# THE NOVEL OF THE YEAR BY GEORGE A. CHAMBERIAIN

Laber, who lives some distance in the Laber, who lives some distance in the Geert, hearing of Gerry and his brisated had, asks Gerry to keep his starving cattle and horses until the drought is over, derry screen. One of the drought is over, the starving of the house by a cry. It is that of a newconver bloom, and Margaritas. Back home, Alix is still waiting. Colfingford has steadnashy refuses to allow him to pro-

Pose. Kemp, a Texan representing an America, series refuge with Gerry. Together they said in returning Lieber's horses and said in returning Lieber's horses and stile after the drought and are at Lieber's

CHAPTER XXV-Continued. THE rains passed. Gerry contracted with Lieber for labor to be paid

with Lieber for labor to be paid for in produce. Fazenda Flores blessomed and bore fruit. People began to come in from afar to barter for produce and a buyer appeared and took over the whole of the little cotton crop. Gerry poured money into Margarita's tap—more money than she had ever seen—and sent her under escort of Dons Marle and Bonifacio and the Man to purchase all of comfort and furbelows that the tiny market of Piranhas could supply.

supply.

They were to be gone two days, and Gerry left the Fazenda in charge of his fereman to go and spend the time with fereman to go and appear the three that Lieber and Kemp. He found Kemp in a sort of controlled elation over the greatest shipment of commercial orchids the trade had over known. Just after Germany arrival two men appeared bearing a m's arrival two men appeared bearing a menster plant of over 200 leaves strung. like the grape cluster of Eschol, on a

Kemp's deep-set eyes seemed to grow out of his head as he made out their burden. "Hi-yi!" he yelled and rushed off to the corral, where he threw himself an to an astonished helfer. For one secend she squatted and then went mad. With yell and florging hat Kemp poured all on the fire of her frenzy. She bucked and twisted and all but somersaulted in her efforts to rid herself of the demon on her back. On the veranda Lieber and Gerry held their sides and roared at the most gretesque fine riding they had ever men. Finally, with a desperate lunge, the helfer breasted the corral fence. It caught her middle and she teetered over. Kemp turned a handspring from her back and landed on his feet. The helfer scrambled free from the fence and tore, wild-gred, out into the desert. Laughter rang Three herders threw from every side. themselves on to their horses and rode, should, after the heifer. Kemp straight-med out his hat, put it on and walked seately over to the veranda. There was

FARMER SMITH'S

keys which open the door to our thoughts.

come tired from waving them.

THAT HAND?

Your thoughts

is he who has said: "Thought rules the world."

misbehave before your tongue can lead you astray.

out the words on a beautiful new typewriter.

without some one who thinks to write on it?

Our Postoffice Box

Morris Rauer, Lombard street,

makes his bow to the Rainbows this

trening. We are very happy to in-

simself an interested worker for the

club.

a member who has proved

welfare of the

Henry and Cle-

tree street, have

makers and we ex-

A TALK ABOUT THOUGHT

A writer who is very hard to understand, sometimes, is Emerson, and it

It would be useless for me to stand out in the street and wave my arms

Before you speak, there must be some kind of thought. If it be a

Look at that beautiful hand of yours. See the five fingers, not one too

As I write this, my thoughts come first and then the telephone wires,

What good are my fingers and the arm that connects them with my

A bucket full of water can hold no more-your mind filled with kind

FARMER SMITH,

Children's Editor, EVENING LEDGER.

answers the questions of "Do You

Know This?" very faithfully. Why,

we even know Elvira's handwriting!

Many thanks to Lillian Cunning,

Paulsboro, N. J., for her little gift

and also for her sweet little letter.

A happy greeting to Madeline Larkin,

South 68th street, and an earnest wish

that the rest of the little ones in her

neighborhood have now received their

Farmer Smith's Frog Book

DR. BULL FROG PLAYS DEAD

himself under a board, backing in with

his long legs first, and gone fast asleep

one warm night only to wake up the

next morning and find Mr. Water Bird

sitting on the limb of a tree over his

Dr. Bull Frog wondered if Mr.

Water Bird knew he was there and

how long he was going to stand guard

Dr. Bull Frog had carefully tucked

Rainbow buttons.

head.

as it were, carry the message to my fingers and the obedient fingers pound

body if there is no thought behind what I do? What use is the typewriter

thoughts cannot hold anything else, let alone those which annoy you.

I wave my poor brain around until it is tired, even as my arms would be-

"naughty" thought, then a naughty word will be the result. Your mind must

ON RED HILL it was raining, not in a downpour but in vast veils of mist that swayed to the breeze, caressing the hills and hiding the valleys. It had been raining for three days.

After lunch Clem had gone to her room and then had come down again and wandered from window to window, tap-ping the panes, and with her foreinger tracing the course of the drops of water hurrying down outside.

She went to the veranda at the back of Maple House, and searched the west in vain for a gleam of sunlight, then she In vain for a gleam of sunlight, then she came in again and sat down before her little writing table in the corner of the library. She dropped the lid. On the blotter lay an opened letter. She had read it before. She picked it up and read it before. She picked it up and read it again. "I do not write," it ran, "to the Clem I met the other day as I stepped out from J. Y.'s building. I do not know her and she doesn't know me. I am afraid of her, not for what she is but for what she can steal from me. I write to the little Clem—the Clem of the days that won't come back—the Clem that has stood at my knee and clapped the days that won't come back—the Clem that has stood at my knee and clapped her hands and wept at the same time over the fate of a Very Real Dragon That Was Not. Dear Little Clem, what bewildering company you are keeping! What has become of those lanky legs, those thin bare arms and those flouncy short skirts that were so very much out of the way? You have abandoned them. How could You have abandoned them. How could you when you knew I loved them Just so! And you are hiding in the vision of flesh and furs and broadcloth that put me to rout in front of J. Y's-that tied my tongue and twisted it so that when it got loose it said the things that were furthest from my heart. I know you are there because the eyes that

looked out at me before they crinkled up ere your very own.
'Clem, it's hard for me to spread my heart on paper. Warm words get chilled in the tub of ink and belie themselves, baby crying because it's lone. There is only one way, and that is just to tell you that in spite of how things and the sun has come out.

may look and seem my heart is warm. Without understanding you can forgive a warm heart, can't you?
"I told you I'd bring back my other self and send him to you. I failed. Not because I didn't have him with me but because I wanted to send him to you without the rest of me and couldn't.

"I can't tell you why I couldn't. You must understand it without telling. I can must understand it without telling. I can only say that even today men are tested by fire. It's a fire one can't smother—it would only smolder on. One must let it burn out. It burns out the half of a man and some men don't know which half is going to be burned out until it's all over. It is that way with me. My soul is a furnace. I couldn't bring it soul is a furnace. I couldn't bring it too near for fear it would scorch you. There, I have written too much. If you find that the words are cold when they get to you, warm them at the fire of

your child heart. our child heart. Alan."
The Clem that read this letter looked very much a woman. She was 19, her hair was coiled up at the back of her neck, and her frock when she stood up almost hid her slim ankles. Alan's letter trou-bled her and made her feel even older than she was. It brought to her white forchead a tiny frown. Clem was as tanned as a long summer could brown her, but above her brows the skin was quite white because she had such a lot of hair that there was always some of it breaking loose to shade her forehead. Suddenly the frown vanished. Clem's

only a faint glint in his eye as he bought the monater plant to crown the monater shipment.

CHAPTER XXVI.

CN DEEP VICE THE EXECUTION OF THE PROPERTY OF THE

Clem pulled down her hair and shook it out. Then she took a bright red ribbon from a whisk broom hanging on the wall and gathering her hair at the back of her neck, tied it with a bow. With the instinct of a woman she looked for pins and found them. She turned up her skirts and found them. She turned up her skirts in a broad plait and pinned them. She had to do it several times over to get the tucks just right and the hang just so. She shook her head to tumble her hair and turned for a last look in the glass. She was a little girl once more. Her eyes laughed back at her. They were half light, half shadow. They seemed to understand her. to understand her.

Clem ran back to the library. A shaft of sunlight struck across Alan's open letter. She snatched up the letter and tucked it in her bosom. Then she followed the shaft of sunlight on to the back veranda.

For a moment she stood poised before sinking to a seat on a bench. She crossed her knees and smiled at her slim, well-shaped legs. It was so long since she had consciously seen them that they were almost strangers. Then she forgot them, braced her hands on the bench at each side of her, threw back her head, filled her lungs with the keen air ald felt her heart begin to pulse with the pulse of the living Hill.

Her eyes grew large and dreamy. In their depths were swirling clouds, chased by a growing light. Her eyes mirrored the world of Red Hill after rain. Clem's head slowly dropped until her chin rested on her bosom. She locked her hands about her knees. Then, with a last look about her, she rose slowly, slipped in and ant down at her desk.

"Dear Alan," she wrote, "this is not a letter about you and me but just only about Red Hill. We've had a north-easter-not a blusterer, but one of those sleepy ones that rains and rains like a baby crying because it's lonely. And now the third day and the storm are over and the sun has come of the letter. and the sun has come out. 100 know what that means, Alan. Red Hill isn't exacty laughing, but it is smiling with that sweet first smile that comes to babics and hills while their cheeks are

still wet with tears.

"The maples are still dripping, mostly at the edges, like big umbrellas. The firs look as if they had taken their bath in black paint and are busy making everything else in sight look white. The elms are waving their plumes at the vanishing plumes of mist as though they restricted. plumes of mist as though they wanted t be polite, but aren't very sorry to say

good-by. "The sun, I am sorry to say, looks as The sun, I am sorry to say, looks as if he had been drinking too much. He's very red and he's wearing a great spiked halo of rain shafts tipped at an absurd, rakish angle. He doesn't seem a bit ashamed and the smile on his face looks as if he meant to make a night of it somewhere out of sight. "Outdoors there's quite a nip in the air

that makes you feel as though with the rest of the world you had just stepped out of a cold bath. But inside, Maple House is cozy and warm and I know that when presently I curl up on the lounge I shall feel like a chick nestling against its mama hen where the feathers are down-

"Maple House is very lonely just now because there aren't any other chicks about. Nance has taken her lot back to town because Charlie Sterling says they are quite full of health and he's fuller of loneliness. As for grown-ups, Un-

"That's the dear thing about Maple House—it is always waiting. And that's what makes it Home. Sometimes in the lonely nights I wake up into a dream and the old house is ringing with the sounds of the children of 100 years at play. They laugh and sometimes they cry, but there is one that never laughs or cries. He is a chubby little boy with awfully staring eyes for a baby and he carries a wooden aword and a paper drum. It's the old captain, I'm sure, and once you have seen him as a chubby soldier of three you'll begin to know the secret of Maple House—that it's waiting "That's the dear thing about Maple secret of Maple House-that it's waiting for us to come back young or old. And if you are very, very still for a very long time you can hear the old house breathe, and then you know that in every closet and in every corner it has hidden away a beating heart. It never loses

"Dear Man, when I started to write this letter I was quite a little girl-now I find I'm quite grown up. I'm sorry. But it only goes to prove that you are wrong, and that it takes more than a half to make up one's self. Clem."

THAT dry season saw the beginning Lof a drought that will long hold the blackest page in the annals of the San Francisco basin. It seemed but days after the rains when the sparse grass and newleafed bushes of the wilderness began to shrivel up. Day after day the sun leaped brazen, from the horizon to the sky, his first level rays searching out the seant, stored moisture of wilted foliage, and the very sap of the hardy brush. While the cattle were still fat they became weak and urned to cactus for nourishment. They proke down the sickly branches with their horse and rubbed them. their horns and rubbed them in the sand to free them of the worst of the thorns

cle J. T. In In town a great deal this summer on account of other people's money and the old captain never gets out of bed since he had a stroke. He may there's nothing the matter with him; it's the modern whisky that has lost its tone.

"So I'm mostly alone with aunty, and Maple House seems almost too big to fit. But it isn't a bit too big when I stop to think because I know that the old house deem's tand for any one of us alone—it has to keep a nook for every one of its scattered brood.

"That's the dear thing about Maple.

Herders rode the rounds on weakening horses, and dismounted time and again to pull out spines from the snouls of passive, panting cows. Bulls died of broken pride. They would not subject themselves to the pain of eating cactus. I'm with a watched its falling level with falling eye, and one day sent an urgent call to Lieber for help.

Lieber came. He brought with him an army, every man bearing with him the

Lieber came. He brought with him an army, every man bearing with him the tool that had come soonest to his hand. Spades were few and hoes: the bright shares of a pick or two caught the light like lances. Most of the men depended on the heavy sheath knives they carried at their sides. They looked like an army of sanscullottes as they swarmed into the ditch and beyon to die. ditch and began to dig. In two days they had sunk it to the required level. When they finished Gerry rode back with them to help bring down Lieber's weakening

stock.

Kemp had stayed in sele possession at Lieber's. Digging was not in his line, so he had volunteered to hold the fort against the return of the garrison. He against the return of the garrison. He welcomed Lieber and Gerry to a supper of his own making in approved cowboy style; sour-dough biscuits made by a master hand, steaks cut from a freshly killed calf and fried before toughness set in, a pile of creamy mashed spuds. There was a homeliness about the meal that made them call includes. that made them eat in silence. as though for years they had been wor-shiping false culinary gods. The pile of steaks, the heaped potatoes, the hot biscult were exotics, strayed into a land of pepper sauces and garlic. The supper seemed to the three men to take on a personality and to be ill at ease, but it was they that were III at case, for the supper reminded them that they were

exiles.

The allence on the veranda that night was even longer than usual. Gerry's mind went back to a French book that he had bought in desperation at Pernambuco. He had ploughed through half of it, and with a catch in his thoughts he remembered that it lay open on the table when he left his little room in Piranhas on the morning of mornings that had broken life in two. Some of its phrases, conned over and over again in his struggle with the CONTINUED TOMORROW.

# Marion Harland's Corner

Needy Little Cripple

THAVE a little crippled brother who has no bed or chair suitable for his trouble. He is 13 years old and has never walked or talked. If you could do something in this line to help him out, it would be greatly appreciated by me. "MARGARET R."

We pass your note down the line without comment. The sad tale needs none. The ompassionate member who reads it twice over will agree with me

### Laid Up for a Year

"I have been laid up for a year and have dislocated my hip. I think some-times I might be able to get around a little if I had a pair of crutches. I am a poor woman and need help. I earned my own living until I got hurt. I shall be thankful for the crutches that are offered.

M. S."

The pair of crutches you speak of in another section of your letter were given away several weeks ago. We ask now that a second pair be put at our disposal for you by somebody who has no longer any use for them. It would be a

# Dill Pickles

"I notice in the H. H. C. a request from a young housekeeper for a recipe for dill pickels. The following is the way a good German friend prepares them with ex-cellent results. We use two two-quart glass jars, thinking them nicer than stone crocks. Make a brine that will just float a fresh egg. (Almost any liquid will float one that is stale.) Put a handful of fresh dill sprigs in the bottom of the can. Wash good-sized cucumbers and drop them into the jar with a few sprigs of dill between. When the jar is filled with cucumbers put in another handful of dill on top, crowding down between the cucumbers; fill the glass jars to overflowing with the brine you have prepared. Screw down They will be fit for the table in about four weeks.

# Makes Economical Paste

"The inquiry of May C. as to library paste suggests to me to tell how she can make an excellent paste for her use. I do a great deal of scrapbook pasting daily and I find this the best and cheapest and most economical of any I have ever tried. The material is called cold water paste. It comes in bulk in the form of a white powder or flourlike substance and may be bought at any small store dealing in wall paper and paperhanger's supplies, etc., at 10 cents a pound. A half pound will go a long way. It may be mixed with either cold or warm (not hel) water, and should be mixed. est and most economical of any I have (not hot) water, and should be mixed gradually, a spoonful at a time, to a latherlike consistency. One can soon find the right quantity by experimenting with it. I have an old cold cream jar, or one similar to that, holding a half pint or more, with a screw or thread cover. Kept this way, the paste does not sour. The



paper to be pasted should be saturated; wipe the edges off and place old books on scrapbook when drying. J. K."

# Makes Good Bread

"I have noticed several queries in the Corner from housewives inexperienced in breadmaking. Maybe what I have to say on the subject may be helpful to such, I make all the bread eaten in our house. Much has been said of the three-hour bread. Although my way takes about double the time, it is much better, as it is not so strong of yeast. At noon, when you boil your potatoes for dinner, drain the water off; measure one quart. Mash and add one cup of mashed potatoes, two tablesness of waren. say on the subject may be helpful to such tablespoons of augar, scant half tenspoon of ginger, one cake of yeast which has been soaked in a little water. Set in a warm place until next morning, then set your sponge, using all your yeast, making fresh for each baking. If bread is set at 6 by 12 o'clock you have it baked. "HELPER."

### Sponge Will Be Light

"Apropos of numerous inquiries re-pecting breadmaking at home, I should like to submit the following helpful hints In making salt-rising bread the main trouble is keeping it at an even temperature. I heat my electric iron (or any other would do), and turn a pan over it. I then put my bowl of sponge on top of the pan, with a cloth between to keep it from getting too hot, and cover all with a blanket. The iron will still be warm in the morning and sponge will be light

All communications addressed to Marion Hariand should inclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope and a clipping of the article in which you are interested. Persons wishing to aid in the charitable work of the H. H. C. should write Marion Harland, in care of this paper, for addresses of those they would like to help, and, having received them, communicate direct with these parties.

# "WHITE ELEPHANT PARTY

Union Methodist Episcopal Church Ushers to Sell Christmas Presents

A white elephant party will be held tonight in the Union Methodist Episcopal Church, Diamond street near 20th, by the ushers of the church. The idea of the party is to trade any left-over Christman presents or other articles that have be-come elephants on the bands of the church members.

Private View of Haseltine Paintings Paintings and etchings whose value was placed by their former owner, the late J. F. Haseltine, at nearly half a million dollars will be shown tomorrow night at a private view at Gimbel Broth-ers' store, Eighth and Market streets. On Monday the collection will be placed

Women in Consultation We scarcely pick up a paper without reading the opinion of women regarding this tremendous matter of immigration and how to handle it. Women no longer leave it up to the

went they get busy. They keep busy. Women have proved their endurance and are not afraid to tackle difficult problems. Best of all, men are coming to realize

this fact and are not only willing but eager to call women into consultation, and to be guided, to a great extent, by their suggestions and plans.

# Perfectly Protected Deerfoot Farm Sausage

In pound parchment packages

**Greatly Reduced Prices** in our

entire stock of Choicest

Advance Spring Exhibit of Modish Millinery for those who will visit the famous Southern Resorts

BLOUSES

Für Millinery Shop 1423 Walnut Street

# STONE PILE FOR DERELICT HUSBANDS ADVOCATED AS CURE AND PREVENTIVE

Its Enforcement Would Make Extradition Law. Now Null, Effective, and Aid Needy Famileis, Says Anna B. Burns

The futility of the extradition law of 1903, caused by the nonenforcement of the stone pile act, which provides that the earnings
of prisoner-husbands be turned over to their wives, is pointed out by
Miss Ann B. Burns in this, her third of a series of articles for the
EVENING LEDGER on needed social reform. Writing authoritatively on
her subject, she shows how the two laws are interlaced in their practical
effects, and how, if the latter were enforced, it would not only relieve
the sufferings among dependent families of men imprisoned for deserthe sufferings among dependent families of men imprisoned for desertion and non-support, but would also make the extradition act a powerful weapon. Not a penny of the money earned by husbands' labor in the House of Correction has been paid to the needy families.

ly outweighing the number of new orders

made during the year.
In 1912 the number of attachments

for non-compliance overbalanced the num-ber of new orders to the extent of 403. In 1913 the difference aggregated 504.

EXTRADITION ENFORCED.

Ryan, "we stringently enforced the extra-

dition law."

The foregoing figures and Mr. Ryan's

statement lend color to the belief that were the law of 1913 enforced a much greater number of men could be influ-enced to support their families; the extra-

dition law would have to be invoked less

frequently, and when administered it would prove more effective of the desired

Mr. Little, general secretary of the So-iety for Organizing Charity, says: "If

clety for Organizing Charity, says: "If both the compulsory support law and the act of 1903, which makes desertion and

non-support a misdemeanor, could be en-forced, it would have a wonderful influ-ence upon hundreds of men and their families in the County of Philadelphia."

It would seem then that even where he extradition law of 1903 is strictly en-orced it still needs the enforcement of

he stone pile law to effect any material

advantage either to the State or to the individuals most nearly concerned—the wives and children of the men who re-

BAD ODORS WORRY OFFICIALS

New Jersey Health Department Sum-

mons Chemical Company for Hearing

TRENTON, Feb. 10 .- It is announced

by the State Department of Health that the Bulls Ferry Chemical Company, of Edgewater, had been cited to appear be-

fore the State Department at its meeting to be held Tuesday next, to show cause why an application for an injunction for-

bidding the company to liberate chemical furnes into the atmosphere should not be

Investigations by inspectors of the de-

partment have shown, it is alleged, that

the manufacturing processes carried on

by this company give rise to objectionable

Watch

Repairing

Since 1837

fuse to support them.

made.

odora.

"During my term in office," said Mr.

By ANNA B. BURNS

Social Worker and Investigator Not only does the non-enforcement of he stone pile act inflict suffering and deprivation upon the families of desert-ing and son-supporting husbands, but it also renders futile the operation of the extradition law of 1963.

This law, making desertion and nonupport a misdemeanor and therefore ex-

support a misdemeanor and therefore extraditable, was passed by the Legislature in order to force these delinquent men to support their families.

However, it is pointed out, the process of extradition imposes an added expense to the county, which often proves fruitless of good results. These men are sent to the House of Correction for a term, and when illurated again fee the State. and when liberated again flee the State, leaving their families still dependent and unprovided for. While in some cases incarceration has a good effect, in many it

### PAY TO FAMILIES.

It is argued that if the stone pile law were enforced and \$5 cents per day of their prison earnings paid to the families of these men in many cases the extradi-tion law would not have to be invoked. Delinquent husbands would then realize the futility of leaving the State, for they bould not only be brought back, but put to labor in the House of Correction and their families be paid a portion of their earnings during their confinement. This not only would bring relief to the familie of these men, but also would free the county of the expense of extradition. This argument is given strength by the fact that it often has proved effective merely to threaten the enforcement of the

w. Michael J. Ryan is authority for the statement that during his administration as City Solicitor, at which time cases of descriton and nonsupport were handled in that department, he found the mere threat of enforcing the law efficacious in bringing about the desired results.
"In almost every case," said Mr. Ryan.
"where a threat has been made to en-

force the stone pile act the man has promptly paid the court order." It will be noted that this was at a time when the law was new and before t became generally known that it was impossible to enforce the act because of Councils' failure to make an appropria-

tion whereby the payments could be

The annual reports of the City Solic-itor's office for the years 1912 and 1913 show some interesting statistics; The report for 1912 shows:

Orders for warrants of arrest in desertion cases.
Los asses tried in the Desertion Court in which orders were made for the support of wives and children. Litachments issued for non-compliance with orders of court that had thereto-fore been made for the support of wives and children.

The report for 1913 shows: orders for warrants of arrest in deser-Orders for warrants of arrest in deser-tion cases.

Cases tried in Desertion Court in which orders were made for the support of wives and children.

Attachments issued for non-compliance with orders of Court that had there-fore been made for the support of wives and children. Attention is called to the great number

of attachments issued for noncompliance with court orders previously made, great-

For 79 years we have devoted our energies to well-executed and dependable watch repairing. The reputation we have acquired forms a tradition that calls for greater efforts to give perfect service to our customers.

Market St. at 18th

C. R. Smith & Son

66

# Butter and Eggs

Since the beginning of this business, over twenty-five years ago, we have always been particular about the quality of Butter and Eggs sold in our stores.

This fact is known to thousands of people and has given our stores the name of being "Headquarters for Butter and Eggs." The brand Gold Seal on Butter and Eggs sold in our stores means the highest quality of each to be had.

GOLD SEAL EGGS, Carton. 33c The largest, fullest, freshest eggs that money can buy. Henfield Eggs, Carton, 30c Selected Eggs, Dozen . . . 25c

Fresh Eggs of Excellent Quality. Twelve Good Eggs in Every Dozen.

GOLD SEAL PERFECT BUTTER, 38c lb. The highest grade of freshly churned Butter made-the Butter

for particular people. Hy-lo Butter, 33 lb. Ca-Ro Butter, 28c lb. Fancy Creamery Butter. Pure Butter of Good Quality.

There are many other attractive values this week at every

R. & C. Store, whether it be located at 21st and Market Streets

Downtown, Uptown, Germantown, Kensington, West Philadelphia, Manayunk, Roxborough, Logan, Oak Lane, Overbrook, Bala, Narberth, Ardmore, Bryn Mawr, Lansdowne, E. Lansdowne, Llanerth,

Robinson & Crawtord

Grocery Stores for Particular People Throughout the City and Suburba 

Last year our eighteen agents investigated 52,946 cases of cruelty

Think what these figures mean! Think of the amount of suffering prevented and relieved! Yet before this Society was granted its charter there were no laws in Pennsylvania which protected durab

Our Year Book and Forty-Eighth Annual Report recounts in detail the history and present day efficiency of this, the oldest hu-mane organization in the State—the second oldest in America. It isn't filled with cut-and-dried statistics or shocking specimen cases. It tells you a lot you ought to know about modern anti-cruely

WRITE FOR IT TODAY Address Dept. J.

The Pennsylvania Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals

> Incorporated April 4, 1866 Headquarters, 1627 Chestnut Street

tus Long, Applejoined the money

pect to hear from them very soon. Edward Jones, Palethrop street, is another "pinboy whom we wish every

The kind angel is crediting a lot of makine to a certain little girl in ort Deposit, Md. Her name is Isa-Bates. Part of her lovely little atter reads: "One day last week sother was sick and I took my little ster, who is three years old, out for walk so mother could rest, and bewent I did the upstairs work and went toward the big pond. He tended to mother. These things kept one eye on Mr. Water Bird and very little, but little things count, every time the fellow in the tree made they?" Indeed, they do, Iss- a move, Dr. Bull Frog would lie very to much so that they make up still.

arblest things in life. Volpe, South 19th street, lying there and he said out loud;

Dear Children-As you grow older you will learn to love different writers. They will be your friends who, though far away in another land, very still for a long while. the land of yesterday, will send you messages to cheer and comfort you. Each of our minds is the door and the thoughts of writers are the

RAINBOW CLUB

himself out loud: "Look at that beautiful beetle right alongside of Dr. Bull Frog. I will just hop down and eat him before some one else gets

all day, with no purpose in view, and yet, if I do not control my thoughts, many or too few. Look at the lines in your hand and then at the nails he flew away. which keep the tips of your fingers from wearing off. WHAT IS BEHIND

"I guess I won't 'play dead' very soon again," said Dr. Bull Frog as he hopped lamely away.



Drawn by John J. Foley, Jr., Fitzgerald at

FARMER SMITH,

I wish to become a member of

School I attend ......

over the entrance to the good doctor's Do You Know This? modest home 1. In what year was Lincoln born? By and by the bird turned its tail toward Dr. Bull Frog and he hopped (Five credits.) out of his home as fast as he could credits.) 3. In what year did Lincoln die?

Finally, Mr. Water Bird saw him

"It is too bad that poor old Dr. Bull Frog is dead. If he were alive, I place, would surely eat him." Then he kept

Once more he began talking to

At this Dr. Bull Frog opened his eyes and when he could not see the beetle he closed them, but he was too late. Down swooped the bird and was about to eat him when suddenly Mr. Water Bird dropped Dr. Bull Frog. "A hawk," he whispered, as

MANY RAINBOWS CAN



EVENING LEDGER:

your Rainbow Club. Please send me a beautiful Rainbow Button free. I agree to DO A LITTLE KINDNESS EACH AND EVERY DAY - SPREAD A LITTLE SUNSHINE ALL ALONG THE

Name ...... Address ..... Age ......

2. Mention two important facts about the life of Lincoln. (Five

(Five credits.)