

The SON OF THE SOUL

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS Author of the Tarzan Tales

ONLY when it became too dark to see would he permit of a halt. A dozen times in the afternoon Baynes had threatened the black with instant death when the tired guide insisted upon resting.

The fellow was badly frightened. He could not understand the remarkable change that had so suddenly come over the white man who had been afraid in the dark the night before.

CHAPTER XXIII—Continued
MORNING found him stiff and lame and sore in the hips.

CHAPTER XXIII
MORNING Squares Accounts
AS MERIEM struggled with Malibhu, her hands plinned to her sides by his brawny grip, hope died within her.

WHAT DOES HE THINK ABOUT?
Dear Children—In a hospital not many miles from where you are this very minute there lies a little boy.

Branch Club News
ROSE: That's just the word we said the other afternoon when we opened a box, which said "From Lily Aitman Woodbine, N. J., a member of the Rainbow Carnations," and which was filled with roses.

A FLOWER GARDEN! That's what grew in a second when we opened another box marked "From Zelda Rabinowitz and the Rainbow Roses, Woodbine, N. J." It was filled with pink roses, white ones and yellow ones.

FARMER SMITH, Children's Editor, EVENING LEDGER.

THE CHEERFUL CHERUB

We wander through life so unsystematized, We don't know quite what we are at. We'll get straightened out on the astral plane though, And there's some satisfaction in that.

What was the story that the faded type told of it? Meriem was baffled by the puzzle that her search for ammunition had revealed.

Meriem ran quickly to the opening of the tent and looked out. It was too late! She was fairly cornered! The white man and three of his black henchmen were coming straight across the clearing toward the tent.

Meriem heard him cross the floor, and then she rose and, stooping low, ran to a native hut directly behind. Once inside this, she turned and glanced back. There was no one in sight.

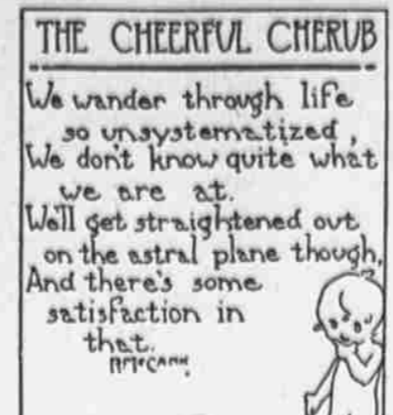
From her hiding place she saw Malibhu and the hunter moving about a guard of three of his boys in the camp. He went toward the side, and after he had disappeared Meriem skirted the outside of the enclosure and made her way to the river.

PLAYING MOTHER
By Farmer Smith
One day Maude and Mattie Mouse crept softly upstairs and helped themselves to their mother's clothes.

Our Postoffice Box
John Marshall is a happy young Rainbow, who plays baseball in all his spare time. John is at his best when pitching, and when he is at his best when pitching, and when he is at his best when pitching...

Things to Know and Do
1. Tommy Seldom-fred came to my house the other day and said: "I wish I had some dust in my eyes."

Baseball Score
Hilliards Juniors 9 American Juniors 0



lay and counted them. It was evident that it had suddenly occurred to him that the girl must cross here if she wished to return to her protector.

Meriem watched them until a beam in the night sky lit the camp; hid them from her sight. They were gone! She was alone, and they had left a canoe in which lay a paddle!

That she would come so soon, however, he had not guessed, and so when he topped the river he saw that which drew an angry oath from his lips—his quarry already was half way across the river.

Two minutes start of them was all Meriem cared for. Once in the trees she knew that she could outdistance and elude them.

Her hopes were high—they could not overtake her now—she had had good start. Malibhu, urging his men onward with a stream of hideous oaths and blows from his fists, realized that the girl was again slipping from his grasp.

Malibhu was an excellent shot. His missiles hit but he did not strike. He was aimed carefully at the slim figure scrambling into the trees and fled.

NEFF COLLEGE
Summer Session, morning and afternoon, June 12th. Call for prospectus.

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MISS MARSHALL'S SCHOOL FOR GIRLS
THE HOLMAN SCHOOL 2204 Walnut St.

WOMEN'S CLUBS HAVE SERVICE AS THE GUIDING SPIRIT OF THEIR WORK

Mrs. Josiah Evans Cowles, New Head of National Federation, Defines Purpose of Organization

Ask any woman what she regards as the greatest rival for her husband's affections, and ten to one she'll answer unhesitatingly: "His club."

Recently the tables were turned. Thousands of women from all over the United States journeyed to New York to attend the biennial convention of the National Federation of Women's Clubs.

Mrs. Josiah Evans Cowles, the newly-elected president of the federation, is responsible for this defense of woman's clubs—If any defense can be said to be needed.

HER HUSBAND'S PHOTOGRAPH
And what do you think was the most dominant article in that room, if we eliminate Mrs. Cowles herself?

Preparedness for Peace
But, of course, I believe in preparedness, she said in discussing this live issue, "preparedness of the individual to meet every contingency that life offers as well as an adequate army and navy."

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MRS. JOSIAH E. COWLES

night. We gather together in the morning or afternoons, when our husbands are at business.

"The club has done wonders for the woman who has arrived at that period of life usually known as the middle-aged period. Time was when a woman who had reared her family and watched them marry and prepare to rear families of their own had to take to her knitting and the chimney corner for want of something better to do.

Mrs. Cowles is a tall, well-built woman with a kindly, earnest face. For 25 years, ever since she married and went from Indiana to California to live, she has been a clubwoman. Before her election as president she was chairman of the Peace Committee of the National Federation.

PREPAREDNESS FOR PEACE
But, of course, I believe in preparedness, she said in discussing this live issue, "preparedness of the individual to meet every contingency that life offers as well as an adequate army and navy."

"The motto of one of the clubs that I belong to in San Francisco is 'Ich Dien,' which, translated, means, 'I serve.'"

"A woman's club is always a more serious organization than a man's," she said. "You'll find that men usually belong to this or that club because of the social features it offers. Golf, chess, tennis, cards, social prestige. With a woman's association it is different. Organized women are always doing something along cultural and otherwise helpful lines. Their purpose is usually for some educational, moral, sociological or civic good."

"You women of the East will soon find out—for, of course, you will have the vote presently—that as you have got the hang of politics you will not find it necessary to be absorbed or to have the affairs of your club absorbed by it. Women have a way of making up their minds as to the man best for the community and voting for him, regardless of party affiliations. It takes very little time really."

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MUSIC AMERICANIZES ALIEN RACES, DECLARES SETTLEMENT WORKER

Nationalizing Influence Broad and Deep in Fusion of Immigrants, Says Miss Elizabeth Paine

The nationalizing of the people who have gathered in the big cities of the United States and the holding together of the immigrant generation with its American kinsmen, are results of the common love of music developed by the music settlements of the United States.

So Miss Elizabeth Paine, head resident of the Music School Settlement of New York and at one time resident at the College Settlement of Philadelphia, defined the effect of the music settlement throughout the country.

"The primary object of the music settlement," said Miss Paine, who was one of the delegates to the convention of the National Association of Music School Societies held here this week, "is to give to the poorest an opportunity to learn to sing, and, by doing so, to play on the instrument he or she loves best."

"But through our common love of music, of the workers in the settlement and the children and adults who come to it, we, the workers, have found how much deeper and wider the influence of music is in the homes of the working man than we expected."

BINDS OLD AND NEW
"Music binds together the older generation with the new. That is one good result. So much in America tends to separate the old and the new. New customs, different conditions, and at times a different language separate parents and children. But the love of the old folk songs the immigrant brings with him from the old country. The children inherit an appreciation for the finest in music; this common taste is a bond between the two generations and we, the music settlement, are helping them to find it."

TOLERS NEED MUSIC.
"The rest of the world sometimes does not realize that the average workingman and woman is too tired to concentrate on a lecture. What he wants and needs is music. And he is not satisfied with listening to the best, he wants to do something himself. Our evening classes are composed almost entirely of men and women who are employed during the day," explained Miss Paine.

"Honest, Miss Paine," said one to me, "I don't really need anything. I just don't need any more clothes or anything better than what I have, but I just got to have my music lessons."

"And," added Miss Paine, "she was a working girl, helping to support her family on about a week."

BLAIR ACADEMY

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