### EVENING LEDGER-PHILADELPHIA, THURSDAY, JUNE 8, 1916.



By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS Author of the Tarzan Tales

### CHAPTER XXII-Continued

ONLY when it became too dark to see would he permit of a hait. 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 suld not understand the remarkable change Could not an addening come over the white man who had been arraid in the dark the might before. He would have deserted this terrifying master had he had the opportunity; but Baynes guessed that some such thought might be in the other's mind, and so gave the fellow none. He kept close to him by day, and slept touching him at night in the rude thorn boma they constructed as a slight protection against prowling arnivora.

That the Hon. Morison could sleep at all in the midst of the savage jungle was suf-ficient indication that he had changed con-siderably in the last 24 hours, and that he ederably in the last 34 hours, and that he could lie close beside a none-too-fragrant black man spoke of possibilities for democ-racy within him yet all undreamed of. Morning found him stiff and lame and sore, but none the less determined to push

on in pursuit of Hänson as rapidly as pos-sible. With his rifle he brought down a buck at a ford in a small stream shortly they broke camp breakfastless. Bo grudgingly he permitted a halt while they cooked and ate; and then on again through the wilderness of trees and vines and under-

And in the meantime Korak wandered slowly westward, coming upon the trail of Tantor, the elephant, whom he overtook Tantor, the elephant, whom he overtook browsing in the deep shade of the jungle The apeman, lonely and sorrowing, was glad of the companionship of his huge friend. Affectionately the sinuous trunk encircled him, and he was swung to the mighty back where so often before he had lolled and dreamed the long afternoons away

Far to the north the Big Bwana and his black warriors clung tenaciously to the trail of the ficeing safari that was luring them ought to save, while back at the bungalow the woman who had loved Meriem as though she had been her own waited impatiently and in sorrow for the return of the rescuing party and the girl she was positive her invincible lord and master would bring back with him.

### CHAPTER XXIII

Morison Squares Accounts

MERIEM struggled with Malbihn, her A hands pinioned to her sides by his brawny grip, hope died within her. She did not utter a sound, for she knew that there was none to come to her assistance; and besides, the 'jungle training of her earlier life had taught her the futility of appeals for succor in the savage world of

upbringing. But as she fought to free herself, one hand came in contact with the butt of Mal-bihn's revolver where it rested in the holster at his bip. Slowly he was dragging her toward the blankets, and slowly her

her toward the blankets, and slowly her fingers encircled the coveted prize and drew it from its resting place. Then, as Malbihn stood at the edge of the disordered pile of blankets, Meriem sud-denly ceased to draw away from him, and as quickly hurled her weight against him with the result that he was thrown back-ward his fast tumbled against the bedding ward, his feet stumbled against the bedding and he was thrown to his back. Instinctively his hands flew out to save himself and at the same instant Meriem leveled the re-

volver at his breast and pulled the trigger. But the hammer fell futilely upon an empty chamber, and Malbihn was again upon his feet clutching at her.

the very doorway his heavy hand feil upon her shoulder and dragged her back. Wheeling upon him with the fury of a wounded itoness, Meriem grasped the long What was the story that the faded typ told of it?

wounded lioness. Meriem grasped the long revolver by the barrel, swung it high above her head and crashed it down full in Mal-bihn's face. She stood gazing at the faded photograph With an oath of pain and rage the man taggered backward, releasing his hold upon her; and then sank unconscious to the staggered

ground. Without a backward look Merlem A single glance assured her that they turned and fled into the open. Several of the blacks saw her and tried were intended for the weapon she had thrust inside the band of her riding breeches; and slipping them into her pocket intercept her flight, but the menace of

the harmless weapon kept them at a disshe turned once more for an examination ance of the baffling likeness of herself that she held in her hand. And so she won beyond the encircling oma and disappeared into the jungle to As she stood thus in vain endeavor to the south

fathom-this inexplicable mystery the sound of voices broke upon her ears. Instantly Straight into the branches of a tree sh vent, true to the arboreal instincts of the ittle Mangani she had been; and here she she was all alert. They were coming closer! A second later she recognized the lurid profanity of the Swede. Malbihn was stripped off her riding skirt, her shoes and her stockings, for she knew that she had before her a journey and a flight which would not brook the burden of these garreturning!

tent and looked out. It was too late! She was fairly cornered! The white man and three of his black benchmen were coming menta. Her riding breeches and tacket would have to serve as protection from cold and thorns, nor would they hamper her over-much; but a skirt and shoes were imposstraight across the clearing toward the tent. What was she to do? She thrust the photograph into her walst.

ible among the trees. She had not gone far before she com-nenced to realize how slight were her hances for survival without means of de-Quickly she slipped a cartridge into each of the chambers of the revolver. Then she backed toward the end of the tent, keeping fense or a weapon to bring down meat. Why had she not thought to strip the cart-idge belt from Malbihn's waist before she had left his tent? With cartridges for the the entrance covered by her weapon The men stopped outside, and Merlem could hear Malbinn profanely issuing in-structions. He was a long time about it, evolver she might hope to bag small game and to protect herself from all but the nost feroclous of the enemies that would east her way to the beloved hearthstone and while he talked in his bellowish, brutish voice, the girl' sought some avenue of escape.

canvas and looked beneath and beyond. There was no one in sight upon that side. f Bwana and My Dear. With the thought came determination to sturn and obtain the coveted ammunition. She realized that she was taking great Throwing herself upon her stomach. ormed beneath the tent wall, just as Mal ihn, with a final word to his men, entered hances of recapture; but without means the tent. Merlem heard him cross the floor, and

of defense and of obtaining meat she felt that she could never hope to reach safety. And so she turned her face back toward the camp from which she had but just escaped. She thought Malbhn dead, so terrific a blow had she dealt him; and she hoped to find an opportunity after dark to enter the camp and search his tent for the cartridge belt; but scarcely had she found a hiding place in a great tree at the edge of the boma, where she could watch without danger of being discovered, than she saw the Swede emerge from his tent, wiping blood from his face, and hurling a volley of oaths and questions at his terrified followers.

Overhanging the boma at this in the eyes a tree that had been too large, in the eyes Shortly after the entire camp set forth of the rest-loving blacks, to cut down. So they had terminated the borna just short in search of her, and when Meriem was positive that all were gone she descended from her hiding place and ran quickly across the clearing to Malbihn's tent. A of it.

Merlem was thankful for whatever circumstance had resulted in the leaving of that particular tree where it was, since it hasty survey of the interior revealed no ammunition; but in one corner was a box in which were packed the Swede's personal gave her the much-needed avenue of escape which she might not otherwise have had. belongings that he had sent along by his From her hiding place she raw Malbihn enter the jungle again, this time leaving a headman to this westerly camp.

Meriem seized upon the receptacle as the guard of three of his boys in the camp. He went toward the south, and after he had disappeared Mericm skirted the outside of possible container of extra ammunition. Quickly she loosed the cords that held the canvas covering about the box, and a mo-ment later had raised the lid and was rumthe inclosure and made her way to the maging through the heterogeneous accumu-Here lay the canoes that had been used lation of odds and ends within.

in bringing the party from the opposite shore. They were unwieldy things for a lone girl to handle; but there was no other There were letters and papers and cuttings from old newspapers, and among other things the photograph of a little girl upon way, and she must cross the river. the back of which was pasted a clipping from a Paris daily—a clipping that she had no time to read, yellowed and dim-

Malbihn's tent

The landing place was in full view of the guard at the camp. To risk the crossing under their eyes would have meant unmed by age and handling. But something about the photograph of the little girl, which was also reproduced in the newsdoubted capture. Her only hope lay in waiting until darkness had fallen, unless ome fortuitous circumstance should arise before.

softly upstairs and helped themselves to

They got out of the house and down into

the meadow without any one seeing them.

Mattle, and away she went, trailing her

"Hurry back !" yelled Maudie after her.

Maudie bustled around and made mud

into the hole they popped. None too soon, for there came Cat Waf-fles' big paw right in the hole after them,

with Mattle's skirt around his leg. "Get out!" said Mattle to Waffles. "You can't get us here."

jumped

'because I'll soon have dinner ready."

their mother's clothes.

dresses.

wrong.

dress behind her.

paper clipping, held her attention. Where had she seen that picture before? And then, quite suddenly, it came to her that this was a picture of herself, taken For an hour she lay watching the guard, one of whom seemed always in a position where he would discover her should she

where had it been taken? How had it come into the possession of this man? Why For a moment she eluded him, and ran come into the possession of this man? Why of the jungle, hot and puffing. He ran im toward the entrance to the tent, but at had it been reproduced in a newspaper? mediately to the river where the canoes

THE CHEERFUL CHERVB We wander through life so unsystematized, We don't know quite what we are at. Meriem was baffled by the puzzle that Well get straightened out her search for ammunition had revealed on the astral plane though for a time and then bethought herself of the ammunition for which she had come. Turning again to the box, she rummaged And there's some ( 5.0) satisfaction in to the bottom, and there in a corner she came upon a little box of cartridges. that. J.

> 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 o her protectors. The expression of relief

on his face when he found that none of the cances was gone was ample evidence Merlem ran quickly to the opening of the of what was passing in his mind. He turned and spoke hurriedly to the headman who had followed him out of the jungle, and with whom were several other blacks.

Following Malbfhn's instructions, they launched all the canoes but one. Malbihn called to the guards in the camp, and a noment later the entire party had entered the boats and was paddling upstream. Meriem watched thera un'll a bend in the

river directly above the camp hid them from her sight. They were gone! Ehe was alone, and they had left a canoe in which lay a paddle! She could scarce believe the good fortune that had come to her. To delay

now would be suicidal to her hopes. Quickly she ran from her hiding place and dropped to the ground. A dozen yards Stooping, she raised the bottom of the ay between her and the canoe. Upstream, beyond the bend, Malbihn or abe

dered his canoes in to shore. He landed with his headman and crossed the little point slowly in search of a spot where he might watch the cance he had left at the

then she rose and, stooping low, ran to a native hut directly behind. Once inside this, laading place. He was smiling in anticipa-tion of the almost certain success of his stratagem—sooner or later the girl would she turned and glanced back. There was no none of their canoes. It might be that the idea would not occur

And now from Malbihn's tent she heard a great cursing. The Swede had discovered the rifing of his box. He was shouting to his men, and as she heard them reply Merlem darted from the hut and ran to-ward the disc of the home furthest from o her for some time. They might have to wait a day, or two days; but that she would come if she lived or was not captured by the men he had scouting the jungle for ward the edge of the boma furthest from

her, Malbihn was sure. That she would come so soon, however, he had not guessed, and so when he topped Overhanging the boma at this point was the point and came again within sight of the river he saw that which drew an angry oath from his lips—his quarry already was

half way across the river! Turning, he ran rapidly back to his boats, the headman at his heels. Throwing themelves in, Malbihn urged his paddlers to selves in, Malbihn urged his paddlers to their most powerful efforts. The cances shot out into the stream and down with the current toward the fleeting quarry. She had almost completed the crossing when they came in sight of her. At the same instant she saw them, and redenlied her efforts to reach the appealing

At the same instant she saw them, and redoubled her efforts to reach the opposite shore before they should overtake her. Two minutes start of them was all Meriem cared for. Once in the trees she knew that she could outdistance and elude

Malbihn, urging his men onward with a tream of hideous oaths and blows from his fists, realized that the girl was again slipping from his clutches. The leading cance, in the bow of which he stood, was yet a hundred yards behind the fleeing

of safety. Malbihn screamed to her to halt. He

ned carefully at the slim figure scramb

aimed carefully at the slim figure scramb-ling into the trees, and fired. Malbihn was an excellent shot. His misses at so short a distance were virtu-ally nonexistent, nor would he have missed this time but for an accident oc-curring at the very instant that his finger tightened upon the trigger—an accident to which Meriem owed her life—the provi-dential presence of a water-logged tree which Merican back has not included the dential presence of a water-logged tree trunk, one end of which was embedded in the mud of the river bottom, the other end floating just beneath the surface where the prow of Malbihn's canoe ran upon it as he fired. One day Maudie and Mattie Mouse crept



But the woman's club is on a far higher plane than the man's. The history of the woman's club movement in the last 50 years shows it to be its own justification. Read the records of their achievement, and f you have been one of the dissenters, forr hold your peace.

ization

"His club."

s coming to.

Mrs. Josiah Evans Cowles, the newly-elected president of the federation, is reponsible for this defense of woman's clubs -if any defense can be said to be needed. Hundreds of thousands of women all over the country-almost 60,000 in Pennsyl vania alone-will look to her for guidance in the accomplichment of the tremendous work laid down for them at the recent con ention

In her flower-embowered apartment at the Astor Hotel in New York, Mrs. Cowles deferred the pressing business of a national club president and shoved aside the bushel or more of congratulatory telegrams that cluttered her desk in order to give a few minutes of her preclous time to chat about women's clubs—and also men's.

#### HER HUSBAND'S PHOTOGRAPH.

And what do you think was the most dominant article in that room, if we elimi-nate Mrs. Cowles herself? The American Beauties standing waist high on their tall stems? The perpetually tinking telephone? The telegrams? No. Guess again and miss it; for you surely will. It was a picture of Josiah Evans Cowles, eminent physician and surgeon, and the lady-club-president's husband. A photograph is not so real as a husband, but when you're thousands of miles away from him it's mighty comforting. At any rate, that's the way Mrs. Cowles looks at it.

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

"The motto of one of the clubs that I which, translated, means, 'I serve.' The spirit of that motto, I am sure, actuates The most other women's clubs. We serve. All of our aims and ambitions are toward serv-ice. Virtually every topic that was discussed at those wonderful meetings of the convention had to do with ways and means of serving. How could we, the organized women of the country, help with the serv-ant problem, the matter of peace, suffrage, child-labor, educational and industrial tar gles generally?

club absorbed by it. Women have a way of making up their minds as to the man "A man goes to his club to play : a woma to hers to work. Our clubs do not alienate us from our husbands. That old chestnut is comparable to the mother-in-law joke. is comparable to the mother-in-law joke. regardless of party affiliations. It takes Few women's clubs have any meetings at very little time really."



MRS. JOSIAH E. COWLES

night. We gather together in the mornigs or afternoons, when our husbands are t business.

"The club has done wonders for the oman who has arrived at that period of life usually known as the middle-aged period. Time was when a women 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. Now she studies French or Sanskrit or pay-

chology at her club and travels if she has the money. If she hasn't she travels vicari-ously at her club through the medium of lectures and classes. I know of one woman who became a proficient French scholar after she had passed the age of 60. If the woman's club had done nothing else but provide an interest for the middle-aged woman it would have justified itself." Mrs. Cowles is a tail, well-built woman

with a kindly, earnest face. For 25 years, ever since she married and went from In-diana to California to live, she has been a lubwoman. Before her election as pres dent she was chairman of the Peace Com mittee of the National Federation.

PREPAREDNESS FOR PEACE

"But, of course, I believe in prepared-

lecture. What he wants and needs is music. And he is not satisfied with listen-ing to the best, he wants to do something ness," she said in discussing this live issue, "preparedness of the individual to meet himself. Our evening classes are composed very contingency that life offers as well almost entirely of men and women who are employed during the day," explained as an adequate army and navy. Peace through preparedness-but, of course," she broke off, "that is only my individual Miss Paine. Miss Paine. Miss Paine told of the young girls, who, with little or no material advantages of life, were willing to do with less in order to keep up with their music lessons. "Honest, Miss Paine, said one to me,

Voting is an old story to the California yoman who has had five years of it, and according to Mrs. Cowles politics is not the dominant topic of women's clubs as it

ninion

"You women of the East will soon find need any more clothes or anything better than what I have, but I just got to have out-for, of course, you will have the vote presently-that after you have got the hang of politics you will not find it necessary to "And," added Miss Paine, "she was a he absorbed or to have the affairs of your

At All Our Stores

working girl, helping to support her family on about \$6 a week. "But the main object of the settlement is to give music to those who love it for itself alone. The results follow almost automatically. Such is the power of music over those who love it."

MUSIC AMERICANIZES

beth Paine

said Miss Paine, who was one of

BINDS OLD AND NEW.

"Music binds together the older genera-tion 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."

The weekly attendance of the Music Settlement in New York averages 200 pupils, adults and children. The people

of 20 nations, the majority of which are at war with each other, meet in the settlement. The idea of a music settlement was the

thought of a woman. Miss Amelia Wagner

came from the South, her fiddle under her arm, determined to give to any one who wanted it a chance to learn how to play.

Today, in the New York settlement, there

are ninety teachers conducting clases in plano, violin, singing, harmony, theory and rhthymic dancing. A community orchestra and community chorus are also conducted

TOILERS NEED MUSIC.

"The rest of the world sometimes does not realize that the average workingman and woman is too tired to concentrate on a

'I don't really need anything. I just don't

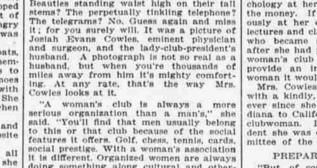
by the settlement.



Her hopes were high-they could not overtake her now-she had had too good a start of them ! civic good.

Meriem when she ran the point of her craft beneath the overhanging trees on the shore

Mathinn Bereamd to have gone mad with rage at the realization that he could not overtake her; and then he threw his rife to his shoulder.



Dear Children-In a hospital not many miles from where you are this very

minute there lies a little boy. There are other little boys in the hospital, but this boy we are talking about HASN'T ANY FEET!

After you have read this far-look at your own two feet. Will you take ten dollars for them?

NO

Will you take a thousand dollars for your feet?

NO!

They are priceless, for what would even a million dollars be to you without your feet!

There they put on the long dresses and The little boy who lies there in the hospital, thinking, thinking, thinking, the nice new hats. once had a pair of skates. "Now, I'll play I'm going to market." said

One day he put on his skates and started down the street. He was not satisfied to go slowly, carefully, cautiously-he wanted to HURRY. Without thinking (as our members are taught to do), he took hold of a trolley car.

All went well until something happened. Those precious feet of his went under the car, and-

He is sorry now-sorry he did not STOP AND THINK.

ples and leaf salad and cooked some stone egga. Then when dinner was all ready and the table set she sat down and waited Never again will he run after the ball-never again will he put on those skates of his. for Mattle.

Please send me some postcards, some books boys love to read, or some Pretty soon she heard Mattle coming, just as fast as she could come. flowers for him. Write him a letter, if you will. This will help you remember "Run up the tree, quick, Maudie!" yelled Mattle, "and get in that little hole." Maudie Mouse didn't stop to ask any questions, but up the tree they went and into the hole they nonned to STOP AND THINK.

Put on your letter, "Case Number Three, Farmer Smith's Rainbow Club, the EVENING LEDGER, Philadelphia, Pa."

How happy I would be if I could take him one hundred letters and postals! How happy HE will be, and-and I know it will make you happy, toowill you do it? FARMER SMITH,

Children's Editor, EVENING LEDGER.

#### Branch Club News

ROSES! That's just the word we said the other afternoon when we opened a box, which said "From Lily Altman, Wood-bine. N. J., a member of the Ralnbow Carnations," and which was filled with-Carnations," and which was filled with-ROSES! Then for a moment we forgot the office with the typewriters and the deak and our mind went a-visiting where small forms lie helpless in small white beds. In a flash we had decided—a couple of roses for "ourself" on our deak to give us beau-uiful thoughts—and the rest for the hospital children. So they's where the moment children. So that's where the roses went, Lily Altman. Thank you and-God bless

You! A FLOWER GARDEN! That's what A FLOWER GARDEN! That's what grew in a second when we opened another box marked "From Zeida Rabinovits and the Rainbow Roses, Woodbine, N. J.", It was filled with pink roses, white ones and yellow ones, and here and there were dear-little starilize flowers that smalled very sweet. It made us forget everything but the fact that a little girl and her friends had sent a very sweet tribute to a great-big friend of theirs! No, we didn't for-get quite everything—we remembered our set quite everything—we remembered our hospital little ones! So, that's where the "flower garden" made its lovely visit. Right baside the beds of two little giris in a children's ward! Thank you, Zelda, and—God bless you, tee!

### FARMER SMITH,

Care of the 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 RACH AND EVERY DAY — SPREAD A LITTLE SUNSHINE ALL ALONG THE WAY.

Name erreseessessessessessessesses

Aan .....

interest of the second second second

"It was all the fault of that long skirt," said Mattie. "I was coming back from market when I heard a soft tread back of **Our Postoffice Box** me. I looked around, and my heart John Marshall is a happy young Raininto my mouth. There was Waffles. I didn't know what to do. I couldn't run with bow, who plays baseball in all his spare time. John is at his best when pitching, and

aceball in all his spare best when pitching, and he knows all about "inshoots" and "out shoots." (The little girls don't know what we are taiking about, boys, so we'd best keep away from this fasci-nating subject). Here is something that will interest our sisters: Eleanor Koonil has a collection of 600 post-age stamps. She also Kto be age stamps. She also has a collection of monograms from sta-

tionery. If any one would like to send her JOHN MARSHALL grams she would be happy to receive them. Address them in cars of the EVENING Lapown. Collecting things is jots and lots of fun, and we would like to hear about other collections. Maybe we can help YOU

with YOURS. with YOURS. Myrtie Waadless thinks the "Rainbow" is going to spread a great big lot all through the coming month. We hope so. Myrtle, and when it spreads we want it to stay "spread." That means that children must not join the club today and forget it tomorrow. They must work for it. remem-ber it and LOVE it EVERY day.

ber it and LOVE it EVERY day. We learned something from Beity Tat-nall, of Wayne, Pa. It's a secret—even Beity doesn't know! Harry Campbell and Robert. McCusker, of Cedar syenus, have very artistic writing paper. It is gray with a praity red and black picture at the top. We would like these young must to teil us if they have ever visited the town which is pleasared on the paper. You might as well snow it. Bainbows, the club likes geography and the very published on may

the grand strate. Lot up tends solling

The slight deviation of the boat's direction was sufficient to throw the muzzle of the rifle out of alignment. The bullet whizzed harmlessly by Meriem's head, and an instant later she had disappeared into

Now, Maudie and Mattle knew that they were doing wrong, but they did so want to play mother, and they wanted long

an instant later she had disappeared into the foliage of the tree. There was a smile on her lips as she dropped to the ground to cross a little clearing where once had stood a native vil-lage surrounded by its fields. The ruined huts still stood in crumbling decay. The rank vegetation of the jungle overgrew the cultivated ground. Small trees already had here up in what had been the village

cultivated ground, small rees already had sprung up in what had been the village street; but desolation and ioneliness hung like a pall above the scene. To Meriem, however, it presented but a place denuded of large trees which she must cross quickly to regain the jungle upon the opposite side before Malbihn should have landed.

The deserted huts were, to her, all the better because they were deserted. She did not see the keen eyes watching her from a dozen points, from tumbling door-ways, from behind tottering granaries. In ousness of impending danger she started up the village street because it offered the clearest pathway to the jungle.

CONTINUED TOMORROW



## "Self-Building" "Self-Expression"

Because of self-consciousness, timid-tiv in the presence of shorts, lack of confidence, a barren vocabulary, few people are able to give effective ex-pression to their thoughts and feelings, A developed, specially trained mind and masterful Self-Expression are an invincible preparatiop for a successful life.

Summer Session, morning and opens June 13th. Call for personal inter-view or send for instructive illera-tive. Office open 9 to \$23.8 S to 10. NEFF COLLEGE 1730 Chestnut

MISS MARSHALL'S SCHOOL FOR GIRLS Charming location 20 min. from Phila. Co.lege reparatory and general courses. Music. Art. Do-settle Science. Outdoor sthietics. Send for states. Miss M. S. Marshall. Oak Lane, Paila "Let's never 'do it aguin," said Maudie, "and let's go and tell our mamma just as soon as Waffies gods away." "All right, let's," said Mattie.

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BLAIRSTOWN, N. J.

"I wish I had some dust in my eyes." I asked, "Why?". He said, "You must ask I asked, "Why?". He said, "You must ask, what kind of dust?" What kind of dust did Tommy Seldom-fed mean? Co-educational with Separate Dorm didings College Preparatory. So arreas for hors-Manual Training. Sa 22 and First Aid. 227 acres on Nesha. Nesh. Aninistic fields. Gozmasium, swim

Take three or more of these letters T W. H. A. E and (1) Tell what we must do in order to live. One Word. (2) Tell what we must have in winter. One word. (3) Put all the letters together and make a grain. One word.

Things to Know and Do

1. Tommy Seldom-fed came to my house thy other day and said:

3. Johnny-Puli-the Bell calls the people to church every Sunday and he mays he is the heaviest man in town. Why?

### Baseball Score

Contractor and a subject of a party of



20c 10c 5c

R. å Gold

Bake

Bak

13c



ROBINSON & CRAWFORD

We will appreciate the co-operation of our customers with us in giving our employes a half holiday each Wednesday afternoon. Please do your shopping early.

# SPECIAL FLO

A special Flour Sale starts at all our stores today and will continue until closing time Wednesday, June 14. In this sale we are giving you unmatchable values, and we especially recommend our "Gold Seal Brand," which for over 25 years is the invariable choice of thousands of particular people in Philadelphia. "Gold Seal Flour" will please you and our prices will save you money. It always pays to buy Flour and all your groceries at the Stores Where Quality Counts and low prices prevail.

## 12-lb. bag GOLD SEAL FLOUR Special Sale 39c 24-lb. Bag SPECIAL 78c Barrel, \$6.20 5-lb. Bag for 20c

"Gold Seal" Flour is made from the choicest grade of matured hard wheat, and every bag is guaran-teed to give absolute satisfaction.

Ceresota, Pillsbury, Millbourne or Gold Medal	FLOUR	Special Sale Price, 12-lb. bag	45c
Very popular brands	of high-grade F	lour at a special price.	

	10c bot. Plain or Stuffed Olives for Sc
	15c bot. Plain or Stuffed Olives for 12c
	25c bot. Plain or Stuffed Olives for
	Gold Seal Cider Vinegar, bot
	Heinz Tomato Catsup, bot13c
	Lea & Perrins Sauce, bot
	North of England Sauce, bot 80
pkg. Scotch Oatmeal for	JELLY GLASSES, doz200



BLAIR ACADEMY