KAZAN

By JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD

CHAPTER XXI—CONTINUED

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 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 suspected 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 enemies could not but admire, and also certain mental depths which his unpleasant features did not proclaim.

Inside of six months Red Gold City had sprung up on the McFarlane, a hundred and fifty miles from Fort Smith, and Fort Smith was five hundred miles from civilization. When Sandy came he looked over the crude collection of shacks, gambling houses and saloons in the new town, and made up his mind that the time was not ripe for any of his "inside" schemes just yet. He gambled a little, and won sufficient to buy himself grub and half an outfit. A feature of this outfit was an old muzzle-loading rifle.

Sandy, who always carried the latest Savage on the market, laughed at it. But it was the best his finances would allow of. He started south—up the McFarlane. Beyond a certain point on the river prospectors had found no gold. Sandy pushed confidently beyond this point. Not until he was in new country did he begin his search. Slowly he worked his way up a small tributary whose headwaters were 50 or 60 miles to the south and east. Here and there he found fairly good placer gold. He might have panned $6 or $8 worth a day. With this much he was disgusted. Week after week he continued to work his way upstream, and the farther he went the poorer his pans became. At last only occasionally did he find colors. After such disgusting weeks as these Sandy was dangerous—when in the company of others. Alone he was harmless.

One afternoon he ran his canoe ashore on a white strip of sand. This was at a bend, where the stream had widened, and gave promise of at least a few colors. He bent down close to the edge of the water when something caught his attention on the wet sand. What he saw were the footprints of animals. Two had come down to drink. They had stood side by side. And the footprints were fresh—made not more than an hour before. A gleam of interest shot into Sandy's eyes. He looked behind him, and up and down the stream.

"Wolves," he grunted. "Wish I could 'a' shot at 'em with that old minute-gun back there. Gawd—listen to that! And in broad daylight, too!"

He jumped to his feet, staring off into the bush.

A quarter of a mile away Gray Wolf had caught the dreaded scent of man in the wind, and was giving voice to her warning. It was a long wailing howl, and not until its last echoes had died away did Sandy McTrigger move. Then he returned to the canoe, took out his old gun, put a fresh cap on the nipple and disappeared quickly over the edge of the bank.

For a week Kazan and Gray Wolf had been wandering about the headwaters of the McFarlane and this was the first time since the preceding winter that Gray Wolf had caught the scent of man in the air.

When the wind brought the danger signal to her she was alone. Two or three minutes before the scent came to her Kazan had left her side in swift pursuit of a snowshoe rabbit, and she lay flat on her belly under a bush, waiting for him. In these moments when she was alone Gray Wolf was constantly sniffing the air. Blindness had developed her scent and hearing until they were next to infallible. First she had heard the rattle of Sandy McTrigger's paddle against the side of his canoe a quarter of a mile away. Scent had followed swiftly. Five minutes after her warning howl Kazan stood at her side, his head flung up, his jaws open and panting. Sandy had hunted Arctic foxes, and he was using the Eskimo tactics now, swinging in a half-circle until he should come up in the face of the wind. Kazan caught a single whiff of the man-tainted air and his spine grew stiff. But blind Gray Wolf was keener than the little red-eyed fox of the North. Her pointed nose slowly followed Sandy's progress. She heard a dry stick crack under his feet 300 yards away. She caught the metallic click of his gun-barrel as it struck a birch sapling. The moment she lost Sandy in the wind she whined and rubbed herself against Kazan and trotted a few steps to the southwest.

At times such as this Kazan seldom refused to take guidance from her. They trotted away side by side and by the time Sandy was creeping up snake-like with the wind in his face, Kazan was peering from the fringe of river brush down upon the canoe on the white strip of sand. When Sandy returned, after an hour of futile stalking, two fresh tracks led straight down to the canoe. He looked at them in amazement and then a sinister grin wrinkled his ugly face. He chuckled as he went to his kit and dug out a small rubber bag. From this he drew a tightly corked bottle, filled with gelatine capsules. In each little capsule were five grains of strychnine. There were dark hints that once upon a time Sandy McTrigger had tried one of these capsules by dropping it in a cup of coffee and giving it to a man, but the police had never proved it. He was expert in the use of poison. Probably he had killed a thousand foxes in his time, and he chuckled again as he counted out a dozen of the capsules and thought how easy it would be to get this inquisitive pair of wolves.

Two or three days before he had killed a caribou, and each of the capsules he now rolled up in a little ball of deer fat, doing the work with short sticks in place of his fingers, so that there would be no man-smell clinging to the death-baits. Before sundown Sandy set out at right angles over the plain, planting the baits. Most of them he hung to low bushes. Others he dropped in worn rabbit and caribou trails. Then he returned to the creek and cooked his supper.

The next morning he was up early and off to the poison baits. The first bait was untouched. The second was as he had planted it. The third was gone. A thrill shot through Sandy as he looked about him. Somewhere within a radius of two or three hundred yards he would find his game. Then his glance fell to the ground under the bush where he had hung the poison capsule and an oath broke from his lips. The bait had not been eaten. The caribou fat lay scattered under the bush and still imbedded in the largest portion of it was the little white capsule—unbroken. It was Sandy's first experience with a wild creature whose instincts were sharpened by blindness, and he was puzzled. He had never known this to happen before. If a fox or a wolf could be lured to the point of touching a bait, it followed that the bait was eaten. Sandy went on to the fourth and the fifth baits. They were untouched. The sixth was torn to pieces, like the third. In this instance the capsule was broken and the white powder scattered. Two more poison baits Sandy found pulled down in this manner. He knew that Kazan and Gray Wolf had done the work, for he found the marks of their feet in a dozen different places. The accumulated bad humor of weeks of futile labor found vent in his disappointment and anger. At last he had found something tangible to curse. The failure of his poison baits he accepted as a sort of climax to his general bad luck. Everything was against him, he believed, and he made up his mind to return to Red Gold City. Early in the afternoon he launched his canoe and drifted downstream with the current. He was content to let the current do all of the work today, and he used his paddle just enough to keep his slender craft head on.

He leaned back comfortably and smoked his pipe, with the old rifle between his knees. The wind was in his face and he kept a sharp watch for game.

It was late in the afternoon when Kazan and Gray Wolf came out on a sandbar five or six miles down stream. Kazan was lapping up the cool water when Sandy drifted quietly around a bend a hundred yards above them. If the wind had been right, or if Sandy had been using his paddle, Gray Wolf would have detected danger. It was the metallic click-click of the old-fashioned lock of Sandy's rifle that awakened her to a sense of peril. Instantly she was thrilled by the nearness of it. Kazan heard the sound and stopped drinking to face it. In that moment Sandy pressed the trigger. A belch of smoke, a roar of gunpowder, and Kazan felt a redhot stream of fire pass with the swiftness of a lightning-flash through his brain. He stumbled back, his legs gave way under him, and he crumpled down in a limp heap. Gray Wolf darted like a streak off into the bush. Blind, she had not seen Kazan wilt down upon the white sand. Not until she was a quarter of a mile away from the terrifying thunder of the white man's rifle did she stop and wait for him.

Sandy McTrigger grounded his canoe on the sandbar with an exultant yell.

"Got you, you old devil, didn't I?" he cried. "I'd 'a' got the other, too, if I'd a' had something besides this damned old relic."

He turned Kazan's head over with the butt of his gun, and the leer of satisfaction in his face gave place to a sudden look of amazement. For the first time he saw the collar about Kazan's neck.

"My Gawd, it ain't a wolf," he gasped. "It's a dog, Sandy McTrigger—a dog!"

CHAPTER XXII

McTRIGGER dropped on his knees in the sand. The look of exultation was gone from his face. He twisted the collar about the dog's imp neck until he came to the worn plate, on which he could make out the faintly engraved letters K-a-z-a-n. He spelled the letters out one by one, and the look in his face was of one who still disbelieved what he had seen and heard.

"A dog!" he exclaimed again. "A dog, Sandy McTrigger an' a—a beauty!"

He rose to his feet and looked down on his victim. A pool of blood lay in the white sand at the end of Kazan's nose. After a moment Sandy bent over to see where his bullet had struck. His inspection filled him with a new and greater interest. The heavy ball from the muzzle-loader had struck Kazan fairly on top of the head. It was a glancing blow that had not even broken the skull, and like a flash Sandy understood the quivering and twitching of Kazan's shoulders and legs. He had thought that they were the last muscular throes of death. But Kazan was not dying. He was only stunned, and would be on his feet again in a few minutes. Sandy was a connoisseur of dogs—of dogs that had worn sledge traces. He had lived among them two-thirds of his life. He could tell their age, their value and a part of their history at a glance. In the snow he could tell the trail of a Mackenzie hound from that of a Malemute, and the track of an Eskimo dog from that of a Yukon husky. He looked at Kazan's feet. They were wolf feet, and he chuckled. Kazan was part wild. He was big and powerful, and Sandy thought of the coming winter and of the high prices that dogs would bring at Red Gold City. He went to the canoe and returned with a roll of stout moose-hide babiche. Then he sat down cross-legged in front of Kazan and began making a muzzle. He did this by plaiting babiche thongs in the same manner that one does in making a web of a snowshoe.

In 10 minutes he had the muzzle over Kazan's nose and fastened securely about his neck. To the dog's collar he then fastened a 10-foot rope of babiche. After that he sat back and waited for Kazan to come to life.

When Kazan first lifted his head he could not see. There was a red film before his eyes. But this passed away swiftly and he saw the man. His first instinct was to rise to his feet. Three times he fell back before he could stand up. Sandy was squatted six feet from him, holding the end of the babiche, and grinning. Kazan's fangs gleamed back. He growled, and the crest along his spine rose menacingly. Sandy jumped to his feet.

"Guess I know what you're figgering on," he said. "I've had your kind before. The dam' wolves have turned you bad, an' you'll need a whole lot of club before you're right again. Now, look here."

Sandy had taken the precaution of bringing a thick club along with the babiche. He picked it up from where he had dropped it in the sand. Kazan's strength had fairly returned to him now. He was no longer dizzy. The mist had cleared away from his eyes. Before him he saw once more his old enemy, man—man and the club. All of the wild ferocity of his nature was roused in an instant. Without reasoning he knew that Gray Wolf was gone, and that this man was accountable for her going. He knew that this man had also brought him his own hurt, and what he ascribed to the man he also attributed to the club. In his newer undertakings of things, born of freedom and Gray Wolf, Man and Club were one and inseparable. With a snarl he leaped at Sandy. The man was not expecting a direct assault, and before he could raise his club or spring aside Kazan had landed full on his chest. The muzzle about Kazan's jaws saved him. Fangs that would have torn his throat open snapped harmlessly. Under the weight of the dog's body he fell back, as if struck down by a catapult.

As quick as a cat he was on his feet again, with the end of the babiche twisted several times about his hand. Kazan leaped again, and this time he was met by a furious swing of the club. It smashed against his shoulder, and sent him down in the sand. Before he could recover Sandy was upon him, with all the fury of a man gone mad.

He shortened the babiche by twisting it again and again about his hand, and the club rose and fell with the skill and strength of one long accustomed to its use. The first blows served only to add to Kazan's hatred of man, and the ferocity and fearlessness of his attacks. Again and again he leaped in, and each time the club fell upon him with a force that threatened to break his bones. There was a tense hard look about Sandy's cruel mouth. He had never known a dog like this before, and he was a bit nervous, even with Kazan muzzled. Three times Kazan's fangs would have sunk deep in his flesh had it not been for the babiche. And if the thongs about his jaws should slip, or break—.

Sandy followed up the thought with a smashing blow that landed on Kazan's head, and once more the old battler fell limp upon the sand. McTrigger's breath was coming in quick gasps. He was almost winded. Not until the club slipped from his hand did he realize how desperate the fight had been. Before Kazan recovered from the blow that had stunned him Sandy examined the muzzle and strengthened it by adding another babiche thong. Then he dragged Kazan to a log that high water had thrown up on the shore a few yards away and made the end of the babiche rope fast to a dead snag. And after that he pulled his canoe higher up on the sand, and began to prepare camp for the night.

For some minutes after Kazan's stunned senses had become normal he lay motionless, watching Sandy McTrigger. Every bone in his body gave him pain. His jaws were sore and bleeding. His upper lip was smashed where the club had fallen. One eye was almost closed. Several times Sandy came near, much pleased at what he regarded as the good results of the beating. Each time he brought the club. The third time he prodded Kazan savagely with it, and the dog snarled and snapped savagely at the end of it. This was what Sandy wanted—it was an old trick of the dog-slaver. Instantly he was using the club again, until with a whining cry Kazan slunk under the protection of the snag to which he was fastened. He could scarcely drag himself. His right forepaw was smashed. His hind quarters sank under him.

CONTINUED TOMORROW.

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.....

WEEKLY EXPENDITURES VARY ACCORDING TO YOUR SAVINGS

Housekeepers Tell the Budget Editor Many Interesting Methods of Acquiring a Reserve Fund for a Rainy Day

Advice to Budget Contributors

On Monday, January 10, a first prize of $5, a second of $3 and two of $1 each were offered for the most practical household budgets of a $20-a-week income of a family of five.

The contest is still open, but as many of the letters received are written on both sides of the paper, the Budget Editor must insist that but one side be used.

Contributions should be addressed to the Budget Editor, EVENING LEDGER, 608 Chestnut street. Names will not be published, if such a request is made.

It is interesting to note the way different housekeepers regard different savings. You will find one budget which allows 50 cents a week for doctors and medicines, and others who entirely overlook the possibility of having to call upon members of the medical profession. Money is put by in another household for the savings fund, or the loan association, and no allowance is made for entertainment or reading matter. Still another woman allows as much for her trips to the "movies" as today's budget permits for the head of the house.

Every careful housewife has some pet saving, some personal idea of how a family budget should be managed, to get the entire worth of the money expended. The sum of $20 a week is by no means the average, and in choosing this sum to open the competition, the Budget Editor had no other purpose in view than to find out how women manage a family of five persons on this sum. There are homes where the head of the house makes more than this, and many more homes where he makes less. This will be discussed later on.

Here is an itemized account of one woman's savings.

To the Budget Editor Evening Ledger:

Dear sir: Please accept the following tabulated account of my weekly disposal of a $20 income:

Rent, heat and light	$5.25
Insurance, clothing and papers	3.40
Husband (for carfare, etc.)	1.00
Vegetables and canned goods	1.20
Eggs, one dozen	.42
Butter, one pound	.40
One pint of milk daily	.28
Bread	.50
Groceries, including coffee, tea, sugar, salt, soaps, starch, pepper, vinegar, etc.	1.00
Sunday roast	.60
One pound steak or chops daily	1.80
Cake and delicacies	.50
Laundry (collars)	.05
Church	.25
Amusements	.50
Savings (for sickness, etc.)	2.50
Total	$19.65

This leaves 35 cents to meet variations in prices of above goods.

Our buying may be a little different some weeks, but I always manage to keep it within the above allowance. Very respectfully,

MISS A. CARR.

3257 North Marshall street.

'CO-EDS' IN MEDICAL COLLEGES AT DISADVANTAGE, SAYS DEAN

Dr. Clara Marshall Points Out That Preference is Naturally Given to Male Students in Institutions Founded for Their Benefit

"WHEN we ask the public to subscribe a half million to the maintenance of the Woman's Medical College we are asking as much for the support of a principle, as for an institution," says Dr. Clara Marshall, dean of the college. "The trouble is that people don't realize the great work which is being accomplished by the college. They entirely overlook the fact that this is the only A-rank woman's medical college in the United States. And the need of a woman's college is evident to any one who has observed the workings of co-educational institutions.

Dr. Clara Marshall, Dean of the College.

"It isn't that I consider the co-educational schools unfair. They just give the preference to their men students. Not only in the medical line—in housing, dormitory systems and such, the same system is in force. At a clinic when occasion for surgical or medical demonstration arises, it is the natural thing to give the opportunity to a man, if there are but two or three women in the class. Where women are in the minority they suffer, if not by commission, at least by omission.

"Now, this is just where the woman's college gives its students a unique advantage. Here we have special facilities for the study of the branches in which women are most interested. Take obstetrics, for instance. Why, at a time when male students could get a degree without ever having a single case in the practical side of obstetrics, we had a fully equipped obstetrical department, advanced along those lines to an astounding degree.

"I have had reports from up-State hospitals which prove without a shadow of doubt that graduates of the Woman's Medical College who are serving as internes do better work along obstetrical and gynecological lines than graduates of co-educational schools. I'm sure it isn't because the latter haven't had theory enough, but actual experience is more essential. Our hospital and out-patient departments supply this."

"Most of your instructors at the Woman's College are women, are they not? Isn't part of the money to be devoted to increasing their salaries?" she was asked.

"Yes, it is, and rightly so," Doctor Marshall answered, decidedly. "You see, that is another point which is misunderstood by the general public. There is no chance for a woman medical instructor, men have almost entirely replaced her. And why? Is it because she is any less capable? Awhile ago four women were named on the eligible list of candidates to an interneship at Blockley Hospital. None of them was appointed.

"Only last Saturday I was at a banquet of the Woman's Medical Association of New York city. At least 125 women were there. The president of the association deplored the fact that there is no place in the city of New York where a woman M. D. can teach. The Woman's Infirmary, which was a college similar to ours, with woman instructors and students, was forced to close its doors when Cornell University became co-educational. That was about 15 years ago, but since then it has only been within the last two or three years that a woman has been connected with any clinical position in New York city.

"An amusing example of how thoroughly women are overlooked occurred recently. I was a guest at the 50th anniversary celebration at Vassar College. Sitting next to me was a man who introduced himself as the president of a Western University. Now, all the large co-educational colleges in the West have what they call a dean of women, so just to amuse myself, I asked him where she was seated, as the assembly included delegates from all over the country.

"Why, she isn't here," he answered in a shame-faced manner.

"So, you see, we are not asking for just a half million dollars. We are asking for help to continue the work we have done during the past. We get more recognition abroad than at home, in some cases, I am sorry to say. When the International Congress of Laryngology was held in Vienna we sent our delegate over there, Dr. Margaret Butler, of Philadelphia. She was not only the representative of a woman's College, and the only woman in the Congress, but she was the only representative of North America there. The enthusiasm with which the delegates greeted her can be imagined when I tell you that she was elected honorary president of the Congress.

"Now, if Vienna can do this for one woman, why can't the public take the lesson to heart and give its assistance to the one college of its kind in the country? Why, we ought to be so proud of our graduates for their wonderful missionary work in the Eastern countries alone, where the services of a male doctor are forbidden. We have sent more medical missionaries to Eastern countries than any other college, and our work among American women is just as lasting, and just as notable. That is why we have confidence in making this appeal to the fair-mindedness of the people, and I'm sure we will be successful, for we stand upon our merits."

BLUE-EYED BABY GIRL, ABANDONED, WINS HOME FOR LONE MOTHER ALSO

Cast-off of Broken-Hearted Woman Eagerly Received in Logan Family, Who Invite Mother Also

LITTLE "SUNSHINE" GIRL

The destiny of a pretty, blue-eyed, 2-months-old baby girl is in the balance today, as is that of the mother, poor and broken-hearted, depending on whether or not she reads in the newspapers that a comfortable home awaits her and her child.

The Branchtown police are convinced that the same god of chance that caused the mother to place her baby on a doorstep within a stone's throw from the home of a couple who are pining for just such a little "sunshine" girl, will see to it that she too will find a home.

The pet dog of Mrs. M. A. Gaertner, 5132 North 13th street, Logan, sniffed about and raised such a commotion at the front door last night that Mrs. Gaertner looked outside. There, bundled up warmly, lay a happy, little girl baby with this note pinned to its clothing:

To whom it may concern:

God will bless you if you will care for this little baby girl until I am in better circumstances. Please save the garments as a means of identification, as I will surely claim her soon. It breaks my heart to do this, but I have no other alternative.

A Broken-Hearted Mother.

Then the baby had the busiest time of her two months' life receiving callers, visiting at several houses, and later going through the important ceremony of being christened. They almost had to call out the police reserves to quell a riot, so insistent were the Logan residents on entertaining and caring for the child.

Instead of that, the police finally took her triumphantly to the Branchtown police station. There it was christened Lindley Logan, because it was found near Lindley avenue, Logan. After this experience it was decided the baby had had enough excitement for one night and she was taken to the Jewish Hospital.

The result of the night's adventures is that Mrs. S. J. Livingstone, 4630 Marvine street, Logan, who lives near the place which "Chance" selected for the baby to be left, made this statement:

"I will gladly provide a home for both the child and its mother, if the parent will reveal her identity to me. She may call at my house or call me on the telephone."

CRIPPLED WIDOW SUPPORTS ART GENIUS AT THE WASHTUB

"Case 202" in Supervised Employment Division of Compulsory Education Bureau a Remarkable One

HAS UNDOUBTED TALENT

A widow, crippled and feeble, is working at the washtub that her only son may study art.

The boy, a bright-eyed, fair-haired youth, is a genius, according to the artists and art critics who have examined his work. He and his mother are waging a tremendous struggle against poverty that the lad may gain fame for himself some day and comfort for them both.

The public will never know the boy's name. To all persons except those directly concerned with furthering his interests he will be known as "Case 200" of the Division of Supervised Employment of the Bureau of Compulsory Education. Milton T. Townsend, head of that division has been asked to help the young student to find employment.

"Case 202" is at present a pupil in a Kensington elementary school. He will be graduated on February 1, and his teachers have decided that instead of attending high school he should devote the next few years of his life entirely to art. But according to the lad's financial standards, the tuition is prohibitively high, and the child and his mother must live while he is studying.

MOTHER HURT IN ACCIDENT.

The woman was made lame by an accident, and it is only a matter of a few weeks, according to her physician, when she will be compelled to "give up" her "washes." Meanwhile, Mr. Townsend is searching throughout the city for a job, in which the youth will be able to earn a little money and at the same time study art.

For the sake of convenience, all cases are numbered in the Division of Supervised Employment, at its headquarters, at 1522 Cherry street. But each case represents a human being and an individuality, and "Case 202" is being looked upon as such. If Mr. Townsend has his way, the couple will not only be comfortable in the future, but the mother will some day see her son acclaimed as a leader in the world of art.

"Case 202" is a slim lad, and his form and complexion bear evidence of impoverishment. His mother is his only living relative. His father died several months ago. About the same time a woman died in New York State—a woman who had aided him considerably with money and moral encouragement.

LIKES FOOTBALL AND ATHLETICS.

He is not a precocious lad and is quite as fond of football as his classmates. A year ago, when his father was living, he committed truancy to go to a circus and he enjoyed the show as much as any other normal youngster. The little artist has defied all precedents by being as proficient in arithmetic and geography as he is in drawing and painting, and the principal of his school predicts that he will be graduated "number one."

"This is a remarkable case," said Mr. Townsend, reviewing the boy's history. "It is all the more remarkable because it was only recently that his talent was discovered. I can not make his name public because he and his mother are sensitive and undue publicity would do no good.

"Besides his case we have hundreds of instances in which we try to help boys into successful careers. We don't attempt to make any of them artists. The average pupil will be better off as a clerk or a mechanic. We want to invite employers to notify us when they are in need of juvenile help.

"We could get this Kensington boy a position at once, but we are looking for a place which will not occupy all of his time and we prefer a job that will give him some money and at the same time not interfere with his artistic career."

FARMER SMITH'S RAINBOW CLUB

GOOD-NIGHT TALK

Dear Little Systems—I want to talk to you today about one of the most wonderful things in the world. It is called "SYSTEM," and like electricity and steam, we cannot see it, yet know its force.

First of all, we have the HUMAN SYSTEM, which should work in an orderly manner and which, with all we try to do to it, still renders unfailing service.

Next we may speak of a RAILROAD SYSTEM, which, I am very sorry to say, is often run much better than we run our own systems. Suppose the wonderful engineers on the railroads got up at any old time? Suppose they started their trains any old time? What would happen if the men in the signal towers set the signals when they felt like it or waited until they had read their morning papers before setting the blocks?

I want you to start with SYSTEMATIZING YOUR THINKING. It may take you twenty or thirty years, but start today!

After you THINK you have systematized your thinking, suppose you try to systematize your pockets, if you are a boy, and if you are a girl, suppose you try to systematize that wonderful and mysterious handbag which you carry around.

Your editor has at least 15 pockets, and they do not seem enough, and he sometimes wonders what his daughter carries in her mysterious bag, but he has never dared to look!

BUT——

Your editor has his pockets quite systematically arranged, and he generally has a nickel ready for the conductor instead of a ten-dollar bill.

This is just a word about system. Suppose you write and tell me how systematically YOU went to bed tonight and—just one thing—where DID you put your shoes?

FARMER SMITH,
Children's Editor, EVENING LEDGER.

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?

If there is anything you do not understand about these questions, write and ask Farmer Smith to explain it.

Our Postoffice Box

Let me present Mr. Joseph Norris, of the Rosewood Rainbow Club. He was one of the first members of the club and he has been a very faithful one since the first day he signed our pledge. He proved himself of great assistance to the Rainbow Santa Claus.

JOSEPH NORRIS
8. Rosewood St.

Susanna Kessler, Haddonfield, N. J., says that it makes her very happy to be kind to others. Little Susanna has said something that should be true of every single solitary Rainbow. John Russell Romig, East Lee street, is a very honest little boy. He received two buttons by mistake and he sent one back. Thank you very, very much, John. Frances Fitzgerald, West Montgomery avenue, sends a very neat, well-written letter and we hope to receive many more of them. Abraham Guberman, Catharine street, is one of our constant readers and we thank him very much for his appreciation of our corner.

Robert Aukburg, North 2d street, has composed the following pretty little poem:

Now the day is over,
Night is drawing nigh,
Shadows of the evening
Steal across the sky.

Do You Know This?

1. What States do these abbreviations stand for: La., Minn.? (Five credits.)
2. Build as many words as you can from SLEIGH RIDE. (Five credits.)
3. Write a four-line poem about a snowstorm. (Ten credits.)