The SON OF TARZAN

CHAPTER XVII-Continued

LAST she reached the opposite trees. An instant she paused to look toward the great lion, and at the same moment she saw the huge beast rise slowly to his full height. A low roar betokened that he

was ready.

Meriam loosened her knife and leaped to the ground. A quick run brought her to the side of the kid. Numa saw her. He lashed his tall against his tawny sides. He roared terribly; but for an instant he remained where he stood—surprised into inaction, doubtless, by the strange apparition that had sprung so unexpectedly from the

Other eyes were upon Merlem, too-eyes in which were no less surprise than that reflected in the yellow-green orbs of the carnivors. A white man, hiding in a thorn boma, half rose as the young girl leaped into the clearing and dashed toward the

He saw Numa hesitate. He raised his rifle and covered the beast's breast. The girl reached the kid's side. Her knife flashed, and the little prisoner was free. With a parting bleat it dashed off into the

Then the girl turned to retreat toward the safety of the tree from which she had dropped so suddenly and unexpectedly into the surprised view of the lion, the kid and

the strange white man. the strange white man.

As he turned the girl's face was turned toward the hunter. His eyes went wide as he saw her features. He gave a little gasp of surprise; but now the lion demanded all his attention—the baffled, angry beast was

His breast was still covered by the mo-tionless rifle. The man could have fired and stopped the charge at once; but for some reason, since he had seen the girl's face, he hesitated. Could it be that he did not care to save her? Or did he prefer, if possible, to remain unseen by her?

It must have been the latter cause which kent the trigger-finger of the steady hand from exerting the little pressure that would have brought the great beast at least to a temporary pause.
Like an eagle the man watched the race

for life the girl was making. A second or two measured the time which the whole exciting event consumed from the moment lion broke into his charge. Nor e did the rifle sights fall to cover the Once, at the very last moment, when escane seemed impossible, the hunter's finger tightened ever so little upon the trigger; but almost coincidentally the girl leaped for an overhanging branch—but the lion

CHAPTER XVIII The Hon. Morrison

BUT the nimble Meriem had swung herself beyond the lion's reach without a second or an inch to spare.

The man breathed a sigh of relief as he lowered his rifle. He saw the girl fling a grimace at the angry, roaring, man-eater beneath her, and then, laughing, speed away into the forest. For an hour the lion re-mained about the water hole. A hundred times could the hunter have bagged his prey. Why did he fail to do so? Was he afraid that the shot might attract the girl and cause her to return?

"The hyens that bore you would not know you, Bwans." replied one. The man aimed a heavy fist at the black's face; but long experience in dodging similar blows saved the presumptuous one.

Merlem returned slowly toward the tree in which she had left her skirt, shoes and stockings. She was singing blithely; but her song came to a sudden stop when she came within sight of the tree, for there, disporting themselves with glee, and pulling and hauling upon her belongings, were a number of baboons.

When they saw her they showed no signs of terror. Instead, they bared their fangs and growled at her. What was there to fear in a single she-Tarmangani? Nothing, absolutely nothing.

to raise a wandering lion on the homeward journey across the plain. The Hon. Morison Baynes rode closest to the forest. As his eyes wandered back and forth across the undulating, shrub-sprinkled ground they fell upon the form of a creature close be-side the thick jungle where it terminated abruptly at the plain's edge.

his discovery. It was yet too far away for his untrained eyes to recognize it; but as he came closer he saw that it was a horse, and was about to resume the original direction of his way when he thought that he discerned a saddle upon the beast's back.

He rode a little closer. Yes, the animal was saddled. The Hon. Morison approached

was saddled. The Hon, Morison approached yet nearer, and as he did so his eyes expressed a pleasurable emotion of anticipation, for they had now recognized the pony as the especial favorite of Meriem.

He galloped to the animal's side. Meriem must be within the wood!

The man shuddered a little at the thought.

The man shuddered a little at the thought of an unprotected girl alone in the jungle that was still, to him, a fearful place of terrors and stealthily stalking death. He dismounted and left his horse beside Merem's. On foot he entered the jungle. He

He had gone but a short distance into the wood when he heard a great jabbering in a near-by tree. Coming closer, he saw a band of baboons snarling over something Looking intently, he saw that one of them held a woman's riding skirt and that others

had shoes and stockings.

His heart almost ceased to beat as he quite naturally placed the most direful ex-planation upon the scene. The baboons had killed Meriem and stripped this clothing from her body! Morison shuddered.

by the baboons, and now he saw that they by the baboons, and now he saw that they were snarling and jabbering at her. To his amazement he saw the girl swing, apelike, into the tree below the huge beants. He saw her pause upon a branch but a few feet from the nearest baboon.

He was raising his rifle to put a builet through the hideous creature that seemed

about to leap upon her, when he heard the girl speak. He almost dropped his ritle from surprise as a strange jabbering, identi-cal with that of the apes, broke from

Meriem's lips.

The baboons stopped their snarling and listened. It was quite evident that they were as much surprised as the Hon. Mori-

FARMER SMITH,

Children's Editor, EVENING LEDGER.

Care of The Evening Langua

I wish to become a member of your

Rainbow Club. Please send me a beautiful Rainbow Button free. I agree to DO A LITTLE KINDNESS EACH AND EVERY DAY, SPREAD A LITTLE

SUNSHINE ALL ALONG THE WAY.

to rest. John started to walk on, when he stepped on something long and slender. He

looked down to the ground and screamed,

Then the three went on Alice found some

flowers and started to pick them, when

there was a rustle and a little hare ran out.

They went on and came to a dogwood tree.

They could not reach the dogwood, so they

for it was a snake.

FARMER SMITH.

CAN A BLIND MAN SEE?

blind man was the fact that his education had been neglected when he was young. In the book he says: "It is a sad thing that any boy or girl hates instruc-

because now that the light of the beautiful sun is shut out from his eyes he has

I thought perhaps that this would interest you as coming from a blind man,

Let me quote a few more sayings from his book which I hope you will all

"I would give more than tongue can tell if now I could behold one little

"If I were to get a pair of eyes today I would be willing to mortgage myself

at the bright side of life, and it is indeed wonderful how many bright things I

have found, because I look for them without eyes and now I am comparatively

been a mystery to me whether or not a blind man can see, though blind.

His blacks looked at nim in astonish-ient. "Would you know me?" he asked. seeming alacrity, every article of her ap-parel in their possession was handed over to her. The baboons still crowded eagerly about her as she donned them. They chat-tered to her and she chattered back. The Hon. Morison Baynes sat down at the foot of a tree and mopped his perspiring

Then he rose and made his cautiou way back to his mount.

When Meriem emerged from the forest
t few minutes, later she found him there. and he eyed her with wide eyes in which were both wonder and a sort of terror.

"I saw your horse here," he explained, "and thought that I would wait and ride home with you—you do not mind?"

"Of course not," she replied. "It will be lovely."

"Of course not," she replied. "It will be lovely."

As they made their way stirrup to stirrup across the plain, the Hon. Morison caught himself many times watching the girl's regular profile and wondering if his eyes had deceived him, or if, in truth, he really had seen this lovely creature consorting with grotesque baboons and conversing with them as fluently as she conversed with him.

The thing was uncanny-impossible; yet he had seen it with his own eyes! he had seen it with his own eyes!

And as he watched her another thought
persisted in obtruding itself into his mind.

She was most beautiful and very desirable;
but what did he know of her? Was she not
altogether impossible? Was the scene that
he had just witnessed not sufficient proof
of her impossibility? A woman who climbed
trees and conversed with the baboons of

the jungle! It was horrible! Again the Hon. Morison mopped his brow. Meriem gianced toward him.

"You are warm," she said. "Now that the sun is setting I find it quite cool. Why do you perspire now?" He had not intended to let her know that he had seen her with the baboons; but suddenly, before he realized what he was saying, he had blurted it out.
"I perspire from emotion," he said. "I went into the jungle when I discovered your

ony. I wanted to surprise you: but it was who was surprised. I saw you in the trees with the baboons." "Yes?" she said, quite unemotionally, a

though it was a matter of little moment that a young girl should be upon intimate terms with savage jungle beasts.
"It was horrible!" ejaculated the Hon.

Morison.

"Horrible?" repeated Meriem, puckering her brows in bewilderment. "What was horrible about it? They are my friends. Is it horrible to talk with one's friends?" "You were really talking with them, then?" cried the Hon, Morison, "You unerstood them, and they understood you?"
"Certainly."

"But they are hideous creatures—de-graded beasts of a lower order! How could you speak the language of beasts?"

"They are not hideous or degraded," replied Meriem warmly. Friends are never that. I lived among them for years before Bwana found me and brought me here. I scarce knew any other tongue than that of the Mangani. Should I refuse to know them now simply because I happen, for the

them now simply because I happen, for the present, to live among humans?"
"For the present!" ejaculated the Hon. Morison. "You cannot mean that you expect to return to live among them? Come, come, what foolishness are we talking? The very idea! You are spoofing me, Miss Meriom. You have been kind to these backers have you have been kind to these backers. boons here and they know you and do not molest you; but that you once lived among them—no, that is preposterous!"

"But I did, though," insisted the girl, seeing the real horror that the man felt in the

he afraid that the shot might attract the girl and cause her to return?

At last Numa, still roaring angrily, strode majestically into the jungle. The hunter crawled from his boma, and half an hour later was entering a little camp snugly hidden in the forest. A handful of black followers greeted his return with sullen indifference. He was a great bearded man, a huge, yellow-bearded giant, when he entered his tent. Half an hour later he emerged smooth shaven.

Were as much suprised as the Hon. Morison Baynes. Slowly, and one by one they approached the girl.

She gave not the slightest evidence of fear of them. They quite surrounded her now, so that Baynes could not have fired without endangering the girl's life; but he no longer desired to fire. He was consumed with curiosity.

For several minutes the girl carried on what could be nothing less than a conversation with the baboons, and then, with

Hon, and thraw sticks at him and annoyed him until he roared so terribly in his rage that the earth shook.

"And Korak built me a lair high among the branches of a mighty tree. He brought me fruits and flesh. He fought for me and was kind to me—until I came to Bwana and My Dear I do not recall that any other than Korak was ever kind to me."

There was a wistful note in the girl's

There was a wistful note in the girl's voice now, and she had forgotten that she was bantering the Hon. Morison. She was thinking of Korak. She had not though of him a great deal of late.

For a time both were silently absorbed in their own reflections as they rode on toward the bungalow of their host. The girl was thinking of a godlike figure, a leopard skin half concealing his smooth brown hide as he leaped nimbly through the trees to lay an offering of food before her on his return from a successful hunt. Behind him, shaggy and powerful, swung a hugh anthropoid ape, while she, Meriem, laughing and shouting her welcome, swung upon a swaying limb before the entrance to her sylvan bower.

It was a pretty picture as she recalled it.
The other side seldom obtruded itself upon her memory—the long, black nights—the chill, terrible jungle nights—the cold and damp and discomfort of the rainy season—the hideous mouthings of the savage carnivora as they provided through the Stygian darkness beneath—the constant menace of Sheeta, the panther, and Hista, the snake— the stinging insects—the loathsome vermin. For, in truth, all these had been outweighed by the happiness of the sunny days, the freedom of it all, and, most, the companion-ship of Korak.

The man's thoughts were rather Jumbled. He had suddenly realized that he had come mightly near falling in love with this girl of whom he had known nothing up to the previous moment when she had voluntarily revealed a portion of her past to him. The more he thought upon the matter the more evident it became to him that he had given her his love—that he had been upon the verge of offering her his honorable

He trembled a little at the narrowness of his escape. Yet he still loved her. There was no objection to that according to the ethics of the Hon. Morison Baynes and his kind. She was of meaner clay than he. He could no more have taken her in marriage than he could have taken one of her baboon friends; nor would she, of course, expect such an offer from him. To have his love would be sufficient honor for her—his name he would, naturally, bestow upon to be to the course alovated social subere. one in his own elevated social sphere.

A girl who had consorted with apes, wh A girl who had consorted with apes, who, according to her own admission, had lived almost naked among them, could have no considerable sense of the fined qualities of virtue. The love that he would offer her, then, would, far from offending her, probably cover all that she might desire or expect. expect.

The more the Hon. Morison Baynes thought upon the subject the more fully onvinced he became that he was contem plating a most chivalrous and unselfish act. Europeans will better understand his point of view than Americans—poor, benighted provincials, who are denied a true appreciaion of caste and of the fact that "the King can do no wrong."

He did not even have to argue the point that she would be much happier amid the luxuries of a London apartment, fortified as she would be by both his love and his bank account, than lawfully wed to such a one as her social position warranted. There was one question, however, which he wished to have definitely answered before he committed himself even to the program he was

"Who were Korak and A'ht?" he asked. "A'ht was a Mangani," replied Meriem "and Korak a Tarmangani." "And what, pray, might a Mangani be, and a Tarmangani?" The girl laughed.

"You are a Tarmangani," she replied. The Mangani are covered with hair-you rould call them apes." "Then Korak was a white man?" he

"And he was—ah—your—er—your—" He paused, for he found it rather difficult to go on with that line of questioning while the girl's clear, beautiful eyes were looking straight into his.
"My what?" insisted Merlem, far too unsophisticated in her unspoiled innocence to

ruess what the Hon. Morison was driving "Why-ah-your brother?" he stumbled "No, Korak was not my brother," she replied.
"Was he your husband, then?" he finally

"My husband!" she cried. "Why, how old do you think I am? I am too young to have a husband. I had never thought of such a thing. Korak was—why—" and now she hesitated, too; for she never before had attempted to analyze the relation-ship between herself and Korak. "Why, Korak was just Korak," and again she broke into a gay laugh, as she realized the illuminating quality of her description.

Looking at her and listening to her, the man beside her could not believe that depravity of any sort or degree entered into the girl's nature, yet he wanted to believe that she had not been virtuous, for the Hon. Morison was not entirely without con-

For several days the Hon. Morison made no appreciable progress toward the con-summation of his scheme. Sometimes he almost abandoned it, for he found himself time and again wondering how slight might be the provocation necessary to trick him into making a bona fide offer of marriage to Meriem, if he permitted himself to fall more deeply in love with her, and it was difficult to see her daily and not love her. There was a quality about her which, all unknown to the Hon. Morison, was making his task an extremely difficult one—it was that quality of innate goodness and clean-ness which is a good girl's stoutest bu-wark and protection—an impregnable bar-rier that only degeneracy has the affrontery

CONTINUED TOMORROW

MISS MORGAN HITS DEMOCRATS Declines to Become Member of Woodrow Wilson Club

ST. LOUIS, June 1.-Miss Anne Morgan daughter of the late J. Pierpont Morgan, has selected the Missouri Woman's Wood-row Wilson Democratic Club as the medium through which to make known her opposi-tion to the principles of the Democratic party and to the renomination of President Wil-

In a letter dated New York, May 15, Miss Morgan declines to become an honorary member of the club, because "her political opinions neither support President Wilson nor the Democratic party, and accepting membership in the club would place her in an anomalous position."

The members of the club were greatly surprised at the declination from the leader of the woman's selection of the national movement for preparedness, as the minutes of the secretary, it is said, do not show that Miss Morgan was made an honorary mem-

Export Tax on Diamonds CAPETOWN, June 1.—The Committee on Ways and Means of the South African Assembly has adopted a measure for an export tax on diamonds. It would range from ½ to 5 per cent.





MISS MERCEDES HAY

READY FOR CARNIVAL

More Than 1000 Boys and Girls Rehearsing — Miss Mercedes Hay Goddess of Liberty

More than 1000 boys and girls who will take part in the carnival to be held in Collingswood, N. J., on June 17 start re-hearsing their parts today. Mrs. T. J. Balley is head of the Committee on Arrangements, and the fete this year, it is expected, will far outshine any in previous years in the number of participants and n gorgeousness and variety of features

Miss Mercedes Hay, who was elected God-dess of Liberty last week by the largest vote ever polled in Collingswood in the annual contest for carnival honors, is the ient Cleveland, and will be the principal of the carnival.

Other carnival honors were bestowed upon little Dorothy Rogers, who will figure as Queen, and Miss Betty Miller as Maid venr's contest.

btained by the sale of the votes, as in past years, will be given to the Collings wood Free Library.

TOOT OF P. R. R. ENGINES WON'T ACCOMPANY 'AIDA

Will Divert Freight Traffic to Obviate Steam Whistle Obli-

Industry, typified by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, has bowed to art in the form of the production of the great open-air performance of "Aida," to be given under the auspices of the University of Pennsylvania on Franklin Field on the eve-

ning of Tuesday, June 6.

Much of the freight traffic of the railroad crossing the Schuvlkill River passes imme diately along the side of the field. This has been much discussed among the members of the faculty having charge of the arrangements for the production. It was feared that the noises incident to heavy traffic would interfere with the performance. As a sort of vain hope a committee was ap-pointed to wait upon the railroad authori-ties and ask if anything could be done to bring about a cessation of this traffic during the performance. To the pleased astonish-ment of the collegians the railroad men immediately consented to remedy the condition. On the night of the performance all traffic on lines adjacent to the field will be diverted to a point at which it can cross the river a mile south of that at which it is usually sent. As George E. Nitzsche, recorder of the University, remarked concerning the concession: "It is actually a case of industry bowing to art."

Miss Helen Harris Married to Walter P. Culver in Baltimore

Commencement Concert at Ardmore The commencement concert of the stu-ents of the Lower Merion High School, at Ardmore, will be held tonight in the form of a "contest of nations," in charge of Miss Laura B. Staley, the music supervisor of Lower Merion township. Commencement exercises will be held tomorrow night.





Elected "Goddess of Liberty" for Collingswood, N. J., carnival.

COLLINGSWOOD MAKES (A5329). The Victor offers it with Gadski and Caruso (89228) and Lucy Marsh and John McCormack (74398). The great quin-tet in Act I. "Su del Nilo" (Nilus' Sacred Shore") is given admirably by a selected

daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William H. Hay and granddaughter of the late Malcolm Hay, Assistant Postmaster General under Presifigure in the spectacular pageant which will be held in Knight's Park on the afternoon

of Honor. "Billy" Balley, who will lead the procession and herald the events, was probably the most popular winner in this

vanni Zenatello (A5406) and Caruso and Louise Homer are heard on the Victor rec-Louise Homer are heard on the victor records (89050 and 89051).

"Alda" can be heard in more limited compass in the Triumphai March by Prince's Band, Columbia (A 5223), and Selections (5331) by the same band. Victor Opera Company offers "Gems" in two parts (35,428), Selections by Pryor's Band (35,195) and Marcha Triumfal (62,409), by the Carda Perculique Band Fully 25.000 people, judging from the size of the gatherings at former carnivals, are expected to turn out for the one this year. The proceeds of the election confest,

gato to Franklin Field Opera

WEDDING SURPRISES SEAFORD

SEAFORD Del. June 1 -Seaford was SEAFORD. Del., June 1.—Seaford was surprised to learn this morning of the marriage in Baltimore of Miss Helen Harris to Walter P. Culver in that city Tuesday evening. Mr. and Mrs. Culver are known socially throughout Delaware.

Mr. Culver graduates today from the Biss Electrical School in Washington, later leaving for Chicago, where he will take a position as electrical engineer

Aged Woman Dies in a Rocking Chair Mrs. Sarah B. Weeks, a gray-haired woman of 75, died this morning at her woman of 75, died this morning at her home, 2328 Blair street, from heart failure. Her husband found her sitting in her favorite rocking chair. She was the mother of Joseph Weeks, police chief at Somers



REHEARSE ENJOYMENT OF "AIDA" ON PHONOGRAPHS AT HOME

Records Provide Opportunity for Advance Hearing Verdi's Numbers to Be Sung Next Week at Franklin Field-Some of the Newest Offerings

By the Phonograph Editor

No better preparation could be wished for in love with his own reflection, with a complete enjoyment of the spectacular happy results, as it caused him to pice a complete enjoyment of "Aida" on June 6 until he finally turned into the flower with until he finally turned and he was the name.

Perhaps the most familiar single in the long list of compositions by in the long list of compositions by the number which has compositions are the number which has composite the number which has composi at Franklin Field, under the auspices of the University of Pennsylvania, than a pre-liminary rehearsal of the Verdian melodies and impressive choruses through the medium of the phonograph.

A very comprehensive list of records brings to the home all the important passages of the score, instrumental, solo and

e bella" ("To Die! So Pure and Lovely") and the Patti the final duet of Radames and Alda, "O Terra Addio" ("O Earth Farewell"), in which Migliardi, soprano, and

This touching duet is also sung for the columbia by Villani, Cartiea and chorus A5331) and Emmy Destinn and Zenstello

Cast of first rate Victor singers (88266).

Perhaps the most beautiful of the soprano arias is "O Patria Mia" ("My Native Land.")

This is sung for the Victor by Johanna Gadski (88042), who has not been heard in the role in this city for some seasons; by

In the role in this city for some seasons; by Lucy Marsh (60098) by Emmy Destinn, in Italian (88469) and in German as "Mein Vaterland (22058). Destinn has two records for the Columbia, "Ritorna Vinctior" ("Re-turn a Victor") and "I Sacri Nomi" ("Those

Sacred Names") on the same record (A5387). The "Return With Victory Crowned" is also given by a Philadeiphia favorite, Carolina White (A5916), the rec-

ord containing also "Oh My Beloved Land" (A5499). Gadski sings it for the Victor (88137). The same prima donna co-operates

with Amato in one of the dramatic Nile scene arias, "Su Dunque" ("Up then!") (89068) and the "Fuggiam gli Ardori" ("Fly

(89068) and the "Fuggiam gli Ardori" ("Fly With Me") duet from the same scene is done by Paul Althouse, who at one time sang with the Philadelphia Operatic Society, and Lucy Marsh (55058).

Jose Mardones, one of the principals at Franklin Field, is heard with Zenatello, for the Columbia, in "Nune, custode e vindice" ("Guard Now Our Sacred Land"), chorus accommandment (A5428).

accompaniment (A5426). *
Maria Gay offers two of the sensuous airs of Amneris in the Judgment Scene on the

Columbia, in duet with her husband, Glo-

Novelty is found in two recent Victor re-

cordings. These are Ethelbert Nevin's "Nar-lissus" and Moszkowski's "Serenade," by Charles Kellogg, "the nature singer" and the Victor orchestra. These light classics

eem especially attractive when embellished

with Mr. Kellogg's bird songs.
"Narcissus," from the suite "Water
Scenes," is the most popular of Nevin's in-

he Garde Republique Band.

Matrojani, tenor, collaborate.

kowaki is the number which has con be known as "Serenade." It is a played by the orchestra, forming a deyed by the orchestra, longe's warbli ompaniment to Mr. Relioge's warbli instrumental poveities are fair Two instrumental novelties are Salve "Spanish Rhapsody" and Walter's "Ex-deanting Walte" by the Athenian Mando Quartet.

The most popular excerpt from the opera, one of the most bewitching melodies penned by Verdi, and one that is a test piece for all tenors, is the "Celeste Aida" ("Heav-Berllos wrote thus of the mandolin: "The mandolin has almost fallen into disuse at present; and this is a pity, for its quality of tone—thin and nasal though it be—has something piquant and original about it enly Alda"). Coming very early in the opera, it is often spoiled by the entrance of those who take advantage of the operatio of those who take advantage of the operatic privilege of arriving in state—but late. No such interruption need mar Alessandro Bonci's artistically refined and golden-volced rendition on the Edison diamond disc of "Celeste Aida" (83003). The Victor has it sung in Italian by Caruso (88127) and Martinelli (74424) and in German by which might occasionally be made of effect-

ive use."
The instrument which Berlioz described had a compass from G below the staff to E above. How astonished Berlioz would be today could be hear the modern mandelin, with its great compass.

and Martinell (74324) and in German by Leo Siesak (54113). The Columbia recordings are by Constantino (A 672), Siezak, in Italian, (A 5296), Zenatello (A 5400), Armanini (A 1393) and Martinez - Patti (A 1065). The Armanini record contains the same tenor's version of "Morir! se pura halla", (1772, Diel So Pure and Lovak") Lou Chica, "Frisco," is a new xylophonist who plays for the Edison. He manipu-lates two hammers with each hand and by using four maliets in his playing secures the remarkable effects. The first phonograph records of his renditions, the famous sextet from "Lucia" and "Sliver Threads Among the Gold" are presented on the Edi-Among the Gold" are presented on the Edison diamond disc records. Other attractive numbers included in the newest list of the Edison recreations are four operatic records. "Fille des Rois" and "De l'art splendeur immortelle" from "Benvenuto" are sung by the noted Canadian baritone, Orphee Langevin. Otto Goritz sings "Ais Bublein klein an Der Mutter Brust." from "The Merry Wives of Windsor," and "Der Vogelfanger bin ich ja" from "The Magic Flute," in German. Two other German numbers are sung by Kari Jorn, the Wagnerian tenor. They are "Der Tyroler und sein Kind" and "Mad'le ruck, ruck,"

Blake & Burkhart, 1102 Walnut street, who sell "nothing but Edisons," have provided unique accommodations for women patrons. They have issued invitations opening to use, free of charge, their new recital hall. This may be had, by arrangement in advance, any afternoon from 1 to 5:30 o'clock, excepting Saturdays, for the next few months. Reservations should be made two weeks in advance in order to secure an two weeks in advance in order to secure an open date. Patrons may use the room for a social afternoon at cards, a club meeting, a "the dansant" or simply for a musicale. The firm will supply music in the form of Edison diamond disc records and through the medium of an Edison diamond disc patronscraph. Platform tables and chairs phonograph. Platform, tables and chairs are provided as desired. The hall is 40 feet by 20 feet and seats 75 persons comfort-ably. It is away from the business rooms and indeed has a separate entrance

Devotees of the fox trot will find one to their liking in "Brown Skin." It is a most inspiring fox trot, as it has the tempo and the verve. It came from the Southland. Prince's Band gives a rendering, and the recording is excellent. Bendix's "The Butterfly" is gay, light and dainty.

Another good dance record is "Come Back to Erin, Mona Darling"—a medley one-step also issued by the Columbia.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS ELEANORE.-You can obtain Stephen Poster's American ballads for Victor, Edi-son and Columbia records. The estalogued lists are too long to be enumerated. All dealers are glad to give or send catalog

on request.

E. V. P.—Clark's "Belle of New York

E. V. P.—Clark's "Belle of New York E. V. P.—Clark's "Belle of New York Waits" is found on the Edison (50,085).

WEST PHILADELPHIA.—For records with anvil effects try the familiar "Anvil Chorus," from "Trovatore," and "The Forge in the Forest," Michaelis.

C. K.—A "laughing song" for your Victor would be Carl Stewart's "And Then I Laughed."

strumental writings, and (although it was opus 13:) it was really the number which brought him success. Narcissus, it will be remembered, was the son of the Greek god Cephisus. This lovely boy, when gazing into the limpid waters of a clear pool, fell Bridge," Lindsey. EMMA D.—A typical Columbia Stellar Quartet number, I should say, is "Annis Laurie." One not so familiar is "The

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Tuesday, May 30th, marked the closing day of our business year—the greatest in the history of Our Stores. The enormous increase in our business has broken all previous records, and the increasing number of satisfied customers can only be attributed to the high Quality of the

satisfied customers can only be attributed to the high Quality of the groceries we sell, our low prices and our prompt, efficient service.

We take this opportunity to thank the housewives of Philadelphia and suburbs for their valued support and loyal patronage which has made this enormous increase in our business possible, and as we enter another year we look forward with confidence to still greater service and success. If you are not a customer, we extend to you a cordial invitation to start today and share in the good things to be had at "The Stores Where Quality Counts." Thank you!

Best New Potatoes, 1/4 peck 13c It pays to buy Potatoes in "The Stores Where Quality Counts

10c can Best Pink Salmon 8c 10c can Evaporated Milk 8c 10c bot. Vanilla or Lemon Ext. 8c New Post Toasties, pkg..... 8c Quaker Corn Flakes, pkg..... Ross's Wheat Biscuit, pkg..... Gold Seal Rice, 1 lb. pkg..... High Grade Rice, 1 lb. pkg. . . . 7c Choice Grade Rice, 1 lb. pkg. . . 5c Gold Seal Gelatine, pkg. . . 5c, 10c Fig Tarts, lb. 14c Eagle Butter Crackers, lb. 7c Uneeda Biscuit, pkg. 3c

Rich, Tasty, New Cheese of Fine Quality at a Special Low Price Rich New Cheese Special Price

25c well made Broom for.... 22c 3 5c cakes Lautz Naphtha Soap. 10c 6c cake Gold Seal Borax Soap. 5c R. & C. Best Oleine Soap, cake 4c Snowboy Wash Powder, pkg... 4c

15c Large White Mackerel for 13c Large white, fat Mackerel, very tasty and economical

There's never a business day in all the year when you cannot save money by buying all your groceries at an R. & C. Store, whether it be located at

21st and Market Streets Downtown, Uptown, Germantown, Kensington, West Philadelphia, M. yunk, Roxborough, Logan, Oak Lane, Overbrook, Bala, Narberth, more, Bryn Mawr, Lanadowne, E. Lanadowne, Limerch, Darby or M.

Robinson & Crawfor

tain day of each week of club News is to print a picture; for the week following our members are to write stories about the picture. The best stories will be published. We would like to have opinions of Rainbows on the subject of this Port Kennedy plan. Another idea that has recently come from the mind of a busy member is that Rainbows who would like something to do should paste up the club news in scrap books and send them to Children's Homes and Hospitals. Chester Graham is responsible for this suggestion. We think very well of it.

Ruth Magili and her sister are little

time to think.

think of what the blind man has said.

Our Postoffice Box

Isabelle McNamara, Port Kennedy, Pa., deserves very much to be in the "postoffice window," for she and her sister Elizabeth

book does not impress you, let me close with this sentence:

happy and I think happier than before I lost my eyes."

have thought of a beautiful plan which

we are going to try very hard to carry out. Here it is: On a cer-tain day of each week the Club News is to

remember.

Ruth Magili and her sister are little utdoor girla." They both have lovely Ruth Magili and her sister are little
"outdoor girla." They both have lovely
little gardens of their own. They are little
"indoor girla." too, for they are almost
as fond of crocheting and sewing as they
are of gardening. Margaret Burgin, North
Fairhill street, is another industrious little
maiden who knows how to use a needle
well. So is Ruth Shassian, we think, for
her neat handwriting indicates general
heatness and exactness in everything she
does.

meatness and exactness in everything she does.

They could not reach the degwood, so they got a stick and pulled a limb down and began to pick the flowers. They soon became it red holding the limb. They all began to pull down on the branch. Soon there was a loud and four cups at the University of Fornayie vania relay races at Franklin Field. One of the little girls in the school was also recently honored. The Daughters of the American Revolution presented her with a tendellar gold piece for having written the best composition about George (Washington, D. After while they graw very tired and the solved to find more they had the solved to flow they washed their moves and the branch they washed their moves and hands. John said it was frush gring water and drank it.

After while they graw very tired and started home. They all agreed they had they graw to the little man who has the solved to flow and that hight they the solved to sing her gradum to the world!

absolutely nothing.

absolutely nothing.

In the open plain beyond the forest the hunters were returning from the day's sport. They were widely separated, hoping

He reined his mount in the direction of

knew that she was probably safe enough, and he wished to surprise ner by coming

suddenly upon her.

He was about to call aloud in the hope that after all the girl still lived, when he saw her in a tree close beside that occupied

FARMER SMITH'S (RAINBOW CLUB

By Farmer Smith Dearest Children-The other day I saw a blind man standing on the street Willie Hop Toad was lying in bed, the and he was selling the story of his life, so I bought a copy, because it has always mow-white covers tucked about his throat. Suddenly he jumped up and shouted, "Yes!" The one thing which impressed me in the book which was written by the

kindly, as she put down her sewing and looked at him. "I guess I must have been dreaming," said Willie, as he sank back on the soft

"I wish to goodness you would get off of "I am sure I did not put myself across

The next time you want to take a little flower and tear it all to pieces just Take care of your eyes, and if what the blind man has written so far in his "I am sure I do not like to be left on the floor with the chair leg crushing me. Both my wife and myself like to be hung up for life and be a slave in fetters, but there is no use talking about these things,

but when he gets them, he does not take

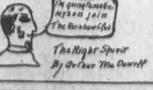
"What are you folks talking about, anyway?" asked the Carpet. "That fellow Willie rubs my back the wrong way. He shuffles his feet every time he comes into the room. I wonder if he thinks I like that?"

Just then Willie Hop Toad awoke suddenly, and in the dim morning light he saw his Pants under the Chair.

"Excuse me! Excuse me! I am very sorry. Mr. Pantsleg." he said. "I will not do it again if you can forgive me. I know that if I will take care of you that some day I may sow to be said.

day I may grow to be a real man with Long Pants." The Question Box

ESSIE WYMAN. Gold or a pretty shade of yellow will go beautifully with purple. Another color combination might be purple with a tiny bit of green, the shade of the green leaves of the violet plant. This latter would be a



MR. AND MRS. PANTSLEG

"What is the matter?" asked his mother

In a little while he heard the funniest voices he had ever listened to before, and they came from the foot of his bed:

you that way, Mr. Pantsieg. I think it was that boy Willie," said the Chair. Willie Hop Toad looked first at the Chair and then at his Pair of little Pants. Well," said Mr. Pantsleg, "I will for-give you this time, but do not let it happen

where there is plenty of air. When get wrinkles, people say we are getting old, and I am almost new. A little Hop Toad, like you, wants to have pants badly, as I have long ago decided to make the best of my condition, and so I am looking

out when he gets them, he does not take care of them."
"Ouch! Can't you keep still, Mr. Chair?"
said Mr. Pantsleg,
"I am doing the best I can," answered
the Chair.

Dear Farmer Smith—Could you suggest some nice color that will go with purple? We are planning special colors for the "Rainbow Violet Hearts."

My game Tomake