THE NOVEL OF THE YEAR CHAMBERIAIN

CHAPTER XXXII-Continued.

MERRY shook his head. "No," he said. T'I can't do that. I'm just going to sit here and wait for a while and then I'm going home. There's something I've got to straighten out. After that, I don't know, but there's something I wish you'd do for me, Lieber, and that is to look after old ona Maria and those two old darkies at Pasenda Flores. They won't last long, any of them, and I don't want them to sek for anything. I'll square up with

Lieber nodded listlessly. "I'll look out for them.

The next morning early, Gerry saw him off. There was a wistful look in the old man's eyes as from the top of the cliff to turned and gazed down the river. "Lieber," said Gerry, "you can count on me te do what I can for you when I get home. Do you understand?"

Lieber flushed. Their eyes met, He took Gerry's outstretched hand and gripped it Then he rode away without a

Lieber threw his horse Into a rapid nok that was faster than a gallop. It was a killing pace, but he knew the metth of his mount. Late in the afternoon became to the confines of his ranch. The pad-eaved house in the distance looked grad-eaven house in the distance looked arr still and deserted. Beyond it toomed he solitary jon tree. Something had hap-ened to the jon tree during the two days he had been away. It had become a bea-con. He remembered the giant Bougain-our that covered the tree. The con. He remembered the grant bougain-villes vine that covered the tree. The Bougainvilles had bloomed into a tower of mauve flame. It stood out in daring contrast to sombre desert and browntiled roof. Its single, defiant and blaring note struck an answering chord in Lieber's heart. He took courage of that brave burst of color, so jarring in a garden, but in the desert, a thing of glory. Lieher passed into the loneliness of his deserted use with a firm step.

Gerry spent many days at Piranhas as Gerry spent man, he had planned, in thought. He went over his life in a painstaking retrospection. His mind lingered long on the last three years, their fullness, their even upward years, their fullness, their even upward trend. Could a man live three such years and lose them? In a ghastly half hour the flood had wiped out the tangible results of three years of labor. But what about the intangible? He had sinned against Alix and against her faith, but had he sinned against himself? He felt infinitely older than the first Gerry Laming, but would he change this thinkhas age for his unthinking youth? What if he had learned three years ago that Allx had saved herself and his name? uld it have meant loss or gain to him ay? Something within him cried, nest Loss!" but he dared not take courage from the inward cry. He could not know, he reasoned, until he had seen

bainted him. It drove him. He must see Alx. He must start by the very next boat but when the next boat came some smawing fear of unreadiness held him back. His fear was greater than the com-pelling thought of Alix.

FARMER SMITH'S

GOOD-NIGHT TALKS

Dear Little Students-We are all students of something-especially

I was talking to a college professor the other day and he asked me

I tried to explain to the dear professor that with some 19,000 (all

that did not seem to satisfy him, so I tried to get down to my own level,

that of a child, talking, as it were, to a child, and I said to the learned

I wonder if YOU ever thought of that when you wanted something

write a composition about, or when you wanted to write to your editor

The only trouble is, I have so many things to write about that I have

It is a good idea when writing ANYTHING to compose your sentences

as though you had to pay three cents for every word you wrote-just like

you do when you have to send a telegram. I want our writers to BE

BRIEF and if you can write to me on a postal card, do so, and in case you

As soon as the professor saw it in this light, he understood.

to spend most of my time trying to see what can be left out.

professor of Greek, "Did your telephone ever give out?"

how it was that I had so many ideas and never seemed to run out of something to say. I suppose he was not aware that as he talked to me, I was

desert, heard her throaty siren cry and did not heed it.

CHAPTER XXXIII I'm WAS with some missivines. Kemp left Alan at the coast. Alan T WAS with some misgivings that was still very weak. Kemp stood, more

incongruous than ever, against the rall of the little conster bound for Pernambuco and eyed Alan whom he had made comfortable in a camp bed on the deck. "It seems to me, Mr. Wayne," he said, "that there mought be business waitin"

for me at Pernambuce thet I do'n know nothin' about. I've got a hunch I'd best go along of you and see."

Alan smiled. "I know what your hunch is, Kemp, and it's a wrong one. I'm all right. Weak, but I'll make it. Don't worry."

worry."

Kemp was standing in angles. His hands were thrust in his trousers pockets but even so his elbows were crooked. One foot was raised on a rail. He was coatless as usual. His unbottoned vest stuck out behind. His Stetson hat was pulled well down over his eyes. His eyes had taken on the far-away and slightly luminous look that always came into them when he was about to speak from the beart.

then when he was about to speak from the heart.

"Mr. Wayne," he said. "I've to! you some things about Lieber an' you've seen some more. You know how he stands. Lieber's livin' in hell, like the rich greaser in the Bible with his tongue stuck out beggin for one drop of water, only Lieber hain't got his tongue stuck out—he's bitin' it."

Kemp paused and Alan nodded. "I was thinkin," Kemp continued, "thet perhaps you'n Mr. Lansing with yo' folks he pin' mought chuck him that drop o' water when you get back to Heaven, meanin' Noo Yawk." Kemp brought his meanin' Noo Yawk." Kemp brought his eyes slowly around and rested them on

"Kemp," said Alan, "don't you worry.

If J. Y. Wayne & Co. haven't gone to smash or the world otherwise come to an end, you can be sure Lieber will get his ater in a full bucket."
Kemp nodded and with a "Slong and

good luck," disappeared down the gang-

At Pernambuco Alan found an accum-ulation of mail awaiting him and a liner bound for home. The liner was too big to get into the little harbor behind the She rode the swell a mile out from

Alan lost no time in making his trans From the tender he was winched up to deck in a passenger basket. As he to the deck in a passenger basket. As he left the wicker coop he smiled at himself in disgust. Ten Percent Wayne had often jumped for a gangway from the top of a flying sea; never before had he gone aboard as cargo. But the smile suddenly left his face. He reeled and put one hand toward a rall. Somebody caught his arm and led him to a long chair. He sank into it and shivered.

It was a girl that had helped him. As soon as she saw he was not going to faint she left him, to come back presently with the doctor and a room steward.

They took charge of him.

Day after day Alan lay in his cabin, istless, before he thought of his batch of letters. They were still in the pocket of his coat. He asked the steward to hand them to him, looked through them, picked out one and laid the rest aside. The one he picked out was Clem's.

Twice, three times, the liftle sternwheeler drove her nose into the mud bank
at Piranhas, called her hoarse warning
and departed. From some distant cliff
Gerry saw her come and go or, miles
away, walking himself tired across the

sounds of a great ship at sea were sud-denly dumb. To his ears came instead denly dumb. To his ears came instead the caroling of birds in evening song after rain, to his eyes a vision of Red Hill dripping light from its myriad leaves, and to his heart the protecting, brooding shelter of Maple House—of home.

It cleanses a man's soul to have been at death's door. Sickness, more than love, leads a man up. Alan was feeling cleansed—like a little child—so that it seemed a quite natural thing that the girl who had taken charge of him on his arrival on board should knock at his door and then walk in. She drew out a campatool and sat down beside him.

She was very small and very not in years, but with what Alan termed to himself acquired youth. Her near-sighted eyes peered out through big glasses. They seemed to see only when they made a special effort, and yet they seemed to give out light.

"You are better?" she asked and emiled. Alan caught his breath at that smile Yes." he said, "I am much better today have had a letter from home."

"You must get up now and come up on deck," said the girl. "I'll wait for you outside." Her voice had a peculiar modulation. It attracted and soothed the

Alan frowned and then smiled. "All right." he said, "wait for me." He dressed laboriously. His hands seemed

weighted. On deck she had his chair ready him beside her own. She tucked his rug about him and then sat down, "Don't him beside

talk ever, unless you want to," she said.
"Silent people are best."
"Why?" asked Alan.
"They are springs. Their souls bubble."

"And the people that chatter?" asked "They are geysers," said the girl and miled.

Alan was entertained-almost amused What do you do when a geyser spouts? he asked.

"What do you do?" replied the girl "I'm afraid I haven't run-always," said

Alan. "I generally try to clap a tin iat on them."
"You must be strong to do that. I'm Alan. not very strong."

Alan glanced over her frail body. "What re you?" he asked. "I'm a missionary. At least, I was a nissionary. I've had to give it up. One seeds so much to be a missionary."
"I never thought of it that way," said

Alan. "I always thought that it was the people that were unfit for almost anything else that turned to missionary-

ing as a last resort."

"Oh, no!" said the girl, sitting up very straight in her chair and fixing her eyes on his face. "How wrong you are! Missionarying, as you call it, is just another name for giving, and how can one give a great deal unless one has a o give-strength and youth and vitality? "And you have given all?" asked Alan. The girl's eyes filled.

The girl's eyes filled.

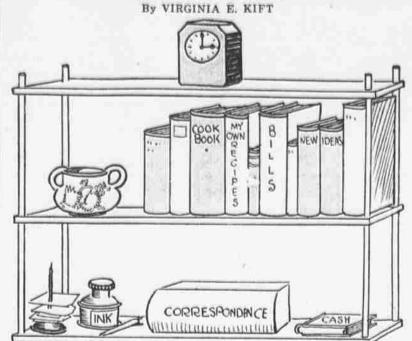
"No, you haven't given all," went on Alan quickly. "You are still giving. I must not borrow your last mite. But—your voice is like a nurse's hand."

When Alan went to bed he saild not sleep. For a while the little missionary girl held his thoughts. He was filled with wonder, not at her, but at himself. For once in his life he had not been flippant before grave things. From the girl his thoughts turned to

Alfx. He could have cabled to her about

KITCHEN CONVENIENCE

The Housekeeper's Bookshelf — For the Woman Who Does Her Own Work



YOU have trouble with your ice | keep trading stamps, can all be kept there bills getting paid twice, or at least have an occasional dispute about the bill? Suppose you put up a handy booksheif suppose you put up a namy bookshelf in the kitchen, and keep your cash book, bills, receipts, etc., there. Then every time you pay a bill at the kitchen door have the man who receives the money sign his name beside the entry in your cash book.

Monday:

You could do the same with your bread, milk, laundry and other weekly items, so that if no formal bill is presented you have a signature which is not likely to get lost—as receipted bills often do.

The shelf is useful for more than the cashbook and bill file; cooking recipes, hints on laundry work, scrapbooks of useful household information gotten from everywhere, and your stampbook, if you

done so. The note that he was carrying for Gerry was light-only a half sheet probably. The lightness of it told Alan that the things Gerry had to say to his wife could not be put on paper. Alan had almost cabled. Now he was glad he had not done so. "Alix." he said to himself, "isn't waiting, she's trusting, A cable would have lengthened waiting by

a month. Then, without volition, his minds wandered from Alix and raced ahead to the goal of his journey. What was the goal of his journey? Whither was he

He reached for Clem's letter and held it in folded hands. He had no need to read it again. The words were nothing; the

it again. The words were nothing; the picture was all. It stretched before his mind, a living canvas.

Once when Alan was wandering with an Englishman in the hills above Granada, a faint odor had brought them to a sudden halt. It was the Englishman who made the surprising discovery first. "Blackberries, by Jove!" he had exclaimed. "Good old blackberries." And then they two had stood together, yet then they two had stood together, yet half a world apart, and stared long at the berry-laden bush. What vision of a tanperry-laden bush. What vision of a tan-gled, high-walled garden burst upon the Englishman Alan never knew, but to himself had come a memory of East Mountain in autumn, so clear, so poig-nant, that it had brought his throbbing heart into his throat.

heart into his throat.
It was so now with Clem's letter. The words were but a hurried daub, but they touched his eyes with a magic wand. The daub became a scone, a picture, a

Our Postoffice Box

Another little curly locks jumped out of Mother Goose's book and wandered into Rainbow Land. She is known as Rose Ervais and she lives on South 5th street and her picture is here because she is one of the energetic workers

The daub became a scene, a picture, a world—his world.

Red Hill was spread out before him, a texture where the threads and colors of life were blended into a carpet soft but enduring. Men walked and little children played on it. Alan closed his eyes and sighed. What had he heen doing with life? Making sacking? Sacking was commercial. It paid in cash. It was the national industry. But what could one do with sacking on Red Hill?

Then, almost suddenly, the full spirit of Clem's letter selzed him. One did not take gifts to Red Hill. To every one of think of a watch. Of course, the adornments where the threads and colors of the instep is just a little prolonged; therefore she has measured off the space and has planted attractive adornments half-way between. It wasn't very hard to think of a brace-diff to color and let of course, the adornments was a puzzler until she happened to think of a watch. Of course, the adornments was a puzzler until she happened to think of a watch. Of course, the adornments was a puzzler until she happened to think of a watch. Of course, the adornments are fastened lightly enough. Think ments are fastened lightly enough. Think ments are fastened lightly enough. Think

thought he slept.

When he was back once more in his rooms, before Swithson had had time to open a bag. Alan redirected Gerry's note to Alix to Red Hill and sent Swithson out to post it. He did not try to temper the shock of the note with a covering letter. He was too weak and tired. Beside, he felt that the note carried its own antidote to joy. antidote to joy.

CHAPTER XXXIV. THE next morning a message came by I hand to Alan's rooms. Alix had come to town and wished to see him at once. Would be please come around? He re-plied that he was too iii. Half an hour later Swithson answered a ring at the door and Alix slipped quickly past him into Alan's sitting room. There was a

flush of anger in her checks, but Alan was pleased to see no trace of tears in her eyes. A woman's crying always her eyes. A woman's crying always touched him on the raw and seldom touched him on the raw and seldom awakened his pity. At sight of him Alix forgot her con-cers for herself. "Why, Alan!" she cried, "what is the matter?" Alan laughed. There was a pleasant note in his laugh she had never heard before. "I'm all right, Alix. Don't make any mistake. I'm a resurrection in the hud. Doing fine. I don't have to ask

how you are. You're well. You're look-ing just as well as a little slip like you can ever look. Sit down, do." Alix's thought went back to herself and immediately the flame burned again in her cheeks. She pulled Gerry's crumpled note from her glove and tossed it open

on the table before Alan. He read the two or three lines in which Gerry told her he would arrive shortly. The brief note was intentionally coloriess. "Well?" CONTINUED TOMORROW.

OPPOSES SOLDIER PUPILS Peace League Against Military Training in Schools

The Patriotic Peace League last night announced it would combat military train-

ing in the public schools.

A mass-meeting may be held to combat the "preparedness" move, and representatives of the combined peace organizations will file a formal protest in the matter with the school authorities.

matter with the school authorities. History, the peace organization says, shows that military training in the schools has been a fallure wherever tried. "England and France have tried it and given it up as of no value. After the France-Prussian war of 1879-71, with a real enemy menacing its safety, France adopted achool drill. For 30 years the French experimented, changed, tried anew, and finally sold at auction the expensive squipment which they had accumulated because the training it was possible to give was valueless."

Fall on Ice Kills Woman WILMINGTON, Del. Feb. 17.—Mrs. Sarah E. Garton, of 818 Adams street, fell on the ice at 6th and Jefferson streets here and received injuries from which she died in a few minutes. Mrs. Garton was the widow of Charles H. Garton, a butter and eng dealer, who died suddenly a few months ago.

within convenient reach.
"Ain't it funny a woman never knows where her pocketbook is?" a grocer's boy once asked me. It is amusing, but isn't once asked me. It is amusing, but isn't it true? An old jug or vase on the kitchen shelf makes a good and unsuspected gardian for the family purse. Then when you want it in a hurry you don't have to hunt for it all over the house.

"Watching a cake," or "waiting for the meat" gives you often an unemployed is minutes or more in the kitchen. If you have on your handy kitchen shelf.

you have on your handy kitchen shelf the book you are reading—these old mo-ments may be pleasantly passed. Or, better still, if you keep pen and ink there you may answer that long-promise

letter.

The usea of the housekeeper's book-shelf are many and far-reaching. Be on good terms with kitchen conveniences put one up for yourself. Copyright 1916 by Virginia E. Kift

And Now Milady Has an Ankle Watch

Milady, as well as other observing folks as had an idea for some time that per haps the pause between the tops of



ments are fastened tightly enough. Think how much easier it wil be to see what time it is also in comparison with the old wrist watch? No long sleeves to pull up or muff to discard.

It is predicted that It will not be long before mere man won't care whether he has his own watch or not. Folks will fol-

182 MEN WANT WIDOW

Answer "Ad" Placed in North Wales Paper

One hundred and eighty-three men. ranging in age from 22 to 48 years and living in many parts of Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Delawars, want the job offered by the widow who owns a produc-

New Jersey and belaware, want the job offered by the widow who owns a productive farm near North Wales and who advertised for a man to work there three days ago. And 182 want the widow. The job is still open. The widow says she intends to go slow in making her selection. Pending that time William B. Kirkpatrick, Lagistrate and newspaper publisher, declines to reveal her identity. Every mail this week has brought inquiries to Kirkpatrick. Letters have been received at North Wales from Philadelphia. Trenton, Chester, Wilmington, Wilkes-Barre, Scranton, Reading, Pottatown, Sunbury, Pittsburgh and Pughtown. Thirteen applicants have called on the Thirteen applicants have called on the Magistrate in person.

Convey Corner of Broad and Poplar Title to the Dock residence, at the north-west corner of Broad and Poplar streets, lot 65 feet by 160 feet, has passed to Kahn & Greenberg, who have given to the Real Estate Title Insurance and Trust Company a first mortgage of \$55,000 on the property and to the Columbia Build-ing Association a second mortgage of \$10,000.

Will Address Real Estate Board At the monthly meeting of the Phila-delphia Real Estate Board, to be held to night at the clubhouse, 1114 Girard street, an address will be made by W. C. Benkert on "Appraising Water Front and Wharf Properties in Philadelphia."



MOTHER'S DRESS WON'T FIT SISTER; Y. W. C. A. GIRLS TRY IT FOR PARADE

Fiftieth Anniversary Celebration Plans for Germantown Reveal Fact That Girls of Today Are Better Developed Than Those of Fifty Years Ago

If AN experience now being undergone by members of the Germantown Y. W. Blegel has succeeded in finding a gown of the 1868 period, but, although she is of the same size as the person who were undergood physically than their ancestors.

veloped physically than their ancestors of 50 years ago.

Also, by the same teken—Mrs. Edison may deny this—young women of today dress more sensibly in that they do not lace themselves up as tightly as did their maternal ancestors.

The Germantown Y. W. C. A. is preparing, together with other branches of the Young Women's Christian Association, to celebrate the 50th anniversary of the founding of the institution. They will

tion, to celeicate the 50th anniversary of the founding of the institution. They will have a pareant, illustrating the development of the Y. W. C. A., and for that purpose the participants are digging through the old clothes of their mothers and grandmothers in order that they may be dressed in the varying fashions which laye successively proceeded size. have successively prevailed since 1896.
But they find, for the most part, that
they cannot wear these clothes. The
clothes are too small; the girls are too

The pagrant is to be held February 19 in the Y. W. C. A. Building, on Germantown avenue. It will be divided into five was organized, will be portrayed in the

Squeeze into it.

This experience is being shared by the other girls. Officials of the Y. W. C. A. say this is due to the fact that young women of today are getting healthful exercise and as a result are much better developed than the young women of half a continue are.

developed than the young women of has a century ago.
Incidentally, Mrs. Durant is still living, at an advanced age, in her beautiful home at Wellesley, Mass., not far from the college campus.

Miss Amy Larned and Miss Faith Clark are directing the Germantown pageant. The opposite types of the Y. W. C. A. girl of 1886 and 1916 will be portrayed by Miss Dorothy Bower and Miss Hattie Longstreet, respectively.

Bala and Cynwyd Want R. R. Tunnel A protest will be made by the Neighbor-hood Club of Bala and Cynwyd against the order of the Pennsylvania Railroad prohibiting passengers, as a safety meas-ure, from crossing the tracks through the town avenue. It will be divided into five parts, each part representing a different decade. Mrs. Henry F. Durant, wife of the founder of Wellesley College, in whose home in Boston the Y. W. C. A. should be constructed for the benefit of

AT ALL OUR STORES Where Quality Counts: Low Prices Prevail

Mees secesses and and an analysis and an analy

A 3-day sale of Gold Seal Flour starts at all our Stores today and will continue Friday and Saturday. Gold Seal Flour is made from the highest grade of matured, hard wheat, and is giving satisfaction to thousands of the most particular people in Philadelphia— It will pay you to lay in a good supply at this low price.

12 the GOLD SEAL FLOUR, 45c 24-lb. Bag, 90c-Barrel, \$7.20; 5-lb. Bag, 20c 10c Can Gold Seal Baking Powder for 7c

15° can FANCY SLICED PINEAPPLE Special 10c Choice Hawaiian Sliced Pineapple of the finest quality; packed in rich, heavy syrup.

CONTINUING OUR COFFEE SALE

We are continuing our Coffee Sale during the remainder of this week, so that every one may avail themselves of the remarkable values and money-saving opportunities it presents.

15 stamps with 20c Capital Blend Coffee sale 17c 3 lbs. People who know coffee quality and value admit that Capital Blend is not matched at its price.

25 stamps with 25c Sale Price Robford Blend Coffee, 22c The most popular 25c Coffee

35 stamps with 30c Sate Price Golden Blend Coffee, 27c A Coffee of fine quality, rich in flavor, full-bodied and satisfy-

50 stamps with 35c R. & C. Best Blend Coffee sale 32c 3 the A blend of the highest-grade Coffees grown, rich, smooth, mellow and delightful in flavor.

9c Fancy Evaporated Peaches Special 7c Ho. 4 Hos. Genuine "Muir" Peaches of fancy quality, usually sold for 15c the pound in other stores.



on the market.

GOLD SEAL 30c EGGS, CARTON The largest, freshest, meatiest eggs that money can buy.

Henfield Eggs, carton, 27c Fine fresh eggs, second in quality only to Gold Seal.

Selected Eggs, posen. 23c We guarantee twelve good eggs in every dozen.

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, Nar-berth, Ardmore, Bryn Mawr, Lansdowne, E. Lansdowne, Llanerch,

Robinson & Crawford

Grocery Stores for Particular People Throughout the City and Suburbs

Milady's Boots

EACH season Dame Fashion adjusts the height of women's boots to suit the dress length she decrees. Today the vogue is for short skirts and a boot high enough to meet the hem of the frock. Thus the boot as an article of dress is of more importance today than ever before,

The shoe store whose purpose it is to cater to the city's fashionable women will find an advertising campaign in the Ledger a profitable investment. It reaches the city's strongest buying power, and is read closely in 65,000 better - chan average homes each morning. -

The illustration reproduced herewith is from the advertisement of a local Ledger advertiser.



do not have anything to write about, PUT EVERYTHING I HAVE SAID ABOVE ON A POSTAL CARD AND SEND IT TO ME. I will send this talk and your answers to the Greek professor and it may give him ONE new idea.

getting SOMETHING TO SAY.

about something?

ATTENTION! GIRLS AND BOYS If YOU want to earn pin money after school and on Saturdays, write a letter to Farmer Smith, Room 101,

EVENING LEDGER. Farmer Smith's Dog Book

BIRDS OF A FEATHER Ginger didn't feel at all well. He had caught a bad cold the night before, sleeping out in the rain, and his

bark was very hoarse. "What's the matter, Ginger?" asked the porch. Thomas, the cat; "don't you feel good?"

"Oh, shut up!" growled Ginger, all your fault. You told me how nise it was to stay up all night and ling to the moon, and now look at

"Oh, you mustn't mind that," purnd Thomas. "That's likely to hapto you at any time. I couldn't p it if the moon was hidden by the puds. could I?"

Well, no; I suppose not," said Come out tonight," said Thomas. a sure there will be a nice moon."

Well, all right," said Ginger, inging his mind, "maybe I will."
I'll be on the back fence, as ml." said Thomas, arching his and stretching himself lazily. mat night Ginger stole around the

house again to the back fence. There was Thomas; and there was the moon, bright and beautiful, shining over-

Children's Editor, EVENING LEDGER,

FARMER SMITH,

Thomas did serenade the How moon! He sang and sang until Ginger thought he, too, would sing a

little. Such a terrible noise as those two

did make, screeching and barking! "Scat!" yelled Ginger's master, out of the top window, and an old shoe aimed at Thomas landed right on Ginger's nose.

he scooted around the house under The very next night, when Thomas was telling Dobbin, the horse, about the serenade, Ginger stole quietly into the barn. My, how he did surprise

Thomas !- at least Thomas told Mrs.

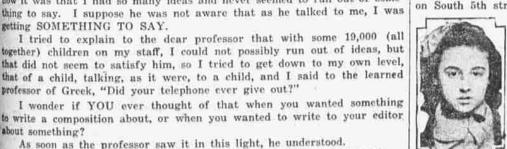
Tabby so the very next night.

"Ki, yi! ki yi!" howled Ginger, as

FARMER SMITH,

EVENING LEDGER: I wish to become a member of 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 WAY:

Name Address Age . freezessessessessesses School I attend



RAINBOW CLUB

James Smyth, Jr., Cynwyd, Pa., hopes that Mayor Smith, who recently joined the Rainbow Club, will be a

squad.

on the pin money

very active mem-ROSE ERVAIS ber. Judging from the Mayor's keen interest in everything he goes in for, we are looking for very much activity from the whereabouts of the City Hall.

Francis Lee, Pemberton street, has organized a wonderful branch Rainbow club. He calls it the "Red Star Rainbow" and prints a little paper for his members called "The Evening Camper." He gives prizes for puzzle competitions and already has awarded a beautiful magic lantern. What do you think of that for real live action?

Bessie Presswine, Camden, gave a wee small girl that was crying a penny that soon dried up her tears. Bessie is one of our very prominent Camden members. Cornelia Lazzaro, South 8th street, is a very original little girl. She is the first member who thought of describing herself so that your editor might know something of one of his little friends. She is aiming to be on the honor roll, so watch out.

Francis Ceres, Watts street, is very much interested in the Rainbow library and promises to come down and inspect our bookshelves. We await this visit anxiously. Joseph Solotnick, South 3d street, worked particularly hard to get new members for the club, so he deserves a very special word of praise. Angelo Devereux, Oxford street, answers the questions of "Do You Know This?" very nicely, indeed, and we advise her to watch out for a surprise about the credits. We advise every one who is interested in the honor roll to WATCH OUT!

Do You Know This?

1. What is the difference between WHICH and WITCH? (Five credits.) 2. What is a hemisphere? (Five credita.)

S. Describe in 10 words a room your home. (Five credits.)