EVENING LEDGER-PHILADELPHIA, MONDAY, MAY 29, 1916.



Author of the Tarzan Talks

CHAPTER XV-Continued wheeled, to face an utter stranger-H tall, black-haired, gray-eyed stranger, clad in khaki and pith heimet. Maibihn reached for his gun again, but another hand reached for his gun again, but another hand had been quicker than his, and he saw the weapon tossed to the ground at the side of the tent—out of reach.

"What is the meaning of this?" The stranger addressed his question to Meriem in a tongue she did not understand. She ok her head and spoke in Arabic. Instantly that language.

that language. "These men are taking me away from Kerak," panted the girl. "This one would have harmed me. The other, whom he has just killed, tried to stop him. They were both very bad men; but this one is the worse. If my Korak were here he would but him. I suppose you are like them so kill him. him. I suppose you are like them, so will not kill him."

you will not kill him." The stranger smiled. "He deserves kill-ing." he said. "There is no doubt of that. Once I should have killed him; but not now. I will see, though, that he does not bother

He was holding Malbihn in a grasp the giant, Swede could not break, though he struggied to do so; and he was holding him as easily as Malbhn might have held a lit-tie child, yet Malbhn was a huge man. nightily thewed. The Swede began to rage and curse. He struck at his captor, only to be twisted about and held at arms' length. Then he shouled to his boys to ome and kill the stranger. In response a dozen strange blacks en

tered the tent. They, too, were powerful, clean Jimbed men, not at all like the mangy crew that followed the Swedes. "We have had enough foolishness," said

the stranger to Malbihn. "You deserve death, but I am not the law. I know now who you are. I have heard of you before. You and your friend bear a most unsavory reputation. We do not want you in our country. I shall let you go this time; but should you ever return I shall take the law into my own hands. You understand? Malbihn blustered and threatened, fin ishing by applying a most uncomplimentary name to his captor. For this he received a shaking that rattled his teeth. Those who know say that the most painful punishment that can be inflicted upon an adult male, short of injuring him, is a good old-fashioned shaking. Malbihn received such a shaking.

"Now get out," said the stranger. "and next time you see me remember who I am." and he spoke a name in the Swede's ear-a name that more effectually subdued the scoundrel than many beatings. Then he gave him a push that carried him bodily through the tent doorway, to sprawi upon the turf beyond.

"Now," he said, turning toward Merlem "who has the key to this thing about your

The girl pointed to Jenssen's body. "He carried it always," she said.

The stranger searched the clothing on the corpse until he came upon the key. A ment more Merlem was free. "Will you let me go back to my Korak?"

she asked. "I will see that you are returned to your

people," the stranger replied. "Who are they, and where is their village?" He had been eying her strange, barbaric garmenture wonderingly. From her speech

was evidently an Arab girl; but he d never before seen one thus clothed. "Who are your people? Who is Korak?"

he asked again. Korak! Why, Korak is an ape. I have

"Korak! Why, Korak is an ape. I have no other people. Korak and I live in the jungle alone since A'ht went to be king of the apes." She had always thus pro-nounced Akut's name, for so it had sounded has been find the answer with Keenk and to her when first she came with Korak and the ape. "Korak could have been king, but he would not."

A questioning expression entered the stranger's eyes. He looked at the girl closely. "So Korak is an ape?" he said. "And

"So Korak is an ape?" he said. "And what, pray, are you?" "I am Meriem. I, sizo, am an ape." "M.m." was the stranger's only oral com-ment upon this startling announcement; but what he thought might have been par-tially interpreted through the pitying light that enfered his eyes. He approached the siri and started to lay his hand upon her forehead. She drew back with a savage little growl. A smile touched his lips. "You need not fear me," he said. "I shall not harm you. I only wish to dis-cover if you have fever—if you are entire-ly well. If you are, we will set forth in mearch of Korak."

earch of Korak." Meriem looked straight into the keen. inquestionable assurance of the honorable o lay his palm upon her forehead and feel er pulse. Apparently she had no fever. "How long have you been an ape?" asked

the man "Since I was a little girl, many, many ears ago, and Korak came and took from my father who was beating me. Since then I have lived in the trees with Korak and A'ht."

Where in the jungle lives Korak?" asked he stranger

Meriem pointed with a sweep of her hand hat took in, generously, half the continent of Africa.

"Could you find your way back to him?" "I do not know," she replied : "but he will find his way to me."

"Then I have a plan," said the stranger "I live but a few marches from here.] all take you home, where my wife will look after you and care for you until we can find Korak, or Korak finds us. If he could find you here, he can find you at my village. Is it not so?"

Meriem thought that it was so; but she did not like the idea of not starting imme-diately back to meet Korak. On the other hand, the man had no intention of permitting this poor, insane child to wander fur-ther amid the dangers of the jungle. Whence she had come, or what she had undergone, he could not guess; but that her Korak and their life among the apes was but a figment of a disordered mind he could

not doubt. He knew the jungle well, and he knew that men had lived alone and naked among the savages beasts for years; but a frail and slender girl! No, it was not possible. Together they went outside. Mabiha's boys were striking camp in preparation for basis descent of the striking camp in preparation for a hasty departure. The stranger's blacks were conversing with them. Malbhn stood at a distance, angry and glowering. The stranger approached one of his own

"Find out where they got this girl," he

mmanded. The negro thus addressed questioned one of Malbihn's followers. Presently he re-

turned to his master. "They bought her from old Kovudoo," he said. "That is all that this fellow will tell

me. He pretends that he knows nothing more, and I think that he does not. These two white men were very bad men. They did many things that their boys knew not the meanings of. It would be well, Bwana, to kill the other." "I wish that I might; but a new law is

nome into this part of the jungle. It is not as it was in the old days, Muviri," replied the master.

The stranger remained until Malbihn and his safari had disappeared into the jungle toward the north. Meriem, trustful now, stood at his side, Geeka clutched in one slim, brown hand.

They talked together, the man wonder-ing at the faltering Arable of the girl, but attributing it finally to her defective men

Could he have known that years had elapsed since she had used it until she was taken by the Swedes, he would not have

wondered that she had half forgotten it There was yet another reason why the language of the sheik had thus readily sluded her; but of that reason she hereof could not have guessed the truth any better than could the man. He tried to persuade her to return with

him to his "vilage," as he called it, or "douar" in Arabic; but she was insistent upon searching immediately for Korak. As last resort he determined to take her with him by force rather than sacrifice her life to the insane hallucination which haunted her; but, being a wise man, he determined to humor her first, and then attempt to lead her as he would have

her go. So, when they took up their march it was In the direction of the south, though his own ranch lay almost due east.

By degrees he turned the direction of their way more and more eastward, and greatly was he pleased to note that the girl failed to discover that any change was being made.

being made, Little by little she became more trusting. At first she had had but her intuition to guide her belief that this big Tarmaugani meant her no harm, but as the days passed and she saw that his kindness and conideration never faitered, she came to compare him with her Korak, and to be very fond of him; but never did her loyalty to fond of him ; but her apeman flag.

On the fifth day they came suddenly upon great plain, and from the edge of the orest the girl saw in the distance fenced forest the girl saw in the distance fenced fields and many buildings. At the eight

she drew back in astonishment. "Where are we?" she asked pointing. "We could not find Korak," replied the

man, "and as our way led near my douar, I have brought you here to wait and rest with my wife until my men can find your ape, or he finds you. It is better thus, little one. You will be safer with us, and you will be happler." you will be happler." "I am afraid, Bwana," said the girl. "In thy douar they will beat me as did the sheik, my father. Let me go back into

the jungle. There Korak will find me. He would not think to look for me in the douar of a white man." "No one here will beat you, child," replied the man. the man. "I have not done so, have I? Well, here all belong to me. They will treat you woll. Here no one is beaten. My wife will be very good to you, and at

last Korak will come, for I shall send men to search for him." The girl shook her head. "They could not bring him, for he would kill them, as ell men have tried to kill him. I am afraid. Let me go, Bwana!"

"You do not know the way to your own

country. You would be lost. The leopards or the lions would get you the first night, and after all you would not find your Korak. It is better that you stay with us. Did I not save you from the bad man? Do you not owe me something for that? Well, then; remain with us for a few weeks at least until we can determine what is best for you. You are only a little girl—it would be wicked to permit you to

go alone into the jungle." Meriem laughed. "The jungle," she said, "is my father and my mother. It has been kinder to me than have men. I am not afraid of the jungle. Nor am I afraid of the leopard or the lion. When my time comes I shall die. It may be that a leopard or a lion shall kill me, or it may a tiny bug no bigger than the end of

No, I do not fear the jungle. I love it. I should rather die than leave it forever; but your douar is close beside the jungle. You have been good to me. I will do as you wish, and remain here for a while to

wait the coming of my Korak." "Good!" said the man, and he led the way down toward the flower-covered ungalow behind which lay the barns and

As they came nearer a dozen dogs ran

THE CHEERFUL CHERUB No big experience has To fill my life with But I shall keep prepared because We get what we are worthy of. 12ml Rejecann

barking toward them-gaunt wolfhounds a huge Great Dane, a nimble-footed collie, and a nimbler of yapping, quarrelsome fox-terriers.

fox-terrifers. At first their appearance was savage and unfriendly in the extreme; but once they recognized the foremost black warriors, and the white man behind them, their attitude underwent a remarkable change. The collie and the fox-terrifers became frantic with joy, and while the wolfhounds and the Great Dane were not a while less delighted at the return of their master. their greetings were of a more dignified nature. Each in turn sniffed at Meriem, who displayed not the slightest fear of any of them.

The wolfhounds bristled, and growled at the scent of wild beasts that clung to her garment; but when she laid her hand upon their heads, and her soft voice mur-mured caressingly, they half closed their eyes, lifting their upper lips in contented canine smiles.

The man was watching them, and he too, smilled, for it was seldom that these savage brutes took thus kindly to strangers

It was as though in some subtle way the girl had breathed a message of kindred savagery to their savage hearts. With her alim fingers grasping the collar of a wolfhound upon either side of her, Merlem walked on toward the bungalow Meriem walked on toward the bungatow, upon the porch of which a woman, dressed in white, waved a welcome to her returning lord. There was more fear in the girl's eyes now than there had been in the pres-ence of strange men or savage beasts. She resitated.

turning an appealing glance toward the man. "That is my wife," he said. "She will be glad to welcome you." The woman came down the path to meet

hem. The man kissed her, and turning oward Meriem, introduced them, speaking them n the Arab tongue the girl understood.

"This is Meriem, my dear," he said, and told the story of the jungle walk so far as he knew it. Moriem saw that the woman was beau tiful. She saw that sweetness and goodnes

were stamped indelibly upon her counte-nance. She no longer feared her; and when her brief story had been narrated. and the woman came and put her arms about her and kissed her, and called her "poor little darling," something snapped in Meriem's heart. She buried her face on the bosom of

this new friend, in whose voice was the mother-tone that Merlem had not heard for so many years that she had forgotten ts very existence. She buried her face on the kindly bosom and wept as she had not wept before in all her life-tears of

not wept before in all per nic-tears of relief and joy that she could not fathom. And so came Merlem, the savage little Mangani, out of her belowed jungle into the midst of a home of culture and refine-ment. Already "Bwana," and "my Dear," is she first heard them called and continued o call them, were as father and mother to

Once her savage fears were allayed, she went to the opposite extreme of trustfulness and love. Now she was willing to wait here until they found Körak, or Korak found her. She did not give up that thought



joyed a perfect day here yesterday. The afternoon trains on Saturday were all crowded and the Sunday morning trains were run in sections. There was a big increase in the number of New York visitors. and most of these are booked for lengthy stays. Rolling chairs were in demand, and at noon and during the afternoon promenading hours there was much congestion.

EARLY SHORE VISITORS

There was plenty of room in the surf for those who wanted to be numbered among the "first-in" bathere, but as the temperature of the water was not quite up temperature of the water was not quite up to the comfort point, those who did ven-ture in did not linger long, and the haste with which they sped to the bathhouser after their dip kept many others from join ing in the sport. A school of perpoises have been hanging around the coast for the last two days, and as they have been lolling on the water, instead of diving and swimning, men who understand their habits claim that the Gulf stream is flowing close to the coast, and that in a very few days the temperature of the water will be high

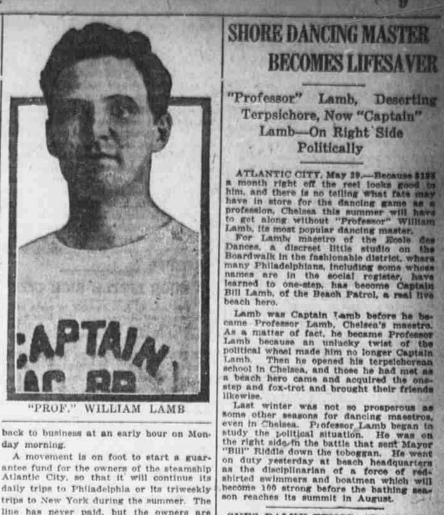
enough to make bathing pleasant. There was the usual fashion display by the fair sex, but the males seemed to think that a straw hat was a sufficient addition to plain dark clothing to give them a sum-mery appearance. Two did venture out in Palm Beach suits, but they quickly dis-appeared when they noticed they were con-splcuous in these lightweight costumes. White flannel pantaloons, with white can-vas shoes, were also noticed on a few men, but as a whole the crowd was desced in ut as a whole the crowd was dressed in

but as a whole the crowd was dressed in clothing usual for this time of the year. Freakish pets are beginning to put in their appearance every day now. Cats, which ride with their mistresses in rolling chairs, are not attracting much more at-tention than pet dogs. An odd pet that attracted much attention yesterday was that alternately carried by Mr. and Mrs. George L. Larribee, of Philadelphia. It was a black and white monkey that chai-tered incessantly, but allowed promenaders tered incessantly, but allowed promenaders to stroke its coat without showing its

Philadelphia politicians must be exremely busy fixing their political fences, for but few were down for the week-end conferences which were a feature of last eason. Even Dave Lane, who has been coming here for 30 years, has not yet put n his appearance for the summer. It is inderstood that the "amen" corners in certain hotels will not be occupied by pol-ticians this season until after the national conventions have decided on the presi-dential candidates. Thomas W. Cunningham was noticed strolling along the walk and although Senator Penrose slipped into town quietly, he must have taken refuge in his yacht, for he could not be found.

Congressmar John Morin, of Pittsburgh, is here until after Decoration Day and will spend all his spare time here during the summer. Roger O'Mara, also of Pitts-burgh, and his daughter are here for a stay of tay of some weeks. Both the Pennsylvania and Reading

railroads will put on a Sunday night train for New York in a few weeks. The trains will leave at midnight and will carry steeping cars for the benefit of New York bus mess men who want to enjoy to the last minute the beauties of this resort and be



A movement is on foot to start a guar antee fund for the owners of the steamship Atlantic City, so that it will continue its daily trips to Philadelphia or its triweekly rips to New York during the summer. The

line has never paid, but the owners are willing to take a chance, if they can get a guarantee that business will warrant the ontinuance of the trips.

Mr. and Mrs. James McCahan, of Walnut street, are here for a summer's rest which

will continue until October. Frank Ostertag, of the Philadelphia Postoffice, has resumed his week-end trips, which

he will continue as long as the bathing is pleasant. John Habermahl, the florist, and his fam-

ly are now occupying their cottage and vill remain until fall. Cottagers arriving for the season lately are Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Fleisher, Mr. and Mrs. Maximillian Bruckm'an and Dr. and

the audience received its money back at the box office. "Zenatello refused to sing unless he was paid in advance," Richards declared today. "The house management refused and sug-gested a check. After several hours of ar-gument Zenatello agreed to accept the check. Then he discovered the excitement had affected his throat so that he could not sing." Mrs. J. Schembs and family. J. Walsh took time enough away from

his home in Bala, with its accompanying vegetable patch, to bring his family here over Memorial Day. sing. Judge and Mrs. J. F. Lamorelle are

here for a stay. Mrs. E. A. Carroll and Miss Helen D. Carroll, of Germantown, are at an up-to-date beach front hotel for a lengthy stay.

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Politically

SUES BALKY TENOR AT SHORE

Boardwalk Playhouse Dark Because of

Pay Demand

ATLANTIC CITT, May 39.—To curb the artistic temperament of Giovanni Zena-tella, tenor, Emerson L. Richards, attorney for a Boardwalk playhouse, has filed two suits for \$10,000 each against the singer. Zenatello and his wife, according to the management of the theatre, refused to sing Saturday unless they received their pay in advance. There was no performance are the audience received its money back at the box office.

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CHAPTER XVI Korak's Vengeance

A ND out in the jungle, far away, Korak, covered with wounds, stiff with slotted blood, burning with rage and sorrow, swung back upon the trail of the great baboons. He did not find them where he had last seen them, nor in any

-Korak, her Korak always was first.

sum of sixty-one cents and wanted to get two dollars. We suggested to him that instead of WANTING THE TWO DOLLARS, he try MAKE THE TWO DOLLARS WANT HIM.

The last time we heard from our little friend he had one dollar and thirtynine cents. He likes the new plan.

Now a member comes along who wants a bicycle and we advised him to think of the whole matter in this light: He says he wants a bicycle. Why not try to picture the bicycle as WANTING HIM. There in the store is the wheel. In the afternoon the sun shines upon it and makes it awful hot. The bicycle is doing no one any good standing there, and, besides, it is likely to get rusty. Wouldn't the wheel rather be buzzing around in the country these beautiful days? Would it not rather be of use to some one?

When we told this idea to our friend he thought it was a splendid schemee, and so now, instead of wanting a bicycle, he fancies the wheel WANTS HIM.

We shall be glad to tell you when our boy friend gets his bicycle, for we know he is going to get it. In the first place, it will take him out into the green fields where he can get some fresh air and it will not cost any more than \$25 worth of foolishness which some boys, not members of our club, "fritter" away.

If YOU want something very much-look up the word DESIRE and remember that we must have a reason for our wants before we ask for the things we desire.

FARMER SMITH. Children's Editor, EVENING LEDGER.

A THOUGHT FOR TODAY-The world is so full of a number of

ars.

things, I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings.—Robert Louis Stevenson.-(Sent in by Margaret Hayes).

FARMER SMITH.

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

Branch Club News

Edward White, of Hermitage street, surprised us the other morning with news of "Rainbow Swimming Club," which he is about to organize. Though swimming will be the main branch of athletics pursued, the hoys will try their hands (and feet, too), at other sports. Edward requests that we suggest an emblem for their swimming Bults.

It seems that as long as the boys have snroiled themselves under the banner of the Rainbow, it might be well that they adopt this (the Rainbow) as their emblem. The design of the button might be worked adopt this (the Rainbow) as their emblem. The design of the button might be worked out and embroidered in colors on the suits. A simpler idea than would be to cut out the letters of the word Rainbow in feit. Make each letter a different color (one of the colors of the Rainbow). As there are seven colors in the Rainbow, the emblem will signify as well as spell the name of your out. If you the this idea with to show an interest in all its activities. Miriam Rank, Helen Schneider, John Miller, Jr., William and Lester Boyce and Joseph Maguire send very interesting lat-ters, which we regret not having space to publish. We would like to have the photographs of these little people, who by their friendly words have brought a good bit of happiness to "their farmer."

you like this idea. Edward, about the letters, write a latter saying so and is the number of suits to be lettered. will gladly furnish information about much fait to may and have be go about

By Farmer Smith "BIFF! The Baby Baboon jumped. "BANG!"

The Baby Baboon got up and looked around. Two cocoanuts had come down dangerously near his head. Suddenly he saw Jimmy Monkey in the top of the hamboo tree holding a newspaper in one hand and throwing cocoanuts with the

other "HEY, stop that!" the Baby Baboon shouted at Jimmy so loud that the fellow in the tree almost fell out.

Jimmy scampered down to the ground and, rushing up to the Baby Baboon, said: "Look, look! Here is a picture of a great big cannon shooting over a hill and I was throwing coccanuts just like the cannon

was shooting cannon balls-it's great "That's all right," answered the Baby Baboon, "but it isn't funny if you hit me with a cocoanut."

"That's part of war-setting hit." said Jimmy. "Let's play again, and you be the one to stop the cannon balls—somebody must stop them. You can be the enemy."

"I don't want to be the enemy." The Baby was very firm. "Well, you MUST be the enemy, and

that makes it all the more exciting, he-cause if you don't want to be the enemy I will MAKE you be the enemy." "Then you hit me with the cannon balls-

I mean the cocoanuts?" "Of course-you're the energy," answered

"All right; that will be grand; but before you start any of that enemy business I wanted to tell you that mother had made a beautiful cocoanut cake, and I think I could atand being hit with cannon balls much better if I had a piece of that cake."

And with that the Baby Baboon started for home. "I guess you are right," said Jimmy, as

he followed him. When Jimmy saw the cocoanut cake he forgot all about war and cannen balls. Now wasn't that funny?

> Things to Know and Do Fill in the dots with letters so that fords read acros

John Yerkes, Olney, and James Grundy, ir., West College avenue, have promised o work hard for our club. John wants o know if we wish to take in more mem-ers. We do, John, if they are active mes, willing to keep the club pledge and o show an interest in all its activities. Mivism Bank Helen Schneider, John and purre? (for little folks.) The Lost Button

By Abbie Idell, Mt. Airy. One day a little girl got a button from the Farmer Smith Rainbow Club. Her lit-ie baby eister took is and hid it so her als-ter could not find it. She wanted that pretty button

Junior Baseball Scores

button. The little girl's name was Dollis. Dollis bunted, hunted and hunted up and down and sveryphere. At isst the little baby came out, hung her head and smid: "I thought it was sould a pretty button I would like to have it." So Dolly got a button far "Heby."

of their usual haunts; but he sought them along the well-marked spoor they had left behind them, and at last he overtook them. When first he came upon them they were moving slowly but steadily southward in one of those periodic migrations, the rea sons for which the baboon himself is best able to explain. At sight of the white warrior, who came upon them from down the wind, the herd halted in response to the warning cry of the sentinels that had dis-

overed him. There was much growling and muttering; much stiff-legged circling on the part of the bulls. The mothers, in nervous, high-

pitched tones, called their young to their sides, and with them moved to safety behind their lords and masters.

Korak called aloud to the king, who, at the familiar voice, advanced slowly, warily and still stiff-legged. He must have the confirmatory evidence of his nose before venturing to rely too implicitly upon the

testimony of his ears and eyes. Norak kept perfectly still. To have ad-vanced then might have precipitated an mediate attack, or, as easily, a panic of flight. Wild beasts are creatures of nerves, It is a relatively simple thing to throw them into a species of hysteria which may induce either a mania for murder or sympinduce either a mania for murder or symp-toms of apparent abject cowardice—it is a question, however, if a wild animal ever is actually a coward. The king baboon approached Korak. He walked around him in an ever-decreasing

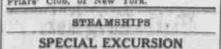
circle-growling, grunting, sniffing. Korak spoke to him. "I am Korak." he said. I opened the

am Abraz. In Sector 1 optimized for cage that held you. I saved you from the Tarmangani. I am Korak, the Killer. I am your friend." "Huh," grunted the king. "Yes, you are Korak. My ears told me that you were Korak. My eyes told me that you were Korak. Now my nose talls me that you

Korak. Now my nose tells me that you are Korak. My nose is never wrong. I am your friend. Come, we shall hunt together.' "Korak cannot hunt now," replied the

"Korak cannot hunt now," replied the apeman. "The Gomangani have stolen Mariem. They have tied her in their vil-inge. They will not let her go. Korak, alone, was unable to set her free. Korak set you free. Now, will you bring your people and set Korak's Meriem free?" CONTINUED TOMORROW

Memorial Day at "Arlington WASHINGTON, May 29. — Memorial Day will be observed here Tuesday with slaborate exercises at Arlington National Cametery, where are buried thousands of dead soldiers. President Wilson will de-liver the principal address. In the eve-ning the President will go to Baltimore for a theatrical performance given by the Friars' Club, of New York.







Great Pre-Inventory Sale (Continued)
We will continue our Great Annual Pre-Inventory Sale until closing time, 1 o'clock P. M. Tues- day, May 30, Memorial Day. Thoughtful housewives will take advantage of the exceptional bar- gains offered during this sale. Please place your order as early as possible.
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band" that brought home beautiful souvenirs of the hike in the shape of well-taken

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Joseph Wahrhaftig is one of the "hikers".

We wish more Rain-bows would go on hikes and take pic-tures. George and Jesse Alexander, two Joseph Wahrhaftis. Joseph Wahrhaftis. Joseph Wahrhaftis. Joseph Wahrhaftis. Joseph Wahrhaftis. As possible, and many a time he forgets he is a busy storekeeps and has a turn of ball in the back lot with "his boys." We know lots of Rainbows have "chum daddies" like this one. Please write and let us have a peek into your good times. John Yerkes, Oiney, and James Grundy.

snapshots. One of the hispenote. One of the pictures published in the Club News was so well thought of by a sketch artist that he took the trouble to find out just where the scene was snapped. We wish more Bain-