THE CHEERFUL CHERUB

What really is the goal of life

But I won't let that

worry me

MEN.

Mr. Moore swooned.

shaggy, powerful beast.

to him in a low voice.

close to the boy's side.

The ape would not budge.

in wonder.

I'm sure I couldn't say

I'll have fun on the

get his back against the door he could then tap upon its base, when surely he must be

The knocking was repeated a little louder,

In the meantime Jack was enjoying to

just as Ajax's act was commencing, and,

every move of the great ape, his eyes wide

The trainer was not slow to note the boy's handsome, eager face, and, as one of Ajax's biggest hits consisted in an entry to one or more boxes during his performance.

ostensibly in search of a long-lost relative, as the trainer explained, the man realized the effectiveness of sending him into the

box with the handsome boy, who, doubtless

would be terror-stricken by proximity to the

When the time came, therefore, for the ape to return from the wings in reply to an encore, the trainer directed its attention

to the boy, who chanced to be the sole ocupant of the box in which he sat.

With a spring the huge anthropoid leaped from the stage to the boy's side; but if the trainer had looked for a laughable scene

fright he was mistaken. A broad smile lighted the boy's features as he laid his hand upon the shaggy arm of his visitor.

The ape, grasping the boy by either shoul-

der, peered long and earnestly into his face

while the latter stroked his head and talked

to an examination of another as he did in

this instance. He seemed troubled and not a little excited, jabbering and mumbling to the boy, and now caressing him as the trainer had never seen him caress a human

being before. Presently he clambered over into the box with him and snuggled down

The audience was delighted; but they

were still more delighted when the trainer,

the period of his act having elapsed, at-tempted to persuade Ajax to leave the box.

The manager, becoming excited at the de-lay, urged the trainer to greater haste, but when the latter entered the box to drag

away the reluctant Ajax he was met by

The audience was delirious with

bared fangs and menacing growls.

Never had Ajax devoted so long a

ull the stolen pleasures of the music He had reached that temple of mirth

purchased a box seat, was now breathlessly over the rail watching

# he SON OF TARZAN

EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS Author of the Tarzan Tales

stopping at an island nearby a huge as close to Paulvitch, peers into his d failing to recognize the man he rees an almost human sish of disap-it. It is Akut. Tarsan's old jungle whom Paulvitch takes to England i idea of training and thus makin

Regiand, Jack Clayton, Tarzan's son, order to be quite a youth, full of the stable beauty boy, and thirstins for e. set. Much to the worry of his mother, for the last series and the series and the series and the series are series delight, Jack in the father's love for the Jungle and beauty At every occasion he comes into series. At every occasion he comes into series at the series and the series are his greatest joy.

#### CHAPTER II-Continued

DOUBT if there is any danger of his inheriting a taste for jungle life from replied the man, "for I cannot conthat such a thing may be transmitted form father to son. And sometimes, Jane, think that, in your solicitude for his fuers, you go a bit too far in your restricmeasures. His love for animals-his fedre, for example, to see this trained ape only natural in a healthy, normal boy whis age. Just because he wants to see Anx is no indication that he would wish is marry an ape; and even should he, far it from you, Jane, to have the right

and John Clayton, Lord Greystoke, put an about his wife, laughing good-saturedly down into her upturned face be-fere he bent his head and kissed her. Then, beriously, he continued;

"You have never told Jack anything con-erning my early life, nor have you per-mitted me to; and in this I think that you have made a mistake, Had I been able tell him of the experiences of Tarzan of the Apes, I could doubtless have taken such of the glamour and romance from single life that naturally surrounds it in the minds of those who have had no ex-perience of it. He might have profited by my experience; but now, should the jungleever claim him, he will have nothing s guide him but his own impulses, and how how powerful these may be in the wrong direction at times." But Lady Greystoke only shook her head

ubject had claimed their attention in No. John," she insisted. "I shall never of any suggestion of the savage life which we both wish to preserve him. was evening before the subject was rain referred to, and then it was raised Jack himself. He had been sitting, d in a large chair, reading, when h

"Why," he asked, coming directly to the point "can't I go and see Ajax?"
"Your mother does not approve?" replied

"De you?"
"That is not the question," evaded Lord teks. "It is enough that your mother

I'm going to see him," announced the ber, after a few moments of thoughtful state. "I am not different from Willie dimany or any other of the fellows who have been to see him. It did not harm them and it will not harm me. I could go with-out telling you; but I would not do that. so I till you now, beforehand, that I am e Ainx."

There was nothing disrespectful or defiant in the boy's tone or manner. His was is the boy's tone or manner. His was as marvelous a physique as he himself had possessed at the same age. The tutor was as putty in the boy's hands.

attending parties, his usefulness stops.

You cannot learn sadness from books.

comes from experience.

which he would like to encounter.

from the sublime to the ridiculous.

just one thing-like Shakespeare.

The Little Girl Who Danced for Poor

The little girl was in deep thought. Sha was thinking how unhappy the little orphans in the charity home must be, without either liter or mother, and, perhaps, a little largious sister or brother.

Junior Basebull Scores

By MILDRED FRIEDMAN. a nice, cozy little room sat a little Her name was Doris Charlotte Merton.

FARMER SMITH'S

(Suggested by Essie Wyman and Alice Weed.)

If Shakespeare had been born in a palace he never would have been a great

In order to write entertainingly, one must know what the reader wants, and the average reader wants either of two things: First, a story about something

Shakespeare knew that everybody is interested in the subject of LOVE and

writer, for there must be a sadness in the work of the truly great, and sadness

or some experience through which he has passed, or, secondly, some experience

so he wrote mostly about that and he put in a little here and there to show

that he knew what HATE is. He also knew what CONTRAST means, and

that is why he swings like a pendulum from love to hate, from laughter to tears,

write the plays, after all, and folks are still discussing it even to this day.

And after he was through it all, somebody came along and said he did not

Each writer tries to do one thing and do it well. Shakespeare tried and

succeeded in writing interesting plays. If you want to be a writer, try to do

smile or a show of the admiration he felt for the manly course his son had pursued.

"I admire your candor, Jack," he said.
"Permit me to be candid, as well. If you go to see Ajax without permission, I shall punish you. I have never inflicted corporal punishment upon you, but I warn you that should you disobey your mother's wishes in this instance, I shall."
"Yes, sir," replied the boy; and then. "I

"Yes, sir," replied the boy; and then: "I shall tell you, sir, when I have been to see

Mr. Moore's room was next to that of his youthful charge, and it was the tutor's custom to have a look into the boy's room each evening as the former was about to retire. This evening he was particularly careful not to neglect this duty, for he had just come from a conference with the boy's father and mother, in which it had been impressed upon him that he must exercise the greatest care to prevent Jacks' visiting the music hall where Ajax was being shown.

he opened the boy's door at about half after nine, he was greatly ex- back to something like

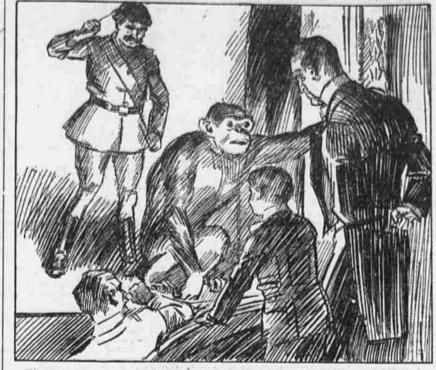
Kneeling upon him, Jack tore strips from a sheet and bound the man's hands behind his back. Then he rolled him over end stuffed a gag of the same material between his teath, securing it with a strip wound about the neck of his victim's head. All the while he talked in a low, conversational tone.

"I am Waja, chief of the Waji," he explained, "and you are Mohammed Dubu, the Arab shelk, who would murder my people and steal my Ivory," and he dexterously trussed Mr. Moore's hobbled ankles up behind to meet his hobbled wrists. "Ahs. villain! I have you in my power at last. I go; but I shall return!"

And the son of Tarzan skipped across the room, slipped through the open window and slid to liberty by way of the spout from an eaves-trough.

Mr. Moore wriggled and struggled about the bed. He was sure that he should sufficiate unless aid came quickly. In his frenzy of terror, he managed to roll off the bed.

The pain and shock of the fall joited him



The ape gave one look at the English lord and then leaped toward him cited, though not entirely surprised, to find of his plight. Where before he had be the future Lord Greystoke fully dressed for the street and about to crawl from his open

om window. the apartment, but the waste of energy was unnecessary; for when the boy heard him within the chamber, and realized that he had been discovered, he turned back, as though to relinquish his planned adventure "Where were you going?" panted the excited Mr. Moore.

"I am going to see Ajax," replied the boy,

"I am astonished!" cried Mr. Moore, but a moment later he was infinitely more astonished, for the boy, approaching close to him, suddenly seized him about the walst, lifted him from his feet, and threw him, face downward, upon the bed, shoving his face deep into a so't pillow.
"Be quiet," admonished the victor, "or I'll choke you."

Mr. Moore struggled, but his efforts were in vain. Whatever else Tarzan of the Apes may or may not have handed down to his son, he had at least bequeathed him almost

to think intelligently because of the hysterical fear that had claimed him, he now lay quietly searching for some means of escape from his dilemma.

It finally occured to him that the room

In which Lord and Lady Greystoke had been sitting when he left them was directly beneath that in which he lay upon the floor. He knew that some time had elapsed since he had come up stairs, and that they might be gone by this time, for it seemed to him that he had struggled about the bed, in his efforts to free himself, for an eternity.

But the best that he could do was to attempt to attract attention from below; and so, after many fallures, he managed to work himself into a position in which he could tap the toe of his boot against the floor. This he proceeded to do at short in-tervals, until, after what seemed a very long time, he was rewarded by hearing footsteps ascending the stairs, and presently a knock from the door.

Mr. Moore tapped vigorously with his toe-he could not reply in any other way. The knock was repeated after a moment's silence. Again Mr. Moore tapped. Would they never open the door? Laborlously he rolled in the direction of succer, If he could

Finally, reduced to desperation, and realizing that this show of mutiny upon the part of his valuable possession might render the animal worthless for exhibition purposes in the future if not immediately subdued, the trainer hastened to his dressing RAINBOW CLUB

room and procured a heavy whip. With this he now returned to the box; but when he had threatened Ajax with it but once he found himself facing two in furlated enemies instead of one, for the boy leaped to his feet, and, selsing a chair, stood ready at the ape's side to defend his new-found friend. There was no longer a smile upon his handsome face. In his gray eyes was an expression which gave the trainer pause, and beside him stood the giant anthropoid growling and ready. What might have happened but for i

timely interruption may only be surmised; but that the trainer would have received a severe mailing if nothing more was clearly indicated by the attitudes of the two who faced him.

It was a pale-faced houseman who rushed into the Greystoke library to announce that he had found Jack's door locked, and had been able to obtain no response to his repeated knocking other than a strange tapping and the sound of what might have been a body moving about upon the floor. Four steps at a time John Clayton took the stairs that led to the floor above. His wife and the servant hurried after him. Once he called his son's name in a loud

voice; but, receiving no reply, he launched his great weight, backed by all the un-diminished power of his giant muscles, against the heavy door.

With a snapping of iron hinges and a splintering of wood the obstacle burst in-

At his foot lay the body of the unc scious Mr. Moore, across whom it fell with a resounding thud. Through the opening leaped Tarzan, and a moment later the room was flooded with light from a half dozen electric bulbs.

dogen electric builds.

It was several minutes before the tutor was discovered, so completely had the door covered him; but finally he was dragged forth, his gag and bonds cut away, and a liberal application of cold water hastened

first question, and then: "Who did this?" as the memory of Rokoff and the fear of a second abduction seized him.

Slowly Mr. Moore staggered to his feet. His gaze wandered about the room. Gradually he collected his scattered wits. The details of his recent harrowing experience

returned to him.
"I tender my resignation, sir, to take effect at once," were his first words. "You

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do not need a tutor for your son—what he needs is a wild animal trainer." "But where is he?" cried Lady Grey-"He has gone to see Ajax."

It was with difficulty that Tarzan restrained a smile, and after satisfying himself that the tutor was more cared than injured, he ordered his closed car around and departed in the direction of a certain well-known music hall.

> CHAPTER III. Exit Paulvitch

AS THE trainer, with raised lash, healthe box where the boy and the ape confronted him, a tall, broad-shouldered man pushed past him and entered. As his eyes fell upon the newcomer a slight flush mounted the boy's cheeks. "Father!" he exclaimed.

The ape gave one look at the English lord, and then leaped toward him, calling out in excited jabbering. The man, his eyes wide in astonishment, stopped as though turned to stone

"Akut !" he cried.

well-known music hall.

It was one of the housemen-Mr. Moore ecognized the fellow's voice. He came near The boy looked, bewildered, from the apto his father, and from his father to the ape. The trainer's jaw dropped as he listened to what followed, for from the to bursting a blood-vessel in an endeavor to scream, "Come in!" through the stifling gag. After a moment the man knocked again, quite loudly, and again called the lips of the Englishman flowed the gutturals of an ape that were answered in kind by the huge anthropold that now clung to him.

boy's name. Receiving no reply, he turned the knob, and at the same instant a sudden recollection filled the tutor anew with numb-ing terror—he had, himself, locked the door behind him when he had entered the room! And from the wings a hideously bent and disfigured old man watched the tableau in the box, his pock-marked features work ing spasmodically in varying expressions He heard the servant try the door sevthat might have marked every sensation in eral times, and then depart. Upon which the gamut from pleasure to terror.

"Long have I looked for you, Tarzan," said Akut. "Now that I have found you I shall come to your jungle and live there always.

The man stroked the beast's head Through his mind was running rapidly a train of recollection that carried him far into the depths of the primeval African forest, where this huge, man-like beast had fought shoulder to shoulder with him in years before. He saw the black Mu-gambi wielding his deadly knob-stick, and beside them, with bared fangs and bristling whiskers, Sheeta the terrible; and pressing close behind, savage as the savage panther, the hideous apes of Akut.

The man sighed. Strong within him surged the jungle lust that he had thought dead. Ah, if he could go back even for a brief month to it; to feel again the brush of leafy branches against his naked hide frankincense and myrrh to the jungle-born; to sense the noiseless coming of the great carnivore upon his trail; to hunt and to be hunted; to kill!

The picture was alluring. And then came another picture—a sweet-faced woman, still young and beautiful; friends; a home; a son. He shrugged his giant shoul-

"It cannot be, Akut," he said; "but if you would return. I shall see that it is done. You could not be happy here—I may not be happy there." The trainer stepped forward. The ape

bared his fangs, growling. "Go with him, Akut," said Tarzan of the "I will come and see you tomor

The beast moved sullenly to the trainer's The latter, at John Clayton's request told where they might be found. Tarzan

"Come!" he said, and the two left the theatre. Neither spoke for several min utes after they had entered the limousine It was the boy who broke the silence.

It was the boy who broke the silence.
"The ape knew you," he said, "and you spoke together in the ape's tongue. How did the ape know you, and how did you learn his language?" And then, briefly, and for the first time

They cheered the ape. They cheered the boy, and they hooted and jeered at the Tarzan of the Apes told his son of his early life—of his birth in the jungle, of the death of his parents, and of how Kala. trainer and the manager, which luckless individual had inadvertently shown himself and attempted to assist the trainer. the great she-ape, had suckled and raised him from infancy almost to manhood.

He told him, too, of the dangers and the horrors of the jungle—of the great beasts

that stalked one by day and by night; of the periods of drought, and of the cataclys-mic rains; of hunger; of cold; of intense heat; of nakedness and fear and suffering. He told him of all those things that seen most horrible to the creature of civilization in the hope that the knowledge of them might expunge from the lad's mind any inherent desire for the jungle.

were the very things that made the memory of the jungle what it was to Tarzan— that made up the composite jungle-life he And in the telling he forgot one thing-

the principal thing—that the boy at his side, listening so eagerly, was the son of

Tarzan of the Apes.

After the boy had been tucked away in bed—and without the threatened punishment—John Clayton told his wife of the events of the evening, and that he had at last acquainted the boy with the facts of his jungle life. The mother, who had long foreseen that her son must some time know of those frightful years during which his father had roamed the jungle, a naked, savage beast of prey, shook her head, hoping against hope that the lure she knew was still strong in the father's breast had not been transmitted to his son.

Tarzan visited Akut the following day, but though Jack begged to be allowed to accompany him, he was refused. This time Tarzan saw the pock-marked old owner of the ape, whom he did not rec-ognize as the wily Paulvitch of former days. Tarzan, influenced by Akut's plead-ings, broached the question of the ape's purchase; but Paulvitch would not name any price, saying that he would consider

When Tarsan returned home Jack was all excitement to hear the details of his visit, and finally suggested that his father buy the ape and bring it home. Lady Grey-stoke was horrified at the suggestion. The boy was insistent. Tarzan explained

that he had wished to purchase Akut and return him to his jungle home, and to this the mother assented. Jack asked to be

allowed to visit the ape, but again he was met with flat refusal.

He had the address, however, which the trainer had given his father; and two days

later he found the opportunity to clude his new tutor—who had replaced the terrified Mr. Moore—and after a considerable search through a section of London which he had never before visited, he found the smelly little quarters of the pock-marked old man. The old fellow himself replied to his knocking, and when Jack stated that he knocking, and when Jack stated that he had come to see Ajax, opened the door and admitted him to the little room which he and the great ape occupied.

(CONTINUED TOMORROW.)

A LITTLE TALK ON SHAKESPEARE

Dear Children-I do not know what I would do if some of our good members did not write in and suggest things for me to write about. As I told you, an "I'm counting the ants," said Billy. "Five thousand, 10,000, 1,000,000, 2,000, editor is made by the people who read what he writes. I try to write what pleases you and if I do not write what pleases you, then I am no longer of value

Billy stopped right in the middle of his ounting and walked away toward his ome, saying thoughtfully to himself: "This war business is getting on my

Today let us talk about Shakespeare. In order to get something useful from his life, we must know under what difficulties he wrote. There are very few delicate nerves. All day long I'm prancing up and down, getting ready for battle, and at night my peaceful siumber is disturbed by thoughts of the battlefield." writers who have made a great success and been wealthy. Wealth and beautiful writing do not go together. The moment a man gets out of the garret and starts When he reached home his wife greeted

"Well, my brave man, I forgot to ask

our grave.'

At this Billy jumped, for he had not as yet thought of his own grave.

Without saying another word he went into the parlor and lay down for a nap on the sofa, beside the looking-glass. In a few minutes he had dozed off to sleep and was picturing himself leading his troops to battle, with Zeppelins dropping bom's all around him and the air filled with the whizzing of bullets.

Suddenly he was wonded. He jumped

Suddenly he was wounded. He jumped up, only to find another goat standing over him, and as he moved the other goat

"Well, now, see how brave I am."
"Well," said Missus Goat, "you had better get the dust-pan and the broom and clean up the glass before the next battle takes place." And Billy went meekly and did as he was told.

## Branch Club News

Rainbow Club, Cedar Grove, N. J., branch, have thought of a beautiful thing to do or

Memorial Day. In the town of Cedar Grove there is an old cametery, and the members are going to put this plot of ground in order and plane flowers on the graves which are there. We hope other members are making preparations for Memorial Day, and that they will write and tell us of their plans. Let us all he helpful.

oine carnations are doing famously and that she would like to correspond with leaders of other branch clubs.

leaders of other branch clubs.
About corresponding with the presidents. Estelle, we think this a good plan. Why not write to each other through the column? That is, have the letters sent in care of the Rainbow Club and published in the news. In that way all of the presidents and members, too, may have the benefit of every letter. When you see a letter addressing you in the club news you will answer, or course, and the mamber who wrote the letter will asse the reply in the club news. Write and tell us what you think of this.

# MONTE CRISPEN (The Sequel)

A Remarkable Story of the Millionaire-Hero's Adventures in Kensington

CHAPTER XVI-Continued

THE Stanleys were the sort of people who improve on acquaintance. Nothing they ever said or did hammered the nerves. Grace's father had taken an uncommon fancy to young Crispen, had put his name up for membership at several ditra-exclusive clubs and had even introduced him to a certain very important United States Sen-ator as the proper stripe of rich man to send to Congress.

Monte got out to the Stanleys' country home exceedingly often. He liked them immensely, and Grace particularly. She typed the sort of girl a man of his position and wealth was expected to be seen with, cantering along the bridle paths of Fairmount Park or lunching at any of the smart hotels. Then she danced like a fairy

queen, and looked like one, too.

Yet Monte did not neglect his heart-to-heart talks with Unity Marley at the Big Four, where her brother ruled with a firm, kind authority, and had become the idol of the operatives. The mills were prospering as never before in their history. Unity was a whole chest of ideas on how to bring more sunshine into the lives of the workers; practical ideas that brought res Monte took long walks with her, and to gether they laid great plans for the build-ing of a solid block of model workingment homes, the establishment of a co-operative trading store and a Crispen farm in Mont gomery County, where employes could spend their vacations free from the worry of ex-

The Countess Zeda had a niche all of her own in the interest of the young multi-millionairs. Her presence had the tang of the foreign boulevards wafted overseas. She was ripping good to gaze upon, and a brilliant conversationalist as well. He found her always agreeable, and frantically glad to see him; he never could forget that she had proved herself his stanch ally in a

Enough small-talk material for a dozen hest sellers crowded Monte's three months of alternation between his three principal lady friends, each a delightful companion

yet so different from the others.

Zeda's candor about the past transactions of her unscrupulous father, in whom the arrogance of the king blended with the brutality of the peasant, might easily pack with exquisite thrills three fat volumes of The Revelations of an International Spy Grace's chatter of the doings of the well bred gentlefolk she knew and lived amons would make many chapters of nice, refined reading. As for Unity, her simple recitals of Kensington life would fill countless pages with profound human interest.

But in these strenuous days of red blood war news on the first page and the action mad screen plays at the moving-picture houses, we have no time to bubble away in pure food. Besides, Monte, our hero, did not spend all of his time with his feminine triangle. He got in a little work at the iron works, the textile mills and the ship-Anyhow, our tale is nearly told and a rattling fine serial is waiting to get this most valuable space. Interesting people never overstay their welcome.

Monte's year of probation under his un-cle's will was up. The lid was off for him; he could go anywhere. However, he de-cided to celebrate the vent with a whale of a banquet at the Bellaire-Blitz, given to his executives, where he outlined his future business policies in no uncertain language; announced the gift of an extra month's salary to every name on all the Crispen payrolls, and introduced a real efficiency expert, hired, he said, "to scrap rule-of-thumb methods wherever they cropped to the surface.' "Men." remarked the young heir when

the clapping of hands that inaugurated his rising from his seat beside Cralg Andrews, the lawyer, had subsided, "I am going to remain in Philadelphia, right on the job where any one of you, my friends and as-sociates, can always find me. We are go-ing to show employers the country over that the best policy toward employes is

to give in full. If you want to read it all, send around to the Crispen offices in the Montgomery Bank Building, and one of the clerks will be more than pleased to give you a copy of it; the boys had it printed for general distribution, they thought so much of it. After the banquet Monte and Andrews

a nightcap and a few private words. They had the drink and walked to the very spo

on the edge of the roof where Crispen

nightcap and a few private

year before had glowered and growled over
the restrictions of his uncle's will.
"Well, great and good friend, you have
pulled me through the knot-hole," said
Monte. "It has been the shortest and allaround best year of my life."
"That's good! I pulled you through?
Rubbish!" repiled Andrews with decision.
"I have been a poor trailer. Tou toek the
lead, and held it from the night you stripped
Hochmeister of his revolver at youder table.
What a race you have led us all!"

What a race you have led us all!"
"Arguments waste time, but I know what
you have done for me," said Monte. "Ray
no more. But speaking of Hochmeister,
it's mighty queer about his death; I mean
his being on that unarmed neutral passeur
ger boat Stockholm torpedoed last week by
a German submarine in the North Sea.
His bank balances on this side are considerable; they all go to his daughter, whom
the Government people are now satisfied
is quite on the level and innocent of past
wrong-doing." wrong-doing.

"Providence moves in a mysterious way," said Andrews solemnly. "That reminds me the Federal authorities want you to sign the depositions made from your recordophone. They go into the archives at Washington and Briccone goes to Italy, extridited to stand trial for a murder he committed years ago. It is just as well your fight with the Bigvay Geng never got into the newspapers." into the newspapers."

"I am satisfied with the obscurity," Inushed Monte.

"Thought you might like to run over to New York and sign up those depositioned the bars are now down, my boy."

"Let them send them over, and I will sign them here. The hanker for Broadway is gone, and by Broadway I mean everywhere a young man shouldn's waste his time; Philadelphia is good enough for me." "Bless my heart," said Andrews as they paced up and down the corridor along the said, the roof, "Your unde would have edge of the roof. "Your uncle would have liked to have heard that. One thing else, my lad, here is that miniature of your mother."

"Thanks!" said Monte, a doglike, choking noise filling his throat, and his eyes moist. The two men walked in silence for

Over the glass counter of a famous Chestnut street jewelry store our fine, stalwart young chap lounged the next day en-gaged in earnest conversation with a grayhaired salesman. The melancholy expres-sion we observed on his features a year before had completely vanished. A tray of sparkling diamond engagement rings was before him.

"Mr. Crispen, don't you know the size of the lady's ring finger?"
"I am not sure," confessed Monte some-what confusedly. "Give me haif a dozen and she can pick out the one that fits." They both laughed.

And the wedding is to take place during the coming June. No announcements have been issued, for it is to be a quiet affair with a honeymoon tour in a new blue limousine. It would spoil everything to say any more about it. We can only wish them luck, and congratulate the young mul-timillionaire for his choice of a wife. He did exactly what a sensible man would do; he proposed to the RIGHT GIRL and she

Bala-Cynwyd Club to Name Officers An amendment increasing annual dues of the organization from \$3 to \$5 will be voted on tomorrow night at the annual meeting of the Neighborhood Club of Bala and Cynwyd, at which the election of officers will also take place. The unoppose nominee for president is W. A. Macan.

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14 lb. can Gold Seal Bak'g Powd. 4c 
14 lb. can Davis Baking Powder 4c 
15 lb. can Davis Baking Powder 4c 
16 lb. can Davis Baking Powder 4c 
17 lb. can Davis Baking Powder 4c 
18 lb. can Davis Baking Powder 4c 
18 lb. can Davis Baking Powder 4c 
18 lb. can Davis Baking Powder 4c 
19 lb. can Davis Baking Powder 4c 
19 lb. can Davis Baking Powder 4c 
19 lb. can Davis Bak'g Powd. 4c 
10 lb. can Davis Baking Powder 4c 
10

Gold Seal Eggs, carton, 28c "Gold Seal" are great, big, meaty Eggs—the finest and freshest that money can buy. Packed one dozen in a sealed carton, and de-livered to you fresh from the nests via Our Stores.

Selected Eggs, dozen, 25c

Eggs of excellent quality and every one guaranteed to give NO WASTE BACON PAR 15c

DRIED BEEF Sc. 8c Sliced bacon of the highest quality, a treat when used with our "Gold Seal" Eggs.

Lean, tender Dried Beef of the highest grade, very appetizing and economical.

You will always find a varied collection of High Quality Groceries at Lowest Prices at every R. & C. Store, whether it be located at

21st and Market Streets

Downtown, Uptown, Germantown, Kenaington, West Philadelphia, Manayunk, Roxborough, Logan, Oak Lane, Overbrook, Bala, Narberth, Ardmore, Bryn Mawr, Lansdowne, E. Lansdowne, Lianerch, Darby or Media.

Robinson & Crawford

Grocery Stores for Particular People Throughout the City and Suburbs



EVENING LEDGER:

School I attend .......



tiful Rainbow Button free. I agree to DO A LITTLE KINDNESS EACH AND EVERY DAY — SPREAD A LITTLE SUNSHINE ALE ALONG THE WAY. Name ......

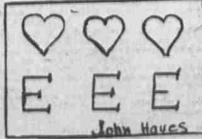
Things to Know and Do

FARMER SMITH.

I wish to become a member of your Rainbow Club. Please send me a beau-

FARMER SMITH,

Children's Editor, EVENING LEDGER.



# FARMER SMITH'S GOAT BOOK

Billy Bumpus' First Battle "What are you doing here?" said the ittle bird to Billy Bumpus one afternoon.

you whether you were going to war in Europe or in Mexico?"

"I never thought of that," said Billy.

"I never thought of that," said Billy, sitting down in the easy chair and stroking his beautiful goatee.

"Where would you prefer to have me go; where would I be the braver?"

"It seems to me." said Missus Goat, "that you ought to die for your own country, and besides it won't be half as far for me to come and plant dandylions on your grave."

Quick as a flash Billy butted the intruder Crash! The glass in the mirror fell all

Missus Goat ran in, exclaiming, "What is the matter?" What is the matter?"
"Nothing, only I finished the other goat," replied Billy.
"You have smashed the mirror," answered Mrs. Goat.

The girl members of Farmer Smith's

all be helpful. Estelle Potashnick writes that her wood-