THE EARTHS ORE

BY EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS, AUTHOR OFTARZAN'

SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER II-Continued. ing tively, David," he commenced, "that

the vicinity of the prospector there no the most thunderous, awe-inspiring pobr that ever had fallen upon my ears. with one accord we turned to discover author of that fearsome noise. fad I still retained the suspicion that

were on earth the sight that met my s would quite entirely have banished Emerging from the forest was a colorbeast which closely resembled a bear, was fully as large as the largest eleint, and with great forepaws armed nose or shout depended nearly a

ner of a rudimentary trunk. The body was covered by a coat of shaggy hair. aring horribly, it came toward us at lerous shuffling trot. I turned to-

below its lower jaw, much after the

Perry to suggest that it might be to seek other surroundings. The had evidently occurred to Perry ously, for he was already a hundred away, and with each second his oug hounds increased the distance.

never guessed what latent speed w that he was headed toward a point of the forest which ran out the sea not far from where we en standing, and as the mighty the sight of which had galvasuch remarkable action ry, though at a somewhat more

evident that the massive beast us was not built for speed, so I considered necessary was to trees sufficiently ahead of it to e to climb to the safety of some anch before it came up.

hstanding our danger, I could not laugh at Perry's frantic capers sayed to gain the safety of the anches of the trees he now had lower The stems were bare for a dis-15 feet-at least on those trees erry attempted to ascend, for the which n of safety carried by the larger prest giants had evidently attracted

on times he scrambled up the like a huge cat, only to fall back ground once more, and with each he cast a horrifled glance over his shoulder at the encoming brute, simultaneously emitting terror-stricken shrieks that alwoke the echoes of the grim forest. At length he espied a dangling creeper about the bigness of one's wrist, and

when I reached the trees he was racing nadly up it, hand over hand. He had almost reached the lowest branch of the tree from which the creeper depended when the thing parted beneath his weight and he fell sprawling

The misfortune now was no longer annualng, for the beast was already too close to us for comfort. Seizing Perry by the shoulder I dragged him to his feet, and rushing to a smaller tree-one that he could easily encircle with his arms and legs-I boosted him as far up as I could, and then left him to his fate

for a glance over my shoulder revealed the awful beast almost upon me. It was the great size of the thing alone that saved me. Its enormous bulk ren-dered it too slow upon its feet to cope with the agility of my young muscles, and so I was enabled to dodge out or its way and run completely behind it before The few seconds of grace that this gave me found me safely lodged in the branches of a tree a few paces from that in which Perry had at last found a

Did I say safely lodged? At the time thought we were quite safe, and so did Perry.

He was praying-raising his voice in He was praying—raising his voice in thanksgiving at our deliverance—and had just completed a sort of paean of grati-tude that the thing couldn't climb a tree, when, without warning, it reared up beneath him on its enormous tall and hind feet, and reached those fearfully armed paws quite to the branch upon which he crouched.

The accompanying roar was all but drowned in Perry's scream of fright, and he was like to have tumbled headlong into the gaping jaws beneath him, so precipitate was his impetuous haste to vacate the dangerous limb. It was with a deep sigh of relief that I saw him reach forth and gain a higher branch in

And then the brute did that which froze us both anew with horror. Grasping the tree's stem with his powerful paws he dragged down with all the great weight of his huge bulk and all the irresistible force of those mighty muscles.

Slowly but surely the atem began to bend toward him. Inch by inch he worked his paws upward as the tree leaned more and more from the perpendicular. Perry clung chattering in a panic of terror. Higher and higher into the bending and swaying tree he clambered. More and more rapidly was the treetop inclining

I saw now why the great brute was armed with such enormous paws. The use that he was putting them to was precisely that for which nature had intended them. The slothlike creature was herbivorous, and to feed that mighty carcass entire trees must be stripped of

The reason for its attacking us might easily be accounted for on the supposition of an ugly disposition such as that which the flerce and stupid rhinoceres of Africa possesses. But these were later reflections. At

the moment I was too frantic with apprehension on Perry's behalf to consider nusht other than a means to save him from the death that loomed so close. Realizing that I could outdistance the

clumsy brute in the open, I dropped from my leafy sanctuary intent only on distracting the thing's attention from Perry long enough to enable the old man to gain the safety of a larger tree. There were many close by which not even the terribe strength of that titanic monster

As I touched the ground I smalled was a had broken limb from the tangled mass that matted the jurglelike floor of the forest, and, leaping unnoticed behind the shagsy and, leaping unnoticed behind the sh back, dealt the brute a terrific blow.

My plan worked like magic. From the previous plowness of the beast 1 had been led to look for no such marvelous asulty as he now displayed. Releasing his hold upon the tree he dropped on all fours and at the same time awing his great, wicked tail with a force that would have broken every hone in my body had it struck me; but fortunately I had turned to fice at the very instant that I feli my blow land upon the towering back.

As it started in pursuit of me 1 made the mistake of running along the edge of the forest rather than making for the open beach. In a moment I was knee deep in rotting versetation, and the awful thing behind me was gaining rapidly as I floundered and fell in my efforts o extricate myself.

A fallen log gave me an instant's advantage, for elimbing upon it I leaped to another a few paces farther on, and in this way was able to keep clear of the mush that carpeted the surrounding ground. But the signag course that this necessitated was placing such a heavy handleap upon me that my pursuer was steadily gaining upon me.

Suddenly from behind I heard a tumult Suddenly from behind I heard a lamin of howls, and sharp piercing harlys-much the sound that a pack of wolves raises when in full cry. Involuntarily I glanced backward to discover the origin of this new and menacing note with the result that 'I missed my footing and went sprawling once more upon my face in the does nucl.

deep muck.

My mammoth enemy was so close by
this time that I knew I must feel the
weight of one of his terrible paws before I could rise, but to my surprise the blow did not fall upon me.

The howling and snapping and barking of the new element which had been in-fused into the melee now seemed centred quite close behind me, and as I raised myself upon my hands and glanced around t saw what it was that had distracted the "dyryth," as I afterward learned the thing

s called, from my trail.

It was surrounded by a pack of some hundred wolflike creatures-wild dogs they seemed-that rushed growling and snapping in upon it from all sides, so that they sank their white fangs into the slow brute and were away again before it could reach them with its huge paws

But these were not all that my startled eyes perceived. Chattering and gibbering through the lower branches of the trees came a company of manifice creatures evidently urging on the dos-pack. They were to all appearances strikingly similar in aspect to the negro of Africa.

Their skins were very black, and their features much like those of the more pronounced nexteold type, except that the head receded more rapidly above the eyes.

leaving little or no forchead. 6
Their army were rather longer and their less shorter in proportion to the torso than in man, and later I noticed that their great toes protruded at right angles from their feet—because of their arboroal habits. I presume. Behind them trailed long, slender tails, which they used in climbing quite as much as they did either their hands or feet.

I had stumbled to my feet the momen

that I discovered that the wolf-dogs were

holding the dyryth at bay.
At sight of me several of the savage creatures left of worrying the great brute to come slinking with bared fangs. toward me, and as I turned to run toward the trees again to seek safety among the lower branches I saw a number of the

RAINBOW CLUB



As I raised myself upon my hands and glanced round, I saw what had distracted the Dyryth.

man-apes leaping and chattering in the foliage of the nearest tree.

Between them and the beasts behind me there was little choice, but at least there was a doubt as to the reception these grotesque parodles on humanity would accord me, white there was none as to the fate which awaited me beneath the grinning fance of my flerce pursuers. aggregation of half savage beasts which

And so I raced on toward the frees intending to pass beneath that which held the man-things and take refuge in an-But the wolf-dogs were very close behind me-so close that I had despaired of escaping them, when one of the crea-

tures in the tree above swung down head foremost, his tail looped about a areat limb, and grasping me beneath my arm-pits swung me in safety up among his

There they fell to examining me with the utmost excitement and curlosity. They picked at my clothing, my hair and

They turned me about to see if I had a tail, and when they discovered that I was not so equipped they fell into foars of laughter. Their teeth were very large and white and even, except for the upper and white and even, except for the upper canines, which were a trille longer than the others, protrading just a bit when the month was along

When they had examined me for a few moments one of them discovered that my clothing was not a part of me, with the result that garment by garment they tore it from me amid peals of the wildest laughter. Apelike, they essayed to don the apparel themselves, but their ingenuity was not sufficient to the task and so they gave it up. they gave it up.

In the meantime I had been straining my eyes to catch a glimpse of Perry, but nowhere about could I see him, though the clump of trees in which he bad first taken refuge was in full view. I was much exercised by fear that something had befallen him, and though I called name aloud several times there was

in the world save the farmers thou- experience.

CHAPTED DE A CHANGE OF MASTERS.

PROM tree to tree the agile creatures sprang like flying squirrels, while the cold swent stood upon my brow as I glimpsed the depths beneath, into which a single misstep on the part of either of my bearers would hurl me.

As they here me along my mind was occupied with a thousand bewildering thoughts. What had become of Perry? Should I ever see him again? What were the intentions of these half human things into whose hands I had fallen?

Were they inhabitants of the same world into which I had been born? Not it could not be. But yet where else?

I had not left that earth-of that I was sure. Still, neither could I reconcile the things which I had seen to a belief that

things which I had seen to a benef that I was still in the world of birth. With a sigh I gave it up.

We must have traveled several miss through the dark and dismal wood when we came suddenly upon a dense village. bullt high among the branches of the

As we approached it my escort broke into wild shouting which was immediately answered from within, and a moment later a swarm of creatures of the same strange race as those who had captured

me poured out to meet us.

Again I was the centre of a wildly chattering horde. I was pulled this way and that. Though pinched, pounded and thumped until I was black and blue, I do not think that their treatment was distinct by the county of malice. dictated by other cruelty or malice. I was a curiosity, a freak, a new plaything and their childish minds required the added evidence of all their senses to back

added evidence of all their senses to back up the testimony of their eyes.
Prescully they dragged me within the village, which committed of several hundred rude shelters of boughs and leaves dred rude shelters of boughs and leaves supported upon the branches of the trees. Between the huts, which semetimes formed cracked streets, were dead branches and the trunks of small trees which connected the huts upon one tree to those within adjoining trees; the whole network of huts and pathways forming an almost solid flooring a good 50 feet above the ground.

I wondered why these agile creatures required connecting bridges between the trees, but later when I saw the motley

they kept within their village I realized the necessity for the pathways. he necessity for the pathways. Into which I was pushed; then two of the creatures squatted down before the cious wolf-dogs which we had left worry-ing the dyryth, and many goutlike ani-

KITCHEN CHEMISTRY

What Is Soap? Why Does It Remove Dirt? How Is It Prepared? Make Your Own Soap

By VIRGINIA E. KIFT

Soan is a compound formed by mixing a fatty acid with some alkali. The fatty acid is usually fresh fat or, if an expensive scap, clive oil. The alakli may be live or washing soda. Borax, ammionia, perfume, coloring matter, or some medicinal agent, as carbolic acid, are added, according to the price and use of

Scans which first have been kneaded like bread dough in their manufacture, or else air was forced through the mixture to make it light.

Many mople are under the impression that dirt is removed by soap because of some hidden chemical action. This is not the case. The action comes under easily understood physical laws, not chemical

Soap makes a viscous fluid, one which is sticky and adhesive. This, together with the saiday, hubble-forming properties known as fomentation, helps entangle the diri. The penetrability of the sods, plus a low surface tension, aids them in aprending quickly and easily over a large area, getting in between the fibres of a is thus that your reaches, loosens

away in the dirty sads by the water. Save your fat drippings and make your highly perfumed toller soan or a plain laundry soap. To make one cake of good laundry soap,

save your fat drippings, clarify them by mals whose distended udders explained

entrance-to prevent my escape, doubt-

Though where I should have es-

caped to I certainly had not the remotest the reason for their presence.

My guard halted before one of the huts.

shadows of the interior than there fell

boiling them with a raw potato, skim the

impurities from the top, strain the rest through checsecioth. Use one teaspoon-ful of lye, one-fourth teaspoonful of

borax, four teaspoonfuls cold water, six tenspoonfuls clarified fat. Use bass on the hands in handling lye.

solve the lye in the cold water, add the fat, melted, and set uside to cool. Add

borax, stir with a stick in the same di-rection, to make a smooth soap. Stir until of the consistency of honey. Pour into a wet tin lid or mold. Remove when

hard. If removed too soon the cake of soap will crumble. Calculate what this has cost you; then

decide if it is worth while saving three or four cents on every cake of soup which you use in the house by making it

To make a perfumed tollet soap, use

one cup of cottonseed oil, three and one-half tablespoonfuls of white lard, five tablespoonfuls of lye, one cup of cold water, three drops of lavender and oil of geranium, or any desired perfume, and

Dissolve the lye in the cold water and

and stire as above until of consistency of honey. Add lavender and oil of geranium just before soap thickense Pour into wet mobis and temors when hard. Calculate what this has cost you. De-

cide if it pays to make your own per-

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fumed toilet scap. People who do it think that it does.

add melted fat and cottonseed oil.

I had no more than entered the dark

upon my ears the tones of a familiar voice, in prayer. CONTINUED TOMORROW.

BY GEORGE A. THE NOVEL OF THE YEAR

CHAPTER NAME (Continued).

WAL seems to me that 'ceptin' in a man's own mind the' ain't no pu'ple cities. What a man's got to find ain't pu'ple cities, but the power to see one when he's got it. You had yourn right, here in this valley an' you sale on Red Hill. You growed up in it, hat you never seen it—net till you learned how. What you been sayn' about the simple things of life—the things that is at the bottom—had been said in second parts a powerful. has be ped my seein' parts a powerful lot. I knowed before I come to Red Hill that I was gein' out West to stay, but I didn't rightly know why. Now ef you ask

ne what I know I can tell you I know considible. "Out in Noo Mexico they's a ranch in the fork of Hig and Little Creek that's the greenest patch in the shadow of White Mountain. It's mine and it's got a threeroom shack on it that could grow if need was. I know a gir) that's been holdin' a four-finsh against an orchid's weak pair till she's jest about sick of the game, but she's drawed and filled on the last hand, though she hain't had a chanst to look at her cards yet-

his name aload several times there was no response.

The art last of playing with my glothing, the creatures threw it to the ground, and catching me, one on either side, by an arm started off at a most terrifying pace through the trectops.

Never have become a deep sleep haunted by the horrid remembrance of that awful feel from yo' hand. Experienced such a feer than the provided feel from the field. Now climb into bed and I'll lied. My boy, you have been far, far away." My boy, you have been far, far away." My boy, you have been far, far away." My boy, you have feeld. Now climb into bed and I'll lied. Field for the mountain-ash thieted and the had answered. The field from the mountain-ash thieted and the had answered feeld. Now climb into bed and I'll lied. Field from the mountain-ash thieted and the had answered feeld. Now climb into the deal Now climb into the field. Now climb into the field. Now climb into the field. Now clim besides the air, but it'll be fresh made on White Mountain an' you can smell, it cennin' down through the player with the leaves on the cotton-woods an' plowing through the tops of the sarghum."

the sarghum,"
They sat for some time in silence, then
Gerry said: "I've been calling you 'Komp'
since I first saw you, but you still hang
on to the 'mister' when you talk to me.

"at it out, Kemp."

Kemp flushed slightly. "Some things in fittin' an' some ain'i," be said, "an' we ean't always rightly say why. Some folks in governed by conscience but most by prote. It's goin' to be 'Kemp' and 'Mister Lansing' to the end of the chapter, Mr. Lansing, and no friendship lost either. Shake."

They shook hands solemnly, mounted and started back to Red Hill. Gerry had found the key to Kemp's strength. It was the key to all strength. Kemp belonged the bill and with the people of true blood anywhere, not only because he was hunself always, but because he defended what he could hold and no more. He was a definition for independence.

CHAPTER XLIV.

TT WAS late afternoon of a day in the gorgeous month. A shower had fallen on Red Mill and after it had come the sun-Wisps of mare's-tail cloud hurried across the clean-washed heavens as though they were ashamed to be caught in their ragged clothes under a blue sky. Downy-topped masses of cumulus poked drowsy heads over the horizon and watched them run. Out of the done of heaven filtered a

The Hill was very still, but presently from far away on the West Lake road came the whinny of a horse; a little later, a little nearer, a neal of laughter; then the sound of wheels and chattering voices. A wagonette, two spring wagons and a pony cart burst from Long lane and wheeled right and left. They were full of grown-ups turned young for a day and youths that thought they would be young

The wagonette, swinging down the road The wagonotte, swinging down the road toward Maple House, suidenly swerved and plowed through the tall grass. Alsa and Clem on the end sents were almost thrown out. Alan looked back at the road and stared. A fat donkey had claimed the right of way and held it. Several lengths of legs stuck out from her buiging sides. Behind her hurried a panting nurs

"You change them. We changed ours while you were away."
"So she has been changed," said Alan. "ell, that's something,

The sun took a last look at Red Hill and dropped out of sight. Then, as though he would come back and look again, he sent up a broad afterglow that climbed and climbed till the tip of the very clouds that peeped over East Mountain were tinged with the rosy

From an open upstairs window came Tem's soft voice. "Yes, dears, pink dightcaps. Those big sleepy clouds are nighteaps. putting them on because they are just glad to so to hed."
"I wanta pink nightcap."

"Why, darling, nightcaps are only for white-headed people and white-headed trees gave out a golden echo of light, clouds. Just wait until you're white-headed. Now climb into bed and I'll "My boy, you have been far, far away

swept into the allence by self laught.

From The Firs came the last angry wall of the fat young god, choked off in midflight by the soft hand of sleep. Then the scurrying of many feet along the dusty road, silence, and last of all, the trailing whistle of a boy signaling goodnight—sound snying good-by to a happy day.

Its sweetness and the sweetness and the world of mind the door open. Far, far had he wandered in the world of mind and the world of men, but in the end he had come back like a wayne to the eternal mother of the Waynes. Tonight he knew that his drifting soul had dropped anchor at last.

THE END. swept into the night and died away, followed into the silence by soft laughter.

Alan turned to Clem. "Do donkeys late again. One by one lights went out.

Other lights gleamed from upper windows; I hope not," said Clem gravely. dows; then they, in turn, went out. Red Oh! I hope not," said Clem gravely.

From Maple House Alan slipped out to smoke a last clear. He hesitated a moment and then strode through the "Silly," said Clem, "you've been seeing long grass laden with seed and just deck-that doukey every day for weeks."
"No," said Alan, "this is the first time I've really seen her."
"Method to the old church. The door was open. He entered and climbed the crumbling stairs to the belfry. He jumped into one of the arches and sat down, his legs dangling.

His eyes wandered slowly over the familiar scene. From behind their trees Maple House, The Firs and Elm House blinked up at him dreamily. Before them ran the ribbon of road, white under moon light, dipping at each end into the wide world. Up and down the road before The Firs paced two figures—Gerry and Alix. Gerry's arm was around her. Louis black shadows, all pointing to the west-like falling silhouettes cut the moon-light. Above them, the autumn-painted

Alan drew a great, quivering breath.
"My boy, you have been far, far away."
J. Y. had said and he had answered, "Yes,
hut I have come back." But it was only

And then the peace of home desc

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FARMER SMITH'S MORE ABOUT A NEWSPAPER

Dear Children-You remember my talking to you about a newspaper-I wonder how many of you can guess what there is about a newspaper which resembles the human body? Perhaps the doctor has come to see you some time and has said to your

mother: "Oh, dear! Oh, dear! His circulation is very poor." Well, dear children, a newspaper has a circulation just the same as you have and if it were not for the circulation the paper would not live. No matter how beautiful the articles in the newspaper might be or how "newsy" they might be, the paper could not live without its circulation any more

than you could. The circulation depends upon you and thousands and thousands of others who like one newspaper better than another. If everybody liked the same tewspaper there would not be any fun in the newspaper world, because then there would be no competition. It would be just like going to school all by yourself and that would not be any fun.

Another wonderful thing about the circulation of a newspaper is the small boy who sells the newspapers. Perhaps some of you know how many great men we have who formerly were newsboys. Have you ever stopped to think what color a newspaper is? It is black,

white and read, and some papers are called "yellow," because there is an idea of rush about them. When you see a freight car painted yellow you will know that car must be rushed and the idea of the yellow newspaper is that it is all excitement

I will talk to you again about a newspaper. Oh, yes, and I will also talk to you about a cat and a cow, by request. FARMER SMITH,

"A Little Country Girl" (By Alvina Spinner.)

Several years ago, several miles

from the Ohio River, there lived a

girl six years of age. Her parents owned a small farm in a section known as Hamilton County, and on their farm were large fruit orchards and a garden of all kinds of vegetables. They

had cows, chickens, ducks and a horse. The horse was very old and the little girl was not ALVINA SPINNES.

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

Name Address School I attend

vina Spinner, my own self, and a happy afraid to drive him. member of the Jefferson Rainbows. She used to take him to the spring Farmer Smith's Frog Book for water every WILLIE HOP TOAD AND MRS. day. And the little girl was very COW Mrs. Cow was in the pasture taking

things casy and wondering what it was all about when she heard a little squeaking voice which came from under the fence. Moving her head downward, she looked under the last rail and there was Willie Hop Toad as meek as Moses.

Children's Editor, EVENING LEDGER.

fond of feeding the chickens and

gathering the eggs. In the summer

she used to help the neighbors pick

berries, which they took to market to

sell. She also liked to climb up trees

to pick pears and apples. When au-

tumn came she helped her parents cut

then helped shuck the corn for the

animals. As the days grew cold and

winter came on she would stay in the

house all day, playing with her doll

chair hulling beans to plant the fol-

Philadelphia and that little girl is Al-

"You good-for-nothing Hop Toad! What in the world are you doing there?" she said. "I beg your pardon, Mrs. Cow," re-

plied Willie, "I am not good for

"How's that?" said Mrs. Cow, nerv-"We cut up the bugs," said Willie. "Besides, I do not think you amount

sands of dollars every year."

to very much, as it is." "You are entirely wrong," answered Mrs. Cow. "What would the babies do without me?"

"That is just what I wanted you to say," replied Willie, "for I want

a little milk for my supper." "Suppose you come around milking

"All right," said Willie, "and I hope that big as you are and little as I am, you will always remember that there is nothing in this world that is useless," and with that he backed into his hole.

Our Postoffice Box

Ralph Donohue, Richmond street, has just joined the pin money squad, and his energetic, business-like letter leads us to believe that he will be a very able member. A letter inquiring after our health comes from Joseph McGrellis, South 8th street. We are well and happy, Joseph, and hope you are the same. Mary Zarella, Alter street, sends a picture of a polar bear which seems so natural it makes us shiver to look at it. (We're saving it

now for warm days.) Harry Chestnut, South 23d street, down the corn and haul it to the barn, likes our stories. We don't know whether he means Farmer Smith's stories or Rainbow members' stories. but it's all the same, because we're all working together. Bettina Avella is or Prince, her dog, or sitting in her a very clever artist, but we wish so much that she would remember to lowing summer. And when the little make her drawings in BLACK INK. girl grew older her parents moved to REMEMBER, BLACK INK on WHITE PAPER.

MONEY PRIZES

Beginning today, the children who send in the answers of "Do You Know This?" are entitled to compete for the prizes of \$1, 50 cents and the four 25-cent prizes, which are to be awarded at the end of each week.

Do You Know This?

would like your editor to write.

1. Name three kinds of stories you

2. Name three kinds of Good Night

Talks you would like your editor to

WANTED

nothing. I and the other Hop Toads | DAY'S WORK by the mother of four little