EVENING LEDGER-PHILADELPHIA, FRIDAY, JUNE 2, 1916.

THE CHEERFUL CHERVB



By EDGAR RICE BURROUGH Author of the Tarzan Tales

CHAPTER XVIII-Continued THE Hon, Morison Baynes would never

be considered a degenerate. He was sitting one evening with Merlem

upon the veranda one evening after the others had retired. Earlier they had been playing tennis-a game in which the Hon. Morison shone to advantage, as, in truth, he did in most all manly sports. He was telling her stories of London and Paris, of balls and banquets, of the wonderful wo-men and their wonderful gowns, of the pleasures and pastimes of the rich and pow-

erdul. The Hon, Morison was a past master in the art of insidious boasting. His egotism was never flagrant or tirenome—he was plebelanism that the Hon. Morison studious-jy avoided : yet the impression derived by a histener to the Hon. Morison was one that was not at all calculated to detract from that of its representative here present. The Hon. Morison loomed large and won-derfu and magnificent in her mind's eye to her after a short silence and took her pand he touch of a deity—a thrill of ex-cutor-not unmixed with fast. Metermi' he whispered. "My little foreign is to here to have to here at for mind the took to here at. Metermi' he whispered. "My little foreign is the work of the super to here at fore in the took of the house to here at the took here at a short silence and took here and the touch of a deity—a thrill of ex-cutor-not unmixed with fast. Metermi' he whispered. "My little foreign is may it hope to have the right to its you 'my little were ". erful. The Hon. Morison was a past master in

face; but it was in shadow. She trembled, but she did not draw away. The man put an arm about her and drew her closer.

"I love you!" he whispered. She did not reply. She did not know what to say. She know nothing of love. She had never given it a thought; but she She had never given it a thought; out she did know that it was very nice to be loved, whatever it meant. It was nice to have people kind to one. She had known so little of kindness or affection. "Tell me," he said, "that you return my

love." His lips came steadily closer to hers. They had almost touched when a vision of Korak sprang like a miracle before het eyes. She saw Korak's face close to hers, she felt his lips hot against her lips, and then for the first time she guessed what love meant.

22

inty

for

The

ust

nced this

ality

ith

ered

She drew away, gently. "I am not sure," she said, "that I love u. Let us wait. There is plenty of time.

you. Let us wait. There is plenty of time. I am too young to marry yet, and I am not sure that I should be happy in London or Paris—they rather frighten me." How easily and naturally she had con-nected his avowal of love with the idea of marriage! The Hon. Morison was perfectly sure that he had not mentioned marriage he had here natificative careful not in -he had been particularly careful not to

And then, she was not sure that sh loved him! That, too, came rather in the nature of a shock to his vanity. It seemed incredible that this little barbarian should have any doubt whatever as to the desir-

ability of the Hon. Morison Baynes. The first flush of passion cooled, the Hon. Morison was enabled to reason more logicalby The start had been all wrong. It would be better now to walt and prepare her mind gradually for the only proposition

which his exalted estate would permit him to offer her. He would go slow. He glanced down at the girl's profile. It was bathed in the silvery light of the great tropic moon. The Hon. Morison Baynes wondered if it were to be so easy a matter to "go slow." She was most alluring. Meriem rose. The vision of Korak was

still before her. "Good night," she said. "It is almost too beautiful to leave." She waved her hand

In a comprehensive gesture which took in the starry heavens, the great moon, the broad, slivered plain and the dense shadcoming. I have seen no village for several marches

"No, there are none to the south of us for many miles," replied Bwans. "Since Kovudoo deserted his country I rather doubt that one could find a native in that Iraction under two or three hundred

broad, silvered plain and the dense shad-ows in the distance that marked the jungle. "Oh, how I love It!" "You would love London more," he said enmestly. "And London would love yot. You would be a famous beauty in any capital of Europe. You would have the world at your feet, Merlem." "Good night!" she repeated, and left him. The Hon. Morison selected a cigarette from his crested case, lighted it, blew a thin line of blue smoke toward the moon and smiled. niles." Bwana was wondering how a lone white man could have made his way through the savage, unhospitable miles that lay to-ward the south. As though guessing what the south the other's mind. ward the south. As though guessing what must be passing through the other's mind, the stranger vouchsafed an explanation. "I came down from the north to do a little trading and hunting." he said, "and got way off the beaten track. My head-man, who was the only member of the safari who had ever before been in the country took cick and died. We could find

CHAPTER XIX

A Night Ride

country, took sick and died. We could find no matives to guide us, and so I simply swung back straight north. We have been living on the fruits of our guns for over MERIEM and Bwana were sitting on the veranda together the following day, when a horseman appeared in the distance a month. riding across the plain toward the bungalow.

Bwana shaded his eyes with his han and gazed out toward the oncoming rider. He was puzzled. Strangers were few in Central Africa. Even the blacks for a disthe edge of the plan. This morning I started out to hunt and saw the smoke from your chimney, so I sent my gun bearer back to camp with the good news and rode straight over here myself. Of course. I've heard of you—everybody who comes into Central Africa does—and I'd be mighty riad of permission to rest un and hunt tance of many miles in every direction were well known to him. No white man came within a hundred miles that word of his coming did not reach Bwana long before the stranger. His every move was reported to the big Bwana-just what ani-mals he killed, and how many of each species; how he killed them, too, for Bwana glad of permission to rest up and hunt around here for a couple of weeks." would not permit the use of prussic acid or strychnine; and how he treated his "boys."

Several European sportsmen had turned back to the coast by the big Eng-lishman's orders because of unwarranted crueity to their black followers, and one. whose name had long been heralded in civilized communities as that of a great sportsman, was driven from Africa with orders never to return when Bwana found he south.

that his bag of 14 lions had been made by the diligent use of poisoned hait. The result was that all good sportsmen and all the natives loved and respected His word was law where there had him.

never been law before. There was scarce a headman from coast to coast who would not heed the big Bwana's commands in preference to those of the hunters who employed them, and so it was easy to turn back any undesirable stranger—Bwana had simply to threaten to order his boys to turned toward My Dear. desert him

But here was evidently one who had slipped into the country unheralded. Bwana could not imagine who the apand she gave the matter no further thought.

proaching horseman might be. After the manner of frontier hospitality the globe round, he met the newcomer at the gate, welcoming him even before he had dismounted. He saw a tall, well-knit man of 30 or more, blonde or hair, and smooth shaven. There was a tantalizing familiarity about him that convinced Bwana that he should be able to call the on the rough trader's bashfulness. visitor by name, yet he was unable to do

The newcomer was evidently of Scan-dinavian origin-both his appearance and accent denoted that. His manner was rough, but open. He made a good impression upon the Englishman, who was wont to accept strangers in this wild and savage country at their own valuation, asking no questions and assuming the best of them until they proved themselves undeserving of his friendship and hospitality.

"It is rather unusual that a white man comes unheralded," he said, as they walked together toward the field into which he had suggested that the traveler might turn his pony. "My friends, the natives, keep us rather well posted."

the good old blooms of northern Europe which My. Dear had so successfully trans-planted in African soll. Was it, though, the ever-beautiful blos-soms of hollyhocks and phlox that drew

I can't buy entertainment now Because of lack of But my, I never can be bored

While Jadies dress so Funny! RITCAN

him to the perfumed air of the garden, o that other infinitely more beautiful who had wandered often among the blooms beneath the great moon-the black-haired, sun-tanned Meriem?

For three weeks Hanson had remained. "Didn't have an idea there was a white During this time he said that his boys were resting and gaining strength after their terrible ordeals in the untracked jungles to the south; but he had not been man within a thousand miles of us when we camped last night by a waterhole at the edge of the plain. This morning I as idle as he appeared to have been. He divided his small following into two par-ties, intrusting the leadership of each to men whom he believed that he could trust. To them he explained his plans and the rich reward that they would win from him if they carried his designs to a successful conclusion.

"Certainly," replied Bwana. "Move your camp up close to the river below my boys" amp and make yourself at home." They had reached the veranda now, and Bwana was introducing the stranger to Meriem and My Dear, who had just come One party he moved very slowly north ward along the trail that connects with the great caravan routes entering the Sahara from the south. The other he ordered straight westward with orders to halt and go into permanent camp just beyond the great river which marks the natural boun-dary of the country that the big Bwana "This is Mr. Hanson," he said, using the name the man had given him. "He is a rightfully considers almost his own. trader who has lost his way in the jungle to

To his host he explained that he was the south." My Dear and Meriem bowed their acknowledgments of the introduction. The man seemed rather ill at ease in their presence. His host attributed this to the fact that his guest was unaccustomed to the society of cultured women, and so found a pretext to extricate him quickly from his seemingly unpleasant position and lead him away to his study and the brandy-and and which wore evidently much leas moving his safari slowly toward the north-he said nothing of the party moving west-ward. Then, one day, he announced that half his boys had deserted, for a hunting party from the bungalow had come across his northerly camp and he feared that they might have noticed the reduced number of his following

And thus matters stood when one hot and-soda which wore evidently much less embarrassing to Mr. Hanson night Merlem, unable to sleep, ross and wandered out into the garden. The Hon, Morison had been urging his suit once When the two had left them, Merlem nore that evening, and the girl's mind wa in such a turmoil that she had been unable sleep.

"It is odd," she said; "but I could al-most swea' that I had known Mr. Hanson in the past. It is odd, but quite impossible," The wide heavens above her seemed to promise a greater freedom from doubt and questioning. Baynes had urged her to tell him that she loved him. A dozen times Hanson did not accept Bwana's invita the thought that she might honestly give that he demanded. tion to move his camp closer to the bunga-

low. He said his boys were inclined to be quarrelnome, and so were better off at a distance; and he himself was around but little, and then always avoided coming Korak was fast becoming but a memory. That he was dead she had come to believe : since otherwise he would have sought her into contact with the ladies. A fact which naturally aroused only laughing comment out. She did not know that he had even better reason to believe her dead, and that it was because of that belief he had made other. He accompanied the men on several hunting trips, where they found him per-fectly at home and well versed in all the no effort to find her after his raid upon the village of Kuvudoo.

Behind a great flowering shrub Hanson iay gazing at the stars and waiting. He had lain thus and there many nights be-fore. For what was he waiting, or for whom? He heard the girl approaching, and half raised himself to his elhow. A dozen paces away, the reins looped over a fence-post stood his pany. finer points of big game hunting. Of an evening he often spent much time with the white foreman of the big farm, evidently finding in the society of this rougher man but the commercialized cynic who would make of preparedness simply a creed for the worship and defense of Dollars and Cents more common interests than the cultured guests of Bwana possessed for him. So it came that his was a familiar figure is at least "peeved" by it—"peeved" simply and not knocked out because the commer-cialized cynic is duil, can't be influenced by an ideal of "sweetness and light" and is so post, stood his pony.

about the premises by night. He came and went as he saw fit, often wandering Meriem, walking slowly, approached the oush behind which the walter lay. Hanson much of a brute that only brute force can drew a large bandana handkerchief from his pocket and rose stealthily to his knees. A pony neighed down at the corrais. Far alone in the great flower garden that was the especial pride and joy of My Dear and Merlem. The first time that he had been surprised there he apologized gruffly, ex-plaining that he had always been fond of out across the plain a lion roared. Hanson hanged his position until he squatted upon both feet.

America's most inspiring history is that of its struggle against the commercialized cynic, but every step taken forward has been only at tremendous cost in human lives. The commercialized cynic, the free-booter of civilization, requires war to rid the world of his rule. And Americans of 1776 made the world's first real effective fight for economic liberty. Again the pony neighed-this time closer. There was the sound of his body brushing against the shrubbery. Hanson heard, and wondered how the animal had gotten from the corral; for it was evident that he was already in the garden. The man turned his head in the direction of the beast.

What he saw sent him to the ground, huddled close beneath the shrubbery-a There had been wars before-plenty of them-wars for religious dogmas, wars of kings with kings, wars of nobles with nan was coming, leading two ponies. kings, but never a war fought on the issue that when a man is ruled by a government he has the right to say what that govern-Merlem heard now, and stopped to look and listen. A moment later the Hon. Mori-son Baynes drew near, the two saddled

nounts at his heels. Meriem looked up at him in surprise.

The Hon. Morison grinned sheepishly.



Military uniforms worn at various periods in American history ex-hibited at the Civic Exposition.

PREPAREDNESS LESSON CLEARLY TAUGHT AT CIVIC EXPOSITION

Display of Uniforms of "Rugged Continentals" Excites Mood of Patriotism—Lessons of American History Emphasized-This Is Stonemen's Day

Why not preparedness if it be something | ion, with suffragists and antisuffragist, preion, with suffragists and antisuffragist, pre-paredness agitators and pacifists, Jew and Gentlie, Roman Catholic and Protestant, given equal opportunity to present their claims? America means equal opportunity and that is all, but it also is enough; no other nation has ever brought it forth; no other nation can bring it forth because it hearn't the machinery; and the machinery other than a traitor's game? Thou pacifist, visit the Philadelphia Today and Tomorrow Civic Exposition and let percolate into your brain the lesson of America's mission, born in blood, preserved by blood and accom-plished only through the conflict between the "imps of baseness and darkness" on one hand and the carriers of what Matthew hasn't the machinery; and the machinery must be guarded. Such is the lesson in preparedness given unwittingly perhaps by the Philadelphia Today and Tomorrow Ex-Arnold calls "sweetness and light" on the Without meaning to be, that exposition is a convincing argument for the sort of preparedness ch will make it impossible for America ever to know defeat. It tells what America stands for; and in so telling it not only hits the pacifist a blow of might.

hibit. Today is Stonemen's Day at the exposition. A call for 100,000 people to at-tend has gone out. Tonight the leader of the Stonemen will speak from the band-

stand The motion picture film, "The Co-oper-ative School Luncheon System," will again be shown Saturday afternoon at 1 o'clock.

Rev. J. F. Putman Installed

The Rev. John F. Putman, of St. Johns ville, N. Y., a graduate of Rutgers Theo-logical Seminary, New Brunswick, N. J., was ordained to the ministry and installed in the pastorate of the Fourth Reformed Church, Manayunk avenue and Martin street, Roxborough, last night. The Rev. T. C. Sukow, president of the Philadelphia Classis, presided. The new minister succeeds the Rev. Isaac Ward, who has joined the forces of "Billy" Sunday.



NEW WOMANHOOD RESULT OF FEDERATION MRS. PENNYBACKER SAYS

Nation With Women United Nord Never Fear Internal Strife, **Retiring President** Declares

CONSTRUCTIVE FORCE

NEW YORK, June 2.—Declaring that a "new womanhood is coming into fife in America" and that a nation in which its women are united may never four internal strife, Mrs. Percy V. Pennybacker, returns president of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, today outlined the work of the organization under her administration is the following special:

of the organization under her administration in the following special: The work of the General Federation of Women's Clubs might be summed up. In short, as a united effort on the part of women of many creeds and nationallies, to inspire a higher type of citizenship, a better public spirit and a more alart social consciousness.

accomplish this end the General

To accomplish this end the General Federation strives to assist and co-operate with agencies already existing in an effort to build up rather than tear down our present social structure. It is, therefore, a great constructive force to achieve good rather than a destructive force to destroy evil, and this is true re-gardiess of the fact that there have been many civic and ethical movements which have received their first impulse from the Federation.

Federation. The federation works through the home The rederation works through the points and the family to an extent which no other organization has ever attained. Public opinion is changed or made anew by these hands of women, who, aroused to thought and action at meeting of club or federa-tion, bring to the family circle a full, free and uping to the family circle a full, free and uping to the family circle a full, free tion, bring to the family crock a fail, free and untrammeled discussion of the virial problems, which arouses in husband, son and daughter a new line of thought, which, in turn, spreads to larger social groups, men's clubs, church gatherings and all places were contact is established with others. A new interest is kindled and a new community spirit is born.

new community spirit is born. The greatest value of the biennial con-vention lies in the fact that it draws to-gether women from the North. West, South and East, enabling them to understand each other and to respect the opinions, traditions and motives of each other. A nation in which its women are united need never fear internal strife. Enlightened

homes are the bulwarks of the people. A new womanhood is coming into life in America, and at its baptism the Goneral Federation stands sponsor. To those who read the federation move-

ment aright it is a great avenue for serv-ice; it is an increase of beauty and cleanli-ness; it is better housing conditions; it is better recreational facilities for the young; it is more safe and sure protection for the dependent, the defective and the de-Inquent

Deputy City Treasurer Named

LEBANON, Pa., June 2 .- City Treasurer I dwin U. Sowers has announced his am-pointment of Ross H. Shiffer, of the 5th Ward, as deputy city treasurer, to succeed Thomas G. Spangler, who has been set is or many years.





WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?

Vacation time will soon be here and-WHAT ARE YOU Dear Everybody GOING TO DO?

May I suggest you try to do something which will be of help to you in after infe? Our boys are going to be the business men and professional men of the Sture and our girls are going to be the wives and MOTHERS.

I hope our boys try to do something useful during the long days that are to come. I hope they will try to earn a little money, so that they may begin their business carcers early.

Please, my dear boys, when you try to get a position, a situation or a plain, ordinary JOB, don't tell the man you are willing to do ANYTHING.

When a man hires you he wants you to do one thing and do it well, and whatever that thing may be it is something he can't do himself, as he has not the time. Like our great merchants, even the little grocer on the corner doesn't want to hire any one to help him, but he HAS TO because he can make more money by getting help than he can by running errands himself.

Get all these things into your head before the summer days come. Make up your mind what you want to do. It is just twice as hard to get a thing when you don't know what you want as it is to get the thing you know you want. Make up your mind what you want to do and then go after it and it will drift to you as surely as the needle points toward the north.

And as for you girls, you are all going to marry millionaires or princes MAYBE and live in mansions or palaces, as the case may be, BUT you can't "boss" the servants unless you know how to do their work yourself, so help mother wash the dishes, and suppose you dust behind the bureau OCCASION-ALLY.

TO KEEP BUSY IS TO KEEP HAPPY. FARMER SMITH, Children's Editor, EVENING LEDGER.

Our Postoffice Box

Elizabeth McNamara is the sister of Isabelle McNamara, whose picture appeared last evening in "our postoffice box." Of course Elisabeth lives



<text><text><text><text><text><text><text>

By Gertrude Reinhard, Haddonfield, N. J. "I wish I had some one to play with," said a lonely little girl one day as she was said a lonely liftle girl one day as she was standing by a corner. Just then a liftle girl was walking by and accidentally dropped her pocketbook. Alice, which was the lonely girl's name, picked it up. She looked inside of it. There she found a name card on which she saw written. "Maria Hoffman." "I grees I will not give this money to her.

A Playmate

written, "Maria Hoffman." "I guess I will not give this money to her, for she is very rich." said little Alice. Deep down in her honest little heart a soft voice was saying, "Take it hack, take it back." Alice thought she, would do what the little voice said. The next day Alice took the money back

The next day Alice took the money back. She was greatly rewarded for her honesty. She was given a very rich home and a "playmate."

You are always rewarded for honesty.

'My goodness gracious !" said Mrs. Hop Toad to her husband one night, as she seated herself by the evening lamp and tucked up her sewing. "I never in all my days have seen anything like the way that boy Willie is improving." "I guess he must have been having one

of those dream parties," said her husband,

By FARMER SMITH.

om the bungalow's interior.

of those dream parties," said her husband, looking at her over his glasses. "Yes," said Mrs. Hop Toad, "that little rakeal has gotten so that he treats every-thing as if it were alive. He thinks his left leg Mrs. Pantaleg, and he hangs his left leg Mrs. Pantaleg, and he hangs his little trousers up every night so they won't get wrinkles in them." While his father and mother were talk-

ing downstairs, Willie was sweetly dreaming about Mr. and Mrs. Shirtsleeve. "My, my, I am smothering," said a shrill little voice from under the bedclothes,

ittle voice from under the bedclothes, "Won't somebody come and help me? That boy Willie has put me under the bedclothes and I am dripping with perspiration." "You give me a pain." said the Window. "You are always fussing and stewing about

something." "Never mind," said Mrs. Shirtsleeve, "We need air, and maybe some time that boy Willie will know it." "How about me?" asked the Undershirt. omething.'

"How about me?" asked the Undershirt, "He has put me here under you. Why doesn't he pull me out? If you are hurt, what about me?" Just then Willie woke up, and it seemed to him that something was pulling and pulling at his feet. He went down to the foot of the bed, and there were his Shirt and Undershirt.

and Undershirt. He got out of bed as fast as he could and hung each one up where it could air. And, when he jumped back in bed, he thought to himself, "I never knew before that clothes had feelings."

Things to Know and Do

(1) My! My! Printer's boy has been careless again. I wrote a poem about Shakespeare and the printer's boy headed "A Mad Sight-Mummers in Red. What play did Shakespears write con-taining all the letters in the quoted line? 2. Behold you see I hold a Rose

I hold & Rose Just add a "p" And this - - - -Fill in the missing letters, using letters found in this poem. 3. Some naughty boys went out in the fields and stole something which has green shutters, white curtains, red carpets and little boggie bables inside. What did the boys steal?

The Question Box

Dear Farmer Smith: Can you tell me if the Public Ledger has anything to do with the Evanika LEDORA? ELEANOR MAY, Harrington, N. J. The Public Ledger and the EvENING LEDORA are published by the same com-pany. This is known as the Public Ledger Company.

FARMER SMITH. EVENING LEDGER: I wish to become a member of your Rainbow Club. Please send me a beau-tiful Rainbow Button tree. I agree to DO A LITTLE KINDNESS EACH AND EVERY DAY — SPREAD A LITTLE SUNSHINE ALL, ALONG THE WAY.

School I attend avaning these seeses

Meriem laughed. The adventure appealed to her. "All right," she said.

Hanson swore beneath his breath. The two led their horses from the garden to the gate and through it. There they discovered Hanson's mount.

"Why, here's the trader's pony," remarked Baynes.

"He's probably down visiting with the foreman," said Meriem.

"Pretty late for him, isn't it?" remarked the Hon. Morison. "I'd hate to have to ride back through that jungle at night to his camp.

As though to give weight to his appro-hensions the distant lion roared again. The Hon. Morison shivered and glanced at the giri to note the effect of the uncanny sound upon her. She appeared not to have no-ticed it.

A moment later the two had mounted and were moving slowly across the moon-bathed plain. The sirl turned her pony's head straight toward the jungle. It was in the direction of the roaring of the hungry

the direction of the Fouriar of the hungry llon. "Hadn't we better steer clear of that fel-low?" suggested the Hon. Morison. "I guess you didn't hear him." "Yee, I heard him." laughed Meriem. "Let's ride over and call on him." The Hon. Morison laughed uneasily. He didn't care to appear at a dismavantage before this girl, nor did he care, either, to approach a hungry lion too closely at night. He carried his rifle in his saddle boot; but moonlight is an uncertain light to shoot by. moonlight is an uncertain light to shoet by, nor ever had he faced a lion alone—even by day. The thought gave him a distinct

by day. The inductive sector of the sector of the beast coased his rearing new. They heard him no more, and the Hon. Morison gained courage accordingly. They were riding down wind toward the jungle. The lion lay in a little swale to their right. He was old. For two nights he had not fed, for no longer was his charge he had not fed, for no longer was his charge he had not fed, for no longer was his charge he had not fed. For no longer was his charge he had not fed. For no longer was his charge he had not fed. for no longer was his charge he had not fed. For no longer was his charge he had he had not fed. For no longer was his charge he had not fed. For no longer was his charge he had he had not fed. For no longer was his charge he had he h as swift or his spring as mighty as in the days of his prime, when he spread terror among the creatures of his wild domain. CONTINUED TOMORROW

HEALTH OF MEN IN U. S.

SAID TO BE MOSTLY BAD

Educators Hear That 60 Per Cent. Are Unfit for Army

PITTSBURGH. June 2.—Characterizing preventable accidents in industrial estab-liahments as crimes and declaring that the health of the people in the United States was so bad that at least 60 per cent. of the men would be rejected for military service, speakers at the fourth annual convention of the National Association of Corporation Schools, here urged corpora-tions to do all in their power to promote the health and safety of their employes. The report on asfety and health was pre-sented by C. B. Auel of the Westinghouse Effective and Manufacturing Company, of East Pittaburgh. Horlicks

Electric and Manufacturing Company, of East Pittaburgh. That the best medium of getting em-ployee is the daily newspaper was the daily sist of the report of the committee of employment plans. The report was pre-sented by F. P. Pitser, of New York. The report on office work schools was presented by P. H. Fuffer, of Buffalo, and outlied plans for the business man do follow in the preparing instruction for office men. Included in the report was a manual for office fors, and messingers The recommanded courtes, planting by as-minary, economy and good permitted ap-petrance.

ment shall do. "Taxation without repre-sentation" was in its time a most startling innovation as a political slogan. It meant that an individual counted more than his government, and, to think of it, that must "I couldn't sleep," he explained, "and was going for a bit of a ride when I chanced to see you out here, and I thought you'd like to join me. Ripping good sport, you know, night riding. Come on." that an individual counted more than his government, and, to think of it, that must have sounded outrageous, dangerous and anarchistic to King George and his con-servatists for they were the government. All this is inspired by a long and the All this is inspired by a long analytical ook at the uniforms worn by the Revolu-

ever keep his thumb out of the huckleberry

INSPIRATION OF HISTORY.

tionary heroes. The uniforms are on view at the exposition, and are some of the fea-tures of the exhibit of the Quartermaster's Department of the United States War De-Department of the United States War De-partment. Today the romanticists run to the theatre or the "movie" which advertises a sex drama; but Eleanor Glyn, Laura Jean Libbey, George Barr McCutcheon, Robert Chambers and the other neurotics of literature never had so wealthy a field for romance as is to be found in the birth and emancipation of a new race.

DISTORTIONS OF ROMANCE.

Frizzle-headed females and putty-brained males gaze with eyes and mouth wide open and thrills running up and down their spines at a portrayal of alleged soul-seek-ings, and the commercialized cynic of the pen waxes rich in royalities by catering to this nervous disorder. It isn't romance by a long shot; just plain, common, ordinary, everyday superficial "mush" that calls for "mushing" won't be disturbed.

But look at that Pilgrim father of 1620 He "mushed" all right enough-remember Priscilla and John Alden-but he was also ready, even cager, to fight and die for his country-the hazy realm of hopes and ideals. He had too much solf-respect to submit to injustice, so he founded a new nation dedicated to the principle that later was expressed as "taxation without repre-sentation is tyranny."

And the Revolutionary soldler did more than die for his country; he starved for it, shivered at Valley Forge for it, took the than die for his country; he starved for it, shivered at Valley Forge for it, took the smallpox for it. Romance? Where is there anything more thrilling or melodramatic? In American history are to be found all the elements of the drama—the "low-brow" drama, with its blood and thunder, and the "high-brow" drama as well, with its psy-chological excursions, character studies and everything else that the "highly intellec-tual" refer to as assential. If the Fligrim Father hadn't been true to the ideal of mental liberty, if the Revo-lutionary patriot hadn't been true to the ideal of economic liberty, there would have been no American democracy, no Fhiladal-phia Today and Tomorrow Civic Exhibit. What nation other than America could produce such exhibits and in such a fash-

A wonderful fabric for All outdoor purposes

Also Top, Polo and Motor Coats

4.75

exclusive designs novel ideas

MANN & DILKS

Panama Hats 5.75

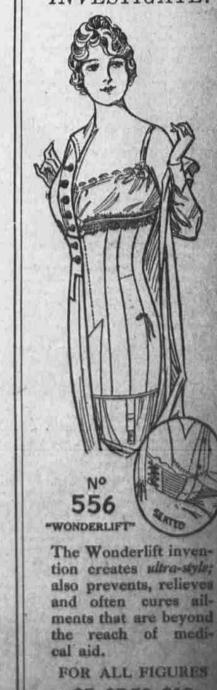




Rich milk, malted grain extract, in powder. For Infante, Invalidated growing children. Pure nutrition, upbuilding the whole body. Invigorates nursing mothers and the aged. The Food-Drink for all Ages More nutritious than ten, colfee, stc. Substitutes cost YOU Same Price

Ladies' and Misses Suits are now 18.50 22.50 24.50

heard-of success is based solely on unheard-of merit. INVESTIGATE!



\$5, \$7.50, \$10

Good Stores Everynthese Road Registerin Furthern Stationers, Want