THE NOVEL OF THE YEAR CHAMBERIAIN

CHAPTER VI.-Continued.

WHERE could be go? Not to his club scandal with which the club would Even in disaccord, Allx had imparted to its somber oak and deep shadows the low of busyant life. When she was there one fet as though there were flowers in the house. Gerry was seized with a great desire to hide from his world his mother, himself. He pictured the searcheads in the papers. That the name of Lanzing should

be found in that galley! It was too much, He could not face it.

He bought a morning paper full of ship-

ping news and, getting into a taxi, gave the address of his bank. On the way he studied the sallings' column. He found what he wanted: The Gunter due to all that afternoon for Brazil, Pernambuce the first stop.
At the bank Gerry drew out the balance his current account. It amounted to nething more than \$2000, He took most

of it in Bank of England notes. Then he tarted home to pack, but before he reached the house a vision of the servreached the house a vision of the servants, flurried after helping their mistress off, commiscrating him to each other, pitying him to his face perhaps, or in the case of the old butler, suppressing a great emotion, was too much for him. He drove instead to a big department store and in an hour had bought a complete eath. He lunched at one of the quiet resinurants that divide down town from us. The people about him were voluble in up. The people about him were voluble in ich and Spanish. Already he felt as If his exile had begun.

The Gunter was to sail at 2 from Brook-

The Ginter was to sail at a from Brook-ign. Gerry crossed by the ferry. He did not get out of his cab. Over his bag-gage, piled outside and in, he caught a gimpse of the suspension bridge. Years and years ago his father had led him gross that bridge when it was the eighth sunder of the world. Gerry gave a great sign at the memory. He had not invaded Brookly, signs. As the cab throughd the Brooklyn since. As the cab threaded the interminable and recking length of Furman street he looked out and felt him-

self upon an allen shore.

He had avoided buying a ticket. As the gunter warped out, the purser came to him. "I understand you have no delict." No," said Gerry, drawing a roll of bills "How much is the passage to Pernam-

The purser fidgeted. "This is irregu-"Is it?" said Gerry, indifferently.
"I have no ticket forms," said the

jurser, weakening.
"I don't want a ticket," said Gerry. "I want a good room and three square meals

Long, quiet days on a quiet sen are a master sedative to a troubled mind. Gerry had a great deal to think through. He sat by the hour with hands loosely clasped, his eyes far out on the ocean, tracing the course of his married life and mentaring the grounds for Alk's arrighment. Gerry was living and vectors. raignment. Gorry was just and generous to others' faults but not to his own. He had forgotten the sting of Alix's words alimself their justification. A time server as certainly had been. But he reviewed the lives of many other men in his own learnery class and decided that he was not without company. After all, what was there in America for such men to do extent make merica for such men to do

except make more money?
The landfall of Pernambuco awake him from reveries and introspection. He did not look upon this palm-strewn coast as a land of new beginnings—he sought merely a Lethean shore. The ship crawled in from an olly sea to

The ship crawled in from an oily sea to the long strip of harbor behind the reef. Above, the sun blazed from a bowl of unbroken blue: on land, the multicobred benses spread like a rainbow under a dark cloud of brown-tiled roofs. Giant plane trees cast blots of shade on the cobbled esplanade of the boat quay. In their shelter a negress squatted behind her basin of cous-cous and another before a tray of fried fish. Fround them lounged a paged crew, boatmen, stevedores and riffraff, blick, brown and white. Beyond the trees was a line of high stucced the trees was a line of high stuccoed houses, each painted a different color, all weather-stained, and some with rusted balconies that threatened to topple on to the passer-by. One bore the legend, "Ho-tel d'Europe." There Gerry installed him-

CHAPTER VIII. BETWEEN the hour of writing her note to Alan and the moment when she stepped on the train Alix had had no time to think. She was sim normally by the impulse of anger that Gerry's words had aroused. She did not reflect words had aroused was only to her pride. that the wound was only to her pride. Alan held open the door of the draw-ing room. She passed in and he closed it. She did not feel as though she were in a train. On the little libbs stood a vase. It held a single, perfect rose. Under the vase was a curious doily, strayed from Alan's collection of exotic things. A cushion lay tossed on the green sofa. that a new cushion but one that had been broken in to comforting. Alix took in every detail of the arrangement of the tiny room with her first breath. What forethought, what a note of rest with which to meet a troubled and hurried beart! But how insidious to frame an ignoble dishrip such a homelike settling! Smoble flight in such a homelike setting! She felt a slight revolt at the travesty. Alan was standing with blazing eyes and working face like an eager hound in leash. Alix threw back her veil and looked at him. With a quick stride forward he caught her to him and klosed her mouth until she gasped for breath. With a flash she remembered his own With a flash she remembered his with a flash she remembered his own words, "If ever I klas you I shall bring your soul out between your lips." To Alix's amazement she did not feel an anavering fire. Her body was being lashed with a living flame and her body was cid. In that instant this seemed a ter-fikis thing. She had sold her birthright for a price and the price was turning to dead leaves. She made an effort to kiss alan back but with the effort shame came Alan back but with the effort shame came over her. There was so much in Alan's size. The kiss had brought her soul out teltwen her sips. Her soul stood naked seler, her and one's naked soul is an unity thing. The kiss disrobed her, too, and from that last bourne of shame Alix suddenty resolved.

muddenly revolted. Gasping, she pushed Alan from her. Their syes met. His were burning, hers sere frightened. She moved slowly back-eard in the door and with her hand belief her opened the latch. Alan did not have. He knew that if he could not hold her with his eyes he could not hold her all. The train started. Alix passed frough the door and rushed to the plate.

from. The porter was about to drop the trap on the steps. Allx slipped by him. With all her force she pushed open the door and jumped. The train was noving very slowly but Alix recled and would have fallen had it not been for a passing baganzeman. He causalt her and, still in his arms. Alix looked back. Alan's white face was at the window. He looked steadily at her.

Alix most up. "No, don't call the maid. I won't heed her," she said. Then she added, "Good-night, John," as she passed out.

John held wide the door and bowed with a deference that was a touch move sincere than usual. He answered, "Good-night," as if he meant it.

Alix was exhausted, but it was long before she fell aslang. She cried settly

"Ye almost wint with him, Miss," said the baggageman, with a full brogue and a twinkling eye,

"How did you know?" said Alix, dazed. At the strange question the baggage-man's long upper the free down to grav-ity. "Where d'ye think I was whin ye stipt off the thrain into me acms?" he

Alix had released herself and his quaint question brought her to her senses. She looked at him. He was a mass of burly Rindliness surmounted by a shock of gray hair. "There, there," she said conclina-biely, "It was a foolish question. Will you get me a cab? I don't want a porter." "No feer, Miss," said the bagangeman. Till hand ye over to no naygur. If they says anything to me I'll tell 'eni we're friends." The smile was back in his face

friends." The smile was back in his face and the twinkie in his eye. He started off, his aray head cocked to one side.
"That's right," said Affx, as she followed his lead to a cab, She gut in, and then shook hands with her export. He looked at the dollar bill her grasp left behind.

That wasn't called for, Miss. It was enough for me to have saved you from a

"You didn't save me," said Alix with a bewildering smile. "I saved myself," She left him scratching his head over this fresh enigma.

this tresh enigma.

Alta was thred and hungry when she got back home, but excitement kent her up. She felt that she stood on the threshold of new effort and a new life. After all, she thought, it was she that had made her dear old Gerry into a time-server. She could have made him into anything ease if she had tried. She longed to tell him so. Perhaps he would catch her and crush her in his arms as Alon had done. crush her in his arms as Alan had done, she haushed at herself for wanting him to. She rang for the butler. "Where's your master, John."

"I don't know, ma'am. Mr. Gerry hasn't come back since me went out this morn-ins." To John Mr. Lansing was a per-son who had been dead for some time. His present overloads were Mr. and Mrs. Gerry and Mrs. Lansing when she was in town

"Telephone to the club, and if he is there tell him I want to see him," said Alix and turned to her welcome tea. The sandwiches seemed unsually small to her avenous appetite.

Gerry was not at the club. Ally dressed resplendently for dinner. Never had she dressed for any other man with the care that alse dressed for Gerry that night. But Gerry did not come At half-past nine Ally ordered the table cleared. "PH not disc founds."

nine Allx ordered the table cleared. "FH not dine tenight," she said to John. "When your master comes, show him in here." She sat on in the library listening for Gerry's step in the hall. From time to time John came into the room to teplanish the fire. On one of these occasions Allx to'd him he might go to bed, but an hour later he returned and stood in the door. Allx looked very small curied up in a great feathern chair by the fire. "It's after i o'clock, ma'nm," said John. "Tre after i o'clock, ma'nm," said John.

by the fire.

"It's after 1 o'clock, ma'am," said John.

"Mr. Gerry won't be coming in tonight."

Alix made no answer. John held his ground. "It's time for you to zo to bed, ma'am. Shall I call the maid."

It was a long time since John had taken any apparent interest, in his mistress. Alix had avoided him. She had felt that the old servant disapproved of her.

More than once she had though of discharging him, but he had never given her grounds that would justify her hefore Gerry. Now he was ordering her to bed and instead of being anary she was soothed. She wondered how she could ever have though of discharging him. He seemed strong and restful, more like

He seemed strong and restful, more like part of the old house than a servant.

Allx was exhausted, but it was long before she fell asleen. She cried settly. She wanted to be comforted. She had dressed so beautifully—she had been so beautiful—and Gerry had not come home. As she cried, her disappointment grew into a great trouble.

into a great trouble.

She awoke early from a feverish sleep. Immediately a sense or weight assailed her. She rang and learned that therry had not yet come home. Then his words of yesterday suddenly came to her. 'It I dropped out of the world today—' Alix stared wide-eyed at the ceiling. Why had she remembered those words? She lay for a long time thinking. Her breakfast was brought to her, but she did not touch it. It was almost moon in the cloudy Sunwas brought to her, but she did not touch it. It was almost noon in the cloudy Sunday morning when she roused herself from apathy. She sprang from the bed. She summoned Judge Healey with a note and Mrs. Lansing with a telegram. The telegram was carefully worded, "Please come and stay for a while. Gerry is away."

The Judge found Alix radiating the The Judge found Alix radiating the freshness of a beautiful woman careful of her person, but it was the freshness of a pale flower. Alix was grave and her gravity had a sweetness that made the Judge's heart bound. He felt an awakening in her that he had long watched for. She told him all the story of the day hefore in a steady monotone that omitted nothing and gaye the facts only their nothing and gave the facts only their

When she had finished the Judge patted

When she had finished the Judge patted her hand. "You would make a splendld witness, my dear," he said, "Now, what you want is for me to find Gerry and bring him back, isn't it?"

"Yes," said Alix, "If you can."

"Nonsense! Of course I can. Men den't drop out of the world so easily nowadays. But I still wan, to know a thing or two. Are you sure Gerry knew nothing of your-er-excursion to the station?"

Alix shook her head, "From the time he left my room and the house he has

he left my room and the house he has

not been back."

"Has he been to the club?"

Alix colored '-intly, ''see,' said the Judge quickly, ''.'Il ask there, I'll go now." He went off and all that day he sought in vain for a trace of Cerry. He went to all his haunts in the city-he had telephoned to those outside. At night he returned to Alix, but it was Mrs. Lansing that received him in the library.

The Judge was tired and his buoyancy had deserted him. He told her of his failure. Mrs. Lansing was thoughtful, but not greatly troubled. "Gerry," she said, "has a level head. He may have gone away, but that is all. He can take care of himself."

care of himself."

She went to tell Alix that there was no news. When she came back the Judge turned to her, "Well," he asked, "what Nothing, except that she wanted to

"Nothing, except that she wanted to know if you had tried the bank."

The Judge struck his fist into his left hand. "Never thought of it." he said. "That child has a head" He went to the telephone. From the president of the bank he traced the manager, from the manager the cashler. Yes, Gerry had been at the bank on Saturday. The enshier remembered it because Mr. Lausing had drawn a certain account in full. He would not say how much.

"There," said the Judge, with a sigh of relief, "that's something. It takes a steady nerve to draw a bank account in full. You must take the news upstairs. I'm off. I'll follow up the clue tomorrow."

There was a new look of content mingled with the worry in Mr. Lausing's face that made the Judge say as he held out his hand in forewell, "Things better?"

Mrs. Lausing understood him. "You," she answered, and added, "We have been seen. she answered, and added, "We have been

crying together (CONTINUED TOMORROW) SMILING AS A DAILY HABIT ADVOCATED BY ACTRESS



Miss Zaina Curzon Leaves a Short Dissertation on the Value of a Pleasant Smile and What It Promises

comes to the Garrick Theatre Monday evening. February 7.

"There are ways and ways of smiling. One may smile and have it mean not a single thing, ar one may smile and have it mean not a single thing, ar one may smile and have it person feel if as deep as his finger this such a smile isn't easy, but what a compensation one may have for any trouble taken to learn it, after the results are considered. So many people have told me how very hard it is for them to smile full in spile of everything. I have never heard any one give a smile any thing but the praise it deserves.

Therefore are ways and ways of smiling. "You may practice smiling at your mirries, must."

"You may practice smiling at your mirries, must. "You may practice smiling at your mirries, must."

"You may practice smiling at your mirries, must. "You may practice smiling at your mirries, must. "You may practice smiling at your mirries, must."

"You may practice smiling at your mirries, must. "You may practice smiling at your mirries, must."

"You may practice smiling at your mirries, must. "You may practice smiling at your mirries, must."

"You may practice smiling at your mirries, must."

"You may practice smiling at your mirries, must."

"It is smile. It is really like a game, and you would be surprised to know how many different promises one may suggest in a smile.

"It is so face a smile and have it mean not a with a smile and have it mean not a smile of all is the amile that promise, must.

"It is so face a smile that promises, must."

"It is so face a smile that promises, must."

"It is so face a smile that promises, must."

"It is so face a smile that promises, must."

"It is so face a smile that promises, must."

"It is so face a smile that promises, must."

"It is so face a smile that promises and you would be surprised to know how many of a smile in a smile.

"It is so face a smile that promises and

"A pleasant smile pays in more ways smile from force of habit, but I replly than I can say. How I wish every girl mean everything my smile says. My neight recilize just what it means way down deep every time she smiles. I think first that in your smile you are about to smile, think first that in your smile you we would remember and smile oftener what a smile is for, you know. It is a than we may Thus wisely spoke Miss promise, and you may make it any kind. we would remember and smile oftener than we do." Thus wisely spoke Miss Zaina Curzeo, the Blanche in the Field-Mayo farce "Twin Bets," which, following a run of a whole year in New York, comes to the Garrick Theatre Monday evening, February 7.

1 CITY TO INAUGURATE BABY WEEK MARCH 4

Proper Care of Children and Their Welfare Will Be Taught to Parents

"Baby Week." an educational period in the "haby-savina." movement, will be observed by Philhodelphia March 4 to 11. Suspected by Tre Wilmer Krusen, birsector of Public Health and Chartiles, it has been heartly endorsed by organisations interested in child welfare. March 5 has been designated as "Haby Sunday," on which pastors of all churches will be requested to preach sermons on "The Haby." and administrational meetings and exercises will be held throughout the week. Definite plans are being made. "The object of observing Baby Week is three-fold," said Dector Kruson. "It is intended to bring prominently before the citizens of the city the importance of the laby in community lifes by educational means to emphasize the processity for continued care of the city's bables." The Executive Committee in charge of the campaign consists of Fig. Joseph S.

The Executive Committee in charge of the campaign consists of Dr. Joseph S. Neff, ex-Director of the Department of Public Health and Charities; A. Cross, managing director of the Child Federation; Dr. John B. McLean, president of the County Medical Society; Dr. C. Lincoln Furbush, of Etch and Sprace streets; Dr. Howard C. Carpenter, chairman of Executive Committee of the Emby Saving Association; Dr. John F. St. Char, of Hell Walms street; Dr. H. Thom. chief. net Waisut street; Dr. H. H. Doon, chlof of the Division of Child Hygiens, and later A. Vogelson, chief of the Bureau of Health.

never heard any one give a smile any-thing but the praise it deserves. "I have a simple recipe for smiling, came which I had to leach before smiling, came as only as it does now. These days I

ion and non-support.
As a result of their inability to enforce

Multiple Electric Needle Quickly, Permanently, Calmensly Removes Superflucte Hair.

Miss Pinaud 103-1 Planders Bldg., 15th and Walnut

WOMEN AND CHILDREN STARVE WHILE COUNCILS HOLD BACK MONEY EARNED BY PRISONERS

Husbands and Fathers Put to Work Crushing Stones for City, but Dependent Families Are Not Given Sum Due Them Under Law

SEARCHLIGHT ON NEEDED SOCIAL REFORM

The publicity attending Colonel Roonevelt's recent visit to the M . detpal Court, where he not on the bench and heard the sordid stories of the prisoners, has drawn the public eye to social problems.

In response to the seeming widespread interest in what is going on in the "other world" which comparatively few see, the Evening Ledger will publish a series of articles covering many phases of the subject. They are from the pen of Miss Anna B. Burns, a social worker of long experience and wide knowledge,

In the first article, accompanying, she writes in direct style her vital, interesting story of the destitution caused among innocent dependents of prisoner-husbands and prisoner-fathers by the neglect of the city's law-

> By ANNA B. BURNS Social Wicker and Investigator.

Several hundred women and children in Philadelphia are suffering actual destitu-fier feedure Councils have failed to pay them the mency carped by the prison labor of their husband and fathers. Under the act of 1913, delinquent and Under the net of 1913, delinquent and impressed husbands have been put to work crushing stons. The law contemplates letting the prisoners earn support for their wives and children in this manner, the county paying their families escents per day during the term of their imprisonment. This 63 cents per day, for the payment of which Councils have fulled to make provision, is the only resource of many innecent dependents of the prisoners in the House of Correction.

It is necessary, to energy out the prothe prisoners in the House of Correction.

It is necessary, to carry out the provisions of the act of 1913, anown as the stone pile act, that Councils shall apropriate a specific sum for that purpose. Under the mode of procedure in operation in Philadelphia appropriations are made in December of one year for the needs of the following year: therefore, to carry out the provisions of the act, Councils should have made an appropriation in December, 1913, for use during 1914; an appropriation in 1914 for use during 1915, and an appropriation in December, 1915, for use during 1916.

All of this Councils has failed to do, making three years in which Councils has ignored the existence of the act and refused in recognize its responsibility to county with thel news of the State, and the humanitarian impulses behind the

court records and statistics of Philidelphia charitable organizations show that there are at least 6,000 persons at present in Philadelphia suffering privation by reason of Councils' failure to make provision for them under the

the humanitarian impulses behind the

As a result, charmable organizations of the city have had thrust upon them the care of wemen and children deserted or refused support by their husbands and fathers. The Society for Organizing Chartty alone cared for 85 cases of non-support during the year ending on October L 1915. Many of these cases were referred to the society by the Domestic Relations Court after the court had made an order for support. These families average four, making about 2500 persons provided for by this one private charity As a result, charmable organizations of provided for by this one private charity

The Society for Organizing Charity esthuntes that it handles about 55 per cent.
of the cases of nonsupport in the city,
which leaves approximately 2500 persons
unprovided for.
Walle those families are starving, the

Write those families are starving, the only excuse thus far offered by Councils for its failure to take action leading to the enforcement of the law is that it has not yet decided to what department the appropriation shall be awarded.

This law was enacted through the solucitation of charity workers of the State, particularly in Philosophia and Pitts.

particularly in Philadelphia and Pitta-burgh, in order that they might deal more effectively with men who refused o support their families

The evil of desertion and non-support ad grown to such proportions that the harity institutions of the State and social. vorkers had come to see that the laws

The Central Council of the Associated haritles of Pittsburgh in 1912 appointed committee, with Ward Bonsall as chairto deaft a bill making it possible for porting husbands to the House of Cor-rection, and providing that while such men were detained therein the sum of eixty-five cents a day should be paid by the county through the court to their

The Fittsburgh committee sought the co-operation of Philadelphia citizens, Walter George Smith, Charles L. Mc-Cechan and Assistant City Solleltor Eugene Bonniwell assisted in drafting the

It was introduced, passed by the Legissture and has been nominally operative

But notwithstanding the fact that this law has been "operative" for three years, not one cent has been and to the Phila-delphia families of mea who have been ent to the House of Correction for deser-

the law the Philadelphia courts have been rendered Impotent in dealing with cases of describin and non-support. Many of these cases have become chronic, due to the fact that the men, recognizing that the limit of the court's power is to send them to the House of Correction for a term, remain obstinate in refusing to support their families until they are arrested. They then promise to work, and some do so for a short time, but very soon quit work and cease providing for Charity workers and Desertion Court



of men who derive a certain amount of satisfaction in the realization that if they are arrested their wives will receive no benefit therefrom. Indeed, they say: "I won't work and I won't support you. You can have me arrested if you want. What good will it do you?" It is argued, therefore, that if this

stone pile act were in force and 55 cents per day of the earnings of their prison labor paid to their helpless wives and children these men would come to see things in a different light.

WHAT R. M. LITTLE SAYS.

R. M. Little, general secretary of the Society for Organizing Charity, in his last annual report says: "Even the dullest and most irresponsible men awaken to the fact that they would be more comfortable and happy outside working at a regular job and taking home their wages to support their families. Indeed, experience has demonstrated that in a large percentage of cases enforcement of the law has this influence. the law has this influence.

"Unlows the act is enforced, the Domeatle Relations Court will still be impo-tent in dealing with a considerable per-centage of cases of desertion or non-support. Scores of families are being re-ferred by the court to private charities for care and assistance, simply because the husbands and fathers refuse to obey the order of the co and sometimes the State. It is not any more possible for private charities to deal successfully with these trying cases than or the court. Indeed, they cannot do as

"The enforcement of the act, therefore, is not merely a question of money, but the larger and more important question of family integrity. The fam-ily relationship is being dissolved all too easily, and hundreds of men seem to have no sense of their moral and social obli-gations to their familles."

Probation officers Sectore that hundreds. of families are disintegrating, mothers separated from their children and chil-dren placed in homes, while complacent athers and husbands rest secure in the thought that they cannot be compelled assume their bonest responsibilities.



Dr. Charlotte B. Martin 702 Flanders Bldg., L5th & Walnut



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FARMER SMITH'S RAINBOW CLUB

GOOD-NIGHT TALKS

Dear Everybody, especially YOU-We have a very wonderful week last week. One day about 100 children came to see us and they all wanted some-Thomas Morgan Williams, Jr., over on Parrish street spent all last

week drawing a picture of ME. It was so good of me that I turned red as a beet and was so mortified (Mister Printer: I don't know how to spell this word, but you can fix it. Farmer Smith). I almost cried and, dear children, the saddest thing in the world is to see a fat man crying.

Let me see, what was I talking about? Oh, yes! Most of the boys wanted to make money and we had quite a lot of new members who wanted to SAVE five cents a week. We are going to have a really truly children's bank and call it THE RAINBOW BANK, if you think that is a good name-and have really truly money. Won't that be grand? (Mister Printer: Please leave out about the bank as it's a secret. I didn't mean to put in, but I let the kitten out of the flower (I guess it's flour) sack.

Oh, yes! AND two girls wanted something to do and so we told them how to make candy which they are going to sell AND the 8th street Squad is going to give a play AND Carl Greenblatt and the 5th street squad are going to hire a hall AND-

That's all I can think of, but I guess it's enough for one day. FARMER SMITH. Children's Editor, the EVENING LEDGER.

Our Postoffice Box Bernard Porter, South 4th street, is

a very active member of the Rainbow Club. He wrote a very pretty little story and gives promise of being has done some fa-

> tor. Many thanks, Bernard. that seems to speak | please, Bessie. for itself. This lovely little letter

comes from Esther Lipchutz, of Atlantic City: "I think it splendid to try to do a little

kindness every day and, though I am an invalid and must lie in bed all the time, I do try. There seems so little I can do, as I cannot be out among the boys and girls, but I have been thinking about it a great deal and I try so hard to be pleasant and not be cross, because I must lie still. I have found my ways of spreading this little soldier? Somehow I think we could learn much from her gentle

cheerfulness. Harry Parker, North 19th street, would like to know if we want girls quite a little author. Besides this, he in our club. Of course, we do, Harry. Now, just what do you think we could vors for your edi- do without them? Bless their hearts!

Bessie Carr, Idlewood, N. J., writes a very interesting letter. Judging Here is a lesson from its news, the folks in Idlewood for my Rainbows are anything but idle. Another letter,

> 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 Febru-

(1) What do you like about your home?

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

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

Ginger and Sport

Ginger was lying on the front porch fast asleep. He was having such beautiful dreams. Such a delicious piece of juicy meat he was just about to eat

Suddenly he sat up, his eyes very much awake, one ear stuck straight un. "What's that, what's that?" he thought, as he listened very carefully, his head on one side.

He didn't have long to wait. Up the street came Thomas, the cut, on a run. His tail was as big as his body. After him and almost upon him was

Sport, the yellow dog for whom Ginger had no love at all. Over the fence came Thomas and up a tree he went so fast that he

looked like a black streak. Sport, too, was coming fast. Over the fence he came and up the tree he went, but just half way; he couldn't

Ginger stood up and growled fiercely. "Say, you, Sport," he said, "now you get out of here and get out quick,

climb like Thomas.

or I'll give you the worst licking you ever had." "Well, what's the matter with you?" said Sport. "Can't a fellow chase an

"Don't stop to talk," said Ginger, advancing and showing his teeth, "but mind what I tell you and get out quick," Now, there was one thing Sport didn't like, and that was Ginger's teeth. They were so very sharp and Sport had felt them more than once. So back

just for good luck as he went back over the fence. "Come on down, Thomas," said Gin-

over the fence he went, growling with

rage. Ginger gave him a little bite

"Not just yet," said Thomas. "I guess Pil stay up here a while longer. I feel safer somehow."

Do You Know This? 1. What do you like about Philadelphia? (Five credits.)

2. Why have you two eyes instead of one? (Five credits.) 3. Do you want to earn pin money? (Five credits.)

BRIDES PLEASE READ Now that you have

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