# THE NOVEL OF THE YEAR CHAMBERIAIN

THE Barbadian glanced at Gerry and

jerked his head at the disappearing "Men of the world in the big sense," he said.

"What do you mean?" asked Gerry.
"Son," said the old Barbadian, who was
ver tanned and whose kindly aves blinked
through thick glasses, "when a chap tells
you he's a man of the world you ask him
the ever had a drink at the Ice House. fee over thave to say in Bridgetown.

For have a drink at the Ice House?

Jost like that; and if he says, 'No.' you

tow he meant he was a town rounder

then he said he was a man of the world." Gerry smiled and fell naturally in ster th the Barbadian as he moved slowly

"Yes," said the old man. "It' a surtest. The man that hasn't crooked his show at the big, round, deal table in that old ramshackle drink house, can't say traveled. Long-lost brothers ad friends have met there and when me that roam the high seas want news o sine pal that's disappeared down the high and par the world they drop in at the the halfway house to all the seven

"Have you lost any one?" asked Gerry said the Barbadian with a smile

"And you?"
"Nor I," said Gerry, laughing. "I'm est to stretch my legs."
"You can't do that here," replied the man. "You don't know our sun. Come

forla.

Gerry hesitated. "You must have a home you want to go to and friends to see. Don't worry about me. I'll be care-

"Boy," said the Barbadian, "I've got home and I'm going to see it, here's no reason why you shouldn't come along. As for friends—the ones I he last trump counds. Come along, You to the only company and I'm the only

best in our party They climbed into the rickety cab and Barbadian gave directions to eriver. The driver answered in the soft Slowly they crawled through the creekel streets of the town. Gerry leaned back and gazed at the freakish buildings. They were all of frame work. Some welled at the top and Gerry wondered thy they did not topple over; some welled at the bottom and he wondered

The Barbadian watche The Barbadian watched his face. Gerry nedded,

Presently they found themselves on a country road. It was so smooth that the weighted carriage pushed the old horses dong at an unwonted pace. Little houses -hundreds of them-that looked like big hen-coops lined the road. Suddenly the carriage came to a halt. One of the little es was trying to straddle the road. From around it came screams and cries, 'Now, then, yo' Gladys, when ah say heft, yo' heft."

driver poured out an angry torrent of words that tried their best to be harsh and falled. From around the obstructing buse came an old darky. When his eyes fell on the Burbadian he rushed forward. Lor, Misteh Malcolm, when did yo' get

"Just now, Charles," said the Barbadan. "What's the matter here?"
The darky's eyes rolled. "Mattah,
Match Malcolm? Why that ole Cunnel Siswant he's jes' so natcherly parson- creepers.

prize so highly.

sorrow in the beginning.

FARMER SMITH'S

ful rose like that without thorns, I should like one."

What Are We Here For?

can answer the question as briefly as possible-in one word if we can.

Dear Children-There are times when we are prone to ask ourselves,

We are here to be HAPPY. The thing we are working, struggling and boping for is HAPPINESS, and happiness, as you know, is what is in the

pot of gold you see on our beautiful Rainbow button, which many of you

How does happiness come to us? Through learning our lessons. Not

necessarily our geography, arithmetic or spelling, but by learning the

lessons of LIFE which are taught by experience, which is nothing more than

sorrow and suffering. Sometimes, we learn through the things which give

us a lot of pleasure—we learn music by listening to a grand orchestra. But

the things which bring us happiness in the end are those which cause us

did you say: "No, thank you, it has THORNS on it. When you get a beauti-

You should accept the rose, but LOOK OUT FOR THE THORNS.

Did you ever see a beautiful rose? When some one asked you to have it,

"What are we here for?" At such times it would be well for us to see if we

monious that he requires me to pay rent fo' havin' ma house on his lan' so I says to ole Mammy, we'll jes' move this here residence on to a gen'leman's lan', and 'Misteh Malcolm me'n mammy 'n the chile are jes' a-movin' it on to yo' ole cane fiel'.'

The Barbadian laughed a little dryly and shrugged his shoulders. The driver got down, protesting, and helped the family carry the house across the road. Then the cab went on and soon turned up an avenue under a fiery canopy of acada flamboyante. flamboyante.

As they progressed, thick twining growths spangled with brilliant blooms walled in the avenue. The air grew cool but heavy with scents and the full-flavored spice of a tropical garden under a blooms.

The air made Gerry dreamy. He woke with a start when the Barbadian said to the cabman. "This will do. You needn't drive in. Walt here."

The cab stopped. Just ahead was the

ruin of a great gate. The two pillars

Deep down in the centre of the earth.

### At the Earth's Core

is a world not unlike our own, but in certain essential details so different that it strikes an outer-world human being stone cold with terror. Into this world the fertile brain of

#### Edgar Rice Burroughs (Author of Tarzan)

transports Professor Perry, geologist, and David Innes, a young student, by means of a colossal machine, "The Iron Mole," which bores through the earth. This astounding tale of adventure begins in

#### Next Saturday's EVENING LEDGER

It has all the ingenuity of Jules Verne, the breathlessness of Poc, and the romance of EDGAR RICE BUR-

ROUGHS. At the

Earth's Core Begins in Saturday's Evening Ledger.

still stood but they were almost entirely

hidden by vines.

To one of them clung the rusted ves-

tige of a gate. Beyond the pillars there was a winding way. Once it had been a broad continuation of the avenue, now it was but a tunnel through the densely crowding foliage. Along the centre of the tunnel was a narrow path. Even it was overgrown. The Barbadian led Gerry down the path.

They came out under a grove of mighty trees whose dense shade had kept down the undergrowth and beyond the trees Gerry saw a vast, irregular mound of vines with which mingled glant gera-niums, climbing fuchsias, honeysuckle and rose. Then he spled a broad flight of marble steps; at one end of them an old moss-grown urn, at the other, its fallen, broken counterpart. Above the mound rose the roof of a house: through the shuttered windows and a door, velled with

tore the creopers away from the door, then he drew from his pocket an enor-mous key. With a rasp the lock turned and the door opened, letting a bar of Gerry followed the Barbadian through

the hall to a broad veranda at the back of the house. A jarge living room faced on to the veranda. The Barbadian entered it, opened the French door-windows and, dusting off two lounge chairs,

invited Gerry to sit down.
Gerry looked around curiously. The
living room was comfertably furnished. There were one or two excellent rugs on The waxed floor; a great couch, set into a bow-window; lace, curtains, creamy with age; a wonderfully carved excitoirs rosewood; a sideboard, round table and thairs of mahogany that was almost as full and black as ebony. Over all lay a

coat of dust. The Barbadian walked to the round table and with his finger wrote in the dust, then he sat down in a worn and comfortable chair, a companion to Gerry's. He fell into so deep a reverie that Gerry thought he was asleep.

Gerry got up and walked around the room. His eye fell on the table. He saw what the Barbadian had written; simply the date of the day. But above the freshly written date showed another, filmed over with dust, and above that another almost obliterated. Gerry leaned over the table. He could see that a long succession of dates had been written into the thick-laid dust. Beginning with the fresh numerals staring up at him they reached back and back through the years till they faded away into a dim past. Gerry tiptoed out on to the veranda. Before him was a ruined lawn: in its centre a cracked, dry, marble fountain. Off to one side was a glant plane tree. From one of its limbs hung two frayed ropes. Against its trunk leaned a weather-beaten signboard. Under the ropes, a wisp of path still showed, beaten hard in a bygone day by the feet of children. Beyond the lawn stretched wide hummocky cane fields. They were aban-doned save for little patches of cane here and there, bunched up against little hen-

"Got a home, boy?" Gerry turned and found the Barbadian standing beside him. "A home!" he answered, his thoughts flying to Red Hill, "I should think I have and it's a li--" Gerry caught himself but not in time. The Barbadian nodded slowly, "I know," e said, "you were going to say it's a live ne. Well, as to that, don't you make a

mistake. This home is alive too-just exactly as alive as I am, for I'm the last of the Barbados Malcolms. "Home," he went on, "isn't altogether a matter of cash, comfort and cool drinks.

Sometimes it's just a gathering place for memories. stood fifteen to one over the blacks on this island. Now the tables are turned. A chap that only takes a drink every time

a mass-meeting to get drunk.

"Lately they've been sending out scientific commissions from England to sit like the house later. The morning was clear

chabby

## THE CHEERFUL CHERUB

Society has charms for me I'm always on the go I don't like all the succeed.

The column is edited under a pseu



the thick trunk of a wistaria. wile drew the corners of his mouth, Worth money?" he estioed. "My boy, not every man kills the thing that he loves best. This is my home. You read those dates written in dust and still you thought

roads that had given so long a paure to his troubled soul. The Barbadian had opened his eyes. Doubt left him. There was but one road—the road beck—and it was open. He wrote his cable to Alix with a troubled to

with a firm hand.
The freighter reached quarantine after a quiet voyage 12 hours shead of time and just at sundown. A tug hurried down the bay to tell them their berth was not ready. The freighter was forced to anchor at the mouth of the Narrows. Gerry watched the lights spring out from the shadowy shores. They beckoned him to familiar scenes. Staten Island had been to his boyhood an undiscovered land and the scene of his first wanderings. Bayshore he knew through constant passing by. In the sky beyond it, hung the glow of the summer city, here and there pierced with the brighter flame of some a quiet voyage 12 hours ahead of time pierced with the brighter flame of some rotesque montrosity.
Up the bay the dark waters forked into

two bands that lost themselves in a sea and sky of twinkling lights. He could just determine the sweeping arch of Brooklyn Bridge and the presence of more than one new Tower of Babel that broke the everchanging skyline of his native city and made him feel, by that much, forgotten and an alien. But from all the myriad

lesser lights his eyes turned gratefully to the high-held torch of Liberty. Beneath it, the familiar, tilted diadem, the shadowy folds draping the up-standing pose, the strength and steadfastness and the titanic grandeur of the statue, carried their message to him as never before. It became to him what its creator had conceived, an emblem, and the myriad little waves of the bay, rushing to fling themselves at the feet of the God-dess, became a multitude, eager for attainment, ready for sacrifice

CHAPTER XLIL

he sees a white man would have to go to free of the freighter and took the ferry coroners on this mound in the sea. They say they're going to bring the corpus back to life. I've been offered a big price for this old place but I'm not selling."

Gerry looked at the Barbadian's rather

Gerry himself was such a sight as makes shabby clothes. "Why don't you sell if men forget clothes. The tan of his lean you don't want to work the place? It's face, the swing of his big, unpadded worth money. I know enough to tell you shoulders, his clear eyes, carried the The Barbadian rested one hand high on and city things. They seemed to catch a breath of spicy winds from the worn garments that clung to the stranger's virile body, and in his eyes they saw a

mirage of far-away places.

As Gerry reached his own house, he was outwardly calm, even deliberate, but was outwardly calm, eve. deliberate, but inwardly he was fighting down a turnoit of emotions. What was he to find in Alix? Had he anything to give in exchange? Had he too much? He climbed the steps slowly. His hand trembled as he reached out to raise the heavy bronze knocker. Before his lingers could seize it, the door awing softly inward. Old John bowed before him. For a moment for the steps with Faith Harrows Cherry stend dazed.

be there with Faith, Hope and Charity, their three charming daughters.
Willie Treetoad looked at himself
in the glass twice when he thought of
Hope Potato Bug. tace to greet him but down one wrinkled theek crawled a surprised tear.

Gerry held out his hand. "How do you do, John?"

"I am very well today, sir." said John.
"Mrs. Gerry is in the library. She told
me to telephone to the club and if you
man pulls out your cha vere there to say she wished to see

CONTINUED TOMORROW.

Ship Which Sailed From Here Lost 'The Swedish steamship Rowland, which was in this port during the latter part of November of last year, has been lost in the North Sea, according to a dispatch from Copenhagen today. The circum-stances surrounding the fate of the vessel ave not been stated. The Rowland left his city in the latter part of November after loading a part cargo of oils. reached Newport News a few days later, when she completed her loading, taking coal. Her destination was a Norwegian coal. Har destination was a Norwegian port. She arrived there safely and was on a voyage to Hartleford when she was lost. The local agents for the vessel are made by H. B. MacRory, of Pittsburgh, L. Wesstergaard & Co., of 138 South 2d street. The vessel is rated at 4227 tons tian Endeavor Union, and was launched in 1996. was Clarence Hamilton.

## GOOD FORM

Owing to the fact that the Evening Ledger is constantly asked questions relating to matters of etiquette, it has been decided to open a column in which queries of this kind may be an-

donym; but it is, nevertheless, edited by an authority on social conventions, who is prepared to answer clearly, carefully and conclusively any query

which may be propounded.
Good form queries should be addressed to Deborah Rush, written on one side of the paper and signed with full name and address, though mitinls ONLY will be published upon request.

To continue the subject of paying call winter months are generally set aside for formal calls, especially January and February. It is customery in this city February. It is customery in this city to have a certain day in these months for

receiving.
These days may be made public through the society pages of the daily papers, though many persons prefer to issue cards. When a certain day is given out by a hosters, it is bad taste to call on another day in the week when there is likelihood day in the week when there is incumon my home was dead. But it isn't dead. I haven't killed the thing that I love best. You can get cash, comfort and cool drinks almost snywhere, but I have remembered that memories travel only beaten paths."

Even as Gerry picked his way back to the waiting cab he felt Red Hill reaching out for him, drawing nim. And during the long, slow drive to the quay he learned that he had passed the cross-roads that had given so long a pause to hats at evening affairs? I am asked to a

Dear Miss Rush—Is it correct to wear hats at evening affairs? I am asked to a dance next week at a hotel and I would like to have your advice. I want to wear

the correct clothes. MAZIE.

It is not correct to wear a hat in the evening to a dance. Several years ago the fad for wearing theatre hats started, but it was soon discontinued, probably owing to the fact that it was inconvenient to hold one's bat during the performance. Wear an evening frock of silk or tule

Sympathy Cards Dear Deborah Rush-Can you tell me Dear Deborah Rush—Can you tell me what I should do in sending condolences to a friend on the death of her brother? I do not know her very well, but would like to express my sympathy. B. G. T. It is perfectly good form to send your visiting card with the words "sincere sympathy" written in the lower left hand corner. In sending a card it is well to mark through the title Miss before your

#### A Question of Propriety

My Dear Deborah Rush-Has it grown fashionable for unmarried women to go unchaperoned to seashore hotels and other resorts, or, if it is allowable for them to go, should they not keep carefully to their apartments or the parlors that are set aside for the use of ladles? Not long ago I was scandalized by seeing two young women at the hotel where I was staying, and not only did they not stay with the other women, but were rather conspicuous in the attentions they received from some men at the hotel, receiving flowers from them, dancing and even letting them join them at meals. Of course, they may have been respectable, but is it not a little hard that ladies of true refinement should be obliged to remain in doubt about them They were very nice looking and their behavior was perfectly ladylike; if I had felt sure of their character, it would per haps have been to my advantage to know

them. UNAPPRECIATED SPINSTER. It would depend greatly on the age of the young women you mention. If one or both were more than 25 and behaved with proper propriety and dignity, I can ce no reason why they should not receiv flowers from gentlemen nor dance with them at a hotel. Perhaps these persons were friends they had known a long time Of course, two girls of 18 or 20 summers should not go to any hotel unchaperoned and those who are older and do go should be very circumspect in their behavior. From what you tell me of these young ns, I can see nothing bold or for-in their manners, and think you might have done well had you succeeded in being introduced to them. It is never to jump to evil conclusions abou

#### American and Continental Customs Dear Deborah Rush-There is a varia-

tion between American and Continental usage as to whether a gentleman should offer the initial greeting when meeting a lady on the street. Can you tell me wha woman should give the first sign of recognition when meeting a man on the street. I am told that the same rule holds on the Continent.

Dear Deborah Rush-When a gentle man pulls out your chair at the table should you sit down or not? This has happened to me several times lately, and I have been much worried, as, if it is intended for a joke and the chair is pulled away. I might fall to the floor and be badly injured. Thanking you in advance for your advice, I am, gratefully yours

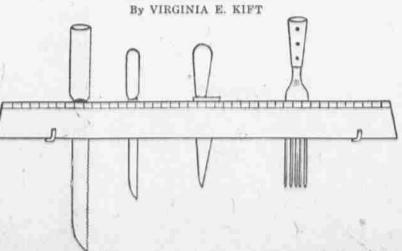
Most certainly you should take the chair which is pulled out for you. No gentleman would play a vulgar joke of this kind.

DEBORAH RUSH.

Bu-ks County Endeavorers Meet Christian Endeavor societies from all Another speaker

# KITCHEN CONVENIENCE

In Place of the Knife Drawer-Make One for Yourself



How long does it that you delve into the kitchen drawer, and there between the atrainer and a few other things you don't want lies the bread knife—but the little peaky paring knife is nowhere to be found. You turn over all the spoons in the drawer and then maybe you don't Maybe you any naughty things like "Pelaw" and "Oh. Dear!" but whatever the ultimatum may be you will be only too giad to know that the whole affair was "absolutely unscensory."

TOW long does it take you to find your | Get two screw hooks from the tool chest and discover an old ruler, or a thin flat piece of board. Screw the hooks in the wall or window sill over the table and slip cake turner, the can opener, the tea the ruler or board in behind these books.

## WALTER DAMROSCH'S CONCERT

Frieda Hempel Sings With New York Orchestra

The concert of the New York Symphony Society, given at the Academy of Music last night, was in so many ways a triumph for its conductor that it may truthfully be alled "Watter Damrosch's concert. Dainrosch conducted, arranged and com-posed. Frieda Hempel, soprano of the Metropolitan, was the assisting artist, and even in her work Mr. Damrosch shared.

It was quite amusing. Mr. Damrosch seemed, at times, actually to be exploiting his string choir, which played with more resonance, more suretess and more sweetness than ever before The process of exploitation resulted in the Schumann (fourth) symphony, in a subsidence of the wind, and contributed sidence of the wind, and contributed largely to the oustanding fault of the concert, that Mr. Damrosch could not achieve and hold his climaxes. He worked up to them; he fell away from the moment at which they silkould have come. But they were not. The symphony requires not overnuch penetration; it should not be analyzed by the conductor, and in these respects Mr. Damrosch was well enough. His orchestra took a magnificent presto, with precision and vizor. with precision and vigor.

As arranger of the "Processional" from "Parsifal," Mr. Damrosch was not su-perior to other workers in the same field. He more than made up for this in the musicanly, workmanlike and effective mu-sic written for the "Iphigenia" produced by Miss Margaret Anglin a year ago. The simplicity of atmosphere, acquired by every necessary complexity of orchestra-tion, indicated precisely the quality in Mr. Damrosch which we desire him to cultivate. He has an extraordinarily eatholic mind in relation to music. His appre-ciations are many. His emphasis, how-ever, should be on the neat and the simple, because in the complex and the romantic he falls short. The "liphigenia" music was received with thunderous applause, in which Mr. Barrere and other solo players properly shared.

Miss Hempel sang. Ab. well! Miss Hempel has sung before, sung better and with something more of attention to her But Miss Hempel was never work. But Miss Hempel was never so much herself as last night, never was she so wonderfully, so in blue green, in lavender pink, in buoyaney and brilliancy arrayed. Did she bedeck herself, so unfaithfully ruedelapaixian, in order to set forth her encore, the song-waltzes of the "Beautiful Blue Danube"? Her voice was her voice as we well know it, but it wasn't taught to behave last night. In the "Slum-ber Song." from Meyerbeer's "Dinorah," it outright refused to go on. In Strauss' "Serenade" it was superb again. In the encore it was excessively dazzling. And, further, since music was so mingled with mystery last night, there was Miss Hem-pel's smile! One could rhyme "quizzical" and "monalisical" if one dared. And one thinking of this and intending every man ner of compliment in the phrase, did call Miss Hempel the "Mona Lisa of the Rathskeller." He referred to the German variety, where all humanity and all sin variety, where all numanity and all sim-plicity and all goodness reside. For, surely, in spite of the frillings and fash-ionings of Miss Hempel's voice, something of these qualities abide in her. G. V. S.

#### WILLS PROBATED

Louis Wiess' \$24,000 Estate Distributed in Private Bequests

Wills probated today were those of Louis Wiess, 4361 Main street, which, in Louis Wiess, 4361 Main Street, Which, in private bequests, disposes of an estate valued at \$24,000; John W. Wise, 271 West Rittenhouse street, Germantown, \$17,000; Edwin T. Hope, 5444 Lansdowne avenue, \$12,300, and John W. Jennings,

5336 Ella street, \$3590. Letters of administration were granted in the estates of Louis Kiefer, 1700 North in the estates of Louis Kiefer, 1700 North 11th street, valued at \$12,500; Ellen Mor-row, 230 Church lane, \$5806; John Dol-ton, Newtown, Pa., \$5000; William T. Gold, Jr., 2814 Belgrade street, \$3500; Samuel H. Boyer, 1729 South Broad street, \$3000, and Dr. Piercy B. McCullough, 2211 Spruce street, \$2700. The personal effects of the estate of Mary E. Harbean have been appreciated.

Mary E. Harbeson have been appraised at \$20.073.49; Emma L. Jamison, \$10.056; (deerge Young, \$5053.82; Miles Sinnott, \$2377.73, and Charles Hardy, \$2194.55.

Oak Tree 40 Feet High Planted

An oak tree, 40 feet in height, un-earthed at the Andorra Nurseries, at Thestnut Hill, was planted today on the estate of Eugene du Pont, at Centreville, Md., where the millionaire makes his summer home. The tree weighs five tons. Thirty men were at work almost all day yesterday removing the oak from the ground. With the use of rollers, block and tackle and a derrick it was placed on an automobile truck to be conveyed to Centreville. It was due to arrive this

## ROOSTERS COMPETE FOR JOB IN MOVIES

Plymouth Rock Scion Responds to Phonograph in "Fires of St. John"

Roosters with high tenor voices, others with baritone aspirations and still more whose tones were asthmatic competed for the \$25 job at the Lubin studio, which was advertised in the Evening Ledges. It was specified that the fowl in ques-tion must be able to crow before a moving picture camera in order to obtain the

There were a large number of appli-cants from all sections of the city. Direc-tor Edgar Lewis had the strenuous task of testing their ability. But most of them were obstinate roosters. They crowed just when they felt like it, and paid no attention to the orders of the director.

When placed in front of the camera they refused to speak at all. actors gathered around and engaged them in coaxing baby talk. Others threw corn
It was evident that the candidates had been all through that sort of thing, and they looked at those assembled with absolute indifference.

In despair, Mr. Lewis turned on a pho-nograph. Instantly one of the Plymouth Rocks, which had come to apply for the lob, straightened up and was evidently inspired. It was selzed and placed before the camera, and, to the delight of the movie actors, emitted a crow which re-minded one of Easter morning in the

The scene in which the rooster was to appear in "The Fires of St. John" was im-mediately staged while the fowl was in good humor,

Henry Ullrich, Baritone, Makes Debut A baritone voice of large volume. splendid quality and excellent resonance are the natural assets of Henry L. T. Ullrich, who made his local debut at Griffith Hall last night. This endowment of nature the young singer has complemented by an adequate "method," in which the tones are accurately placed and the necessary technical requirements of a concert singer carefully developed.

Mr. Ullrich sings with rare distinction for an artist of his years. He sings not only suavely and easily, but feelingly. He is able to differentiate moods and em tions in the music and in the song. His diction is clear. He has obvious and warm sympathy with his work. By all tokens Mr. Ulirich is an aspiring singer who takes his art seriously and who deserves to be taken seriously.

Mr. Ullrich's previous experience in choir singing conferred the sure manner of authority on his reading of Handel's "Where'er You Walk" and the "It Is Enough" aria from Mendelssohn's "Ell-jah." but he was adept in secular as well Jah. but he was adept in secular as well as sacred music. This was demonstrated admirably in the vigorous setting which Bruno Huhn gave to W. E. Henley's triumphant lyric. "Invictus": it was sung with resounding power. As an interpreter of lieder Mr. Ulirich likewise proved efficient. He conveyed the spirit as well as substance of familiar songs by Brahms, Schuhert and Schuhert a Schubert and Schumann. Charm of manner and clearness of enunciation charac-terized Cadman's "Memories," Phillips "Down Among the Dead Men," and Amy Woodforde-Finden's Indian love lyric

TODAY'S MARRIAGE LICENSES

soph Kominsky, 4728 Salmon st., and Jo-sophine Comalski, 2392 Duncan st. soph Howard, Oak Lane, and Emma Jenner. sephine Comaisis, 125 Satmon St., and Joseph Howard, Oak Lune, and Emma Jenner.

Joseph Howard, Oak Lune, and Emma Jenner.

Oak Laire, Furness, 521 Sansom st., and
Theodora Nimee, 22 N. Atherth, Pa.

Theodora Nimee, 22 N. 4th st., and Annie Leukow, 628 N. 4th st., and Ester Lase, 512 N. Marshall st.

Abe Holtz, 2517 S. 7th st., and Mary Kaplan, 719 W. Moyameneing ave.

George P. Francis, 518 Locust st., and Bertha W. Welk, 1905 E. Albert st.

Jos Mirsch, 727 N. Minitzer st., and Mina Jurit, 717 N. 3d st., and Susan Kenney, 1323 Pitzwafer st.

John J. Noon, 23 Christian st., and Susan Kenney, 1323 Pitzwafer st.

Daniel W. Dole, 5943 Ellsworth st., and Ida W. Kohover, 5943 Ellsworth st.

William Finkelstein, 426 N. 5th st., and Nettle Schnerison, 216 Manroe st., and Cella Berger, 756 Hoffman st., 251 Mary St., and Bridget John Lavery, 2112 Summer St., and Bridget Alee C. Eckert, 2503 E. Clearfield st.

Samuel Eglick, 525 N. 4th st., and Anna Goldberg, 306 Green st.

Myer Gantz, 2546 N. Douglass st., and Dora Katz, 6156 Walton ave.

John C. Mulkeen, 705 N. 42d st., and Rose M. Dagmy, 41 N. 52d st.

Edwin A. Hartley, Jr., 1829 E. Harold st., and Wright, 665 N. Burns st., and Bertha Wright, 665 N. 13th s

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20 Stamps with 1/2 lb., 20c. 10 Stamps with 1/4 lb., 10c. You will find Kamelia very superior to any other 40c Tea you ever tasted, and at this special price, 35c the pound, is a decided bargain. We have it in Black, Mixed and "Old Country" Assam.

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25 Stamps with each 1 lb. Pkg.

The great and still greater demand for Capital Blend proves it to be the most popular 29c Tea in the city. We have your favorite kind in Black, Mixed and Assam.

PRIDE OF 60c KILLARNEY CEYLON TEA Special 50c lb. V<sub>2</sub>-pound Tin, 25c. ¼-pound Tin, 14c. Selected and Blended from the choicest Teas grown in India

and Ceylon. For people who like a good, strong, rich, fine-flavored Tea, Pride of Killarney is the favorite. Include a pound in your

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, Llanerch, Darby or Media.

Grocery Stores for Particular People Throughout the City and Subarba

## Our Postoffice Box

THORNS, we find ROSES?

Look for the roses.

same thorn stick you twice, did you?

Rainbows, congratulate Sam Karlowsky, Kater street, on being one of the most successful young men on the oin money squad. Sam is a hard forker and fully deserves his success. Alexander Scott,

West Ontario street, is another energetic financier. He is the second Rainbow to describe himself so that we may know just what he looks like. Irvine Woodward, Musgrave street, has a very

WHE KARKOWSKY. kind mother who reads the club news to him every We are sure that all day long he and mother look forward to that time together.

What do you think? Two brand out-of-town Rainbow branches! And one away off in Pawling, N. Y.! Rachel Cullum, of Spring City, Pa., was the means of organizing the Pawing Branch. She wrote to a little friend in that town and told her about the Rainbow Club. The little girl besame interested, and as a result we have 35 members in Pawling. the other branch was founded in Caldale, Pa, by Morrell Devlin. Morrell promised us this and surely bas kept his word. Your editor was for full details of these out-of-West Bainbows in the very near

Anna Ritz, Colwyn, Pa., says that she had a hard time getting new members in Colwyn. Do you know why? Because nearly every single, blessed, little soul had been bright enough to join long ago! Hurrah for Colwyn! Marie Mazzoli, Washington avenue, praises the Rainbow button in a very neat, little letter which did our heart good to look at. Lena Bornstein, North 2d street, writes very prettily in red ink and we know it's because she's so happy black ink is too dull for her thoughts.

FARMER SMITH,

Children's Editor, EVENING LEDGER.

Henry Herbert, North Frazier street, is an accomplished bandmaster and offers to join the Rainbow Band just as soon as there ever is one. Henry is also an artist. He drew a picture of your editor on a farm which made us laugh and feel very glad that we

were alive. Billy Colucci, Ellsworth street, says that he calls the club "our club," just as though it was really his. Well, it is really yours, Billy, just as much as It is every little member's!

Farmer Smith's Bug Book THE LADY BUG'S PARTY Everybody in Frogville and every-

Lady Bug's birthday party. Mrs. Frog scrubbed Jack and Jill until they fairly glistened. They were to wear their best rompers and big new bow ties. Little Tad, not having enough legs, had to be carried in a

body in Bug Town was invited to the

Mrs. Firefly cleaned and brushed

RAINBOW CLUB

Hope Potato Bug. Lady Bug promised the little Fireflies an extra dish of ice cream apiece if they would sit on the trees and

to do.

table groaned with all the good things Of course, the Owl kept interrupt-

right out! At this Billie Treetoad grew bold and kissed Hope Potato Bug with a dreadful smack!

Mrs. Firefly was busy warming up came on again, what do you suppose they all saw?

(Five credits.) 3. What is Bunker Hill? (Five credits.)

FARMER SMITH,

Name Address ...... Age ....................... School I attend ......

light up the lawn, which they agreed Doctor Beetle was the first to ar- you, "You are looking very beautiful to-

rive, the Screech Owl let him in. night," said Doctor Beetle to the Lady Bug. "To who?" went the Owl.

"To me, of course," said Doctor Think of this, my Little People: How do you know the rose has thorns? Beetle, laughing, at which Lady Bug You must have had one stick you some time. BUT you did not let the blushed very prettily. Soon everybody arrived, and such a HAPPINESS, then, is not thinking about the worns, but about the roses. good time as they all did have! The short, is it not a beautiful thought to remember that, even among

ing with "To who?" every time anybody else made a remark, but nobody

seemed to mind. The little Fireflies had never tasted ice cream, but they had heard how good it was. Each had a dish besides the one Lady Bug promised them. They are every bit of it and then, what do you think happened? They got so cold their lights went

her two sons and when their lights

1. What is the difference between straight and strait? (Five credits.) 2. What avenue in Philadelphia is "Great Lake" in the Middle West?

Do You Know This?

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 - SPREAD A LITTLE SUNSHINE ALL ALONG THE

on, Dear!" but whatever the ultimatum may be you will be only too glad to know that the whole affair was "absolutely unnecessary."

In three minutes you can make for yourself a knile holder where every individual inite can be seen in a sink. And it won't cost you a censi