The SON OF TARZAN

Author of the Targan Tales

CHAPTER XVI-Continued THE Gomangani have many sharp sticks which they throw. They pierce the bodies of my people. They kill us. The Gomangani are bad people. They will kill us

all if we enter their village," The Tarmangani have sticks that make "The Tarmangani have sticks that make a loud noise and kill at a great distance," replied Korak. "They had these when Korak set you free from their trap. If Korak had run away from them, you would now be a prisoner among the Tarmangani." The baboon scratched his head. In a rough circle about him and the apeman aquatted the bulls of his herd. They blinked their eyes, shouldered one another about for more advantageous positions, scratched at he rotting vegetation upon the chance.

the rotting vegetation upon the chance in the rotting vegetation upon the chance of unearthing a toothsome worm, or sat listlessly eyeing their king and the strange Mangani, who called himself thus, but who more closely resembled the hated Tarmanmer of the king looked at some of the of his subjects, as though inviting sug-

"We are too few," grunted one,
"There are the baboons of the hill coun many as the leaves of the forest. They, too, hate the Gomangani. They love to fight. The are very savage. Let us ask them to accompany us. Then can we kill all the Gomangani in the jungle." He rose growled horribly, bristling his stiff

That is the way to talk," cried the iller. "but we do not need the baboons of the hill country. We are enough. It will the a long time to fetch them. Meriem he dead and eaten before we could free her. Let us set out at once for the village of the Gomangani. If we travel village of the Gomangani. If we travel very fast it will not take long to reach it. Then, all at the same time, we can charge into the village, growling and barking. The Gomangani will be very frightened and will run away. While they are gone we can selize Meriem and carry her off. We do not have to kill or be killed—all that Korak s is his Merlem We are too few," croaked the old ape

"Yes, we are too few," echoed others.

Korak could not persuade them. They
would help him gladly; but they must do
it in their own way, and that meant enlisting the services of their kinsmen and

allies of the hill country.

So Korak was forced to give in. All he could do for the present was to urge them to haste, and at his suggestion the king baboon, with a dozen of his mightlest bulls, agreed to go to the hill country with Korak, leaving the remainder of the herd

Once enlisted in the adventure, the baboons became quite enthusiastic about it. The delegation set off immediately. They waveled swiftly; but the apeman found no difficulty in keeping up with the difficulty in keeping up with them. They made a tremendous racket as they passed through the trees, in an endeavor to suggest to enemies in their front that a great herd was approaching, for when the bans travel in large numbers there is no fungle creature who cares to molest them. When the nature of the country required much travel upon the level, and the dis-tance between trees was great, they moved silently, knowing that the lion and the leop-ard would not be fooled by noise when they could see plainly for themselves that only a handful of baboons were on the trail.

For two days the party raced through the savage country, passing out of the dense jungle into an open plain, and across this to timbered mountain slopes. Korak never before had been here. It was a new coun-

FARMER SMITH'S

WHAT IS A LAWYER?

little boy looked up in his father's eyes and said: "Dear Daddy, what is a lawyer?"

answered. (No, the little boy's father was not a lawyer.) The beautiful thing

he is a man who is graduated from a law school and who THINKS STRAIGHT.

about a lawyer is that (if he is a good lawyer) he thinks straight.

he thinks. He must KNOW what he is talking about.

tell them that your Editor is a great admirer of lawyers.

by day to teach our members to think STRAIGHT.

Once upon a time, dear children, there was a little boy, and one day the

The father was so embarrassed that he had to think a long time before he

Therefore, if we must make up OUR definition of a lawyer let us say that

It will not do for a lawyer to appear before a Judge and tell him what

I am writing this because some of you may have fathers who are lawyers

Also, I am writing this because some of our boys expect to be lawyers when

One of the great things about our wonderful Club is that we are trying day

A lawyer is logical and he must have REASONS for the things he says.

and it will interest them in our Club if you can show them this newspaper and

direction of the voices that nosted through the forest to them in the intervals of their own silence. Thus, calling and listening, they came closer to their kinsmen; who, it was evident to Korak, were coming to meet them in great numbers.

But—when, at last, the baboons of the

ill country came in view, the apeman was staggered at the reality that broke upon

What appeared a solid wall of huge baboons rose from the ground through the branches of the trees to the loftlest terrace o which they dared entrust their weight. Slowly they were approaching, voicing their weird, plaintive call, and behind them, as far as Korak's eyes could pierce the ver-dure, rose solid walls of their fellows, treading close upon their heels. There were thousands of them. The apeman could not but think of the fate of his lit's party should some untoward incident arouse even nomentarily the rage or fear of a single one of all those thousands. But no such thing befell. The two kings

approached one another, as was their custom, with much sniffing and bristling. They satisfied themselves of each other's identity. Then each scratched the other's back. After a moment they spoke together. Korak's friend explained the nature of their visit.

and for the first time Korak showed him-self. He had been hiding behind a bush. The excitement among the hill baboons was intense at sight of him. For a mo-ment Korak feared that he should be torn to pieces; but his fear was for Meriem. Should he die, there would be no one to

The two kings, however, managed to quiet the multitude, and Korak was permitted to approach. Slowly the hill baboons came closer to him. They smiffed at him from every angle. When he spoke to them in every angle. When he spoke to them in their own tongue they were filled with

wonder and delight.

They talked to him and listened while he spoke. He stold them of Meriem, and of their life in the jungle, where they were the friends of all the ape folk from little Manu to Mangani, the great ape.

"The Gomangani, who are keeping Meriem from me, are no friends of yours," he said, "They kill you. The baboons of the low country are too few to go against them. They tell me that you are very many and very brave—that your numbers are as the numbers of the grasses upon the plains, or the leaves within the forest; and that even Tantor, the elephant, fears you, so brave are you. They told me that you would be happy to accompany us to the village of the Gomangani and punish these bad people, while I. Korak, the Killer, carry away my Meriem."

The king ape puffed out his chest and strutted about very stiff-legged indeed. So also did many of the other great bulls of his nation. They were pleased and flat-tered by the words of the strange Tar-mangani, who called himself Mangani, and spoke the language of the hairy progenitors

try to him, and the change from the monotony of the circumscribed view in the jungle was pleasing.

But he had little desire to enjoy the beauties of nature at this time. Meriem, his Meriem, was in danger. Until she was freed and returned to him he had little thought for aught else.

Once in the forest that clothed the mountain slopes, the baboons advanced more slowly. Constantly they gave tongue to a plaintive note of calling. Then would follow silence while they listened. At last, faintly from the distance straight ahead, came an answer.

The baboons continued to travel in the direction of the voices that floated through the forest to them in the intervals of their own silence. Thus, calling and listening, they came closer to their kinsmen; who, it

ingly.
"You bulls are very brave," he said; "but "You bulls are very brave," he said; "but braver than any is the king."

Thus addressed, the shaggy bull, still in his prime—else he had been no longer king—growled ferociously. The forest echoed to his lusty challenges. The little baboons clutched fearfully at their mothers' hairy necks. The bulls, electrified, leaped high in the air and took up the roaring challenge of their king. The din was terrific.

Korak came close to the king and shouted in his ear, "Come". Then he started off through the forest toward the plain that they must cross on their long journey back

through the forest toward the plain that they must cross on their long journey back to the village of Kovudoo, the Gomangani. The king, still roaring and shrieking, wheeled and followed him. In their wake came the handful of low-country baboons and the thousands of the hill clan—savage, wiry, doglike creatures, athirst for blood.

And so they came, upon the second day, to the village of Kovudoo. It was mid-afternoon. The village was sunk in the afternoon. quiet of the great equatorial sun heat. The mighty herd traveled quietly now. Be-neath the thousands of padded feet the forest gave forth no greater sound than might have been produced by the increased sough-ing of a stronger breeze through the leafy

Korak, creeping stealthily, entered the tree that overhung the palisade. He gianced behind him. The pack was close upon his heels. The time had come. He had warned them continuously during the long march that no harm must befall the white womanage who lay a respectively. woman-ape who lay a prisoner within the village. All others were their legitimate

Then, raising his face toward the sky, ne gave voice to a single cry. It was the algraal.

In response, three thousand hairy bulls leaped, screaming and barking, into the village of the terrified blacks. Warriors poured from every hut. Mothers gathered their babies in their arms and fied toward the gates as they saw the horrid horde pouring into the village street. Kovudoo marshaled his fighting men about him, and, leaping and yelling to arouse their cour-age, offered a bristling, spear-tipped front to the charging horde.

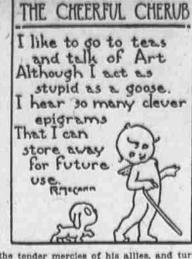
age, olicred a bristling, spear-tipped front to the charging horde.

Korak, as he led the march, led the charge. The blacks were struck with horror and dismay at the sight of this white-skinned youth at the head of a pack of hideous baboons.

For an instant they held their

For an instant they held their ground, hurling their spears once at the advancing multitude; but before they could fit arrows to their bows they wavered, gave, and turned in terrified rout. Into their ranks, upon their backs, sinking strong fangs into the muscles of their necks, sprang the baboons; and first among them, most feroof man.

"Yes," said one, "we of the hill country are mighty fighters. Tantor fears us. Numa fears us. Sheeta fears us. The Gomangani of the hill country are glad to



the tender mercies of his allies, and turned himself eagerly toward the hut in which Meriem had been a prisoner. It was empty. One after another the

filthy interiors revealed the same disheart-ening fact.—Meriem was in none of them. That she had not been taken by the blacks in their flight from the village Korak knew for he had watched carefully for a glimps of her among the fugitives.

To the mind of the apeman, knowing as he did the proclivities of the savages, there was but a single explanation-Merlem had was but a single explanation—Meriem had been killed and eaten. With the conviction that Meriem was dead, there surged through Korak's brain a wave of blood-red rage against those he believed to be her murderers. In the distance he could hear the snarling of the baboons mixed with the screams of their victims, and toward this he made his war. he made his way.

When he came upon them the baboons had commenced to tire of the sport of bat tile, and the blacks, in a little knot, were making a new stand, using their knob-sticks effectively upon the few bulls who still persisted in attacking them.

Among these broke Korak from the branches of a tree above them—swift, rebranches of the trees.

Korak and the two kings were in the lead. Close beside the village they halted until the stragglers had closed up. Now Like a work.

Korak, creater.

there, everywhere; striking terrific blows with hard fists, and with the precision and timeliness of the trained fighter. Again and again he buried his teeth in the flesh of a feeman. He was upon one and gone again to another before an effective blow could be dealt him.

Yet, though great was the weight of his execution in determining the result of the combat, it was outweighed by the terror which he inspired in the simple, super-stitious minds of his foemen. To them this white warrior, who consorted with the great apes and the flerce baboons, who growled and snarled and snapped like a beast, was not human. He was a demon of the forest—a fearsome god of evil whom they had offended, and who had come out of his lair deep in the jungle to punish

And because of this belief there many who offered but little defense, feeling as they did the futility of pitting their puny mortal strength against that of

Those who could fled until at last there were no more to pay the penalty for a deed of which, while not beyond them, they were, nevertheless, not guilty. Panting and bloody, Korak paused for want of further victims. The baboons gathered about him, sated themselves with blood

In the distance Kovudoo was gathering his scattered tribesmen and taking ac-count of injuries and losses. His people were panic-stricken. Nothing could prevail upon them to remain longer in this country. They would not even return to the village for their belongings. Instead, insisted upon continuing their flight

until they had put many miles between themselves and the stamping ground of the demon who had so bitterly attacked them. And thus it befell that Korak drove from their homes the only people who might have aided him in a search for Meriem, and cut off the only connecting link between him and her from whomsoever might have come in search of him from the douar of the kindly Bwana who had befriended his

little jungle sweetheart.

It was a sour and savage Korak who bid farewell to his baboon allies upon the following morning. They wished him to accompany them; but the apeman had no heart for society. Jungle life had encouraged taciturnity in him. His sorrow had deepened this to a sullen moroseness that could not brook even the savage com-panionship of the ill-natured baboons.

Brooding and despondent, he took his solitary way into the deepest jungle. He moved along the ground when he knew that Numa was abroad and hungry. He took to the same trees that harbored Sheeta, the panther. He courted death in a hundred ways and a hundred forms. His mind was ever occupied with reminiscences of Meriem and the happy years that they had spent together.

He realized now to the full what she had meant to him. The sweet face, the tanned, supple little body, the bright smile that always had welcomed his return from the int, haunted him continually,

Inaction soon threatened him with mad-ness. He must be on the go. He must fill his days with labor and excitement that he might forget—that night might find him so exhausted that he should sleep in blessed consciousness of his misery until a new day had come.

Had he guessed that by any possibility

Had he guessed that by any possibility Merlem might still live, he would at least have had hope. 'His days could have been devoted to searching for her, but he believed implicitly that she was dead.

For a long year he led his solitary, roaming life. Occasionally he fell in with Akut and his tribe, hunting with them for a day or two; or he might travel to the hill country where the balcons had come to

a day or two, or he hight travel to the hin country, where the baboons had come to accept him as a matter of course; but most of all was he with Tantor, the elephant— the great gray battleship of the jungle— the superdreadnought of his savage world. The peaceful quiet of the monster bulls, the watchful solicitude of the mother the watchful solicitude of the mother cows, the awkward playfulness of the calves, rested, interested and amused Korak. The life of the huge beasts took his mind, temporarily, from his own grief. He came to love them as he loved not even the great apes, and there was one gigantic tusker in particular of which he was very fond—the lord of the herd, a savage beast that was wont to charge upon a stranger upon the slightest provocation or upon no

provocation whatsoever.

He came when Korak called. He wound his trunk about the speman's body and lifted him to his broad neck in response to a gesture, and there would Korak lie at full length, kicking his toes affectionately into the thick hide and brushing the fles from about the tender ears of his colossal thum with a leafy branch torn by Tantor from a nearby tree.

And all the while Meriem was scarce a

hundred miles away! CONTINUED TOMORROW

GIRL WAITS YEAR FOR DIPLOMA Exercises Deferred at Hulmeville Un-

It is not often that a girt graduate waits patiently over a period of an entire year before she receives public recognition of the finish of her studies by the presentation of a coveted bit of parchment, technically

called a diploma.

Yet that is what happened to Miss Elizaboth Black, of Rulmeville, who was graduated from the Hulmeville High School in 1915. She was the "entire class" last year—salutatorian, valedictorian, prophet, presenter—but no commencement was held and the award of her diploma was deferred

and the award of har diploma was deterred until this year.

So, with two other girl graduates—Miss Inabel Frances Gill and Alles Ethel M. Barton—the class of 1915-1816 received their diplomas last night at commencement exercises hald in Hulmerille. The Rev. Dr. Fuercat E. Daser, of Furladaiphia, made the address to them.



BEANS, TOMATOES AND CORN A FORTNIGHT "BACK"

COMMUTERS SASS WEATHER MAN: GARDEN SASS A FORTNIGHT LATE

It's the Temperature That Is Contrary This Year, Not Mary—Season Is From a Fortnight to a Month Backward-Tragedy of the Cactus Dahlias

Mary, Mary, quite contrary,

How does your garden grow? TT'S the weather that is quite contrary this year and not Mary or her spouse. Consequently gardens, which are the delight and recreation of a large number of Philadeiphlans, counting as sons and daughters of the Founder those who dwell and have their vines and fig leaves, parsley and pe-tunias, cannas and cabbage in the metro-politan zone which unites the city proper of William Penn, once restricted from rive to river and South to Vine streets, and the sections consolidated in 1854, taking in the 130 miles of the county, with the numerous suburbs out the Main Line, the York road territory and other parts of Delaware and Montgomery Countles. There are lots of gardens, both flower

and vegetable, in this extensive area, not to mention the near-lying suburbs of New Jersey, which, as is well known, is the Gar-den State. Right in the city limits truck patches are by no means unusual, while outside every suburban homestead, no mat-ter how unpretentious, has either its flowers or its vegetables or most often both.

ABNORMAL WEATHER.

That it has had them some years. This year's abnormal conditions of temperature and rainfall have made the past tense im perative. The gardens are only a shadow of their wonted luxuriance or perhaps it would be better to say a forehint of what they should be and possibly will be if Philadelphia and environs ever get into what Jim Riley called "knee-deep in June," and those rare days in June written of by Jim Lowell become rare in one sense of the word, that is of quality and not of quantity.

The nights have been cold, there have been hints, and, indeed, only a week ago a taste of frost, the rains have been unusual in number and the soil has been constantly In consequence everything is back-Instead of propitious weather for planting and favoring circumstances to bring the crops serward, those that have been planted have been in a state of more or less suspended animation.

John Bartram, the celebrated garden ex-pert of the Evening Lengus, when asked to explain why gardening conditions were so untoward and why those who were accustomed to go out back and gather a "mess" of green peas by this time of year in usual times and to point with pride to buds at least on their early fomatoes, said authoritatively

"Planting has been very late this year. The ground was cold up to a very short time ago, and the fairly experienced gardener will not put his seed in till the soil is warm and mellow. The ground has been too wet to spade or plow satisfactorily. Those who have gardened only a season or two know cold nights are a detriment al most fatal to success. Even if the days are warm, if the nights are too cool growth s by fits and starts instead of gradual and steady, mounting to the climax of fruition Alternate growth and retardation weaker the plants and their vitality is seriously mpaired. This will be the case with those

impaired. This will be the case with those who were ill advised enough to plant 'early gardens' this year."

"I see by the evening paper," said the man who goes home on the 5:15, after he had settled himself and his bundles in his usual seat beside the man who rides on to the next station south. "I see by the paper to be presented in the performance of the next station south, "I see by the pape that the agricultural sharks up at Harris-burg have issued a bulletin stating that garden crops are two weeks behind. Well mine are more than a month back. I sup-pose you lucky dogs who live in a lower atitude are eating peas with your knives aiready. Mine are only three inches above ground and they're dwarf peas, too. And radishes! I had to buy this bunch in the market. Gee, I must have left them at the office. I'll get the dickens for that."

NO EARLY POTATOES. "You chaps up in the Arctic regions are darn lucky," replied the deacon who rode beside him, using a mild epithet befitting his ecclesiastical rank, "I only put my peas in last Saturday. And as for potatoes, why for years we have always eaten our first earlies on the Fourth of July. My first planting this year rotted in the ground. But they're cheaper to replace than some of my neighbors fancy show and cactus dahliae at a dollar a bulb. They'll never bloom any more. Died of wet feet and premature planting, you know. I suppose we'll have to confine our celebration of the nation's birthday to the conventional fireworks, for I don't think the missus will stand for bought potatoes. She's a stickler for the traditions."

But it is not only the denizens of the 5:15 going out from the local stations who are irked by the bad weather which has thrown back their gardens from a week to a month. Swapping of notes of misfortune is the misery-loves-company occupation daily on the ferries leading to Jersey and on the troiley lines which carry straphangers to the remoter sections of the city, where there are room and opportunity for gar-

dening.

In some favored locations in Jersey green peas are showing blossoms. The fact is, the pods ought to be filling, with Little Marvel or Early Alaska planted. Tomato plants set out at the usual time have virtually been blighted. Those who were forehanded to mitting out escapints, peopers and in putting out eggplants, peppers and other tender vegetables are sorry now. Some persons have made a couple of plantings of lima beans, but the only crop they have to show thus far is that of the bean poles.

Even where gardeners have been short-sighted but long hopeful their plots have not been notable for results. Their plants have not taken hold properly. CAN'T RUSH NATURE.

CAN'T RUSH NATURE.

Time, in terms of gardening, does not like to be taken by the forelock. So their gardens are at least a week late. Those who have delayed planting till conditions seemed tolerably safe are from a fortnight to a month later. The only person who to happy is the procrastinating gardener. If he does not delay too long, he may exceed his premature neighbors in final results.

This time last year potunias and masturitums were in blossom. The plants are now only a quarter grown from cost! May on, and the same is true of reconstant the same in the same to the same

in specially early varieties. In many cases, even with eastern exposure and protection from cold blasts, peonles and rhododendrons, or resebay, are merely in the state of swelling buds.

The only things that have run their apthe perennial shrubbery, such as lilacs, spireas, purple flags, magnolias and dog-wood. But they furnish only a feast for the eye and are not nourishing to the inner man. You can't eat them. And the amateur gardener dearly loves something that he and his family can eat and enjoy the pleasing sensation that the cost of living is eing reduced.

However, the weather man has ap-parently taken a turn for the better. Cau-tious and canny gardeners have been observed the last few days setting out their Ponderosa and Stone tomatoes and their eggplants and peppers. When this is done it's a pretty safe bet that it is all right to plant anything.

By JOHN BARTRAM

Kensington—There are several flowers narked the cornflower in popular floral language, but the cornflower ster or Stokesia cxanea. It is the cornflower aster or Stokesia cxanea. It is the cornflower aster or Stokesia cxanea. It is the cornflower aster or Stokesia cxanea. It is blue and a native of the United States, brought into general cultivation about 10 years ago. Recent developing has added rose and white to the color list. It is a hardy perennial and will come up each year if the plants are protected by a slight winter covering. Seeds come at 15 cents a packet and will give good plants for next year's blooming. Flants cost 15 cents each or \$1.50 a dozen. They will bloom from July till frost. Trillium

Trillium

N. M.—You are late to have trillium or wake robin for this y ar's blooming. The wild wake robin celebrate sy John Burroughs in one of his finest nature essays, has been brought into cultivation. It is spring bloomer and is finely adapted forms, and y position in the hardy border, stying early flowers and taking up little room. The variety erectum is the purple wood lily, the missions white variety is the grandiforum. The history of either variety in the catalogues of reliable seedsmen is 10 cents each or \$1 a dozen.

Fruit Trees to Bear S. T. Y.—Apples will bear from three to five years and continue bearing for 25 years. Pears from four to six years, and continue 50 years from four to six years, and continue 50 years. Peach from two to four years, and continue 12 years. Plum from three to four years, and continue 20 years. Blackberry from one to two years, and continue 10 to 12 years. Strawberry years, and will bear two seasons. Rapperser, and will bear for 10 years, Googant one year, and will bear for 20 years. Googant one year, and will continue for 20 years, Apparagus two to three years, and will bear for 23 years, and will bear for 25 years.

Weeping Trees

M. N. D.—V**sping trees are very effective, it is best to ping them as "apecimens"—that is, isolated from the hardy shrubbery border or group. The weeping willow the trees which have pendicious branches. It has an olive green bark in winter. It has its befreet when planted on the margin of water he freet when planted on the margin of water he freet when planted on the margin of water he greet when planted on the margin of water he affect when planted on the margin of water he freet when planted on the margin of reals mulberry, doorus a ba, variety pendula traries, is a compact dwarfish tree available for limited apace. The kranches are severely pendulous and the leaves deeply lobed. It is ideal for the mill grounds where a tree specially "charactered is desired for display. The weeping beech again of freakish; the branches have a billowy free of it is very slow growing. It needs a dry soil. The weeping ash, Frexinus excelsior, variety pendula, has a round, spreading top, is a rapid grower and attains a growth of 50 set pariphery. Hence needs room for development. Spray for Fruit Trees

Anselm—The best all-round spray for fruit trees is arsenate bordeaux mixture, which can be bought in prepared form; just "add hot water and serve." This is valuable both for the scale and for the bugs which make havoc with the isaves and the fruit. For stone fruits, che des, peaches and plums use a level teamponful of the preparation to a quart and a pint of water. For pome fruits or fruits with a fleshy covering embedding the seeds, such as applies and pears, use a level teampoonful to a quart of water. For grapes use the former proportion. Do not use this apray after the fruit has attained a fair size.

C. V. D.—Sorry you had such trouble with the lima beans. I tried to make it plain in previous articles that lima beans were one of the latest things to be planted. The seeds are very susceptible to moleture and coldness. You have the consolation of knowing that you are not the only one who has fared ill with limas this backward season. The ground is warm now and there will hardly be any more frosts. So try axaim. For a green seeded lima, which you ask about, try Carpentiria. Each pod constant four large mealy beans, which retain color even when dried.

Plan your veaction to meliude "Finest Caastwise Trips is the World."

Merchants & Miners Trans. Co. City Office, 105 S. 9th St., Philia, Consult any ticket or tourist agent.

WAR'S ECHOES DISTURB SLEEP OF VISITORS AT ATLANTIC CITY HOTELS

Experiments With Shells by Bethlehem Steel Company 30 Miles Away Disturb Guests

MANY PHILADELPHIANS ATLANTIC CITY, May 80,-For several

days, in the early mo ting, noises like distant cannonading have awakeced many gueste and made them make numerous inquiries from hotel clerks as to the cause of this siese disturber. Inasmuch as the deep rumblings sounded like thunder, many people imagined a storm was raging at sea, but rumblings sounded like thunder, many people imagined a storm was raging at sea, but as the sounds came at intervals of about 30 seconds, this solution of the problem was given up. Captain Nick Jeffries, an amateur wireless operator, explained the misserious noises yesterday, and proof of his assertions were given by a wireless measure to Cape May Point, N. J. The Bethisben Steel Company has a testing plant at that place, where it tests shells, a certain number being taken out of each lot manufactured to see whether the timing is correct. These tests take place every morning, but it is only on certain days that the sounds carry the 35 miles between this city and Cape May. The reasons given for this unueval transmission of sound is that the sky is banked by immense clo ds of "water dust," which acts as a sounding-board and transmits these rumblings for a long distransmits these rumblings for a long dis-tance. Now that this explanation of the mysterious noises has been given many visitors, who feared that a battle was rag-ing at sea, may be able to enjoy their

ing at sea, may be able to enjoy their morning map in comfort. The airships here are making trips every The airships here are making trips every 15 minutes. Although they do not carry passengers on every trip, they are advertising the flights and laying the foundation for big business later on. Night flights are promised with illuminated planes, and as business was good last summer, several other air mariners are planning to come here during the summer and get some of the profits.

There are many Canadian visitors bere at the present time, and many bokes of salt-water taffy are being mailed to "some-where in France." The candy is shipped to the London General Postoffice, but the ambiguous address given above is always used on the packages.

The Atlantic City Yacht Club is celebrating Memorial Day by a series of races between catboats, to take place this afternoon. The big novelty of these races is that all boats are to be "manned" or skippered by the fair sex. A dance will be given in the evening at the clubbouse and the prizes awarded to the winners during the first intermission. Several younger members of Philadelphia society are entered in the races.

SUFFRAGE FETE BEING HELD IN GERMANTOWN

Prominent Speakers to Expound Cause-Many Delightful Entertainment Features

A suffrage play, moving pictures, auto-rides, decorated booths with everything imaginable to sell and many other features will mark the suffrage fete which is being held this after soon and evening on the vacant lot at Greene and Duval streets, Gor-mantown. The play has been named "Uncle Sam's Daughters" and many prominens suffragists will be seen in it.

suffragists will be seen in it.

The "Cause" will also be expounded by several well-known suffrage speakers.

In addition to the booths and auto rides, there is a maypole dance by the children of the Charles Henry School, Greene and Carpenter streets. There are also a "fish pond" for the kiddies and a fortune tellet. A Dutch supper will be served. Prizes will be awarded to the winners of the poster contest. Girl pupils of the Germantown High School have been competing and it is expected many clever. peting and it is expected many clever designs will be brought out. The com-mittees that will award the prizes includes Miss Jessie Wilcox Smith, Paul King and Nicola d'Ascenzo. Delegates from various districts throughout the State are expect-

ed to attend. Mrs. Ernest T. Toogood, of 6358 Greene street, is chairman of the aides. Mrs. Frank Dechant is acting chairman of the speakers' committee; Miss Ann Harned is chairman of publicity; Mrs. W. Dixoy is chairman of the decorating committee; Dr. M. S. Self is in charge of the cakes; Mrs. B. Saddington, candy, and Mrs. Frank Rob-inson, refreshments.

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Mount Foranc, Pa. HAWTHORNE INN At Mount

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If any of you can suggest any other profession which you would like to hear about I hope you will write me a letter and tell me about it.

Roy Godfrey, of North 59th street, is going "to make every effort to get new members." Robert Snyder, Tom's River, N. J., has succeeded in making several young men in his town Rainbows. Robert bromises a picture of himself. To date it has not arrived We are waiting! Not only are we looking for your picture but for that of every single solitary Rainbow who has not as yet appeared in "Our Postwho has not as yet appeared in "Our Post-Katherine May Jones received her Rain Katherine May Jones received her hand-blew button on the morning of her tenth birthday. Wasn't that a nice surprise? Theims and Althea Bayhurst, of Telford, sent their regular little "I-don't-forget-you" latter the other day. Of course we can't

they grow up.

new they would!
Regina Da Pete believes that charity Regins Da Pete believes that charity begins with one's own folks. To prove this she helped one of their salesmen carry a heavy box one morning when she was in her father's store. Regins sehds "a kiss to the happy Rainbows." John McTague, of Northampton, Pa., also sends greetings to his fellow members.

Lest We Forget

Sent in by LAWRENCE MULLEN.

may we were surprised because-well we

Our Postoffice Box

Lest we forget, take ficwers To where our soldiers lie. Without some sweet remembranc Don't let the day go by. Just think of how they suffered To hold your country's name; With little thought of danger. The grave their only fame. So, take your flags and flowers. And in this lovely way. Be proud to do them honor

The Question Box

On Decoration Day.

Dear Farmer Smith:

Flease tell me which is the larger of the
two clocks, the one on the City Hall or the
one on the Schmidt Building at Girard avenus and Hancock? WILLIAM H. CLASS, Orange street. WILLIAM H. CLARS, Orange street. The City Hall clock is larger than the Schmidt Building clock. Following are the dimensions which will show you exactly wherein the difference in sise lies: City Hall clock, 26 feet in diameter; length of minute hand, 10 fest 5 inches; including Counter weight, 15 feet; length of hour stad. 8 feet, including counter weight, 12 test 6 inches; weight of both hands, 400 counter weight Equipment of both hands, 400 counter weight of minute land, 12 feet; inches in language in the land of the counter weight of both hands, 400 counter weight of minute land. 12 feet; language is length of minute land. of length of minute hand, if fest; Smith's Happyland of of length hand, if fest; weight of both | Mother came hand, to hally with a Rainburgh for hand.

In Loving Memory Little Rainbows Who Have Left Us During the Year.

FARMER SMITH,

Children's Editor, EVENING LEDGER.

A Thought for Today By Your Editor.
One of our members has suggested little too late, though—that we start this Memorial Day and decorate the graves of children as well as those of veterans. It seems to us that it would be a beautiful custom to begin, say next Decoration Day, and put flowers on the graves of children. In a few years there will be very few left who fought in the Civil War, but there will always be children and Memorial Day, and Memorial Day can be the day when the and Memorial Day, and Memorial Day, and Memorial Day can be the day when the graves of little children will be decorated. Let us hear what you think of our plan and we can look ahead for 1917.

FEA/8/8 5 PAS Jack Burges

Baby's Surprise BY ESTELLE POSTABHNICK. I want to be a member of the Rainbow A little baby said that not long from up

Cedar Ave

JIMMY MONKEY'S TAIL

RAINBOW CLUB

By Farmer Smith Mister Elephant was coming down the

rible disease—and it comes from eating

"That's what I said, and HE had a tail-

"What did the monkey do to make his tail so beautiful?" asked Jimmy.
"He used to jump around and around and the weight of the air on his tail made the hair all shiny and smooth. I am very sorry, but we are to have peanut loe cream for dinner and if you want to have peanut loe cream

see you later," and with that Mister Ele-phant went off, leaving Jimmy to think over what he had said.

When Mister Elephant get home, he looked out of the window and there in the distance he saw Jimmy turning round and round so fast he soon fell over. Then Mis-ter Elephant said to his wife:

"Now I know why were the said to he wife."

Things to Know and Do 1. Let's have a game-And in it find

Simply steal away an "S."
Take away the first letter of a word in
the above poem and find the sweetest word
in our language. Take the same three letters and us them three times each to complete this

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 SUNSHING ALL ALONG THE WAY.

Care of The Evening Lapora

FARMER SMITH.

road one day when he spied Jimmy Mon-key, whom he greeted with: "Hello, my dear!"

Jimmy. "It isn't a pleasure, it's a discase-terpeanuts."

ooking pale. he was the handsomest monkey I ever saw
—but his tail, it was beautiful. Simply
BEAUTIFUL."

for dinner and, if you will excuse me, I will see you later," and with that Mister Ele-

"Now I know why people say that other ople are making monkeys of themselves." "How is that?" asked Missus Elephant. "Look," said Mister Elephant, pointing immy Monkey, spinning round in the di

Jet's have fun
The battle's
We must atone
Or loss our
Here is a letter. What does the writer

THOMAS SPIDER

"The idea of a big animal like you saying 'My dear.' You must have pea "What kind of a pleasure is that?" asked Mister Elephant, looking straight as

"Oh, yes; I once saw a monkey who had it," said the big fellow. "You did, did you?" answered Jimmy,

Jimmy Monkey was VERY proud of HIS tail, and when he heard this he turned around and looked at it very longingly—it hurt his pride to think there was another tail in all the world that was more beautiful than his

One whom we love More than another-One whom with kisses We would smother. Surely now the word you'll guess,

There is a second floor, where I saw the ladies military department; also a boy who perspired to belong to your club.

Yours truly,

til Two Others Get Awards

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