyes as she drew a basket in the middle of the room. Inside were piles of neatly folded articles in cotton, flannel or cheesecloth, and with a child's name pinned to the outside. The articles were small and accurate. "How did you ever come to give him such a name?" she asked.

"I've heard better," came the noncommittal response. "But this one was left outside in the pouring rain one cold night and I heard him crying. So the next morning I brought him in for the children to play with. It was the first day that 'Billy' Sunday came to town, so I called him by that name."

"We have the boys here on Wednesday evenings. I guess there are about 15 of them. They aren't a bit of trouble. Let them play in the cellar, where they just do as they like—quits, tennies, checkers, riddle-de-winks, and such. They never quarrel any more. And my boys are very much ashamed if they let me catch them fighting outside. Since your Farmer Smith has established his Rainbows Club, all the children are very anxious to learn to make candy, and I am going to let them try it, although I don't know when I'll get through cleaning up the next day." She concluded, "I'm very glad to hear that. Our little club is getting larger, and I know we will be able to show Farmer Smith how nice, really nice, little boys and girls can be."

FUR-TOPPED BOOTS ARE QUITE PASSE

Vari-Colored Pumps for Spring and Summer Wear Are Also Taboo

The knell of fur-topped boots and extremely high shoes for women who want to be in vogue in the matter of footwear has been sounded, according to A. H. Gettling, secretary of the National Shoe Retailers' Association.

"Short skirts will continue to be worn this summer," said Mr. Gettling, "and of course, that means high-top shoes, but not the extreme high styles which were worn recently. The height of the boot will be between eight and nine inches, with light receding soles, high Louis XV heels, which are two inches or more in height, and slender toes. Shoes with knob toes will not be indorsed."

"The uniformity of lace boots will be remarkable," continued Mr. Gettling, "as they make the ankle appear small and adjust themselves to the foot. All white, black with white tops, tan with white tops, pearl, neutral gray, tan, champagne and tan with champagne tops will be among the favorite colors."

Summer will bring forth the pump, but quite a difference from those worn last season. They will be of one color, and combinations of colors will be avoided, except when the back of the pump, owing to the pattern, blends itself to a different colored vamp. Small, dainty perforations and inlaid patterns will add greatly to enhance their beauty. Although warm weather calls for low shoes, high shoes in white will remain popular.

Some of the footwear are of Colonial evocations, with cut steel buckles in design. Buckles were out of fashion a few years back, but at present they are at a premium in Paris owing to the war. Sport shoes with rubber soles and various new developments are being introduced by the National Shoe Retailers' Association.

WILLS AT PROBATE

Widow of Charles Zitter Gets Estate Valued at \$108,500—Bequest to Church

An estate valued at \$108,500 is disposed of by the will of Charles Zitter, 802 Frankford avenue, admitted to probate today by Register Sheehan. The estate, in trust, is left to the widow, Mary Zitter, and upon her death the principal goes to their children.

A bequest of \$100 to Nativity Lutheran Church, 17th and Toga streets, is contained in the will of Clara A. McKinley, who left an estate of \$290, which she disposed of in private bequests.

Other wills probated today were those of Selas H. Rowland, who died in the Presbyterian Hospital, \$28,800; Christiana Prebry, 24 and Dauphin streets, \$12,000; Tomazo Pietras, 280 East Ontario street, \$789; Anna A. Elkinton, Normandy, 36th and Chestnut streets, \$275; Mary A. James, 450 Woodland avenue, \$241; Andrew Kelly, 298 Reed street, \$200; Catharine Quinn, 323 North 4th street, \$250, and Mary A. Hare, 223 North 17th street, \$200.

The personal effects of Harry Rothschild have been appraised at \$5,253.51; Anna, \$1,376; \$16,988.85, and Hannah Deegan, \$14,453.37.

JEWES SEEK AID IN 46TH WARD

Committee for Relief of War Sufferers Begin Canvass

A systematic canvass of all the Jewish families in the 46th Ward will begin today as part of the general movement in this city to solicit contributions for the Jewish War Relief Committee.

The following officers were elected: Chairman, Nathaniel I. S. Goodman, of the American Committee, and Alfred Wolf, of the Central Committee; vice chairmen, Elisha Sarnat and Sigmund Strauss; and financial secretary, Abraham M. Rose; recording secretary, Albert Wartell.

GOOD-NIGHT TALK

I suppose many of you have wondered how it is that I talk so much to you about saving your money and about banks. The reason is, that BANKS are very methodical—very systematic—and when you put one dollar in the bank it makes you the friend of those who are systematic.

RAINBOW CLUB PRIZE OFFER

For the best and neatest set of answers to the questions below, \$10 in gold will be awarded. Fifteen \$1 bills will be awarded for the fifteen "next best" sets of answers. All answers must be in by February 8:

- (1) What do you like about your home?
(2) What do you like about your school?
(3) What do you dislike about your home?
(4) What do you dislike about your school?
(5) What can you suggest to bring your home and your school closer together?

For further particulars of contest see Wednesday's EVENING LEDGER.

The Beautiful Butterfly Airship

"Come on," said the dear little Lady Bug to Tommy Firefly as she alighted from her beautiful Butterfly Airship in front of Tommy's door one evening. "Come on, dear little Tommy, and I will take you with Doctor Beetle and me to see the moving pictures."

FARMER SMITH'S RAINBOW CLUB

Our Postoffice Box. Two little brothers, Lewis and A. Dewolf, of North 19th street, are in the picture gallery this evening. They are very active members of the club and have been to see your editor several times. Lewis is very fond of the Rainbow news and reads it every night just as soon as ever he gets the chance.

Beatrice Rollin, Audubon, N. J., is a new little out-of-town member. She has made a very good beginning by doing some kind-

ness for a poor, sick woman. Francis Koppelman, New Market street, writes a neat little letter and we hope to hear from her soon again. Walter Houpen, N. Front street, says that he is not only going to try to make people happy, but he is also going to be very kind to dumb animals. A very good plan, Walter, for every one to follow! Rose Arata, Market Street, writes to tell us what a hard worker her brother Victor is. He gets up at 5 o'clock in the morning and helps his father till school time. Helping parents is a very splendid sort of "kindness!"

Do You Know This?

- 1. Make as many words as possible from FRIENDSHIP. (5 credits.)
2. Name one avenue and one street in Philadelphia named after Presidents of the United States. (5 credits.)
3. Are the days growing shorter or longer at this time of the year. (5 credits.)

Farmer Smith, Children's Editor, EVENING LEDGER, Philadelphia. I wish to become a member of your Rainbow Club and agree to DO A LITTLE KINDNESS EACH AND EVERY DAY—SPREAD A LITTLE SUNSHINE ALL ALONG THE WAY.

Name
Address
Age
School I attend

CHAPTER XIX—(Continued)

THE following April Broken Tooth's mate had four little baby beavers, and each of the other mothers in the colony increased the population by two or three more. At the end of the fourth year of their first generation of children, had they followed the usual law of nature, would have mated and left the colony to build a dam and did not emigrate.

A FUED IN THE WILDERNESS.

A soft wind blowing from the south and east brought the scent of the invaders to Gray Wolf's nose when they were still half a mile away. She gave out warning to Kazan and he, too, found the strange scent in the air. It grew stronger as they advanced. When 200 yards from the windfall they heard the sudden crash of a falling tree, and stopped. For full minute they stood tense and listening. Then the silence was broken by a squeaking cry followed by a splash. Gray Wolf's alert ears fell back and she turned her blind face understandingly toward Kazan. They trotted ahead slowly, approaching the windfall from behind. Not until they had reached the sudden crash of the knoll on which it was situated did Kazan begin to see the wonderful change that had taken place during their absence. He and Gray Wolf stood while he stared. There was no longer a little creek below them.

Where it had been was a pond that reached almost to the foot of the knoll. It was fully a hundred feet in width and as deep as the knoll. The water was clear and blue, and the water level was five or six times that distance toward the knoll. They had come up quietly and Broken Tooth's dull-scented presence was unaware of their presence.

Broken Tooth weighed 60 pounds. The instant he struck the water he was in his element, and holding tentatively to the grip he had obtained on Kazan's neck, he sank like a chunk of iron. Kazan was pulled completely under. The water rushed into his mouth, his ears, eyes and nose. He was blinded, and his senses were a roaring tumult.

CHAPTER XX.

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