## EVENING LEDGER-PHILADELPHIA, TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1916.



s wife, Alix, Alan Wayne, ving a well-lix's intimacy take the first

First his extled him

Mathias, in whose parish Mar-ner Mathias, in whose parish Mar-ans completed ditch. Upon the pricette encompleted ditch. Upon the pricette

some distance in the who lives erry and his irrian keep his starving of the drought is of afternoon he is by a cry. It is that and Margorita a. a son, and Margarita's. Alls is still waiting. Col-allen in love with her, but refuses to allow him to pro-

nost stormy night Jake Kemp, a Texan Des stormy night Jake Kemp, a Texan Moth America, seeks refuge with Gerry. a men enter into conversation.

CHAPTER XXIII-(Continued). TES," said Gerry, and added, with an Idea to establishing a link, "like "Naw," said Kemp. "I ain't f'm the Inter. Gerry looked incredulous. "Aren't you an American ?"

"Sure am," replied Kemp, unperturbed.

Gerry had been West more than once. He slowly recollected that Easterners came into Texas and the Territories "from the States" and were considered but once removed from foreigners.

"Reckon you're f'm Noo Yawk," was Kemp's next deliberate contribution to the conversation. "You're right," said Gerry, "How did

you guess R? "I b'en thar," said Kemp.

With that, talk lagged. Gerry in-stinctively avoided the question direct and Kemp vouchsafed nothing more. Not till Gerry came upon him hitching up his loads early next morning did he speak again and then he said with a glint in his eye that was almost a smile, "I guess them's the first orchids that ever traveled to maket under a diamond traveled to ma'ket under a diamond hitch."

Here was an opening, but it came too Inte. Gerry did not try to follow it up. Once more in the saddle Kemp seemed to acquire a sudden new case of body and mind. He hung by one knee and a stirrup and leaned over toward Gerry. "Stranger," he said. "I'm much obliged to ye. It's a long way fm the Alamo to Noo Yawk, but the hull country's under one fence." He waved his hand and was solo laws, but the hull country's under one fence." He waved his hand and was gone after his pack-train, lifting his mule with his goose-necked spurs into a pro-testing canter. Gerry followed him with his area. The fetty followed him with his eyes. He felt a sense of loss and failure. Kemp had been like a breath of air laden with some long-forgotten

scent that defies memory to give it a name For days Gerry's mind kept going back

to his lodger for a night. This stranger had broken the quiet flow of life. He had gone, but the commotion he had had gone, but the commonly he man a Gerry shook his head. Kemp drew a passing, as evening was settling on Fazenda Flores, the ecno of a mule's

"But I'm I'm Texas-leastways I was I'm Texas. Our folks wagoned over to New Mexico when I was a yearling." Gerry had been West more than once. The show has been west more than once. thoughts. Gerry hurrled forward to meet him "Howdy," said Kemp and paused on

that to measure his welcome. He was satisfied and urged his tired mule on toward the house. Gerry walked beside him and learned that the shipment of

orchida had just caught the steamer at the coast. Kemp unsaddled his mule mule and tossed the harness and slicker upon

the veranda. Gerry opened the gap into the pasture and the mule nosed its cau-tious way through to water and the grass. As Gerry was closing the gap Kemp came up and stood beside him. He cast a knowing eye over the fat stock. "You done a good job for Lieber," he remarked. Gerry nodded a little sadly. "Yes," he said, "the contract's filled. Lieber's send-ing for the stock day after tomorrow."

As they sat on the veranda that night As they sat on the veranda that night smoking endless cigarettes Kemp turned to his host. "D'ye mind if I stay over a day with you? Truth is, I want to he'p drive that stock up to Lieber's. I want to he'p whistle a bunch o' storrs along once more and smell the dust an' the lestic' udders an' I shouldn't wonthe leakin' udders, an' I shouldn't won der if I let out a yell or no corralin' 'em at the other end."

Gerry nodded understandingly. "Why did you leave it?" he ventured, and then regretted and murmured, "Never mind." But Kemp was not offened. "Naw," he said, "I hain't killed my man-not lately -nor anything like that. I left it," he went on reminiscently, "because I couldn't he'p it. I got to dreamin' nights of pu'ple cities."

"Purple what?" exclaimed Gerry. Kemp took a cigarette from his mouth and almost smiled. "Never did hear of The Purple City, I reckon?"

ragged elipping. One could road in the glaring moonlight and Gerry glanced through the printed lines. Then he read them through again. Inst

THE PURPLE CITY. THE FURPles Grid As I sat munching mangoes, On the purple city's walks, I heard the catfish calling, To the crawlas in the crawls. I saw the paper subbeam, Sprouting from the painted sum: I saw the sin was sullen. For the day had but begun.

Of dusty desert sky-road. Ten thousand milles and more. Biret they out before the mornin And the sun sat in the door. He avocated scan of sumitime. As he started up the sky. and he searced up the sky. drawned the purple city, tear-drop from his eye.

No more shall purple paneles Look up at purple pluss, Nor purple roses rival The checks of purple mins. Aias' for purple city. And its purple-peoplet halls! Alas! for me and manuces. On the purple city's walls!

Gerry looked upon his guest with new wonder as he handed back the clipping. Kemp put it away carefully, rolled a fresh cligarette and blew a thick puff of smoke out into the moonlight. "Can't say it's po'try and I can't say it ain't. All I know is it roped me. I know that writer feller never munched no mangoes, 'cause mangoes don't munch. I know he never sat on no wall an' heerd catflah callin', 'cause catflah don't call. But he seen it all, stranger, jest the way he writ it down, an' I he'n dreamin' pu'ple citles ever sence I read his screed." "Did you start richt out to look for onder as he handed back the clipping.

"Did you start right out to look for them?" maked Gerry gravely.

"Naw," said Kemp, "I didn't have nothin' to go on. But one day a drum-mer feller thet I was stagin' across the White Mountains give me a plant imaga-zine, and it had an article on commercial orchids with pictures in colors.

"They was mostly kinder pu'plish an' I reckon it was that what got me started, It was the foreman pointin' out my mount to me an' I didn't lose no time. I drapped my rope on him an' I've been ridin' him ever sence."

"Found any purple cities?"

"Not rightly. I seen 'em-more'n once. But I guess pu'ple clifes la always yon side of the mountain. You can't jest ride up an' put your brand on 'em. They're born mavericks and they die mavericks. An' I say, good luck to 'em." Kemp rose, tossed away his cigarette end and stood tossed away his cigarette end and stood leaning with crooked elbow and knee against a veranda pillar. Illa keen aquiline features and deep-set eyes were lit up by the moonlight and seemed scarcely to belong to his great, loose-jointed frame. He was loose-jointed but like a flail-strong and tough. "There's one thing about the pu'ple cities," he added, "the daylight always beats you to 'em jest like in the po'm." He turned and went off to bed.

Gerry sat on in the moonlight seized by a strange sadness-the sadness the spirit feels under the troubled hovering of the unattainable and the mirage. Life had queer turns. Why should a cowboy start out to look for purple citles? It was grotesque on the face of it but, beneath

had christened her baby boy from the day of his birth, "the Man sleeps. He cried for thee and thou didst not come. So he slept, for he is a man."

the kingdom. He sighed and then he smiled a smile of content. "It is late then, my flower?" He put his arm around her. "Let us go to bed, for tomorrow there is work."

afraid." She, too, had felt the flutter-ing wings of the unattainable. Unknow-ingly she stood beneath the shadow of the stranger's purple city's walls.

wested Gerry. at Gerry to see if this was so

appeared in a final curly shaving and then immediately started on a fresh one, "Known Lieber long?" asked Gerry at

"Goin' on two years," replied Kemp. "Does he live off his stock?" Kemp looked up, "Haven't you ever b'en up to Lieber's?"

"No." said Gerry, "It's two years eince I came here and I've never been off the pince. Lieber's been down here a couple of times."

of times." " Kemp frunted but asked no further question "Lieber," he cald, "c'tainty don't live offen his stock-he plays with it. Lieber is the goatskin king. Skips 'em by the thousand bales. If you or any other man in these parts was to sell a goatskin away f'm Lieber, you'd be boycotted. Lieber on this range is God-you're fer him or you're ag'in' him an' there ain't be'n any one ag'in' him for some spell now." "Oh." said Gerry. "As fer knowin' him," continued Kemp. "everybody on this round-up knows

"everybody on this round-up knows Lieber, but there ain't anybody knows why he is. Lieber holds questions and smallpox about alike. He ain't thar when they happen."

### CHAPTER XXIV.

TIEBER, accompanied by two herders, La came early for his stock. He greeted warmly. "Going my way?" he Kemp asked.

"I b'en loafin' around here with that in mind," drawled Kemp. "I'll take a hand if you'll allow me a mount." "You can take your pick." said Lieber; "that is, after Mr. Lansing has had his." The three of them walked into the pas-ture. Lieber toolood at the atoph with ture. Lieber looked at the stock with kindling eyes. He turned to Gerry and hold out his hand. "Shake," he said, and Gerry did. "What do you say to the first five of the horses out and last ten of the cattle for your share?" Gerry flushed. "That's more than fair," he said. "You know the best of the horses will lead the bunch and the fattest of the cattle will har belind. You see ture. Lieber looked at the stock with

of the cattle will lag belied. You see, they're all strong now." "That's just it," said Lleber. "They're

all strong now, and if you hadn't taken 'em over they'd have been mostly dead by I'm satisfied-more than satisfied-

and if you are, too, why it's all right." The herders were sent to the upper gap to head in the first five out. Kemp, who had seized one of the saddled horses and was already mounted, cut horses out from cattle and with a whoop carried them toward the lower gap. A beautiful irongray gelding broke away from the bunch and trotted up to Gerry to nose at his pockets. Five horses sprang through the gap and Lieber headed back the rest. He turned to Gerry with a smile, but the light had gone out of Gerry's face. He stood, with head hanging, his arm across the arched neek of the tron-gray. Lieber

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"You can have the lot for this one," said other a vacuum carafe, half filled will water. Their throats were parched and as the ice began to form and solidify they maintained a silence that was almost c.remonial. Gerry with a laugh. "No," said Lieber gravely, "just the roan."

CONTINUED TOMORROW

its virtues.

Purity, safe-

ty and free-

dom from

drugs are

others

## Q

No, and Lieber gravely, 'just the roan." Kemp had gone off to round up his mule. He came up from the river, driving it before him. At every jump he caught the mule a flick with his rope and the mule kloked and squealed, but came on with long, stiff-lezged strides. "Hi-yi!" yelled Kemp and snatched off his hat to beat his mount, while he kept the rope-end flickering over the nule. Gerry and Lieber laughed. Kemp was like a mummy come to sudden life. "Do you know what?" sail Gerry. "I think I'll come along with you." He led the iron-gray out by his forelock and old Bonifacio hurried to help bridle and sad-dle him. Lieber mounted his staillon and The exquisite flavor of 'S.S. White' die him. Lieber mounted his stallion and turned the horses as they came out. Kemp suddenly sobered down to business. When Lieber had thrown back the last ten of **Tooth Paste** is only one of

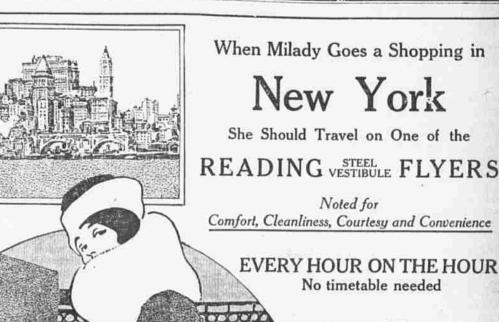
suddenly sobered down to business. When Lieber had thrown back the last ten of the cattle, Kemp came out and closed the gap behind him. "I think I'll go ahead with the horses," said Lieber. "You go and take yo' men with you," said kemp. "I could drive thi, fat bunch from here to Kansas with nary a hand to spell me." "Well, you'll have Mr. Lansing to help you," said Lieber, and rode on to where his men were holding the horses in a milling, kicking mass. They passed over the bridge and away in a moving pillar of dust, for the desert has swallowed the first rains and was alt. dy crying for more. The cattle string out and fol-lowed slowly in their trail. With whistle and yell Kemp urged on the laggards until he had the whole string well in hand. He kept them all traveling, slowly but steadily, and with never a word to Gerry. Toward evening his eye caught the glint of the sun on the white pillars and wails of a distant house. The house was in the midst of the desert. Beyond it loomed a single big joa tree. "Lieber's," said Kemp, and Gerry nodded. 224

At loomed a single big joa tree. "Lieber's," said Kemp, and Gerry nodded. Gerry had expected a surprise of some sort when at last he arrived at Lieber's, but the things he saw there, stranger than anything he could have imagined. left him calm and unmoved as though some prescience had prepared him. The house was built on the usual solid lines of plantation bedquarter. Great south house was built on the usual solid lines of plantation headquarters. Great, rough-hewn beams; towering rafters, built to carry the heavy tiles and to bear their burden for generations; uncelled, vast rooms with calcimined walls; all these were not outside Gerry's experience in the new land. The strangeness came with the rugs and the linen, the etchings and the furniture, and last and most significant, the shelves and shelves of hooks and the tables piled with magazines in three languages. Everything bore the stamp of quality, everything had the distinction of a choice Gerry did not let his curiosity carry

stood, with head hanging, his arm across the arched neck of the iron-gray. Lieber strode over to him, his silver spurs jing-ling. He laid a big hand on Gerry's shoul-der. The gelding sprang back with a snort. "That's all right, boy," said Lieber. "I wouldn't give the roan out yonder for two of him. Will you trade even?" was a great demijohn of acid, at the

In 10c or 25c tubes, At your druggist's or m a i l e d on receipt of p r i c e . (12-A) THHILE 88

To 23rd Street



T R R R R R R R

# FARMER SMITH'S RAINBOW CLUB bank account in a Broad street bank

## PIN-MONEY TALK

Dear Children-Isn't it perfectly | wonderful? We have this minute mough. Clubs in New York, Cincin- them to do. nati and Kansas City each have over 15,000 members. Of course, it has many, but we have only been working

ince Thanksgiving, 1915. One of the FIRST things we are taught in this beautiful club of ours is to be of service and some of our nembers are earning PIN MONEY in a very pleasant way after school and on SATURDAYS.

If you are wide awake and willing to do some pleasant work, send me our name and address and I will help you. Do you think as much about the money as you do about the fact that it will help you in after life if you begin earning money NOW.

# COMIC VALENTINES

Oh. goodie!

Next Monday is Valentine's Day, so we want to have a party on paper. Did you ever see a party on paper? Draw a comic valentine on white paper with black ink and send it to

He is one of the pin money squad, too, You must learn to MEET people so you may expect to see that bank and to talk pleasantly with them and account grow. our 18,000 members, but that is not persuade them to do what you want Brer Rabbit's Telegram I am happy to think that two of It was nearly noon time when Brer

our girls have made one dollar selling taken them over a year to get that candy and that FARMER SMITH'S RAINBOW CLUB furnished the money to start them. I am glad Patrick Sweeney, of Pottsville, has sold more papers than ever before, since he joined our club. And, wonder of wonders! Leonard W. Bitterman, of

Montgomery avenue, city, has been the first to earn money through our pin money plan. If you want MONEY you have to

work for it. Write me a special letter NOW.

FARMER SMITH, Children's Editor, EVENING LEDGER.

fellow behind the desk.

Rabbit.

Brer Rabbit. "This is not a postoffice."

"Hurry up. Time is money." The

the other fellow. "Smarty," answered Brer Rabbit taking a tolegraph blank. "Who is it to?" asked the operator. "You don't have to know that, do

you?" asked the fellow with the long ears. "Yes," he replied.

telegraph office and shouted:

"Can I send a telegram?"

"Don't know," replied the operator.

"What do you mean?" asked Brer

"You may send a telegram," said

"Well, it's to Mr. Squirrel, Sicamore Tree, Woodland, U. S. A." "Go ahead and write it," said the

"I don't want you to see it," said

the face of it, it was not grotesque. Margarita stole out to seat herself beside him. She slipped her hand into his. She was worried. She was always wor-ried when Gerry's thoughts were far away. "The Man," she said, for thus she Rabbit jumped into the Woodland

Gerry's thoughts came back to his lit-

"Tomorrow there is always work," said Margarita. "I am not alraid of work, Geree. The end of work never comes. It is the things that end that make me

The next day Kemp tried honestly to The next day Kemp tried honestly to help Gerry with the tilling of the soll, but the effort was still-born. Kemp had almost forgotten how to walk and his high-heeled boots fell foul of every hum-mock. "Look'y here, Mr. Lansing," he said after half an hour's toll, "ain't there to colts-bad uns-you want backed nor calves to brand? This here diggin' wakes up the rheumaliz in my fints."

"What about milking the cows?" sug-Kemp actually blushed. He cast a quick



ar editor. He will print the BEST comic valentines received in bow news next Saturday, so you can CUT OUT comic valentines and send them to your friends.

Don't waste a minute. Send in a comic valentine NOW.

If you want to send a comic valentine to your editor, do so, but make it rourself. Address Farmer Smith, Children's Editor, Evening Lenger.

Our Postoffice Box This is little Esther Miller, who ad a happy 9-year-old birthday Saturday and who is president of the loxborough branch of the Rainbow Club. These are five little girls in



the babies at St. mothy's Hospital and we are going a send postals to the older folks." arely little folks are learning the

on of service. Rose Fisher, South 4th street, stals with members.

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.

beth Chase, Ruth Name ..... M. Miller, Evelyn Address ..... Chas. and Germain Ostermann Age ...... and Esther her-School I attend..... self (she dutn't

tell me if dollie belittle patients of the Philadelphia longed). They are General Hospital heard about the happy because they are busy. Esther club just through a postal a Rainbow writes, "We are member sent to him and now he has making dresses for joined the club himself. His name is

Thomas Smith and he is getting so well that he is able to run about. Florence Evans, North 56th street: Watch the club news and you will learn all about the credits. Many

thanks to Frederick Schumaker, Oak ould like to send wireless messages | Lane, for sending us a very pretty a Rainbow Club members. If they story. We hope to hear from him hot know anything about the "dot soon again. Olive Collier, Shunk ad dash," she will gladly teach them. street: No little Rainbow need form lose would also like to exchange a branch club. She is perfectly welcome all by herself. Thomas Lester credits.) What do you think? One of the Jones, Bancroft street, has a \$6.50-

operator started to go to work. "I guess it is," replied Brer Rabbit. But say, if Mr. Squirrel comes in, tell him I want to see him." "All right," answered the operator, 'Now SCOOT!"

And Brer Rabbit did scoot.

The King and the Sentinel (By Gilbert Harris, Snyder avenue.) About fifty years ago a great country was at war. The sentinel who was on duty heard footsteps. "Who goes there, friend or foe? Advance and give the countersign if

friend," he said. It was the king in disguise who advanced and gave the countersign. He said to the sentinel, "Come with me and have a drink of wine and a cigarette?" The soldier was

words he spoke to the king.

(Five credits.)

Do You Know This?

2. Name three Philadelphians who

are mentioned in history. (Five

3. What is hail? (Five credits.)

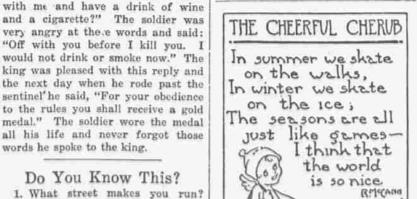
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very angry at these words and said: "Off with you before I kill you. I would not drink or smoke now." The king was pleased with this reply and the next day when he rode past the

f'm 'em." Gerry threw back his head and laughed, but his laugh was stopped short by the glint in Kemp's eye. "That's all right, Kemp," he said. "The missus is milking them, right now. What's the matter with you just taking a holiday? You've done a hard ride and it won't hurt you to have a loaf."

Kemp wandered off to the house with solemn face. When Gerry came in to the midday meal, he found him with a saiddle oropped on the arm of a bench siving the delighted swaddled heir to Fazenda Flores his first lesson in equitation.

That night they sat again on the veranda steps, but Kemp was not talk-ative. He whittled a stick until it dis-





::: Those Cave Women Must Have Been Easy

