By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS Author of the Tarzan Tales

CHAPTER XXI-(Continued).

FORAK saw the man take both her hands K and draw her close to his breast. He saw the man's face concealed for a moment beneath the same broad brim that hid the girl's. He could imagine their lips meeting, and a twinge of sorrow and sweet recollection combined to close his eyes for an instant in that involuntary muscular act with which we attempt to shut out from the mind's eye harrowing reflections.

na this

duently

When he looked again they had drawn When he looked again they had drawn apart and were conversing earnestly. Korak could see the man urging something, it was equally evident that the girl was holding back. There were many of her gestures, and the way in which she tossed her head up and to the right, liptilting her chin, that reminded Korak still more strongly of Merlem. And then the conversation was over, and the man took the girl in his arms again to kins her good-by. She turned and rode toward the point from which she had come. The man sat from which she had come. The man sat his horse watching her. At the edge of the jungle she turned to wave him a final fare-well.

"Tonight!" she cried, throwing back her "Tonight!" she cired, throwing back her head as she called the words to him across the little distance which separated them—throwing back her head and revealing her face for the first time to the eyes of the Killer in the tree above.

Korak started as though pierced through the content with an arrow. He trembled and

the heart with an arrow. He trembled and shook like a leaf. He closed his eyes, pressing his palms across them, and then he epened them again and looked.

But the girl was gone—only the waving bliage of the jungle's rim marked where

she had disappeared.

It was impossible! It could not be true! It was impossible! It could not be true!
And yet, with his own eyes he had seen
his Meriem—older a little, with figure more
rounded by neater maturity, and subtly
changed in other ways; more beautiful than
ever, yet still his little Moriem. Yes, he
had seen the dead alive again; he had seen
his Meriem in the flesh. She lived! She had not died!

He had seen her-he had seen his Mertem—in the arms of another man! And that man sat below him now, within easy.

Korak, the Killer, fondled his heavy spear. He played with the grass rope dangling from his gee-string. He stroked the hunting knife at his hip. And the man beneath him called to his drowsy guide, bent the rein to his pony's neck, and noved off toward the north.

Still sat Korak, the Killer, alone among the trees. Now his hands hung idly at his sides. His weapons and what he had in-tended were forgotten for the moment. Korak was thinking.

He had noted that subtle change in Moriem. When last he had seen her she had been his little, half-naked Mangani—wild, savage and uncouth. She had not seemed uncouth to him then but now in the change that had come over her, he knew that such she had been; yet no more unouth than be, and he was still uncouth. In her had taken place the change. In her he had just seen a sweet and lovely flower of refinement and civilization, and he shuddered as he recalled the fate that he himself had planned for her—to be the mate of an apeman, his mate, in the savage jungle.

Then he had seen no wrong in it, for he had loved her, and the way he had planned had been the way of the jungle which they two had chosen as their home; but now, after having seen the Meriem of civilized attire he realized the hideousness of his once-cherished plan, and he thanked his God that chance and the blacks of Kovu-

doe had thwarted him.
Yet he still loved her, and jealousy seared his soul as he recalled the sight of

What were his intentions toward her? Did he really love her? How could one not love her? And she loved him—of that Korak had had ample proof. Had she not loved him she would not have accepted his

His Meriem loved another! For a long time he let that awful truth sink deep, and from it he tried to reason out his future plan of action. In his heart was a great desire to follow the man and slay him; but there rose in his consciousness the thought, she loves him.

Could be slay the creature Merlem loved? Sadly he shook his head. No, he could

not.

Then came a partial decision to follow nakedness and was ashamed. He, the son of a British peer, had thus thrown away his life, had thus degraded himself to the level of a beast so that he was ashamed to go to the woman he loved and lay his love at her feet. He was ashamed to go to the little Arab maid who had been his jungle playmate, for what had he to offer her'

For years circumstances had prevented a return to his father and mother, and at last pride had stepped in and expunged from his mind the last vestige of any in-tention to return. In a spirit of boyish adventure he had cast his lot with the Jungle ape. The killing of the crook in the coast inn had filled his childish mind with terror of the law and driven him deeper into the wilds. The rebuffs that he had met with at the hands of men, both black and white, had lfad their effect upon his mind while it was yet in a formative state and easily influenced.

He had come to believe that the hand of man was against him, and then he had found in Meriem the only human association he required or craved. When she had been snatched from him, his sorrow had been so deep that the thought of ever mingling again with human beings grew still more unutterably distasteful. Finally and for all time, he thought, the die was cast. Of his own volition he had become a beast; a beast he had lived; a beast he would die.

Now that it was too late, he regretted it For now Meriem, still living, had been re-vealed to him in a guise of progress and advancement that had carried her com-pletely out of his life. Death itself could not have further removed her from him. In her new world she loved a man of her own kind. And Korak knew that it was right.

She was not for him-not for the naked, savage ape. No, she was not for him; but he still was hers. If he could not have her and happiness, he would at least do all that lay in his power to assure happi-ness to her. He would follow the young Englishman. In the first place, he would know that he meant Meriem no harm; and after that, though jealousy wrenched his heart, he would watch over the man Meriem loved for Meriem's sake. But God help him if he thought to

wrong her! Slowly he aroused himself. He stood erect and stretched his great frame, the muscles of his arms sliding sinuously be-

neath his tanned skin as he bent his clenched fists behind his head. A movement on the ground beneath caught his eye. An antelope was entering the clearing. Immediately Korak became aware that he was empty—again he was a beast. For a moment love had lifted him to sublime heights of honor and renunci-

The antelope was crossing the clearing Korak dropped to the ground upon the op-posite side of the tree, and so lightly that not even the sensitive ears of the ruminant apprehended his presence. He un-colled his grass rope—it was the latest ad-dition to his armament, yet he was proficient with it.
Often he traveled with nothing more

her in the arms of the dapper young Eng-lishman.

What were his intentions toward her? than his knife and his rope—they were light and easy to carry. His spear and how and arrows were cumbersome, and he usually kept one or all of them hidden away in

a private cache.

Now he held a single coil of the long rope he his right hand and the remainder in his left. The antelope was but a few paces from him. Silently Korak leaped from his hiding place, swinging the rope free from the entangling shoulders.

the entangling shrubbery.

The antelope sprang away almost instantly, but instantly, too, the coiled rope with its sliding noose flew through the air above him. With unerring precision it settled about the creature's neck.

There was a quick wrist movement of the thrower; the noose tightened. The Killer braced himself with the rope across his hip, and as the antelope tautened the singing strands in a last frantic bound for berty, he was thrown over upon his back

Then, instead of approaching the fallen animal as a roper of the Western plains might do, Korak dragged his captive to himself, pulling him in hand over hand, and when he was within reach, leaping upon him, even as Sheeta the panther might have done, and burying his teeth in the animal's neck while he found its heart with the point of his hunting knife.

Recoiling his rope, he cut a few generous strips from his kill and took to the trees again, where he ate in peace. Later he swung off in the direction of a nearby

water hole and then he slept. In his mind of course, was the suggestion of another meeting between Merlem and the young Englishman that had been borne to him by the girl's parting "To-

He had not followed Meriem, because new the direction from which she had ome, and in which she returned, that heresoever she had found an asylum it lay out across the plains, and not wishing o be discovered by the girl, he had not cared to venture into the open after her.

It would do as well to keep in touch with the young man, and that was precisely what he intended doing.

To you or me the possibility of locating the Hon. Morison in the jungle, after having permitted him to get such a considerable start might have according to the considerable start and the considerable start an able start, might have seemed remote; but to Korak it was not at all so. He guessed that the white man would return to his camp; but should he have done otherwise, it were a simple matter to the Killer to trail a mounted man accompanied by an-other on feet. Days might pass, and still such a spoor would be sufficiently plain to lead Korak unfalteringly to its end; while a matter of a few hours only left it as clear to him as though the makers themselves were still in plain sight.

And so it came that a few minutes after the Hon. Morison Baynes entered the camp to be greeted by Hanson, Korak slipped noiselessly into a nearby tree. There he lay until late afternoon, and still the young Englishman made no move to leave camp Korak wondered if Meriem were coming there. A little later Hanson and one of his black boys rode out of camp. Korak merely noted the fact. He was not par-ticularly interested in the doings of any other member of the company than the young Englishman.

Darkness came, and still the young man He ate his evening meal, aftervard smoking numerous cigarettes. Presently he began to pace back and forth before his tent. He kept his boy busy re-plenishing the fires.

plenishing the fires.

A lion coughed, and he went into his tent, to reappear with an express rifle. Again he admonished the boy to throw more brush upon the fire. Korak saw that he was nervous and afraid, and his

lip curled in a sneer of contempt.

Was this the creature who had supplanted him in the heart of his Meriem? Was this a man, who trembled when Numa coughed? How could such as he protect Merlem from the countless dangers of the jungle? Ah, but he would not have to! They would live in the safety of European

civilization, where men in uniforms were hired to protect them. What need had a European of prowess to protect his mate? Again the sneer curied Korak's lip. Hanson and his boy had ridden directly to the clearing. It was already dark when they arrived. Leaving the boy there, Hanson and the same they arrived. WOMAN INTERNE FINDS

ion rode to the edge of the plain, leading

"We had better hurry," continued Han-

son, "for we'll have to move along pretty fast if we don't want to be overtaken."

"Is he hurt badly?" asked Meriem.
"Only a little sprain," replied Hanson
"He can ride all right; but we both

thought he'd better lie up tonight and rest, for he'll have plenty hard riding in the next few weeks, "Yes," agreed the girl

Hanson swung his pony about, and Mer-iem followed him. They rode north along the edge of the jungle for a mile and then

turned straight into it toward the west.
Meriem, following, paid little attention to
directions. She did not know exactly where
Hanson's camp lay, and so she did not
guess that he was not leading her

All night they rode straight toward the west. When morning came Hanson permitted a short halt for breakfast, which he

had provided in well-filled saddle-bags be-fore leaving his camp. Then he pushed on again; nor did they halt a second time until, in the heat of the day, he stopped

and motioned the girl to dismount.
"We will sleep here for a time and let the ponles graze," he said.

away," said Meriern.
"I left orders that they were to move on at daybreak," explained the trader. "so

that we could get a good start. I knew that you and I could easily overtake a laden safari. It may not be until tomor-row that we'll catch up with them."

row that we'll catch up with them."
But, though they traveled part of the night and all the following day, no sign of the safarl appeared ahead of them. Meriem, an adept in jungle craft, knew that none had passed ahead of them for

many days. Occasionally she saw indica-tions of an old spoor—a very old spoor— of many men. For the most part they followed this well-marked trail along

path and through pa It was an ideal trail for

Meriem at last became suspicious. Grad-

ually the attitude of the man at her side

stubble had commenced to cover his neck

It was not until the second day, how

been following is weeks old."
Hanson laughed.
"Oh, that's it, is it?" he cried.

and he had certainly assured her that

to give her some assurance of outdistance

Tantalizingly the placing of his familiar

CONTINUED TOMORROW

tinued to grow upon the girl.

"I had no idea the camp was so far

back, startled.

toward It.

traveling.

said Merlem.

the boy's horse. There he walted. It was 9 o'clock before he saw a solitary figure galloping toward him from the direction of the bungalow. A few moments later Merlem drew in her mount beside him. She was nervous and flushed.

When she recognized Hanson she drew back startled. Sordid Conditions of Her "Mr. Baynes' horse fell on him and

sprained his ankle," Hansen hastened to explain. "He couldn't very well come, so sent me to meet you and bring you



DR. MARIAN REA

had begun to change. Often she surprised him devouring her with his eyes. Steadily the former sensation of previous acquaintanceship urged itself upon her. Somewhere, some time before she had known this man. It was evident that he had not shaved for several days. A blonde for Doctor Rea the position she now fills 'Indeed, there's nobody to thank and cheeks and chin; and with it the assurance that he was no stranger con-

myself. here we are

Rea. She tells you that living in an insane hospital for a couple of months "is wonder-fully interesting!"

trail some time today, even if we don't overtake them." Now, at last, Meriem knew that the man was lying to her. What a fool he man was lying to her. What a fool he must be to think that any one could believe such a ridiculous explanation! Who was so stupid as to believe that they could have expected to overtake another party, momentarily he expected to do so, when that party's route was not to meet theirs for several miles yet? things, just as the other doctors are. Why, they treat us as respectfully as they would in their own homes. I have never had occasion to reprimand a patient yet, and I have handled men and women 'drunks' by She kept her own counsel, however, planning to escape at the first opportunity when she might have a sufficient start of her captor, as she now considered him,

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FARMER SMITH'S (RAINBOW CLUB

BEHOLD A DRUG STORE!

Dear Everybody-I suppose you all have seen a drug store, BUT have you ever stopped to think how many different things are sold in a drug store? Do you know why it is that you get chocolate in your ice cream soda, when you ask for it, instead of poison?

On this shelf there is an acid, one drop of which will burn your hand; on another shelf is a white powder which is put in baby's milk. Why, dear children, are these things not all mixed up?

Because back of them all there is the druggist and he uses his brain. He reasons and that is what I want to teach you-to reason. FIND A REASON FOR YOUR ACT if you can.

When you ask for chocolate, the druggist doesn't say: "I guess I'll give him some poison instead.' Back of all the bottles and poisons there is a well-ordered mind, and that

is what you must have, if you are going to get along in this world. All the time we see boys and girls doing things and we wonder why they do them. They are putting poison in the ice cream soda instead of chocolatethey are unreasonable. They have no reason for what they do. When the worst happens to a man, we say "he has lost his reason."

It is said that the man who suggested the three words "STOP, LOOK, LISTEN," received \$10,000 for his trouble. Remember these words, these \$10,000 words, the next time you go to throw a stone through some window. Remember them when you get in a terrible fit of anger. What would happen if the druggist GOT MAD at you and everybody else and started mixing peisons with the sugar and the candy? The druggist can't afford to get angry

and NEITHER CAN YOU. Look at a drug store the next time you are near one; it will help you to remember to use your reason and so to make your impulses behave—then when you grow up, you will thank the Rainbow Club for teaching you ONE THING. FARMER SMITH,

Children's Editor, EVENING LEDGER.

Help One Another By MARION MILLS, Haddonfield, N. J. One day Kate and her friend were com-

ing home from school. "Bella," said Kate, "don't you think you could come up to my bouse this afternoon?" "Oh, you will have to ask my mother,"

Bella said. "Yes, I will ask her," returned Kate.

He they walked on to Bella's house. When Kate asked. Bella's mother answered, "Well, the dishes have to be done, and the baby is crying to be taken out." Bella sat down with a disappointed look an her face.

"Oh, never mind, Bella, I will help you," said Kata. "Didn't you know I was a Rain-low?"

The dishes were done in a very few min-

The dishes were done in a very few min-ties and then Kate said, "Now, please get the baby ready and we can take her down to my house and play."

As Bella was tucking the baby in its seach, she said, "Oh, Kate, it must be fun to be a Rainbow. I wish I could be one."

"And so you shall," said Kate. And as saother kind act she told Bella how to join the Rainbow Ciuh.

FARMER SMITH.

Care of The Eventus Labour. 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 SUNMHINE ALL ALONG THE WAY.

decad

Our Postoffice Box George De Medio knows lots of things; among them is the knowledge that you have as much fun doing kind things for people as people have having kind things done for them. That surely is quite a lovely thing to have found out and the best part of it is it's TRUE! Just now we can't slip.

Just now we can't slip by the subject of kindness without telling you about Miss Ethel Berkowits, a young lady who has very generously offered to do anything at all for the Rainbows that will help them. In GEORGE DE MEDIO the very near future little Miss Ethel is going to submit a special

little Miss Ethel is going to submit a special plan for one "helping-out idea." Alfred Webb offers to help the world of little readers by collecting nice books for them. Oh, there are many wondurful plans to make when one has a mind to make them!

when one has a mind to make them!

Sarah Crawford says the Rainbow Club reminds her of the "Goiden Rule." We think the "Golden Rule" a very beautiful one and we are pleased to know that a Rainbow has compared us to it. Mollie Schecter thinks the button as pretty as the sky at sunset. We think the sky at sunset one of the loveliest things in life, and again we are pleased to know that a Rainbow has likened our Rainbow button to it. We sort of feel like praising ourselves today, so please don't think we are conceited if we quote one more bit of a happy word about us." Iona Davis says just this: "I like the Chub News very, very much, and when I was sick a little while ago grandmother used to get the paper and read it to me just as soon as ever it came. It choused me up ever and ever so much." And were that gains to say another word about "our-life".

THE GIRAFFE GETS A SORE THROAT

By Farmer Smith

"Ker-choo-o-o!" Mr. Giraffe made such noise that Gracie Grasshopper almost fell off the dandelion stem she was swing-

"God bless you," said Gracie Grass-

"Thank you," said Mr. Giraffe, wiping his eyes on the leaf of a tree. "If a sneeze was all I had it would be all right, but I have a terrible sore throat."
"Where is it?" asked Gracie Grasshopper.

"Well, it might be in my left hind foot or behind my right ear or sixteen miles west of the top of my tall, but it isn't. It is in my throat. Where else could you have a sore throat?"

"How do you know you have a sore throat?" asked Gracie Grasshopper. "Why it hurts when I swallow." "What hurts?" said Gracie Grasshopper. "Why the hurt hurts, my throat hurts, the swallow hurts, everything hurts—say, what are you driving at, anyway?"
"Well, I was just thinking," said Gracie
Grasshopper. "I once had a sore throat,
and it hurt and it hurt and it hurt; and I was just trying to think that if my little pain hurt me that way, what must three or four feet of pain feel like to you?" "Three or four feet!" exclaimed Mr. Giraffe. "What do you mean?" "Why, isn't your neck three or four feet

"I guess it is," said Mr. Giraffe. "I never

"Well, I would not measure it while it is sore," replied Gracie Grasshopper. "It will seem twice as long."

Rainbows A Favorite Poom of Robert Holm.

When the little sunbeams peep
Where the clouds show dark and deep,
When the lightning plays no more,
Nor the thunders sullen roar,
When in skies from rim to rim
Lovely colors shine and gleam,
Interwoven in sweetest wise,
Then come rainbows in the skies.

Sweet once more is and serene; When the angry word is still.
Giving place to gentle will;
When, obedient to love's sway,
Every frown is smoothed away; When smiles gleam from tearful eyes, Then come rainbows in the skies.

Things to Know and Do

Things to Know and Do

1. Fill in the missing words in this poem:
As I was walking down the (a)

1 heard a noise from windows near

And then I said O'. (b)

I'm sure the window has a (c)

2. What kind of food will Billy Bumpus
like to eat on the Fourth of July?

3. One day Jimmy Monkey said: "What
kind of 'rain' would you like to ride on!"
"Give it up, up, up!" answered the Baby
Baboon. "Well, add what your mother
likes to drink for supper to 'rain' and you
will find out." "My mother likes soup,"
replied the Baby Baboon.

(What kind of 'rain' did Jimmy mean?)

About Birds
By RUSSELL GRAY, JR., Cynwyd.
The other day I saw three birds' nests.
One was a dove's with two white sags in
it. One was a rebin's with three eags in
it, and the last one was a blackbird's desi
with five little hirds just peopleg their
heads over the top. They had just gottes
their fastbars and were very oute.

BLOCKLEY INTERESTING; HAS CONTAGIOUS SMILE

That's One Reason Dr. Marian Hague Rea Is Able to Bear

WON WAY BY SHEER MERIT



"It's great fun being a doctor," is the way Dr. Marian Hague Rea looks at life as she views it inside the interesting precincts of historic old Blockley Hospital.

It is six years since a woman interne has made her entrance into Blockley, and it was hard work, and nothing else, that won

yourself when you make a success of any-thing," she will tell you. "There were over 109 doctors who competed for this place, two of them women—Dr. Maud Kunniman and We got the necessary credits, and

"No, the men don't treat us as women, they treat us as equals. It's all we expect of them. Of course, I believe in being ever, that Meriem rebelled. She drew in her pony at last and voiced her doubts. Hanson assured her that the camp was but a few miles farther on. feminine"-as any one would know just from looking at the charming way she colls her golden hair, which just will escape in 'We should have overtaken them yesterday," he said. "They must have marched much faster than I had believed possible." "They have not marched here at all," her golden hair, which just will escape in tantalizing strands across her face—"you get more, but not when it comes to a question of work. Work is work, whether it is a man or a woman. I get just as many ambulance calls and just as many night calls as the men internes. I'd be mad if I didn't," she concludes, with a sunny smile. Smiling seems to be contagious with Dr. Ben. She tells you that living in an insare. "The spoor that we have didn't you say so before? I could have easily explained. We are not coming by the same route; but we'll pick up their

> "I love Blockley, there's a fascination about it that never wears off," she declares enthusiastically. "The internes have a feliow feeling about Blockley that lasts a lifetime. That's why the feeling of the patients toward us is so respectful. They realize that we are on the same plane with the men, that we are on the same plane with the men, that we are part of the scheme of

"I remember when I was in charge of the alcoholic ward, I had an old woman named Annie. When a patient comes in for the first time, he or she is dismissed when sobered up. Well, the second time he Tantalizingly the placing of his familiar features persisted in cluding her. Where had she known him? Under what conditions had they met before she had seen him about the farm of Bwana? She ran over in her mind all the few white men she had ever known.

There were some who had come to her father'n douar in the jungle. Few, it is true; but there had been some.

It was mid-afternoon when they suddenly broke out of the jungle upon the banks of a broad and placid river. Beyond, upon the opposite shore, Merlem described a camp surrounded by a high thorn boma. sobered up.



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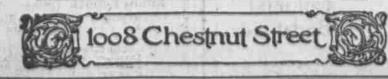
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weeping and waving her arms and yelling for me. Of course I put her into the am-bulance, and that's the way they go. Back and forth, and back and forth, for alcohol-ism is a disease, just like any other. "But no matter to what part of the tenderloin or to what low places I am called, I am always treated with the great-est respect."

et respect."
When Doctor Rea finishes her interne when Doctor Rea Intance her Interna-ship at Blockley she intends to take the State Board examinations. Originally from Boston, she seems to have succumbed to the charm of the city of Brotherly Love. Practicing in Philadelphia is her intention, but she is charmingly vague as to her plans—one suspects, but does not suggest, a male paramagin in the original.

plans—one suspects, but does not suggest, a male persuasion in the enigma.

"No, I'm not a suffragette, in the sense of demanding woman's rights. I think we are entitled to our places in any profession as long as we do our work, keep up to the standards that are set for us and prove ourselves worthy of our calling. I do not believe in demanding a place unless one is worthy to fill it. Women will always meet with recognition from fair-minded men just so long as they fulfil these conditions. I've never had anything given to me. I worked for my appointment for Blockley, the place for my appointment for Blockley, the place was competitive. I expect to work for everything I get."

Even the masculine interne jacket that she wore, with a professional-looking stethoscope lurking in one of the pockets, could not detract from the womanliness and charm of this exceptional young woman, whose teachers all declare her to be one of the brightest and most promising physicians the Woman's Medical College has ever graduated.

Doctor Rea is a Vassar graduate, and at

the recent banquet of the alumnae of the medical college made one of the most hu-morous speeches of the evening.

WOMEN TO VISIT "SHUT-INS"

Philadelphians to Help in Baltimore Celebration Several Philadelphia women will leave

early tomorrow morning for Baltimore, where the Shut-In Society will celebrate the opening of their summer home by keep-ing open house. Luncheon will be served on the large lawn back of the house, and folthe large lawn back of the house, and fol-lowing it a business meeting will be held. The Baltimore branch, which is just four years old, is the only one possessed of a summer home. The place, which was for-merly the home of a wealthy woman of Baltimore, was donated by her to the Shut

In Society.

The 75 shut-ins who are to spend the summer at the home will be taken there on the morning of the opening day, where they will be received by Mrs. William Dallam Morgan, president of the Baltimore branch, hostess for the day, and wife of the Rev. Dr. Morgan, who conducts services at the home every Saturday afternoon.

PRAYS FOR THE CIRCUS

Little Tommy Says a Good Word for Clowns and Animals

When six-year-old Tommy had returned to his home after a visit to the circus, with all its dazzling wonders, and had met for the first time all the fierce animals which had hitherto been confined between the pages of his Animal A B C, he was tired as only a youngster of six can be. Undressed and droopy headed, Tommy was ready to be tumbled into bed when his mother said:

"You haven't said your prayers, Tommy. "Can't, muvver," said Tommy, "But you must," she insisted.

"All right," he answered wearily, and rent through his simple prayer, ending "- and bless the circus, and the clowns and the animals—bless 'em, Lord, but don't let 'em get away. Amen."

Resigns After 50 Years as Pastor CHESTER, Pa., June 6.—The Rev. Dr. Philip H. Mowry, for 43 years paster of the First Presbyterian Church here, has resigned because of ill health. Dr. Mowry has been a preacher for more than a half century and is 79 years old.

THE CHEERFUL CHERUB

This growing old I cannot feel grown

up somehow.

I don't get old

myself— instead

Old people just seem younger now Breen

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On or About July 1st We Shall Remove to

1612 Chestnut Street

We are offering real values in shopworn goods, discontinued lines, etc., at approxi-mately one-third to one-half of

J. Franklin Miller

Gown and Fur Shop 1206 Walnut Street



Sale Cloth and Silk Dresses RADICALLY REDUCED

I. ULRICH

Bonwit Geller & Co.

HAVE ARRANGED FOR WEDNESDAY

Trousseaux

French & Philippine Hand-Made Lingerie

Crepe de Chine, Chiffon

Bodices 1.95 to 9.75 "Bontel" Lingerie





Underbodices & Brassieres

Crepe de Chine Bodices95 to 9.75 Chiffon Bodices 1.95 to 8.95 Pussy Willow Bodices 1.50 to 3.95

Petticoats of Soiree Taffeta, street and evening shades. Special 4.95

net with two reeds, deep tucks and tailleur bows of satin ribbon. Special 4.95

Petticoats of wash satin

Special 2.95

Negligees of heavy creps de chine, waist line model deep, collar and cuffs of chiffon.

A testimonial Recital
A testimonial recital to Dorothy Johnstone Baseler, Frederick Maxson, Bertrand
Austin, Frederick Hahn, John Thompson
and Ela Carey Johnston was given last
night in Estey Hall, 17th and Walnut
streets, by Stanley D. Hubbard, Blanche
V. Hubbard, Effic Irene Hubbard and
Charles F. Hubbard, pupils under 16 years,
Among others who contributed to the program were Elma Carey Johnson, Elliabeth
Wetzel and Henri Merriken, William Silvano Thunder was at the plano.

Removal Sale

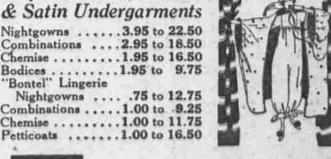
before-the-war prices.



Individual Lingerie Shop

June Bride

& Satin Undergarments Nightgowns 3.95 to 22.50 Combinations 2.95 to 18.50 Chemise 1.95 to 16.50





Special for Wednesday Only

New Hoop Petticoats of

and crepe de chine, full flounce of lace.

5.95

Chirteenth & Bansom Sts.

to larger quarters

Sale now on!

1626 Chestnut St. "The House Furnishing Store"



Remarkable values, particularly for those who secure early selection.