A JOAN OF ARC TO HELP

KAZAN

CHAPTER XX.-Continued. OKEN Tooth weighed 60 pounds. Bre instant he struck the water he D the instant he struck the water he is in his element and, holding tena-ciously to the grip he had obtained on Russn's neck, he sank like a chunk of the field. Karan was pulled completely most. The water rushed into his mouth, his ears, eyes and nose. He was blinded, and his senses were a roaring tumult. his ears, eyes and nose. He was blinned, and his senses were a roaring tumuit. But instead of struggling to free himself he held his breath and buried his testh deeper. They touched the soft settem and for a moment floundered in the mod. Then Kazan loosened his hold. He was fighting for his own life nowned to for Broken Tooth's. With all of set for Broken Tooth's. With all of set to for Broken to the strength of his powerful limbs he strength of his powerful limbs he strength to break loose-to rise to the struggled to break loose-to rise to the struggler from Broken Tooth's hold without an effort. But under water the old leaver's grip was more deadly than wald have been the fangr of a lynx sabers. There was a sudden swirl of viter as a second beaver circled close abed the struggling pair. Had he closed in with Broken Tooth, Kazan's struggles weld quickly have ceased.

But nature had not foreseen the day

weld quickly have ceased.

But nature had not foreseen the day when Broken Tooth would be fighting with fang. The o'd patriarch had no particular reason now for holding Kazan down. He was not vengeful. He did not thirst for blood or death. Finding that has was free, and that this strange enemy hat had twice leaped upon him could do him no harm. he loosed his hold. It was not a moment too soon for Kazan. He was struggling weakly when he rose to the surface of the water. Three-quarters drowned, he succeeded in raising his forepaws over a slender branch that projected from the dam. This gave him time to fill his lungs with air, and to cough forth the water that had almost saded his existence. For 10 minutes he clust to the branch before he dared attempt the short swim ashore. When the rached the bank he dragged himself up weakly. All the strength was gone from the bay. His limbs shook, His jaws reached the bank he dragged himself up weakly. All the strength was gone from his bedy. His limbs shook. His jaws mag loose. He was beaten—completely beaten. And a creature without a fang had worsted him. He felt the abasement it. Drenched and slinking, he went to the windfall, lay down in the sun, and waited for Gray Wolf.

Days followed in which Kazan's desire to destroy his beaver enemies became the consuming passion of his life. Each day the dam became more formidable. Cement work in the water was carried on by the

The water in the pond rose higher sen M hours, and the pond grew steadily sider. The water had now been turned sider. The water had now been turned hid the depression that encircled the sindfall, and in another week or two, if the beavers continued their work, Kazan's and Gray Wolf's home would nothing more than a small island in centre of a wide area of submerged

sat for pleasure. Ceaselessly he watched his opportunity to leap upon heautious members of Broken Tooth's title. The third day after the stringgle under the water he killed a big beaver that approached too close to the willow theket. The fifth day two of the vouce. thicket. The fifth day two of the young pression back of the windfall and Kazan caught them in shallow water and tore them into pieces. After these success-fal assults the beavers began to work meetly at night. This was to Kazan's advantage, for he was a night hunter. On such of two consecutive nights he killed a beaver. Counting the young, he had killed seven when the otter came. Swer had Broken Tooth been placed lateen two deadlier or more ferocious semies than the two that now assailed in On shore Kasan was his master because of his swiftness, keener scent ad fighting trickery. In the water the as fighting trickery. In the water the siler was a still greater menace. He was selfer than the fish that he caught for feel. His teeth were like steel needles, he was so sleek and slippery that it would have been impossible for them to hid him with their chisel-like teeth could they have caught him. The otter, like the braver, possessed no hunger for blood. Yet in all the Northland he was the greatest destroyer of their kind—an the greatest destroyer of their kind-an feet greater destroyer than man. He can and passed like a plague, and it was in the coldest days of winter that Talest destruction came with him. In the days he did not assault the beavers their saus houses. He did what man a their snug houses. He did what made an subrasure through their dam. Swiftly its water would fall, the surface ice rould crash down and the beaver houses the state of water. Then folbe left out of water. Then follaved death for the beavers—starvation and cold. With the protecting water some from about their houses, the drained send a chaotic mass of broken ice, and the temperature 40 or 50 degrees below ison, they would die within a few hours. For the beaver, with his thick coat of two can stand less cold than man. Through all the long winter the water Through all the about his home is a fire to a child. home is as necessary to him as

But it was summer now and Broken neth and his colony had no very great has of the otter. It would cost them see labor to repair the damage he did. at there was plenty of food and it was For two days the otter frisked the dam and the deep water of the Kazan took him for a beaver and vainly to stalk him. The otter reded Kazan suspiciously and kept well of his way. Neither knew that the was an ally. Meanwhile the beavers hoed their work with greater cau-The water in the pond had now a to a point where the engineers had in the construction of three ledges. the third day the destructive instinct otter began its work. He began amine the dam, close down to the ation. It was not long before he into a weak spot to begin work on, and, and a weak spot to begin work on, and, and his aharp teeth and small bulletalead, he commenced his drilling operator. Inch by inch he worked his way there he dam, burrowing and gnawbe were and under the timbers, and alaleas through the cement. The round he made was fully 7 inches in diamtit. In six hours he had cut it through his foot base of the dam.

Agreet of water began to rush from

Abrent of water began to rush from the sam as if forced out by a hydraulic sam as if forced out by a hydraulic sam kazan and Gray Wolf were hides a the willows on the south side of the pond when this happened. They take the roar of the stream tearing smugh the embrasure and Kazan saw ofter crawl up to the top of the dam as abake himself like a huge water rat. Within 20 minutes the vater in the poind if silen perceptibly, and the force of water pouring through the hole was cassantly increasing the outlet. In another half hour the foundations of the low lodges, which had been laid in to lotges, which had been laid in but is inches of water, stood on mud. I until Broken Tooth discovered that water was receding from the houses be take slarm. He was thrown into rank, and very soon every beaver in tulony was tearing excitedly about 1900d.

as a strength to the dead-line nowas Tooth and the cluer workmen
to the dam, and with a snarling
the otter plunged down among them
to tike a fash for the creek above
and Swiftly the water continued
the and as it fell the excitement of
thevers increased. They forgot
and draw wolf

and Gray Wolf. ard of the younger members of the great themselves ashore on the fall side of the pend, and whitnes a king was about to slip back the willows when one of the

But it stopped the hysterics. the screen.

older beavers waddled up through the deepening mud close on his ambush. In two leaps Kazan was upon him, with Gray. Wolf a leap behind him. The short flerce struggle in the mud was seen by the other beavers and they crossed swiftly to the opposite side of the pond. The water had receded to a half of its greatest width before Broken Tooth and his workmen discovered the breach in the wall of the dam. The work of repair was begun at once. For this work sticks

What Is the Most Precious Thing to a Man in Exile?

HOME

It makes little difference if he be a political refugee, a criminal fugi-tive, a youth banished from the home of his forebears because he had violated the paternal law at home, or if he has fled from the tortures of an unrequited love. The one omnipresent desire, the craving which causes the most pain, is to return HOME at least once, even if it is only to die.

GEORGE A. CHAMBERLAIN

Of the United States Consular Service has written a story fresh and unhackneyed in treatment and theme, which deals with this tremendous subject, and he has called it

HOME

The novel will begin in NEXT SATURDAY'S EVENING LEDGER.

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necessary, and to reach this naterial the beavers were compelled to drag their heavy bodies through the 10 or 15 yards of soft mud left by the fallier heavy bodies through the 10 or is yards of soft mud left by the falling water. Peril of fang no longer kept them back. Instinct told them that they were fighting or their existence—that if the embrasure were not filled up and the water kept in the pond they would very soon be completely exposed to their enemies. be completely exposed to their enemies. It was a day of slaughter for Gray Wolf and Kazan. They killed two more beavers in the mud close to the willows. Then they crossed the cresk below the dam and cut off three beavers in the depression behind the windfall. There was no escape for these three. They were torn into pieces. Farther up the creek Kazan caught a young beaver and killed it.

Late in the afternoon the slaughter ended. Broken Tooth and his courage-ous engineers had at last repaired the ous engineers had at last repaired the breach, and the water in the pond began

Half a mile up the creek the big otter

Haif a mile up the creek the big ofter was squatted on a log basking in the last glow of the setting sun. Tomorrow he would go and do over again his work of destruction. That was his method. For him it was play.

But that strange and unseen arbiter of the forests called O-ee-ki, "the Spirit," by those who speak the wild tongue, looked down at last with mercy upon Broken Tooth and his death-stricken tribe. For in that last glow of sunset broken Tooth and his death-stream tribe. For in that last glow of sunset Kazan and Gray Wolf slipped stealthily up the creek-to find the otter basking half asleep on the log.

The day's work, a full stomach, and the pool of warm sunlight in which he lay had all combined to make the otter sleepy. He was as motionless as the log on which he had stretched himself. He was big and gray and old. For ten years he had lived to prove his cunning superior to that of man. Vainly traps had been set for him. Wily trappers had been set for him. Wily trappers had built narrow sluke-ways of rock and tree in small streams for him, but the old otter had foiled their cunning and escaped the steel jaws waiting at the lower end of each sluice. The trail he left in soft mud told of his size. A few trappers had seen him. His soft peit would long ago have found its way to London, Paris or Herlin had it not been for his cunning. He was fit for a princess, a duke or an emperor. For ten years he had lived and escaped the demands of the rich.

mands of the rich.
But this was summer. No trapper would have killed him now, for his pelt was worthless. Nature and instinct both told him this. At this season he did not

told him this. At this season he did not dread man, for there was no man to dread. So he lay asleep on the log, oblivious to everything but the comfort of sleep and the warmth of the sun. Soft-footed, searching still for signs of the furry enemies who had invaded their domain, Kazan slipped along the creek. Gray Wolf ran close at his shoulder. They made no sound, and the wind was in their favor—bringing scents toward them. It brought the otter smell. To They made no sound, and the wind was in their favor-bringing scents toward them. It brought the otter smell. To Kazan and Gray Wolf it was the scent of a water animal, rank and fishy, and they took it for the beaver. They advanced still more cautiously. Then Kazan saw the big otter asleep on the log and he gave the warning to Gray Wolf. She stopped, standing with her head thrown up, while Kazan made his stealthy advance. The otter stirred uneasily. It was growing dusk. The golden pool of sunlight had faded away. Back in the darkening timber an owi greeted night with its first low call.

The otter breathed deeply. His whiskered muzzle twitched. He was awakening—stirring—when Kazan leaped upon him. Face to face, in fair fight, the old

ening-stirring-when Kazan leaped upon him. Face to face, in fair fight, the old ofter could have given a good account of himself. But there was no chance now. The wild itself had for the first time in his life become his deadliest enemy. It was not man now-but O-ee-ki, "the Spirit," that had laid its hand upon him. And from the Spirit there was no escape. Kazan's fangs sank into his soft jugular. Perhaps he died without knowing what it was that had leaped upon him. For he died quickly, and Kazan and Grey Wolf went on their leaped upon him. For he died quickly, and Kazan and Grey Wolf went on their way, hunting still for enemies to slaughter, and not knowing that in the otter they had killed the one ally who would have driven the beavers from their swamp

The days that followed grew more and more hopeless for Kazan and Gray Wolf. With the otter gone Broken, Tooth and his tribe held the winning hand. Each day the water backed a little farther into the depression aurrounding the windfall. By the middle of July only a narrow strip of land connected the windfall with the dry land of the swamp. In deep water the beavers now worked unmolested inch by inch the water rose, until there came the day when it began to overflow the connecting strip. For the last time Kazan and Gray Wolf passed from their windfall home and traveled up the stream between the law ridges. The creak held a new meaning for them now and as they inwelled they suiffed its The days that followed grew more and

A SHOT ON THE SAND BAR.

respect the flesh and blood and handi-work of his tribe.

CHAPTER XXL

JULY and August of 1911 were months of great fires in the Northland. The swamp home of Kazan and Gray Wolf, and the green valley between the two ridges, had escaped the seas of devastatridges, had escaped the seas of devastating flame; but now, as they set forth on their wandering adventures again, it was not long before their padded feet came in contact with the seared and blackened desolation that had followed so closely after the plague and starvation of the preceding winter. In his humiliation and defeat, after being driven from his awarm home by the beaver. Kayan his swamp home by the beavers, Kaxan led his blind mate first into the south.

struck the fire-killed forests. Winds from Hudson's Bay had driven the flames in an unbroken sea into the west, and they had left not a vastige of life or a patch of green. Blind Gray Wolf could not see the blackened world, but she sensed it. It recalled to her memory of that other fire, after the battle on the Sun Rock; and all of her wonderful instincts, sharpened and developed by her blindness, told her that to the north-and not south—lay the hunting grounds they were seeking. The strain of dog that was in Kazan still pulled him south. It was not because he sought man, for to man he had now become as deadly an enemy as Gray Wolf herself. It was simply dog instinct to travel southward; in the face of fire it was wolf instinct to travel northward. At the end of the third day Gray Wolf won. They recrossed the little valley between the two ridges, and swung north and west into the Athabasca country, striking a course that would ultimately bring them to the headwaters of the McFarlane River. the headwaters of the McFarlane River.

Late in the preceding autumn a pros-pector had come up to Fort Smith, on the Slave River, with a pickle bottle filled with gold dust and nuggets. He had made the find on the McFarlane. The first mails had taken the news to the outside world, and by midwinter the earliest members of a treasure-hunting horde were rushing into the country by snowshes and dow-sledge. snowshoe and dog-sledge.

Other finds came thick and fast. The Other finds came thick and fast. The McFarlane was rich in free gold, and miners by the score staked out their claims along it and began work. Latecomers swung to new fields farther north and east, and to Fort Smith came rumors of "finds" richer than those of the Yukon. A score of men at first—then a hundred, five hundred, a thousand—rushed into the new country. Most of these were from the prairie countries to the south, and from the placer beds of the Saskatchewan and the Frazer. From the far North, traveling by way of the the far North, traveling by way of the Mackenzie and the Llard, came a smaller number of seasoned prospectors and adventurers from the Yukon-men who knew what it meant to starve and freeze and die by inches,

One of these late-comers was Sandy McTrigger. There were several reasons why Sandy had left the Yukon. He was "in bad" with the police who patrolled the country west of Dawson, and he was "broke." In spite of these facts he was one of the best prospectors that had ever followed the shores of the Klondike. He had made discoveries running up to a million or two, and had promptly lost them through gambling and drink. He had no conscience, and little fear. Brutality was the chief thing written in his face. His undershot Jaw, his wide eyes, low forehead and grizzly mop of red One of these late-comers was Sandy low forehead and grizzly mon of red hair proclaimed him at once as a man not to be trusted beyond one's own vision or the reach of a bullet. It was sus-pected that he had killed a couple of men, and robbed others, but as yet the police had failed to get anything on him. But along with this bad side of him, Sandy McTrigger possessed a coolness and a courage which even his worst en-emies could not but admire, and also-certain mental depths which his unpleas-ant features did not proclaim.

CONTINUED TOMORROW

Truthograms

Yes. "Cleanliness is next to godli-iess." That is why wash day comes directly after Sunday.

generally place their heaviest

the woman, then she cuts her leading strings and walks in on her own ac-

"Lead us not into temptation,"

"It is better to laugh than be sighing" if you have pretty teeth. A weman doesn't care a jitney's worth of Bethlehem Steel stock how old she is

how old she is provided she doesn't look it. Kneck, and the world knocks with you.

MISS ANNA LITVACKOFF Leader of the girl garment workers now on strike.

role, and also for the hones she has for the future. "You see I take entire care of my father and mother. They are both old and cannot de any kind of work at all. They came to this country shortly be fore the war began, and I have been tak-

this little woman, the home side—and she speaks of it with as much enthusiasm as she does the vital questions which are taking her time in connection with the garment makers' strike. ing care of them ever since.

The siris are asking for a 50-hour week, a 15 per cent. Increase for all piece workers and \$1 increase for girls who are paid by the week. They are also asking for sanitary working conditions and for cessation of payment for all reedles and straps they break while at work.

street. She is their sole support.
"Indeed, I have a real reason to work so hard organizing the girls," said the little woman this morning as her deep brown eyes sparkled with emotion, the excite-Miss Litvackoff said she realized if she can organize the girls to stand together, so that the increase in wages will be granted, she will thus be benefited in her ment of the mass-meeting and strike in granted, she will thus be bene which she is taking such an important ability to aid her old parents.

DON'T STARVE FAT AWAY; JUST EAT AND GET THIN

too solid flesh" won't have to fast themselves into sylph-like proportions any more. Times change, and so do methods of reduction. It used to be epsom sait baths, rolling, horseback riding and dumb-bells. Now you just eat. But you eat according to fixed rules, avoiding certain articles of diet which are decidedly fattening.

Has Planned 10 Years for

This Fight

She is little, but she is mighty, this diminutive Miss Anna Litvackoff, the Joan of Arc of the garment striking girls of the Quaker City.

To look at her one would never think

To look at her one would never think that for 10 years she has been working in the garment making houses of Philadelphia, and at the same time, without salary, has been organizing the girls of the city into effective corps so that when

a crists such as the present one arrived the girls would "be prepared."

Though she is but a slip of a woman, the high officials of the union go to her and confer with her "about this and that" in a really awed manner. This morning at the 3d Regiment Armory men went to her for orders, and girls came from all directions asking her questions and taking ders.

Without the least sign of fatigue, al

though she had been doing picke; duty since daylight, and with cool and collected mien, she met the questioners, one and all, and gave orders with the ability of a general. She is president of Council No. 15.

But there is another side to the life of

The home side of her life centres in an

ancient couple, her father and mother, with whom she lives at 2447 South 7th

and taking rders.

Mr. Vance Thompson, in his book on how to "Eat and Get Thin," points out that it is so much easier to make a list of the eligible foods than the forbidden sad and thorough falling off from the gct-thin ranks. Few women are willing to silck to a diet, even to improve their good looks. Fewer still will reconcile themselves to a glass of buttermilk and a Bent's water cracker when they are en-tirey surrounded with chocolate eclairs and kindred sweets.

A number of clever New York Lotel-

This is little Marie Ryan, of North

54th street, a new member of the

Rainbow Club. She wishes she had

discovered us sooner, but she is going

to make up for lost time by crowding

Water street, has

chosen a very

practical "kind-

ness." He always

gives up his seat

in the trolley car

FAIR ladles who are troubled with what the Bard of Avon called "too which are appended to the daily cards in the dining room. The manager of an establishment which is very popular with the ladies admits-name no names, of course-that at least 50 per cent. of the feminine clientele orders from these menus exclusively.

Since this is not the case in our Phila delphia hostelries, a copy of some of the 'get thin" bills of fare now in vogue in get thin" bills of fare now in vogue in New York may prove a word in time to "plump" person. One glance at them will assure you that starvation diets are a dead issue. The food combinations are good, and the foods themselves are nour-ishing, without being fattening. Any one who fails to get a good, substantial meal from one of these menus is sadly lacking in devotion to the cause. Everything is prepared, of course, without fat, grease or oil. Results are not guaranteed, there is no assurance that eating along these lines will cause a sudden loss of from 20 to 30 will cause a sudden loss of from 29 to 30 pounds. But you ought not to gain any weight.

Any questions about the "eat-and-growthin' plan will be promptly answered by the Editor of the Woman's Page, if a stamped, self-addressed envelope is in-closed. Also, any suggestions as to legiti-mate methods of flesh reduction will be source of interest to women readers. Here are some diet suggestions:

Crab Meat Cocktail Crab Meat Cocktail Cherrystone Clams
Oyster Cocktail Lobster Cocktail
Grape Fruit Cocktoil Lobster Cocktail
Ripe Olives or Celery Meion Mangoes
Broiled Hass, Piain
Roast Beef Hass with Turnips
Broiled Lamb Klidneys with String Beans
Cail's Head, Viralsyrette
Cold Turkey with String Boans
Brussels Sprouts
Cauliflower, Piain
Cold Asparagus TD Salad, Diet Dressing
Stewed Pears, Peaches or Apricots

NO. 3. Molen Mangoes Mixed Sex Food Cocktail
Brotled Halling, Plain
Brotled Sweethersals, Fresh Mushrooms
Roant Turkey without Stuffing
Brotled Lamb Chois, String Beans
Cauliflower or Brotled Tomatoes, Plain
Cold Asparagus, Vinsigrette
Apple Sauce

NO. 4. Crab Meat Cocktail Cherrystone Clams
Oyster Cocktail Cherrystone Clams
Oyster Cocktail Cherrystone Clams
Grape Fruit Cocktail Country
Holo Clams Clairs Moton Mangoes
Head Flash with Turnips
Broiled Lamb Kloneys with String Beans
Call's Head, Vinaigrette
Cold Turkey with String Deans
Brousols Sprouth
Cauliflower, Plain Spinach
Cauliflower, Plain
Cold Asparagus Tip Salad, Diet Dressing,
Stewed Fears, Peaches or Apricots.

GIRLS TO BE MISSIONARIES

Bryn Mawr Students Join Volunteer Movement

Four young women at Bryn Mawr Col-lege have announced that they are stu-dent volunteers, which means that they pledge themselves to give their lives after graduation to foreign mission work. The four volunteers at Bryn Mawr are Miss Ryu Sato, of Tokio, one of the honor students of the college; Miss Agnes Wells Grabau, a senior, and two sradnate stu-dents. Miss Manchester and Miss Tufts. This movement is an international one, n which college students of all nations

DIRTY STREETS BLAMED ON CITY'S CITIZENS BY MRS. IMOGEN B. OAKLEY THEM WIN THEIR STRIKE

When They Insist on Knowing Qualifications of Councilmen They Can Hope for Improvements, She says

POLITICS IS AT FAULT

Civic Club Official Also Thinks Laws Should Command Arrest of Offenders

This is the A7th of a special series of articles written especially for the Kvening Ledger by Imogen B. Dahley, which will appear every Tuesday and solich will dest with municipal laws which every clitics outh the total with municipal laws which every clitics outh to know. Mrs. Oakley is corresponding secretary and a member of the board of directors of the Civic Club, chairman at the Civic Service Reform Committee of the State Federation, advisory chairman of the Civil Service Reform Committee of the General Federation, vice president of the Pennspleania Limited Sufraye League, a member of the Executive Committee of the Waman's League for Good Government, and a member of the National Municipal League.

By IMOGEN B. OAKLEY

"You tell us that the streets are dirty because the laws are not enforced, but is there not some department of the government legally responsible for their

This question, which has come to me repeatedly, is answered by an act of Legislature dated Ma. 3, 1876;

"Any police officer or constable upon view of the breach of any ordinance of any city of the first class is authorized to forthwith arrest the person or persons so offending without any process, and to take said person or persons before any police magistrate of said city, who shall thereupon require ball. * * and in de-fault of ball commit for a hearing."

fault of bail commit for a hearing."

To the simple-minded citizen who believes laws mean what they say, this sounds very conclusive, but unfortunately, the courts have decided that in legal phraseology "authorized" does not mean shall, but may. Any police officer on seeing a breach of a city ordinance may arrest the offenders. The matter is left entirely to his own discretion, and to check any undue enthusiasm on the part of the officers the courts have further arrest the offenders. The matter is left entirely to his own discretion, and to check any undue enthusiasm on the part of the officers the courts have further decided that police officers "cannot be reported as agents for the city," that each policeman is personally responsible for any arrest he may make, and must himself assume whatever consequence himself assume whatever consequence may befall.

POLICEMEN RESPONSIBLE. If, therefore, a policeman should ar-rest a man who is littering the streets, and the man should have a political pull, or have a friend with a pull, or be under the protection of a ward boss, the conse-quences might be very unpleasant for the policeman. It is much safer to exercise

policeman. It is much safer to exercise his discretion and do nothing. More-over, as we have seen, the magistrates are very prone to dismiss offenders brought before them by police officers and to chide the officers for misdirected zeal. The result is, of course, that if a citizen desires to see the streets kept clean, he must request a policeman to arrest an offender, must accompany the officer and the offender to the magis-trate's office, and must himself bear all the responsibility in any trial that may follow. This is not government, but merely playing at government. Laws should be written with a shall and not a

Policemen should be required to report violations of city ordinances. There should be specially detailed inspectors of nuisances to whom complaints should be made and who should be required to investigate and make necessary arrests. Our citizens feel that they are entitled to such service. They have formed themselves co women readers.

The service of the such the service of the such the service of ness of the community, and they have taxed themselves for the purpose of main-taining this order and cleanliness—that is, they think this is what they have done. What they really have done is some-thing very different. Instead of choosing a few responsible and capable representa-tives to attend to the community busi-ness, they have chosen a number of Re-publicans and Democrats about whom lit-tle is known except their political opin-

QUESTIONS FOR OFFICIALS. When our citizens set about the election of Councilmen, do they ask the candi-

ing? What remedy can you propose for our bad housing? Will you set the ma-chinery in motion to enforce existing laws?"

Not at all. The only questions they ever ask are: "Are you a Republican or a Democrat

Have you always voted the straight party ticket?" Now, there is no Republica way of

Now, there is no Republication way or cleaning streets, and there is no Demo-cratic way of disposing of garbage, and to pretend that there is is only to plunge a community into the bog of inefficiency and lawlesaness, in which Philadelphia is now floundering.

Our citizens have only themselves to blame for the condition of our streets.

blame for the condition of our streets.
When they shall insist upon knowing the actual qualifications of their Councilmen instead of being satisfied to know them as Republicans or Democrats, Vare men or McNichol men, then and then only can they hope for a clean city.

Invocation

I love snow, and all the forms
Of the radiant frost,
I love waves, and winds, and storms,
Everything almost
Which is Nature's, and may be
Untainted by man's misery.

I love tranquil solitude, And such society
As is quiet, wise, and good
Hetween thee and me
What difference? but thou dost possess The things I seek, not love them less. -Percy Bysshe Shelley.

LUIGI RIENZI

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To Keep Our Well-Organized Workroom Force Intact We Will Make to Order From Any Material in the House

Rienzi Tailored Suit for \$65.00

Beautiful Imported Goods, Rare Fabrics and Patterns, White Serges, Light Woolens, Silks, Voiles and Lingerie for Palm Beach and South AN UNPRECEDENTED CONCESSION IN OUR TAILORING

January Half-Price Sale of Suits, Coats and Dresses Continued

Gowns

DEPARTMENT

Millinery

FARMER SMITH'S RAINBOW CLUB Our Postoffice Box

GOOD-NIGHT TALK

The prize letters are coming in thick and fast, but your editor won't be satisfied until he knows that every blessed Rainbow has thought out the answers to the questions. Of course, in order to know this wonderful fact he will have to SEE the answers. When is he going to see YOURS?

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 or awarded for the fifteen

(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

One afternoon they had the funniest pictures in the Jungletown Moving

Now, you know, when Miss Giggles Hyena laughs it she sat, rocking back and forth, and laughing, until get annoyed. Final-

Miss Giggles Laughed Lion, stepped up and said, "Madame, you must either stop laughing or leave the theatre."

top laughing. Then Mr. Princeton Tiger announced

No one knew what to do. Finally, Old Lady Gorilla got out her snuffbox and put a huge pinch of

snuff up Miss Giggles' nose. My, my, you should have heard the sneezing! "Ker-chew! Wa-hoo-o-o-o!

Then Mr. Jimmy Monkey, the owner, said to Longtail Monkey, who was operating the pictures: "Don't throw any more funny pictures on the screen, Get that sad one about the poor elephant whose trunk got into a knot."

And when Miss Giggles Hyena saw that sad picture she felt so sorry for king and make him restore your gold!"

"next best" sets of answers. All answers must be in by February 8:

For further particulars of contest see Wednesday's Evening Ledger.

A Kind Act

secret had been discovered, he had the

man who had watched him cast into

a dungeon and condemned to die. The

king of these lands, who was very just,

heard of his cruelty and summoned

the prince to his court. He said:

"You have been very wicked. I shall

release this man and as a punishment

to you I am going to send my soldiers

to take possession of all your gold.

You are now a beggar yourself, but I

shall be kind to you." And he gave

him a loaf of bread before casting him

The prince was walking along the

road the next day and his bread was

nearly all gone. A poor beggar

woman came up to him and asked for

just a crumb. For the first time in

his life the prince's heart was touched

and he gave her all that he had. Im-

mediately she became a wonderful

fairy and she said: "At last you have

Jungletown Movies the cashier, that never again must Miss Giggles Hyena be permitted to enter the theatre.

Picture Theatre. One picture was so funny that Miss Giggles Hyena laughed and laughed and couldn't stop laughing.

who never gave any of his gold to the poor. He hated beggars and when makes a terrible they asked him for food or money he noise. But there often had them cast into prison. Often he would go into the mountains and come out very joyful. The people wondered why, so one day a man foleverybody began to lowed him and discovered that all of ly the usher, Leo his gold was hidden there. When the prince found out that his

But Miss Giggles simply couldn't

that the show could not go on until the hysterical lady recovered herself.

Ker-r-r-ashew!"

So Longtail put the sad picture on

the poor elephant that she began to weep and sob, "Boo-hoo-o-o-o-o! Oh, prince was kind and generous to the the poor elephant! O-o-o-o-o!" Mr. Monkey was very angry. He street.

many, many kind acts into every single day. John Monk,

to older people. Little folks are apt to be less tired than their elders, closed the show, and told Jocko Jackal. so I think this a very thoughtful plan.

Elvira Volpe, South 13th street, sends in a very nice little letter. Please remember us very soon again, Elvira. Elizabeth Smith, Gray's avenue, promises to get many of the little girls in her neighborhood to join the Rain-There was once a very rich prince bows. We hope to hear from them very soon. Benjamin Bernstein, North 2d street, is a faithful reader of the "club news," and enjoys it very much. Have any more readers opinions to offer? I would like to hear them,

even if they are unfavorable.

Do You Know This? 1. Name a street in Philadelphia that represents one point of the compass. (Five credits.)

2. Correct this sentence, "The train goes quick." (Five credits.) 3. Name a building that is named after a continent. (Five credits.)

Wanted An old overcoat or a heavy sweater for a little boy 5 years old, who has

An old pair of shoes, size 81/2, or

about that, for a child who has no

neither.

shoes.

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

Send to Farmer Smith.

done a kind act. I shall go to the Address And she did, and ever after that the poor.-Percy Braitman, Christian School I attend

THE WAY.