MONTE CRISPEN
(The Sequel)
A Remarkable Story of the Millionaire-Hero's Adventures in Kensington

By ARNOLD GARRY COLM

SYNOPSIS

Monte Crispen, upon the death of his uncle, inherits a vast estate which includes, among other things, a textile mill in Kensington. Following the blowing up of part of his newly acquired steel mills at Crispen, Pa., and the receipt of a cryptic cross warning him of a similar attempt against the Kensington factory, Monte decides to investigate, and goes to that section of Philadelphia as Mr. Tailer, an accountant and efficiency engineer. He lives with Mrs. Marley, her daughter Unity and son Strong.

While the three are at a homely but nourishing supper, Mrs. Reed, a neighbor, calls to ask Unity to come to the bedside of her daughter, Jennie. Jennie is dying, stricken with "The Kiss of Death."

Monte decides to investigate this dread disease, and learns that it is quick consumption which is contracted by mill workers as the result of obsolete machinery and the "speeding-up" system in vogue. He realizes that the old out-of-date equipment in his mills and the horrible system used to spur employes on to more "results" are responsible for Jennie's death and the death of hundreds of others. Thoroughly awed by the criminal conditions which exist in his own factories, Monte rushes to the telephone and tells Craig Andrews, his lawyer and confidant, that a change must be made immediately.

Blanchard, the general manager of the mills, is an old-fashioned man, and decidedly unpopular, not only because of his conservatism, but because of his mean disposition. When Monte goes in to expostulate with him, Blanchard "fires" the owner of the mills. Monte, however, decides to continue his game and does not disclose his identity.

Almost immediately after this episode, Monte learns from Strong Marly that I. W. W. agitators are in Kensington attempting to stir up trouble in the Crispen Mills, known as the "Big Four." In a flash the young millionaire recalls the warning of the cryptic cross.

Monte quickly devises a plan to combat the hirelings of the Baron Hochmeister. On New Year's Day, disguised as a mummer prince, he kidnaps the agent working to arouse discontent among the employes in the Crispen Mills. Lars, Monte's trusty chauffeur, carries the bound and gagged prisoner to New York, where Federal investigators and Craig Andrews cross-examine him. Secret Service Agent W. takes a desperate chance and, shaking a clenched fist in the prisoner's face, shouts:

CHAPTER VII—Continued

"YOU killed Addison Lumley in Chicago two weeks ago."

Both the young prosecutor and Andrews gave emphasis to the bold acusation by rising, the former as a part of a custom in dramatic moments, and the latter from actual amazement, for he was not aware that Lumley was even dead.

The prisoner was petrified. His eyes shifted uneasily. He tottered on his feet and grew pale. With an almost superhuman effort the man succeeded in mastering his emotion. A stupor swept over him, and not a word came from his mouth. He clutched at the desk to steady himself and took refuge in sulky silence.

The shrewd investigator had lost in his attempt to break down 68, with the power of direct accusation. All hope for immediate success had vanished when the man overcame his momentary weakness completely, and gruffly said, "I know my rights. I will say nothings."

A few moments after, two deputy marshals took charge of the prisoner and led him away to an iron boudoir in the Tombs.

* * *

When the man now conclusively established as 68 by his own admission had departed, Andrews asked of the Secret Service man:

"Lumley murdered?"

"That's an open question as yet," replied Agent W. "Our men lost him two weeks ago on the Madison avenue bridge in Chicago. They were under instructions to trail his movements without his knowledge. At first we thought he had given us the slip to rejoin the Sigvay Gang. You know his mad infatuation for the Countess Zeda. We did him an injustice. Don't mind my rambling. Well, a few days ago our branch office in Chicago wired east that poor Lumely was done for. His body had been fished out of the drainage canal, 20 miles south of the Windy City."

"But what prompted you to accuse 68 of his murder?" interrupted the young prosecutor.

"A long shot in the dark," said the Government agent, "and it rang the bulls-eye. See here, whatever was he doing with this passport and these newspaper clippings in his pocket?"

W. tossed a formidable-looking document and some recent cuttings from Chicago newspapers upon the prosecutor's desk. The clippings related the finding of an unknown body in the drainage canal, there being no marks of violence on the corpse, and said that no one had called at the Morgue to make an identification.

The Government agent explained that his Western associates had purposely left Lumley's body unrecognized, hoping to lure to the marble slabs and damp chill of the Morgue an intrepid member of the Sigvay Gang. No one had come, and the man-trap remained empty of its prey.

"I am satisfied a sentence of death went out against Lumley the day he went before the Grand Jury for us and gave testimony against Hochmeister," said Agent W. He continued:

"Sixty-eight clearly belongs to the gunman type of Europe, such a character as one might find in the East End of London, La Villette section of Paris or the slums of Brussels, Berlin or Vienna. A rather ordinary criminal! Powerful? Yes. Brains? No. He is just the sort of scoundrel to have been commissioned for the task of tossing Lumley into the Chicago River from a bridge. A man to carry out a detail in a crime plan, but one without the cunning to devise the scheme. His head packs too hard to his shoulders, straight up at the back. These observations plus the contents of his pocket were my reasons for the murder accusation, gentlemen."

"How did you know he was the man who stuffed the gear-box of the automobile with emery, and later telephoned his so doing to Lumley at the Exchange?" asked Andrews.

"Because his agitation when you stepped into the light betrayed that he had seen you before," said W. "He was in the crowd at the gate when you and Crispen arrived at the iron works. I believe in telepathy, the thought transference of the contents of weak minds to their mental masters, a creek emptying into a river. When 68 recognized you, that instant his mind registered fear and clicked the scene at the iron works. I got his brain waves and the rest was easy."

"Trying to make out Andrews and I have dry rot gray matter, eh?" bantered the young prosecutor. "We got no psychic message from the prisoner."

"As lawyers your minds are highly developed, thought-sending engines," said W. with persistance. "While I only possess a powerful receiving station. Been years perfecting it."

"I daresay you're right," commented Andrews dryly. "Too bad Mr. Crispen missed your pyrotechnics with his prisoner. Come to think of it, John Montgomery must have had Broadway in mind when he had me draw up the will that has marooned his nephew in Philadelphia. Ah! Well, here we have a situation that seems to be a tale of three great American cities. Sixty-eight—bah! That is not a name. He must have another."

"At any rate, here is a clue to a proper monicker for him," remarked the bright young prosecutor, picking up the passport left on his desk. He began to examine it carefully.

At 10 o'clock the next morning "68, the Murdock street mystery," deep worry lines in his hard face, was formally charged with violation of the Federal neutrality laws and held for the action of the Grand Jury by a United States Commissioner. The information or complaint was sworn to by Agent W. and was based upon the passport taken from the prisoner the night before.

The passport itself had been issued months previously by the American State Department in good faith to Hyman Stein, a Broadway merchant who made a business trip to Europe. Investigation showed that it had been stolen from the real Stein when home-coming on a Holland liner. The photograph of the merchant on the document had been skillfully replaced by another, that of the prisoner, who fitted the general description on the passport as to color of eyes and hair, age and height. How the stamp of the embossing press of the Government was put on the surface of the new photograph became a simple matter when explained.

"Very cleverly done, too," remarked the Government agent. "They first soaked the original passport with a damp cloth, and with adhesive paste fastened the new photograph of the same size over it. Then turning the passport upside down, and placing it on a soft background such as a silk handkerchief, it was not difficult to trace the outline of the letters of the embossing press with a dull-pointed knife or the blunt edge of a small coin. This new photograph, that of the prisoner, looks exactly as if it had been embossed by Uncle Sam."

"Have you anything to say in your defense?" asked the commissioner.

"No," was the almost savage answer. The man was plainly following instructions; some well-planned system of defense.

He declined the services of several lawyers who had appeared for defendants in other neutrality violation cases. They could not get a word out of him. He seemed to be waiting for some one that would make himself known to him by some sign.

After the commissioner had issued the warrant, 68 was taken back to the Tombs where he had alternate paroxysms of rage and despair. Through a tiny hole in the roof of his cell Agent W. watched him for several hours every day. Luckily, the facts of the arrest in Philadelphia and this arraignment in New York did not get into the saffron newspapers.

* * *

In support of our honest belief that every written tale should be as a confidence that is spun along by word of mouth in a select company of friends, here we momentarily break the thread and frankly apologize to our readers for having wandered off to New York in this rather dull chapter; clearly a case of rank desertion of the hero and our other central characters. We might have awaited the return of Andrews, the lawyer and retold the events as he later related them to Monte Crispen.

But we must not grudge the giving of a single chapter to New York, a really wonderful city after all, even if its people sometimes become frightful bores when talking about themselves. What if there is grave doubt of any New York teller giving Philadelphia more than a paragraph in his written tale! Granted. Still, we can well afford to be generous, knowing that while New York has Wall street and the speculator, Philadelphia possesses the workshop and the mechanic and stands firmly rooted in our country's past, outrivaling any suggestion of competition for historical place.

With profound thanks for this short rest on the wayside the teller shall now climb back into Monte's blue limousine beside Andrews, the lawyer, and with Lars on the front seat send our merry tale bounding toward its conclusion, a thin ribbon of violet sky on a world surface of pulsating life.

CHAPTER VIII
Vibrations Made Visible

IN THE drawer of a desk in Victor Briccone's labor conference room at the Murdock street house for weeks had lain undiscovered a flat, circular piece of vulcanized rubber of the size of a watch, perforated by two dozen tiny holes and much resembling a tea strainer. This queer device was the receiving disk of a recordophone, the new almost-human telephonic invention which automatically does the combined work of eavesdropper and stenographer.

Down from the under side of this well-hidden object, through a bored hole in the drawer like a furtive hair, traveled a thin cord. It slyly trailed the lower outline of the desk to the edge of the carpet, under which it next scurried like a mouse's tail into a small heating register, where it darted through dust into a room beyond, from which it plunged finally, via a window casing, into the world outside.

If Briccone, the supposed I. W. W. agitator, had possessed eyes of superhuman penetration he might have seen the strand of insulated wire dart along the edge of the concrete walk to the rear fence, and then rush madly down the alley side of the fence to the second house from the corner, which it entered. Here in the kitchen the wire plunged into a locked rectangular box; with the sole key for the same hanging on the key ring in the pocket of one Monte Crispen, heir to millions.

Briccone passed for a Neapolitan. He was a man above the average intelligence of his class, an electrician by trade. He had come to this country 10 years before from Trieste, to which Adriatic city he made frequent trips before the war. As a mountain guide in the Tyrol, a soldier in the polyglot Austrian army, a waiter in a London hotel, and what not else, he had contrived to snatch up a half-dozen languages, among the rest English, which he spoke with purity. His linguistic ability made him a dangerous platform opponent, for he was without scruple or fear.

* * *

Yet Monte had had this master of mankind's misfortune checkmated almost from the day he had rented the house in Murdock street. Such is the power of mind over mind, when a man of courage and inherited talents sets a firm hand to the plow.

A generation ago to get advance information of the conspiracies of Briccone it would have been necessary for Monte to have secreted a confederate in some embrasure, behind curtains, under the floor or elsewhere. But we now live in a marvelous age, and prodigies of invention peer forth from the advertising pages of the great periodicals with the impertinence of old friends—dictagraphs, victrolas, electric irons, kodaks, recordophones, etc.

The recordophone that young Crispen bought for installation in the Murdock street house was the most improved, one very high-priced and sure-fire of results. With the loyal Lars, aided by the absence of a household, Monte set the perfected sound trap in Briccone's headquarters the night following Strong Marley's announcement that the alien agitator was at work among the operatives of the Big Four. It was an easy accomplishment, and once the recording box was in the vacant house two doors away, rented by Monte, all that the multi-millionaire had to do was call nightly and replace the used cylinders with fresh ones.

(CONTINUED TOMORROW.)

Photos by Marceau.

IN CATHOLIC CONCERT

Misses Marie V. Loughney (above) and Elizabeth Lucey took part in the entertainment last night in aid of the new Catholic High School for Boys, the former as soloist and the latter as usher.

A GARDEN FOR POLLY

By JOHN BARTRAM

OF COURSE "Dear John Bartram" will tell Polly "al about gorden" for a little girl and as near "rite away," as possible. The big editor will not let him put in a piece every day and if Polly had sent her full name and address "Dear John Bartram" would have written to her personally. Molly and Dolly and other little boys and girls can learn how to garden also from the instructions asked for by Polly.

Place for Polly's Garden

Choose light, sunny, well-drained place where there are no large shade trees near, to draw the moisture or fertility from the soil, and where no water drips from the roof on the flower bed.

Plant These Early

You can plant these flowers now or a little later, dear Polly. Just as soon as your soil can be prepared so that the dirt will be finely pulverized and crumble easily is the time to sow them. Varieties marked with a star must be sown where they are to bloom, as they cannot be transplanted. You will have to judge by your own soil. Alyssum, California Poppy*, Columbine, Candytuft, Petunia, Sweet Peas*, Baby's Breath, Callopsis*, Crimson Flax, Phlox, Morning Glory, Bachelor's Button, China Pink, Larkspur, Poppy*, Pansies, Mignonette*, Sweet William, Verbena, Ragged Robin, Summer Cypress, Sunflower.

For Late Planting

Germination (or sprouting) will not take place till the ground is warm in the following varieties. The seed will rot if the ground is too wet or cold, so Polly must be careful. Between May 15 and June 1 is time enough: Balsam, canary bird vine, Castor Bean, Celosia, Cockscomb, Cypress vine, Impomea, Portulacca, Four O'Clock, Lady Slipper.

When Fruit Trees Are in Bloom

A safe rule to govern time of planting seeds or bulbs not included in these lists is when the fruit trees are in bloom.

Dahlias, cannas, gladioli and other bulbs should not be put in till around the end of May.

Soil Must Be Dry

A very important thing is always to have the soil in a proper condition, as seed will not germinate freely in rough, cloddy soil, caused by working it when wet. Do not stir the soil when it is wet or soggy.

Preparing Soil

Dig and thoroughly pulverize the soil to the depth of a foot or more. This is very important. When possible it is more satisfactory to dig the ground in November, just before it freezes. Remember this next November.

Planting the Seed

Rake the beds thoroughly, drawing all clods and stones into the walks, leaving the soil fine and loose. Mark off in rows with the edge of a board or lath. Sow the seed evenly in the rows. Cover one-eighth to one-half inch deep, according to size of seed. Press the soil firmly with the open hand and sprinkle frequently so that the soil does not become dry while the seeds are sprouting.

Thinning and Transplanting

When plans are three to four inches high and have a few leaves, thin out and transplant, allowing each plant room enough to develop. As they grow, thin again if necessary.

Almost all varieties can be readily transplanted. Select a cloudy day after a rain, lift the plants carefully with a little earth on them with a trowel, transplant where little holes have been prepared and where they are to bloom. Cover for a day or two if the sun is hot.

Do not throw away the surplus plants, but give them to others who do not have a supply.

Fertilizing Garden

Dig in and mix with the soil a liberal proportion of well-rotted manure, leaf mold or fine ground bone. Never use fresh stable manure in the spring, but use it liberally in November. Use chicken manure sparingly, as it is very strong and liable to burn the plants.

Cultivation and Weeds

Declare war on all weeds, destroying them as fast as they appear. If the seeds have been carefully planted in straight rows you will have no trouble to decide which are weeds. Keep the soil loose and mellow by frequent stirring with rake or hoe.

Watering

Too much water is a damage to flower plants. Keep the soil loose and mellow on the surface by frequent stirring and water only when the appearance of the plants indicates that they need it. By this treatment you will produce more compact plants that will bloom more freely.

Cutting Flowers for Bouquet

If you want an abundance of flowers all summer, cut them for bouquets as fast as they open, and don't let them produce seed.

Plants that are developing seeds will soon cease blooming.

Save a few of the finest flowers for seed, if desired, by tying a string around the stem to mark them until ripe.

Keep beautiful, fresh cut flowers in your home and share them freely with the sick, aged and others less fortunate than yourself.

GARDEN QUERIES ANSWERED

Daffodils

Friend John Bartram—In the fall of 1912 I planted 25 of the yellow Narcissi, or daffodils, the kind you see so much of in florists' windows and from the florist catalogue. I understood they would come up and bloom every year after they were naturalized. They came up all right, but no bloom on them since the first spring. Please tell me how to care for them so they will bloom, or must I throw them away and plant new ones every fall?

WALLACE.

Daffodils and all spring bulbs that remain permanently in the ground should be dug up every three or four years, the bulbs separated and the best replanted about four times their size deep. Mix a very little bone meal and sand with the soil. With this treatment they should last and bloom many seasons.

* * *

Potted Rose

Friend John Bartram—We got a potted cluster rose for Easter. We want to keep it indoors. (1) Do you think it will be apt to blossom after its present blossoms are gone? (2) Also can you tell me how to root slips from the plant?

H. P. COOK.

(1) For the spring and summer you can put the plant directly in the ground till fall, or can plunge it, pot and all, to the depth of the former into the ground. Keep it fairly well watered. Under this treatment it may bloom late in the summer, depending on variety. Do not forget to cut off or you will tire it and it won't bloom in the fall. (2) To slip take a twig which has a couple of tiny red buds and a few small leaves. Insert in rich soil in sunny situation, one bud underground, the other and leaflets above cover with a glass bottle, uncorked from which the bottom has been removed. If plants are started soon they can be potted for winter bloom. Or you can cover plants with glass jar and leave them out all winter. Leaf buds (the red pips on the side of the branches) are meant, not runaouds that will flower.

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Verbena and Heliotrope

K. M.—Both verbena and heliotrope require sunny exposure. The name of the latter refers to its hiding for sun. Both will do well in porch boxes.

BOYS PUSH FUND CAMPAIGN

Germantown Club Pushes Race for $12,000—Collect $3663.24

"Turning the corner" in their campaign to collect $12,000 for the Germantown Boys' Club within one week, the collectors reported $3663.24 received to date. With one-fourth of the amount already contributed, those in charge of the campaign feel confident that they will pass the halfway mark before their next meeting tomorrow night. Contributions announced last night totaled $1836.49, which more than doubled the $826.75 reported on Monday night. An additional pledge of $1000 from Joshua L. Baily, upon the completion of the fund, is an extra incentive.

The ten teams in the campaign are planning a whirlwind finish next Monday night. One of these bands of workers, Team B, is made up entirely of club members, one of them being only 11 years old. Though nearly last on the list of returns, this team has made almost as many calls as all the other teams combined.

The results announced to date are: Team A, Captain Alfred C. Marple, $152; Team B, William D. Sutton, $96.47; Team C, David C. Ogden, $271; Team D, William H. Bacon, $100.25; Team E, N. F. Davis and C. T. Smoot, $238.50; Team F, James R. Walker, $91; Team G, Roger W. Taylor, $432; Team H, W. Williams, $90; Team I, W. R. Humphreys, $224; Team J, Dr. A. F. Steele, $141.

Johanna, Chimpanzee, Has a Mate

Johanna the Second, the big female chimpanzee at the Zoo, has a mate. He was captured in the heart of Africa and is four years old; his name is Congo. Sad to say Congo is but half the size of Johanna, who is eight years old at least, and keepers do not deem it advisable to put the two chimpanzees in the same cage until they become acquainted. Congo has been placed on exhibition and appears to like his new quarters.

BEQUESTS TO CHARITIES

Will of Eliza Y. Henderson Divides Estate Among Them and Relatives

Bequests of $2000 each to the Philadelphia Home for Incurables and the Philadelphia branch of the Women's Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, are included in the will of Eliza Y. Henderson, who died at the Newport Apartments, leaving to relatives an estate valued at $25,000.

Other wills probated today were those of Samuel D. Hawly, 1526 Mount Vernon street, which in private bequests disposes of property valued at $71,000; Thomas J. Town, 1818 Jefferson street, $7000; Elizabeth R. Griffith, 2938 Poplar street, $4700, and Henry F. Albright, 5301 Lancaster avenue, $3700.

The personal effects of the estate of Louis Kiefer have been appraised at $12,556.79; John C. Bartlett, $7545.78; Annie Bennett, $7177.54, and Frederick A. Lex, $5342.45.

School Concert at New Century

The Episcopal-De Lancey Glee Club will give a concert tonight at the New Century Drawing Rooms, 124 South 12th street, under the direction of Charles Aiken. Many prominent women will act as patronesses for the affair, at which the Trovato Male Quartet will assist.

THE CHEERFUL CHERUB

WOMEN FAIL TO DO FULL SHARE IN HOME, SAYS IDA M. TARBELL

"Give the Girl a Chance," She Pleads—"Train Her for Life's Biggest Business"

TALKS TO TEACHERS

More women are marrying now than ever before, and it is of the utmost importance that young girls should be trained to manage the home—which is the highest sphere of womanly endeavor. American women, because they do not know how to buy and don't know the markets, are getting adulterated foods and adulterated clothes.

Such was the opinion expressed by Miss Ida M. Tarbell, social investigator and writer, who addressed members of the Philadelphia Teachers' Association at the Normal School, 13th and Spring Garden streets, last night. The subject of Miss Tarbell's address was "Give the Girl a Chance."

In a concise and direct manner Miss Tarbell depicted the shortcoming of modern life through the neglect of training young women for the management of the home that was to be hers. While a man does not necessarily marry a purchasing agent, she explained, most men who bring home pay envelopes are skilled at their trade in earning its contents, and it is no more than fair that the woman should be both skilled and trained in using the money to its best advantage.

Miss Tarbell explained that many industrial accidents were due to the influence of the home and denounced mothers who make lame excuses for her own or her daughter's shortcoming in matters in which they should be proficient.

"The last census shows that only a million and three-quarters women are working in factories or shops in this country," said Miss Tarbell. "Study the statistics of your factories and shops in Philadelphia and you will find the working life of most girls averages three years and not over five years. She marries. There is an impression that women do not marry any more."

She quoted statistics to show that women were marrying now more than ever, but then she told of many girls she had interviewed in shops and asked upon learning they were soon to leave to be married just what they planned to do then. "Nothing," Miss Tarbell said was the general answer. The speaker went on to explain that this was too often the attitude of the girl who was about to be married; that too often the mother admitted that her daughter was not very apt at housework and management, but that the mother usually excused herself with the statement:

"I guess she will pick it up; I had to pick it up."

"The appalling thing," said Miss Tarbell, "is that here the girl enters a relation that will absorb all her time, and she is untrained for it. It shows an appalling lack of any idea or vision about the thing she is to do.

SINCE 1847
Gold Watch
$22.50
A beautiful thin model watch—17 jewels—14 K. Gold case. For men who desire an accurate timepiece in a gold case at an unusual price.
C. R. Smith & Son
Market St. at 18th

FARMER SMITH'S RAINBOW CLUB

THE FARMER AND THE LOCOMOTIVE

Once upon a time there was a farmer, and he wasn't a Children's Editor, either. Back of his house there was a great big hill, which stood in his way and kept him from seeing the scenery.

By and by there was a railroad built and a locomotive came along, and it happened to arrive in the middle of the night.

It was in the olden days, and the farmer had never seen a locomotive before. In the morning he went out to inspect the new arrival and as he looked at it he exclaimed, "They will never start the thing in the world."

By and by the engineer climbed into the cab and pulled the throttle a tiny bit. The engine began to snort and started down the track.

"My goodness!" exclaimed the farmer, "they will never stop it in the world."

The point of all this is, when we come to that astonishing thing called "wonder," suppose we keep still until we see what is going to happen.

This also reminds me of the olden days of the Mississippi River, where there was a steamboat with a whistle so big that every time it blew the boat stopped.

Once there was a little boy who never said a word, but finally he did start talking and his mother thought he never would stop, and I guess that's about all.

FARMER SMITH,
Children's Editor, EVENING LEDGER.

Our Postoffice Box

Here is little Martha Schultz all wrapped up in "tam o' shanters" on this happy May day! Martha didn't know, in the icy months when the camera man snapped this picture, that she was going to peek out the postoffice window in the time o' apple blossoms! Apple blossoms! Please excuse us, Rainbows, if we ramble a bit down the path of the Postoffice garden and dream of apple blossoms—pink, pink flakes of fragrance that breathe the full sweetness of May straight into our hearts. What country Rainbows that know the joy of waking each morning to see this loveliness will write and share it with us?

MARTHA SCHULTZ

Oh, we know a country Rainbow, Charles Robinson, who lives in Cedar Slope, Delaware, where we think maybe the peaches grow, and here's another, Frederick Diffenderfer, who lives in Mt. Joy, where the happiness must grow! Frederick wants to know if he may send in the answers of "Things to Know and Do" all together at the end of each week. Most certainly he can. Not only will this arrangement save postage but it will make corrections easier for "paper marker."

Beatrice Bernstein, of Point Breeze avenue, has lovely pink and blue stationery. Frances MacFarland has white stationery, but it has very lovely trimming. Do you know what it is? Just the nicest words in the world and they are: "I am saving all club news sections so that I may always have them." Bertha Dyson, who lives on Walton avenue, trims her letter paper in quite the same way!

Margaret McClanaghan, of North 20th street, and her little friends in the neighborhood are being requested this very night to make plans for a summer branch club. This means porch parties and picnics! James Henderson, North Warnock street, wants to help us out. He will help us by forming a baseball team that will fly Rainbow colors! How about that, James? Theodore Heiney, of Wind Gap, Pa., is willing to do his share. That's the spirit, young man, that will spread the Rainbow wider and wider!

FARMER SMITH,
EVENING LEDGER:

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

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

The Question Box

Dear Farmer Smith—How many strings has a violin and what are the names of them? Is the violin very hard to learn to play? CATHARINE FRAZIER.
South 16th street.

A violin has four strings. They are the E, A, D and G strings. The violin is said by many to be the hardest of all instruments to learn to play. However, if a little girl makes up her mind that she WILL learn, and if she is willing to practice hard in order to accomplish this purpose, there is every reason for her to hope to become a skilful player.

Things to Know and Do

1. Name three words that might be used in place of the word "answer."
2. What is the difference between circumference and diameter?
3. Fill in the missing words:
"Through the valley, over the hill,
Johnnie boy takes the grain to the ——."
(For little folks.)

For Artists

Copy the elephant, mail him to the Rainbow Club, Department K. Your drawing will be carefully corrected, criticised and returned to you.

FARMER SMITH'S GOAT BOOK
Missus Bumpus' Joke

The morning after Billy Bumpus had come home from his ride in the automobile there was a terrible noise outside the door, and he got up so fast that he upset the table and spilled a lot of tin cans which Missus Bumpus was getting ready for his morning meal.

Running outside, Billy was just in time to see the man who had brought him disappearing over the hill.

Billy was so afraid that the man was going to take him away again that he didn't even wait for a second look, but hurried back into the house, his teeth chattering.

"It's very cold outdoors, isn't it?" asked Mrs. Bumpus, squinting one eye at him.

"No," said Billy.

"Then, why are your teeth chattering so?"

"That's my appetite working," said Billy. "Have you those tin cans ready for breakfast yet?"

"No," said Mrs. Goat. "You're afraid of something, and you might just as well tell me what it is."

"What! Me afraid? Afraid of what? I never was afraid of anything in my life."

At this Mrs. Goat went and looked out the window, and her good husband asked, "What are you looking at?"

"I saw a strange man," said Mrs. Goat, giggling.

There was a great clatter and rattle of tin cans as Mr. Bumpus disappeared under the bed. Then Mrs. Goat went over and, lifting the counterpane gently, she looked under and said, "Good night; sleep tight"

"His Relief"

By Charles Weisberg, age 12 years, West Susquehanna ave.

Rockfield was a tourist who had a lovely St. Bernard dog whose name was Lex. Rockfield himself was a sturdy man, loving nature in all its ways.

He was now taking a risk by going with a climbing party up Mt. Blanc in the Alps. They had a careless guide, who led them into great ravines of ice and snow, and finally, slipping, the whole party landed on a small glacier. All except Rockfield escaped, and he was so numbed that he could hardly move. Just then the bright sun shining on the snow caught his eye and seemed to make a rainbow which stretched itself gorgeously across the azure sky. He lay wondering at this beautiful sight, and his thoughts wandered farther and farther away, until he fell asleep.

But let us return to Lex, the dog. Growing impatient, the dog at last ran out of the inn and up the steep mountain slope. Rock over rock he passed, sometimes stopping to sniff the ground or to gain breath and look for some people that might aid him. At last he came upon his master's body and began barking. But his barking did not wake Rockfield.

Suddenly the dog gripped his master by the collar, and, straining every muscle, he dragged him to the cottage, where the landlord revived him and put him to bed. The faithful dog watched over him all night, and in the morning received a good petting.

He lived to a good old age and always had a place in his master's mind.

On being asked later by one of the friends of the climbing party who saved him, he replied: "It was the rainbow and my dog. The rainbow put me to sleep and I did not feel my pains while the dog brought me to the cottage."

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