SYNOPSIS.

### CHAPTER III A Prophecy Fulfilled

T BREAKFAST upon the following A day Monte Crispen casually set firth the warning of the mysterious ard to Craig Andrews, his accepted advisor, and with eagerness asked for particulars of the Montgomery steel serks. In a vague, indefinite way Nente realized their existence only as a producer of dividends. That they were a part of the great Montgomery from a hall of enemy explosives. Your edate he had all but inherited he knew, jet they had not seemed exactly peral and fixed as a possession until the night previous.

Before his plate placed by the butler a family heirloom in brass buttons and oftiness, lay the morning's welcome of worded social invitations. There were ourds to a stag house party, and an array of friendly bids to buffet breaknests and dinner dances, shooting lodges and week-end affairs. The martest society always finds plenty to to for its Monte Crispens; an endless round of clubs, subscriptions, bazaars, bridge parties and gay functions graced the season's beautiful debutantes and their ambitious mothers.

Monte groaned. He saw his new life expert." being arranged for him in spite of himself. As American society is now orranized, a man with a fortune can find people, who, as an equivalent for his presence and money, will transact him nearly all the obligations of manhood, even think for him.

"It is easy enough to fall into the social pool," he exclaimed angrily, in- interview." Ceating the mail.

Then you meant what you said about shouldering your own responsibilities?" "Of course I did."

"As long as you have decided to face I see no cause for you to fret over its linsels and trappings," philosophized I know he is here." the lawyer. "These time-killers are all will learn that for every husk of a man office. in the parlor there is a worthler in the mill. But let me see this card of mys- lawyer. "What has happened?"

to be true. Did you have any BOYS there?

Here is a story which may help you:

remember now-it was a COW.

Our Postoffice Box

This is our very

dear friend, Martha

Atkinson, of Col-

wyn. Martha is another small lady who was one of

our pioneer mem-bers. In fact, it is

entirely due to Martha that we

have such a splen-did Rainbow chap-

ter in Colwyn. Oh, yes, and Martha has the cutest little white poodle deg.

going to meet you very soon in the

sabeth Stone, North 63d street, and

atherine Graff. Paoli, have been sent

Nine brand new members from German-lern. They are Catherine McGontgle, Pulaski avenue; Ruth Cleghorn, Morris street; Marion Nieman, Queen lane; Ida Sdelutein, Queen iane; David Edelstein, Queen lane; Edgur Mora, Queen lane; larie Schlisky, Queen lane; John Hib-lard, Queen lane, and George Hibbard, Queen lane, and George Hibbard, Queen lane, Every one of them every-light renders, too. Chester, Pa., is very-lar to Philadelphita some times, esple-var to Philadelphita some times.

readers, too. Chester, Pa., is very to Philadelphia some times, espe-when Fred Melville, of Madison writes us chum-like letters and us feel very much at home in that

orn of his Everybody in Egg Harbor soing to read our club news and that's so became Hylda Lang, one of its forest citizens, is going to make them lavie Lewis lives in Alientown. Pa. and suspect that very soon every single the coat in the city will be ornamented the a Rainbow button. Can you guess by

weren't sent sooner.

HURRAH

FARMER SMITH'S

Do You Ever Get Discouraged?

Dear Everybody-I have before me a letter from a little girl who says

All the great things in this world, little girl, have come through a great

deal of trouble, and they are likely to do so until the end of time. If you had

25 members the first time and six the next and then 57-if everything went

along smoothly, then your club would soon break up, for it would be too good

sing for you, but I must have some boys there, for I am very bashful and have

never talked to girls alone. I WOULDN'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY. Oh, yes!

were a lot of girls who got very angry at us boys and they vowed they would

have a picnic all by themselves and not have a horrid boy among them, and

they did. They had lots and lots of good things to eat, and they got a wagon

and one of the girls drove the wagon, and then they rode to the picnic grounds,

and right there in front of the gate was something TERRIBLE. It was the

most hideous thing you ever saw. Well, the girls were so scared and frightened

they told the girl who was driving to turn around and take them HOME, and

when they got home they had their picnic, for there were no terrible beasts

Don't be discouraged. GIVE YOUR MEMBERS SOMETHING TO DO.

P. S .- I had forgotten what the terrible thing was the girls saw, but I

FARMER SMITH, Children's Editor, The Evening Ledger.

If you get some boys and girls together, I will come and talk to you and

A very long time ago, when your editor lived in the Southland, there

the is very much discouraged because her club, her branch of the Rainbow

Club, started out with 23 members and now has only six members.

skepticism. He smiled as he read the phoned from Crispen, Pa. Forty dead, warning of danger hovering over the sir, and hundreds injured." steel works, but frowned as he scanned the name upon its face, "Countess

Zeda Sigvay, Budapest." "Why did you not speak of this last night, my boy?" he questioned. "We CRISPEN, Pa., had been named by its night, my boy?" he questioned. "We might have traced that precious trio to their headquarters. It is a case for the Government Secret Service."

admits a vanity roused by a queen of England to select a site for the Quakher sex. He still felt the fire in those er., on the Delaware, where "It is black eyes.

"Two thousand workingmen are on the steel plant payroli," continued An- trip over, and his memory was canondrews, almost severely. "Their lives ized in a rough wooden cross erected may be in jeopardy."

"No." sorrowed Monte. "Fact," said the other. "We are making steel plates for the Allies, steel plates to cover the trenches and protect God's creatures on their own soil uncle forbade our directors from ac-

use for military rifles." "Then you feared trouble?"

"Sensed it, I should say, Munitions of war is a wide term. One cannot expect fine-spun distinctions from viothe upper ten-a neat pile of correctly lent partisans of the side that feels it is cheated of the full fruits of victory."

Andrews had dropped in, en route to the offices of the estate in the Montgomery National Bank Building, to discuss ways for best immersing Monte in the elements of his properties. He had evolved a plan for the young man to detach himself from the Montgomery town house, take a room in the mill district, and enter upon a study of the various plants as plain "Mr. Tailer, efficiency

"You can ask all the questions you want to as a business investigator and see conditions from the inside," he explained.

"It listens good," assented Crispen enthusiastic at once. "I must get away from here. Already a woman reporter has called to get my picture and an

Hardly had the two men completed details of a stratagem providing for the ultimate transference of Monte and a suitcase to a humble two-story dwelling in Kensington, when there was an the risks and surprises of the real life uproar in the hall. An excited voice exclaimed: "I must see Mr. Andrews.

A wild-eyed man forced his passage right in their place, after one has ac- past the butler into the dining room. cumulated an excess of leisure. You He proved to be a clerk from Andrews'

## CHAPTER IV. Inside the Blue Limousine.

for that quite forgotten kinsman of Penn, who, as a member of the original inal Land Commission, with Nathaniel Monte blushed his regrets. No man | Allen and John Bezan, set out from most navigable, high, dry and healthy." The progenitor Crispen died on the on the west branch of the Brandywine Creek, 35 miles northwest of Wilmington, the scene of a meeting between friendly Indians and the two surviving commissioners.

Here in a rolling countryside, 60 minutes by express train from Philadelphia, is the bustling town of Crispen; cepting contracts for the tubing they its one consuming industry the Montgomery Iron Works. There are streets of frame houses for the workers, and a thriving business section emptying into a small tree-spotted square, but always it was the steel works that grimly dominated; a mushroom growth of furnaces and mills, their forest of stacks throwing a pall of smoke against the heavens, dimming the sun and reddening the night.

Those of us who have grown up in the crowded atmosphere of modern activities are apt to discount the thrills that often hide under the drab of routine. We read at breakfast of a day's explosions, accidents and war with singular unconcern; a garment of passing thought that slips off our minds before we have closed the outer door behind us. Clang! Clang! One hears the approach of an ambulance. We pause, annoyed, at the crossing, and blindly note the flight of the vehicle without curiosity or interest in the outcome of the tragedy suspended on its speed.

Antidotes all around us are strain ing to avert disaster. Deep in our own one-plus-two affairs, we are unmindful, for our senses have become dulled, and as long as the sword of fate hangs above another's head we do not worry: it is indeed a callous age.

Paul Revere might ride today from Charlestown to Lexington without getting so much as a handshake in the morning. Which may explain the indifference of Philadelphia, save for the warning gesture of traffic cops, to a blue limousine that darted swallow-"Speak out, Smith," commanded the like north on Broad street, turned left on Spring Garden street, around the "The west mill is gone; blown up Baldwin Locomotive Works, passed the Andrews received the white piece of half an hour ago, sir," gulped the clerk. United States Mint in a twinkling, gli-bordered cardboard with apparent "The superintendent has just tele- and at the top of the thoroughfare THE CHEERFUL CHERUB

My boss is just scolding me right while I work, Such a creature I simply despise I wont say a word but I

wish that he know That I'm thinking such cutting replies B. GeCann

plunged like an arrow into the mac adam labyrinth of Fairmount Park. The car held Monte Crispen and Craig Andrews on their way to the Montgomery Iron Works.

Lars, Monte's faithful Norwegian chauffeur, looked upon distance as so much impediment to existence. He was a chunky, ment-fed, red-cheeked boy with nerves of iron. Before intrusted with the blue limousine under the patent of a Pennsylvania driver's license, he had hurled his young employer along the roads of Europe and parts of other continents in a gray racing car without tremor, temper or tension. Monte had repeatedly warned him to go slow in his new field of restricted action, and his lifting the speed embargo this once gave Lars his first opportunity for the expression of pentup feelings.

At the Lincoln Monument the blue limousine bore to the right into Girard avenue, and meeting the trolley line turned left across the long white bridge over the Schuylkill River. Again to the right the car sped under the rallroad, continuing on the winding road across Fairmount Park, passing Memorial Hall, coming out Helmont avenue into Conshohecken avenue, finally crossing the city line into Bala. The on over the railroad bridge to the tollgate, where Monte dug for 17 cents.

"Look here, Lars," he yelled at the grinning chauffeur, "you must use discretion. Seven minutes only from City Hall. I have no time to waste paying fines for reckless driving." "Yaw, Lars make her yump," was

the curt response as the car bore to the right in the direction of Ardmore. Knowledge of the terrible disaster at

Crispen made Monte serious. He turned to Andrews and said:

"Aside from the present happening I realize that the industrial world is ever in the process of transformation. There sky. A high brick encircling wall gave are formulas of ownership appropriate to my uncle's age that, like his old machinery, is ready to be scrap-heaped as antiquated and unprofitable. I got that idea from an Englishman at Sheffield, who tried to live up to its spirit and failed."

"He tried, you say?" "Yes."

"Then he didn't fail." "I get you."

"You must know, Monte, that conditry, where not only looms and furnaces but working men and working women were parts of a great machine, has become an association of closely-knit human beings with conflicting desires, unrealized hopes and irrepressible passions."

ing to Monte. As a lawyer all his life the piercing, agonized cry of a woman. he had secretly yearned for just such | Monte shuddered. a client. He saw that the young heir possessed rare force with a quick brain. The events on the hotel roof justified the conclusion that here was fallow

the age of Napoleons of finance, of dummy directors and grinders of labor had struck twelve. Monte, filled with horror at the news from the iron works, seemed receptive. Andrews decided to Monte. risk a sermon. He knew men and their

"Some wise business men these days pectingfind it profitable to consult their hearts as much as their ledgers," he began, cautiously.

"Go ahead with the heavy stuff," assented Monte, as the car took a frightful lurch and, after having passed Ardmore at the end of the road, turned back on the Lancaster pike. They whizzed through Bryn Mawr, then passed in rapid succession Wayne, Paoli and Malvern.

"A man takes out of business only what he puts in," resumed Andrews. "I

have in mind a type of ideal employer, who, without qualification or reluctance, welcomes the principle of partnership in production. This partnership assures to wage-carners the right to a share of profits and conditions of industry which are fit for human beings. Such an empleyer draws extra dividends of loyalty from his wage-earners, for by every available method he promotes continuity of service. He promotes sanitation, health, education and self-respect among the workers. He describes the business as 'ours,' instead of 'mine'.'

"What business man does not do that?" "Many; usually they are the heads of

enterprises that are on the decline." "Then you think the cause of the decline is their lack of heart?" "Exactly."

Monte drew back in a corner of the car and sat very still for a long time. He was busy thinking of the changes that had overtaken him; his uncle's sudden death, his summons home, and the strange will, and this queer, serious man at his side. Only a few weeks for a while man to come. I dared not hack and Monte was the talk of the lively set in Paris, hunting for new pleasure stunts with which to occupy it, and then my only hope of returning back and Monte was the talk of the

a professional time-waster to fill," he commented, as the blue limousine eightcylindered through Downingtown.

Suddenly he sat bolt upright and, leaning forward, he cried out with en-thusiasm, pointing at a great black cloud that hung over the horizon, rising from grieving for me? the end of the road; "I see Crispen nhend."

As the blue limousine pulled up with a jerk at the top of the hill, before dropping to the Brandywine Valley, Andrews almost inaudibly remarked: "I wonder,"

### CHAPTER V Sorrows of Iron

STEEPED in the thin gauze of its own smoke, the Montgomery Iron Works was smoldering under the midday sun when the distant; but unmistakable hum of a motor drawing nearer and nearer every moment fell upon the car rocked on its trucks as Lars pushed ears of a crowd gathered around the ruins of the west mill. Soon a blue limousine swung up over a rise in the Philadelphia road and came panting toward the town of Crispen at a nerveracking pace, whizzing like a blue streak across a background of leafy green, with a cloud of dust flying about it.

Recklessly piloted, the car rumbled over the creek bridge, crossed the railroad tracks and rushed up to the guarded entrance of the steel plant, a huge iron gate, where excited men and women were congregated. The creek, which cut the works into two sections. reflected the thick, black, smoke-palled the plant the aspect of a prison.

It was a puzzling world to Monte Crispen as he sprang from the car. The advance guard of its problems seemed to choke him in the blanched faces of anxious women, wives, sweethearts and daughters of the dead and injured; feminine faces that peered restlessly toward the gate, out from shawls tightly held by trembling fingers.

Occasionally the crowd parted at the gate, and four men in overalls, carrytions change with the years. What was Ing a covered stretcher, wedged their once a mechanical process in this coun- way out. If they stopped at one of a number of waiting ambulances, there was a chance, and the crowd cheered If they passed on to an undertaker's wagon there was a chorus of groans.

"It's Jim Koerner, and he is dead," went the buzz of voices as Monte found himself crowded back by one of the Andrews had taken an uncommon lik- stretchers. The announcement heralded

"Koerner's wife; only married three months. He was one of the assistant engineers; we are bringing the bodies away as fast as we uncover them." remarked a bearded, brusque, squareset man, who had shouldered his way through the throng up to Craig Andrews, and then looked inquiringly at Monte. He was Summers, the superintendent of the works.

"Mr. Taller, our new efficiency expert." answered Andrews, presenting

"Oh! I thought he was from Washington," replied Summers. "We are ex-

He leaned forward and whispered in Andrews' ear-"Secret Service men. It's a dastardly plece of work, sir." "Any arrests?" "Not yet, Mr. Andrews."

CONTINUED TOMORROW.

Mrs. Stewart Convalescent

# AN AUTHENTIC SHOWING OF

# Dressy Silk Suits Tailored and Sport Suits Top Coats and Wraps

We have an extraordinary large selection of the Newest French Models representing the best known couturiers of Paris, We claim exclusiveness of some models in our showrooms,

March Twentieth, Twenty-first and Twenty-second

## Summer Furs

The well-dressed woman of foresight will find it advantageous to purchase her summer furs at the time she buys her spring suits.

1229 Walnut Street M. WENGER

BY EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS, Author of "Targan,"

LEANED over and snatched the Hon skin from her. And then I shrank back

upon my seat in utter borror at the sight that met my gaze.

The thing beneath the skin was not Dian—it was a bideous Mahar. Instantly I realized the trick that Hooja had played upon met and the purpose of it. Rid of me, forever, as he doubtless thought, Dian would be at his mercy.

would be at his mercy.

Frantically I tore at the steering wheel
in an effort to turn the prospector back
toward Pellucidar; but, as on that other
occasion, I could not budge the thing a

hair,

It is needless to recount the horrors
or the monotony of that journey. It
varied but little from the former one which had brought us from the outer to

entered the ground the trip required nearly a day longer, and brought me out here upon the sands of the Sahara instead of in the United States as I had hoped. For months I have been waiting here

is attention.

"You are putting in a large order for some forever.

"That I ever shall see her again seems to fill." he hut remotely possible, for how may I know upon what part of Pellucidar my return journey may terminate?

And how, without a north, or a south.

or an east, or a west, may I hope ever

### CHAPTER XVI DOUBT.

THAT is the story as David Innes told I it to me in the goatskin tent upon the rim of the Great Sahara.

The next day he took me out to see the

prospector. It was precisely as he had described it. So huge was it that it could have been brought to this inaccessible part of the world by no means of trans-portation that existed there.

It could only have come in the way that David Innes said it came—up through the crust of the earth from the inner world of Pellucidar—that realm of wender.

I spent a week with him, and then abandoning my lion hunt, returned di-rectly to the coast and hurried to Lonwhere I purchased a great quantity of stuff which he wished to take to Pelidar with him.

There were books, rifles, revolvers, ammunition, cameras, chemicals, telephones telegraph instruments, wire, tools and more books—books upon every subject under the sun. He said he wanted a library with which they could reproduce the wonders of the 20th century the stone age, and if quantity counts for anything I got it for him. I took the things back to Algeria my-

self, and accompanied them to the end of the railroad; but from here I was recalled America upon important business. However, I was able to employ a very trustworthy man to take charge of the arayan-the same guide in fact who had

accompanied me on the previous trip into the Sahara—and after writing a long letter to Innes, in which I gave him my American address, I saw the expedition leave for the South. Among the other things which I sent to Innes was over 500 miles of double, insulated wire of a very fine gauge. I had it packed on a special reel at his sug-gestion, as it was his idea that he could

fasten one end here before he left and paying it out through the end of the prospector lay a telegraph line between the two worlds. In my letter I told him to be sure to mark the terminus of the line very plainly with a high cairn, in case I was not able to reach him before he set out, so that I might easily find it and communi-

cate with him should he be so fortunate as to reach Pellucidar and again find his

I returned to America—in fact, he took advantage of every northward passing caravan to drop me word of some sort. His last letter was written the day before he intended to depart. Here it is:

ore he intended to depart. Here it is:
My Dear Friend:
Tomorrow I shall set out in quast
of Pellucidar and Dian. That is: it
the Arabs don't get me. They have
heen very nasty of late. I don't know
the cause, but on two occasions they
have threatened my life.
One, more friendly than the rest,
told me today that they intend attacking me tonight. It would be unfortunate should anything of that sort
happen now that I am so nearly ready
to depart.

However, maybe I will be as well

Here is the friendly Arab who is take this letter north for me. and-by, and God bless you for your The Arab tells me to hurry, for he

rees a cloud of sand to the south—he thicks it is the party coming to murder me, and he doesn't want to be found with me. Good-by again.

DAVID INNES.

A fear later found me at the end of the failroad once more, headed for the spot where I had left Innes.

My first disappointment was when I discovered that my old guide had died within two weeks of my return; nor could I find any member of my former party who could lead me to the same spot.
For months I searched that scorching land, interviewing countless desert shelks in the hope that at last I might find one who had heard of Innes and his wonder-

ful iron mole.

Constantly my eyes scanned the blinding waste of sand for the rocky cairn be-neath which I was to find the wires leads ing to Pellucidar. But always was I

And always do these awful questions harass me when I think of David Innes and his strange adventures.

Did the Arabs murder him, after all, just on the eve of his departure? Or did

he again turn the nose of his iron mon-ster toward Peliucidar of the inner world? ster toward Pellucidar of the inner world?
Did he reach it, or lies he somewhere
burled in the heart of the great crust?
And if he did come again to Pellucidar to break through into the bottom

of one of her great inland seas or among some savage race far, far from the land of his heart's desire? Does the answer lie somewhere upon the bosom of the broad Sahara, at the end of two tiny wires, hidden beneath a lost

I wonder. (THE END.)

WOMEN DOCTORS SEEK FUND Want \$50,000 for Study of Babies'

Diseases Fifty thousand dollars for the study of a babies' diseases is the goal in a campaign by the Woman's Medical College, head-quarters for which have been opened in

the Empire Building.

The money is for the endowment of a department of children's diseases where special research work may be conducted with a view to cutting down infant mortality and a clinic and dispensary main-tained. Dr. Theodore LeBoutillier, clinical professor of children's diseases, who is active in the campaign, believes that the endowment of such a department would mean a great advance in the study of children's diseases, for women physicians children's diseases, for women physicians are especially fitted for the treatment of infant ailments.

Manoa Home and School Meeting Prof. D. W. Huff, supervising principal of Delaware County schools, will preside tonight at a meeting of the Home and ate with him should he be so fortunate s to reach Pellucidar and again find his plan.

I received several letters from him after formerly a teacher in the school, will sing.

ROBINSON & CRAWFORD

# At All Our Stores Where Quality Counts, Low Prices Prevail

## SPECIAL TEA SALE FOUR UNEQUALED VALUES

Ever since the beginning of our business, over twenty-five years ago, we have been most particular about the QUALITY of the TEA sold in ALL OUR STORES. It is a fact already known to thou sold in ALL OUR STORES. It is a fact already known to thousands by actual experience, but we are going to carry the message to all. Every day, every week, every year ALL OUR STORES carry a message of satisfaction and saving. Today the special message is the great Tea Sale, which every housekeeper in Philadelphia and suburbs should take advantage of. There is always something good, something pleasant and profitable for you at THE STORES WHERE QUALITY COUNTS.

60c Gold Seal Tea Special 45c lb.

30c ½-lb. pkg. for 23c 15c ¼-lb. pkg. for 12c Gold Seal is the Tea for particular people who recognize and appreciate the fine, delicate flavor and fragrance only found in Teas of the higher grade. Tea of Gold Seal quality is not found in many stores, and where it is sold usually costs 80c to \$1.00 the pound. We have your favorite kind, Mixed, Black or Assam.

60c Pride of Tea Spectal 45c Killarney Tea Price 30c 1/2-lb. Tin for ... 23c

15c 34-lb. Tin for . . . 12c Pride of Killarney Tea is rich, full-bodied and fragrant, and is a great favorite with people who love a strong, flavory tea. 40c KAMELIA 20c ½-lb. pkg. for...15c
10c ½-lb. pkg. for... 8c
Kamelia Tea is superior in
quality and flavor to any other
40c Tea sold in Philadelphia.
We have it in Black, Mixed and

Old Country Assam.

29c Capital Blend Tea Special 23c lb.

15c 1/2-lb. pkg. for 12c
Capital Blend hasn't an equal at 29c the pound. Take advantage of this reduced price and confirm this statement to your own satisfaction and saving. Your choice of Black, Mixed or Assam.

28c Carton

eggs.

Particular people who want the largest and freshest Eggs ask for Gold Seal. Notice the extra weight of Gold when compared with of Seal

FRESH EGGS Not so large and

meaty as "Gold Seal," but every one is guaranteed fresh. Unusually good value at this moderate

You will find the same high quality groceries, the same low prices and the same courteous service at every Robinson & Crawtord store, whether it be located at

21st and Market Streets

Downtown, Uptown, Germantown, Kensington, West Philadelphia, Manayunk, Roxhorough, Logan, Oak Lane, Overbrook, Bala, Narberth, Ardmore, Bryn Mawr, Lansdowne, E. Lansdowne, Llanerch, Darby or Media.

Robinson & Crawto

Grocery Stores for Particular People Throughout the City and Sub-

By JAMES JENNINGS Sprice St.

1000 there was a little dog who was
2 seitem. He had many brothers and
1000 the found a house or a piece
at he would not share it. One thus
foliant a great his found and ate it all

100 year tooyning the field.

Greediness

BOYS AND GIRLS. If you want to earn money after school and on Saturdays write to

## Farmer Smith. Farmer Smith's Frog Book

Miss Frances Frog The warm days of spring had come and the boys in Miss Frog's class would stretch and yawn so much that she had to stop them from getting lasy. One day she said to Willie Tree Frog:

"How many kinds of spring can you name."

"Well," began Willie slowly, "There is just spring and then there is spring chicken and a spring bed. Then again there are also spring hats and—"
"They cost a lot of money!" shouted Billy Bull Frog.
"You may stay half an hour after school," said Miss Frances Frog. sternly.
"Then there are mineral springs, to say nothing of watch springs and spring boards."
"That is very good, indeed," said Miss

boards."
"That is very good, indeed," said Miss
Frog. as Willis eat down.
"Now," tell me, "Billy Bull Frog. what
game is there we can play in the spring "I know-HOOKEY!" shouted Puffing-

ham Frog.
"You may stay an hour after school,"
said Miss Frog to Puffingham.
"Shame on you, Puffy!" exclaimed Miss
Evangeline Prog. "Shame on you, Pully" exclaimed alias
Evangeline Prog.
"You may remain two hours after
school, Evangeline. I must stop this talking out loud in school."
"Oh, there's a dog" shouted Bob Prog.
and before Miss Prog could say anything,
they had all hopped down to the Big Pond
and were gone in the clear water.
Finally there was a gurgle and Pully
Prog sald to Billy Bull Prog. "I guess
Bob will have to stay a whole week after
school, if we ever get back."
"Hon't worry until you have to," sald
Billy.

Things to Know and Do What is your idea of unselfishes. How many members did you intro to the Sainbow Club? What makes short mait?

RAINBOW CLUB

Activities by the Editor Karl Joerger, Jr., Germantown avenue, vants to know when he can see your editor. Call any day except Saturday from 4 to 5 in the afternoon and from 2 to 3 on Saturdays. Glad to see you.

John Melvin Lauber, Hunting Park avenue, writes on a really truly typewriter to say that he always smiles at the po-liceman nearest his home. Edith Schaeffer, North 8th street, wants

to know if a girl over 14 can belong. Of course! We have one grandmother and one grandfather in our club, but we shouldn't expect those over 80 to take a very active interest, so we will leave it to you, Edith. Thanks for the names. Did you hear that noise on Thursday? It was your editor having a private laugh party. He is very, very proud of our artists and the pictures they send in of him would make William Penn's status laugh. A few years from now you will

laugh. A few years from now you will pick up a newspaper and see: "The famous artist, Wesley Montgomery, of Cross street, has just sold a picture for \$10,000. He began drawing as a member of Farmer Smith's Rainbow Club. By the way, when Mr. Montgomery joined the club there were only 38,000 members, but now there are 1,000,000, scattered all over the world."

Arnold Kratzok, South 4th street, sends us a diagram of what he thinks would make a neat drawing box. Are there any other suggestions? We want to have made up for us a box of drawing ma-terials, as some of our members insist

terials, as some of our members insist on drawing on yellow paper and some with a pencil, instead of on WHITE PAPER with BLACK INK.

There must be a battleship or two down at Atlantic City, for our young artist there, Karl Flaster, sends a bird'seye view of two of them "spitting" at each other.

Colding Recentual North 2d street sends Goldie Rosenthal, North 2d street, sends

us the following, which you might put in your room where you can see it: RESPECT AMBITION INTELLIGENCE MEANING NEATNESS

ENERGY BELIABILITY WILLINGNESS SINCERITY MERCY INTELLECT THANKFULNESS

UNITY SYMPATHY

If you want to be REAL HELPFUL write me a letter and tell your editor just what you like best in our column, or suggest something NEW, either to write about or for our members to do.

Your aditor was walking through the office the other day when some one said: "Mercy me! What a LOT of mail!" We received 75 letters last Thursday, and we are aiming to get 200 in one day. Won't you help? I do so want to parade through the office with at least 200 let-Won't you help? I do so want to parade through the office with at least 100 letters. No, it is not impossible, for I have received over that number in another city, and I believe the boys and girls of Philadelphia can write me more than that IF THEY ALL WORK TOGETHER. How proud and happy I shall be with 500 letters! Won't it make the other folks look at rec.

FARMER SMITH,

ook at me?

EVENING LEDGER:
I wish to become a member of your tainbow Club. Please send me a beau-Hambow Button free. I agree to DO A LITTLE KINDNESS EACH AND EVERY DAY—SPREAD A LITTLE SUNSHINE ALL ALONG THE WAY. Name Address Address Age School I Attend