# UNDER THE MOONS OF MARS

Commences (1971) SYNOPSIS

#### CHAPTER III-Continued S EXCHANGED a few words with

Hais men, motioned to me that I would ride behind one of them, and then mounted his own animal.

The fellow designated reached down two or three hands, and lifted me up be-hind him on the glossy back of his mount, where I hung on as best I could by the belts and straps which held the

Martian's weapons and ornaments.

The entire cavalcade then turned and galloped away toward the range of hills in the distance

#### CHAPTER IV In the Stronghold

WE HAD gone perhaps ten miles when the ground began to rise very

ing the edge of one of Mars' long-dead seas, in the bottom of which my en-

In a short time we gained the foot of the mountains, and after traversing a narrow gorge, came to an open valley, at the far extremity of which was a low tableland upon which I beheld an enormous city. Toward this we galloped, entering it by

what appeared to be a rulned roadway leading out from the city, but only to the edge of the tableland, where it ended abruptly in a flight of broad steps.

frapped.

women varied in appearance but from the men, except that their were much larger in proportion to height, in some instances curving Evidently, then, there were other denilittle from the men, except that their tusks were much larger in proportion to their height, in some instances curving hearly to their high-set cars.

tirely lacking among the males. females ranged in height from ten

frence in their appearance from the age of maturity, about 40, until, at about the age of 1000 years, they go voluntarily upon their last strange pilgrimage down the river Iss, which leads no living Martian knows whither, and from whose

no Martian has ever returned, or would be allowed to live did he return after once embarking upon its cold, dark

Only about one Martian in a thousand dies of sickness or disease, and possibly about twenty take the voluntary pilgrim-

age.
The other 979 die violent deaths in duels, in hunting, in aviation and in war; but perhaps by far the greatest death loss comes during the age of childhood, when vast numbers of the little Martians fall victims to the great white ages of Mars. The average life expectancy of a Martian after the age of maturity is about 300 years, but would be nearer the 1000 mark were it not for the various means leading to violent death.

Owing to the waning resources of the planet it evidently became necessary to counteract the increasing longevity which their remarkable skill in therapeutics and surgery produced, and so human life has come to be considered but lightly on Mars, as is evidenced by their dangerous sports and the almost continual warfare between the various communities.

As we neared the plaza, and my presence was discovered, we were immediately surrounded by hundreds of the creatures, who seemed anxious to pluck me from my seat behind my guard.

A word from the leader of the party stilled their clamor, and we proceeded at a trot across the plaza to the entrance of as magnificent an edifice as mortal

The building was low, but covered an ermous area.

It was constructed of gleaming white marble, iniaid with gold and brilliant stones, which sparkled and scintillated in the sunlight. The main entrance was some hundred feet in width and projected from the building proper to form a huge canopy above the entrance hall. There was no stairway, but a gentle incline to the first floor of the building opened into an enormous chamber encircled by galleries.

On the floor of this chamber, which was dotted with highly carved wooden desks and chairs, were assembled about forty or fifty male Martians around the steps of a restrum.

On the platform proper squatted an enormous warrior loaded with metal ornaments, gay-colored feathers and

Upon closer observation I saw, as we passed them, that the buildings were deserted, and, while not greatly decayed, had the appearance of not having been tenanted for years, possibly for ages.

Toward the centre of the city was a large plaza, and upon this, and in the buildings immediately surcunding it, were camped some nine or ten hundred creatures of the same breed as my captors, for such I now considered them, despite the suave manner in which I had been trapped.

The women varied in appearance but ornaments, gay-colored feathers and beautifully wrought leather trappings in proposed feathers and beautifully wrought leather trappings in proposed feathers and beautifully wrought leather trappings in proposed feathers and beautifully wrought leather trappings in proposed with precloses white fur, lined with brilliant scarlet sik.

What struck me as most remarkable sik.

The trapping in proposed feathers and the fact that the creatures were entirely out of proportion to the desks, chairs and the fact that the creatures were entirely out of proportion to the desks, chairs and the fact that the crea

the rudiments of nails, which were en- tiquity which showed all round me indicated that these buildings might have belonged to some long-extinct and for-gotten race in the dim antiquity of Mars.

FARMER SMITH'S ( RAINBOW CLUB

At this time the ceremony and the words they uttered meant nothing to me, but later I came to know that this was customary greeting between green Martians.

Had the men been strangers and therefore unable to exchange names, they would have silently exchanged ornaments had their missions been peaceful; other-wise they would have exchanged shots, or have fought out their introduction with some other of their various weapons.

My captor, whose name was Tars Tarkas, was virtually the vice chieftain of the community, and a man of great ability as a statesman and warrior. He evi-dently explained briefly the incidents connected with his expedition, including my capture, and when he had concluded the chieftain addressed me at some length.

I replied in our good old English tongue merely to convince him that neither of us could understand the other; but I noticed that when I smiled slightly on concluding he did likewise.

This fact, and the similar occurrence during my first talk with Tars Tarkas, convinced me that we had at least some-thing in common; the ability to smile, therefore to laugh; denoting a sense of humor. But I was to learn that the Mar-tian smile is merely perfunctory, and that the Martian laugh is a thing to cause strong men to blanch in horror.

The ideas of humor among the green men of Mars are widely at variance with our conception of incitants to merriment. The death agonies of a fellow being are, to these strange creatures, provoca-

tive of the wildest hilarity, while their chief form of commonest amusement is to inflict death on their prisoners of war n various ingenious and horrible ways The assembled warriors and chieftains examined me closely, feeling my muscles and the texture of my skin. The principal chieftain then evidently signified a desire to see me perform, and, motion-ing me to follow, he started with Tars

Tarkas for the open plaza. Now, I had made no attempt to walk ince my first signal failure, except while tightly grasping Tars Tarkas' arm, and so I now went skipping and flitting about

among the desks and chairs like some

monstrous grasshopper.
After bruising myself severely, much to the amusement of the Martians, I again had recourse to creeping, but this did not suit them, and I was roughly jerked to my feet by a towering fellow who had laughed most heartily at my misfortune.

As he banged me down upon my feet his face was bent close to mine and I did the only thing a gentleman might do under the circumstances of brutality, boorishness and lack of consideration for a stran-OX.

As he sank to the floor I wheeled round with my back toward the nearest desk, expecting to be overwhelmed by the ven-geance of his fellows, but determined to Their bodies were smaller and lighter tesque creatures into whose hands I had color, and their fingers and toes bore fallen, but the evidences of extreme an-

My fears were groundless, however, as the other Martians, at first struck dumb with wonderment, finally broke forth into The children were light in color, even lighter than the women, and all looked precisely alike to me, except that some were taller than others; older, I presumed.

I saw no sign of extreme age among them, nor was there any appreciable difference in their ameanance from the audience chamber.

There were few formalities observed in the first ameanance from the audience chamber.

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There were few formalities observed in the first women in the first women in the first women in the first women accord, a maniference in the first wild peals of laughter and appliance.

I did not recognize the appliance is with wonderment, manifered with wonderment appliance.

I did not recognize the appliance is due to the ground.

Again locking his arm in mine, we had proceeded into the audience chamber.

There were few formalities observed in the first wonderment, manifered with wonderment, manifered with wonderment appliance.

I did not recognize the appliance is due to the except that a sign from the with wonderment, manifered with wonderment, manifered with wonderment appliance.

The fellow whom I had struck lay where he had fallen, nor did any of his mates

for which we had come to the open, but I was not long in being enlightened.

They first repeated the work "sak" a number of times, and then Tars Tarkas made several jumps, repeating the same word before each leap; then, turning to me, he said: "Sak!"

I saw what they were after, and gath-ring myself together I "sakked" with uch marvelous success that I cleared a good hundred and fifty feet; nor did I, this time, lose my equilibrium, but landed squarely upon my feet without falling. I then returned by elsey jumps of twenty-five or thirty feet to the little group of

My exhibition had been witnessed by everal hundred lesser Martians, and they minediately broke into demands for a repetition, which the chieftain then dered me to make; but I was both hery and thirsty, and determined on

spot that my only method of salvation was to demand the consideration from these creatures which they evidently would not voluntarily second.

I therefore ignored the repeated commands to "sak," and each time they were made I motioned to my mouth and rubbed my stomach.

Tars Tarkas and the chief exchanged a few words, and the former, calling to a young female among the throng, gave her ome instructions and motioned me to ac-

I grasped her proffered arm, and to-gether we crossed the plaza toward a large building on the far able.

large building on the far side.

My fair companion was about eight fest tall, having just arrived at maturity, but not yet to her full height.

She was of light clive green color, with a smooth, glossy hide. Her name, as I afterward learned, was Sola, and she belonged to the rotinue of Tars Tarkas. She conjucted was to a various chamber. She conducted me to a spacious chamber in one of the buildings fronting on the plaza, and which, from the litter of silks and furs upon the floor I took to be the eeping quarters of several of the natives.

erated with mural paintings and mosaics, but over all hung that indefinable touch of the finger of antiquity which convinced me that the architects and builders of these wondrous creations had nothing in common with the common with the crude half-brutes which

pile of silks near the centre of the room and, turning, made a peculiar hissing In response to her call I obtained my

irst sight of a new Martian wonder.
It waddled in on its ten short legs, and quatted down before the girl like an

bedient puppy.

It was about the size of a Shetland ony, but its head bore a slight resemjaws were equipped with three rows of long, sharp tustes.

### A Martian Watchdog

SOLA stared into the brute's wicked-looking eyes, muttered a word or two of command, pointed to me, and left the

ious-looking monstrosity might do when eft alone in close proximity to such a slatively tender morsel of meat; but my ears were groundless, as the beast, after urveying me intently for a moment, ressed the room to the only exit which ed to the street and lay down full length cross the threshold.

This was my first experience with a Martian watchdog, but it was destined not to be my last, for this fellow guarded me carefully during the time I remained a captive among these green men, twice saying my life, and never voluntarily being away from me a moment.

While Sola was away I took occasion t found myself captive.

The mural paintings depicted scenes of rare and wonderful beauty; mountain, river, lake, ocean, meadow; trees and flowers; winding roadways, sun-kissed gardens; scenes which might have por trayed earthly views but for the different lorings of the vegetation.

The work had evidently been wrought by a master hand, so subtle the atmosphere, so perfect the technique; yet nowhere was there a representation of a living animal, either human or brute, by which I could guess at the likeness of these other and perhaps extinct denizens of Mars.

While I was allowing my fancy to run riot in wild conjecture on the possible ex-planation of the strange anomalies which rned bearing both food and drink. These she placed on the floor beside me, and seating herself a short ways off, regarded me intently.

The food consisted of about a pound of some solid substance of the consistency of cheese and almost tasteless, while the liquid was apparently milk from some

animal. It was not unpleasant to the taste,

hough slightly acid, and I learned in a hort time to prize it very highly. It came, as I later discovered, not from an animal, as there is only one animal on Mars and that one very rare indeed, but from a large plant which grows virtually without water, but seems to distil its plentiful supply of milk from the prod-

ucts of the soil, the moisture of the air and the rays of the sun. A single plant of this species will give eight or ten quarts per day. After I had eaten I was greatly invigorated, but feeling the need of rest, stretched out upon the silks and was soon asleep. I must have slept several hours as it was dark when I awoke, and I was

very cold.

I noticed that some one had thrown a fur over me, but it had become partially dislodged, and in the darkness I could not see to replace it. Suddenly a hand reached out and pulled the fur over me. shortly afterward adding another to my

I presumed that my watchful guardian was Sola, nor was I wrong. This girl alone, among all the green Martians with whom I had come in contact, disclosed characteristics of sympathy, kindliness and affection; her ministrations to my bodily wants were intelligented. bodily wants were unfalling, and her

solicitous care saved me from much sufforing and many hardships.

As I was to learn, the Martian nights are extremely cold, and, as there is virtually no twilight or dawn, the changes in temperature are sudden and most un-

comfortable, as are the transitions from brilliant daylight to darkness. The nights are either brilliantly H-umined or very dark, for if neither of fars' two moons happen to be in the sky. almost total darkness results, since the ack of atmosphere or, rather, the very him atmosphere, fails to diffuss the startight to any great extent; on the other and, if both of the moons are in the reavens at night, the surface of the cround is brightly illuminated.

Both of Mars' moons are vastly nearer her than is our moon to earth; the near-er moon being but about 5000 miles distant, while the further is but little more than 14,000 miles away, against the nearly 250,000 miles which separate us from our

plete revolution around the planet in a sky like some huge meteor two or three imes each night, revealing all her phases during each transit of the heavens.

The further mean revolves about Mars in something over thirty and one-quarter

a nocturnal Martian scene one of splen-did and weird grandeur After Sola had replenished my coverings I again slept, nor did I awaken until

hours, and, with her sister satellite, makes

The other occupants of the room, five in er, were all females, and they were

still sleeping, piled high with a motley array of silks and furs.

Across the threshold lay stretched the sleepless guardian brute, just as I had last seen him on the preceding day; apparently he had not maked a muscle; his parently he had not moved a musicle; his eyes were fairly gived upon me, and I fell to wondering just what might befall me should I endeavor to escape

I have ever been prone to meek adven-ture, and to investigate and experiment where wiser men would have left well enough alone.

CONTINUED TOMORROW

#### FIRST PASSION PLAY TO BE PRODUCED HERE

Premier Performance Will Be Given

Tomorrow Night at the Metropolitan

The premier pera mance of Philadelphia's first Passion v will be given tomorrow night at the Mr opolitan Opera House, under the auspices of the Dramatic Association of St. Joseph's College. So great has been the demand of school

children to see the play that four matinees will be given this week, on Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday afternoons, besides the regular evening shows to be held Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday with the state of the second and Saturday nights. The Catholic school children attending the matinees will be accompanied by their teaching sisters, and that will be the first time that the sisters have ever accompanied their pupils to a

Archbishop Prendergast and other dig-Archbishop Premergast and other dig-nitaries of the Church will be present at the opening tomorrow night. Archbishop Bonxano, Papal delegate, has reserved a box for Wednesday night.

The Passion Play itself has been put in readiness only after months of prepara-tion, under the direction of the Rev. Will-iam A. Storck, who has searched libraries and museums for authentic data play was written by Clay M. Greene, a

POLICE BAND CARNIVAL Preparations for Popular Musical

Event Here Under Way Preparations are maturing rapidly for the fourth annual musical earnival of the Police Band, which will be held in Con-vention Hall Friday and Saturday, May 5 and 6, for the benefit of the Police Pension Fund. Three concerts, each dif-

ferent, but equally attractive, will be given, the first on Friday evening and the others on Saturday, one in the afternoon and the other in the evening Three soloists well known to Philadelphia musical audiences will appear with the band. They are Emily Stokes Hagar, soprano, who has appeared here a n

ber of times with the Philadelphia Or-chestra and other organizations; Mae Far-ley, soprano, who has appeared with the Philadelphia Operatic Society several times, and Joseph McGlynn, tenor, who has also appeared with the same organi-

Drillmaster Harry Crofut, manager of the band, expects that the carnival this year will eclipse the former highly suc-cessful concerts, both in point of musical achievement and financial success.

## in every 1/2-lb tin there are sixty cups of WILBUR BREAKFAST

Note the bright red color, superior flavor, delightful aroma. Your grocer sells it.







GOOD FORM

Good form queries should be ad-dressed to Deborah Rush, veriten an one side of the paper and signed with full name and address, though initials ONLY will be published upon request.

conversation. To bring things down to lots, as the saying is, after all, all good antipathles and opinions so as not to wound others, and it is also extremely unselfan. Really, the most important thing in life is self-control. Self-control te gentlewoman and gentleman. Very often in our conversations there is great temptation to let kindness go to the winds and to say something witty at he expense of another; this shows great lack of good form. To be agreeable and gracious in conversation, it is well to store one's mind with the riches of literature, art and such things, so there is a fund of thought from one may draw on occasion and things may be discussed instead of persons.

Gifts of Fowers and Candy

Dear Deborah Rush-I am under obliga tions to a girl who has introduced me to number of nice people and has gotten number of invitations for me since coman hamber of invitations for me since coming to this city two months ago. Her
mother and mine used to be friends when
they were at school, but we had never
met. I like her very much, but am not
in the least in love with her, nor do I
think she is personally interested in me.
Do you think she would misunderstand
If I sent her sure flower to the server for the server flower. if I sent her some flowers or candy in a while?

You would simply be doing a polite thing and showing this girl that you appreciate her kindness. A girl would be very foolish to think a little attention such as a gift of candy or flowers would mean anything sentimental. These are little couriesies which are pleasant ways of meeting sentimental and the sentimental couriesies which are pleasant ways of meeting social obligations between a nan and woman.

Sewing When Visiting

Dear Deborah Rush-I have been invited o visit over next week-end. Would it be in good form for me to take some fancy work with me in case my hostess should sewing or knitting at odd times her MARY J.

It would be entirely in good form and probably make your hostess very glad to find you provided with handlwork.

Language of Stamps

Dear Debarah Rush—I would thank you very much if you would send me the "Language of Stamps." I am incleaing self addressed envelope for same. Trusting to receive same at earliest possible moment, and thanking you very kindly for the favor, I beg to remain.

A copy will be mailed to you. The lan guage or filrtation of stamps is as folows: Stamps placed in upper right-hand cor-

ner in these positions mean Upright-Business, or I wish your friendship.

Upside down-Write no more. Crosswise—I send a kles. Horizontal—Do you love me? Upper left-hand corner: Unright-Good-by, aweetheart, Upside down-I love you. Crosswise-My heart is another's Horizontal-I hate you Lower left-hand corner: Upright—I seek your acquaintance. Upside down—I wish you joy. Horizontal—Will you meet me. Lower right-hand corner: Upright—You are very cool. Upside down-Can you not trust me? Horizontal—You are changed. Middle of envelope, at left side: Upright-Accept my love. onide down-I am engaged Upright-Weite soon. Upside down—I am sorry. Horizontal—I am married. Middle, at top: Upright—Yes. Upside down—On condition. Middle, at bottom: Upright-No. Upside down—You are too loving. Horizontal—My parents object.

Informal Supper

Dear Deborah Rush-I am giving a small informal dance at my home for about 30 persons. What would you suggest for a simple supper. E. V. M.
Chicken or lobster salad, rasp rolls, ices,
cakes and coffee. If you do not care to
serve salad, sandwiches would answer. DEBORAH RUSH.

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Coffee value in Philadelphia. 60c SEAL TEA, 45c lb. 1/2-lb. Pkg. 23c-1/4-lb. Pkg. 12c Tea of Gold Seal quality would cost you from 80c to \$1

the pound outside of our stores. Your choice of Black, Mixed or Assam. 40c Kamelia Tea, 29c lb. 1/2-lb. Pkg. 15c-1/4-lb. Pkg. 8c 29c the pound is a very low

price for Tea of such good quality and flavor as Kamelia.

Order your favorite kind, Black,

Mixed or Old Country Assam.

SEAL EGGS Carton 280 If you want to be sure of getting the largest, freshest and

meatiest Eggs ask for Gold Fresh Eggs, dozen 25c Every Egg guaranteed fresh and our guarantee is absolute

security. No-Waste Bacon, pkg. 15c Bacon of the highest quality, trimmed of all waste, packed in sanitary cartons.

60c Pride of Killarney Tea, 45c lb. For people who love a strong, rich, fine-flavored Tea, Pride of Killarney is the favorite. Selected from the finest Teas grown in India and Ceylon.

Gold Seal Borax Soap, cake...6c Iyory Floating Soap, cake....4c Snowboy Wash Powder, pkg., 4c Good Laundry Starch, lb....3c You will find the same high quality groceries, the same low prices and the same courteous service at every Robinson & Crawford store, whether it be located at

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Most of all I need my mother, but she is busy, too. Sometimes she is lacing up her high heeled shoes. Other times she is powdering and painting that beautiful (to

I am the great American boy!

is busy making money. When he

comes home he is too tired to

bother with me. He never was a

golf or sleeps. I see him seldom.

I don't know as it matters much,

I need my father—he needs me.

And Sunday? Well, he plays

boy himself—I guess.

BUT-

Lonely, yes, lonely. My father .

me) face of hers. Perhaps she'll miss me when I

am gone-grown up, I mean. But I must outgrow my loneliness, for tomorrow they will need me. No one ever seems to think of that, but I see it. I have to see it, for mother is too busy to see it and so is father.

It's hard without some one to love me and somebody to love. I need both kinds of love, for-I AM THE GREAT AMERICAN BOY

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

I AM THE GREAT AMERICAN BOY FARMER SMITH'S FAIRY BOOK Willie Wide-Awake's Yawn

"I must go to sleep with beautiful thoughts in my head, or the Good Dream Fairy will not see them," thought Willie Wide-awake. "I guess I will think about the green fields and the humming bees beside the Big Pond. Oh, yes! The frogs, too, are crooning their inilables, for all is serene."
"I wonder what kind of thoughts the Good Dream Fairy likes best?"

Willie was still a long time, and then he felt himself falling-falling into Dreamiand.
The window was open and pretty soon

Willie felt a soft breath upon his fore-head and, looking up, he say his friend, the Good Dream Fairy. "Hello!" he said, merrily. "I saw your beautiful thoughts tonight as you went to sleep," began the Good-Dream Fairy. Willie interrupted with,

"What color were they?"
"Emeraid green," replied his friend.
"They were of the green pastures—the bees and the frogs." "Oh!" said Willie. "Do tell me why I yawn."

You never forget, do you?" said the Good Dream Fairy.
"Not unless I want to," answered Willie, laughing.
"Well," began the little lady with the diamond-tipped wand, "you yawn be-cause you are tired. That is, you yawn

because, as you become weary, your nerve impulses, which direct the respiratory ovements, are enfeebled."
"My! What big words." "Yes, but I will tell you more plainly: We may call the nervous impulses little fellows who pump your lungs and the little pumpers start to get tired and so

Mother Nature pokes them up and—well you yawn."

"That's better," said Willis. "I gasp or yawn in order to fill my lungs?"

"That's right," replied the Good Dream Fairy, as she disappeared in the thin air. When Willie's mother came to wake him she found him gasping.

"What's the matter?" she asked.

"My pumpers are growing tired," said Willie, with a merry twinkie in his eye.

"And what are your 'pumpers'?" asked his good mother. Mother Nature pokes them up and-well

Then Willie Wide-awake told his mother what the Good Dream Pairy had said. Our Postoffice Box We gratefully acknowledge drawings from Kenneth Willson, of Highspire, Pa., and Jeanette Josias, North 25th street; peems from Caroline Casaccio, East Lansdowne, and Fred Meiville, Chester, Pa., and a dear little note from Robert Beaumont, Mt. Airy.

Things to Know and Do Name three conductors of heat.
 Name three non-conductors of heat.
 What day of the week is the best to cook on? (For little people.)

I wish to become a member of your Rainbow Club. Please send me a beautiful Rainbow Button free. I agree to DO A LITTLE KINDNESS EACH AND EVERY DAY—SPREAD A LITTLE SUNSHINE ALL ALONG THE WAY: Name .....

FARMER SMITH.

EVENING LEDGER:

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