EVENING LEDGER-PHILADELPHIA, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 14, 1916.

MISS HELEN J. HAMAKER

you the truth now, and let

has made a man of me, though too late

not a physical coward. I could not love

gasped in astonishment, taking a step toward her as though to gather her into his arms; but she placed her hand against him and pushed him gently away, as much as to say: "Not yet."

(CONTINUED TOMORROW.)

'You mean that you still love me?" h

Since Hans

irrelevant.

duplicity.

a coward."

The SON OF TARZAN By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS Author of the Tarzan Tales

CHAPTER XXVI-(Continued).

THE evening meal over, Meriem had gone to her pallet in the women's quarters of the shelk's tent, a little corner screened off in the rear by a couple of priceless Persian rugs hung to form a partition. In these quarters she had dwelt with Mabunu alone, for the sheik had no wives.

the shelk had no wives. or were conditions altered now after years of her absence—she and Ma-u were alone in the women's quarters. Nor were Presently the shelk came and parted the He glared through the dim light of rugs. He glared through the dim light the interior. "Meriem!" he called. "Come hither !"

"Meriem." he called. Come filther !" The sirl arose and came into the front of the tent. There the light of a fire filuminated the interior. She saw All ben Kadin, the shelk's half-brother, squatted upon a rug, smoking. The shelk was standing.

standing. The shelk and Ali ben Kadin had had the same father, but Ali ben Kadin's mother had been a slave—a West Coast negress. Ali ben Kadin was old and hideous and almost black. His nose and part of one cheek were eaten away by dis-ease. He looked up and grinned as Meriem entered.

The shelk jerked his thumb toward All ben Kadin and addressed Merlem.

ben Kadin and addressed Merlem. "I am getting old." he said. "I shall not live much longer. Therefore I have given you to All ben Kadin, my brother." That was all. All ben Kadin rose and came toward her. Merlem shrank back, horrified. The man seized her wrist. "Come!" he commanded, and dragged to be lost.

"Come!" he commanded, and dragged her from the shelk's tent and to his own. After they had gone the shelk chuckled, "When I send her North in a few months," he solitoquized, "they will know the re-ward for slaying the son of the sister of Amor ben Khatour." And in Ali ben Kadin's tent Meriem

And in All ben Kadin's tent Merlem pleaded and threatened, but all to no avail. The hideous old half-caste spoke soft words at first; but when Merlem loosed upon him the vials of her horror and loathing, he became enraged and, rushing upon her, seized her in his arms.

ls.

B.F.

URS

LA.

Twice she tore away from him, and one of the intervals during which she managed to elude him she heard Baynes' voice humming the tune that she knew was meant for her ears. At her reply All ben Kadin rushed upon

At her ronce again. This time he dragged her back into the rear apartment of his tent, where three negresses looked up in stolid Indifference to the tragedy being enacted before them.

. . . As the Hon. Morison saw his way blocked by the huge frame of the giant black, his disappointment and rage filled him with a fury that transformed him into a savage beast. With an oath he leaped upon the man before him, the momentum of his body hurling the black to the ground. There they fought, the black to draw his knife. the white to choke the life from him. Baynes' fingers shut off the cry for help that the other would have been glad roice; but presently the negro succeeded in drawing his weapon, and an Instant later Baynes felt a sharp steel in his

Again and again the weapon fell. The white man removed one hand from its choking grip upon the black throat. He felt around upon the ground beside him, searching for some missile, and at last his fingers touched a stone and closed upon it.

Raising it above his antagonist's head, the Hon. Morison drove home a terrific blow. Instantly the black relaxed stunned. Twice more Baynes struck him. Then he leaped to his feet and ran for the goatskin tent, from which he had heard the voice of Meriem in distress.

But before him was another. Naked but for his leopard skin and his loin-cloth, Korak, the Killer, slunk into the shadows at the back of Ali ben Kadin's tent. The half-casts had just dragged Meriem into the rear chamber as Korak's sharp knife slit a

six-foot opening in the tent wall, and Ko-rak, tall and mighty, sprang through upon the astonished visions of the immates. Meriem saw and recognized him the in-stant that he entered the apartment. Her heart leaped in pride and Joy at the sight of the noble figure for which it had hun-gered for so long. "Korak" she cried.

"Rorak" she cried. "Meriem" He uttered the single word as he hurled himself upon the astonished All hen Kadin. The three negresses leaped from their sleeping mats, screaming. Mer-jem tried to prevent them from escaping but before she could mucced the terrified blacks had darted through the hole in the tent wall made by Korak's knife and were gone screaming through the village. The Killer's fingers closed once upon the

The Killer's ingers closed once upon the throat of the hidsous All. Once his knife plunged into the putrid heart—and All ben Kadin lay dend upon the floor of his tent. Korak turped toward Meriem, and at the same moment a bloody and disheveled apparition leaped into the apartment.

"Morison!" cried the girl. Korak turned and looked at the new-omer. He had been about to take Mer-em in his arms, forgetful of all that might have transpired since last he had mean her. Then the coming of the young Eng-lishman recalled the scene he had witnessed n the little clearing, and a wave of misery

swept over the apeman. Already from without came the sounds of the alarm that the three negresses had started. Men were running toward the tent of All ben Kadin. There was no time

"Quick." cried Korak, turning toward Baynes, who had scarce yet realized whether he was facing a friend or foe. "Take her to the palisade, following the rear of the tents. Here is my rope. With it you can scale the multibull elephant was among them, tossing the negroes and Arabs to right and left as he you can scale the wall and make you

"But you, Korak?" cried Meriem. "I will remain." replied the apeman. have business with the sheik."

escape.

Meriem would have demurred, but the Killer selzed them both by the shoulder and hustled them through the slit wall and out into the shadows beyond. 'Now run for it," he admonished, and

turned to meet those who were pouring int the tent from the front.

The apeman fought well-fought as he apeman. had never fought before; but the odds were too great for victory, though he won that which he most craved—time for the Englishman to escape with Merlem. Then he was overwhelmed by numbers, and a few minutes later, bound and guarded, he

was carried to the shelk's tent. The old man eyed him in silence for a long time. He was trying to fix in his own mind some form of torture that would gratify his rage and hatred toward this creature who twice had been the means of his losing possession of Meriem.

The killing of All ben Kadin caused him little anger-always had he hated the hideous son of his father's hideous slave. The blow that this naked whita warrior had once struck him added fuel to his rage. He could think of nothing adequate to the

reature's offense. And as he sat there looking upon Ko rak, the silence was broken by the trumpeting of an elephant in the jungle beyond the pallsade. A half smile touched Korak's lips. He turned his head a triffe in the lirection from which the sound had come. and then there broke from his lips a low weird call.

One of the blacks guarding him struck tim across the mouth with the haft of his spear, but none there knew the signifiance of the cry.

In the jungle Tantor cocked his ears as the sound of Korak's voice fell upon them He approached the ralisade and, lifting hi trunk above it, sniffed. Then he placed his head against the wooden logs and pushed; but the palisade was strong, and it only

FARMER SMITH.

Case Number 3

FARMER SMITH.

EVENING LEDGER:

Things to Know and Do

Children's Editor.

FARMER SMITH'S () RAINBOW CLUB

"Burn him?" he commanded. "At once. The stake is set." The stake is set." The stake the set." The second state of the state of the state of the second state of the second state of the sta

Once, then, he raised his voice in the low call that he had given in the shelk's tent, and now, from beyond the palisade, came again the trumpeting of an elephant. Old Tantor had been pushing at the pali-seds in onto 7 Old Tantor had been pushing at the pall-sade in vain. The sound of Korak's voice calling him and the scent of man, his enemy, filled the great beast with rage and resentment against the dumb barrier that hald him back

held him back. He wheeled and shuffled back a dozer He wheeled and shuffled back a dozen packs, then turned. He lifted his trunk and gave voice to a mighty roaring, trum-pet-chil of anger, lowered his head, and charged like a huge battering-ram of flesh and bone and muscle right for the mighty barrier barrier. The palizade sagged and splintered to the

Impact, and through the breach rushed the infuriated bull. Korak heard the sounds that the others heard, and he interpreted them as the others did not.

The flames were creeping closer to him when one of the blacks, hearing a noise behind him, turned to see the enormous bulk of Tantor lumbering toward them. The man screamed and fled, and then the

tore through the flames he feared to the side of the comrade he loved. The shelk, calling orders to his followers, ran to his tent to get his rifle. Tantor

wrapped his trunk about the body of Korak and the stake to which it was bound, and tore it from the ground. The flames were earing his sensitive hide-sensitive for all its thickness—so that in his frenzy both to rescue his friend and escape the hated fire, he all but crushed the life from the

Lifting his burden high above his head the giant beast wheeled and raced for the breach that he had just made in the pallsade. The shelk, rifle in hand, rushed from his tent directly into the path of the

maddened brute. He raised his weapon and fired once the bullet missed its mark, and Tantor was upon him. crushing him berienth those gigantic feet as he raced over him, as you I might crush out the life of an ant that hanced to be in our pathway.

And then, bearing his burden carefully fantor, the elephant, entered the blackness f the jungle. CHAPTER XXVII

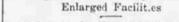
Tantor, the Elephant

M ERIEM, dazed by the unexpected sight of Korak, whom she had long given up as dead, permitted herself to be led away by Baynes. Among the tents he guided her safely to the pallsade, and there, following Korak's instructions, the Englishman me but a moment since, while courage of a different sort, proves that you are no moral coward, and the other proves that you are pitched a moose over the top of one of the upright logs that formed the barrier. With difficulty he reached the top, and then lowered his hand to assist Meriem to his

"Come," he whispered. . "We must hurry." And then, as though she had awakened om a sleep, Meriem came to herself. Back there, fighting her enemies alone, Korak—her Korak! Her place was b side, fighting with him and for him. "Go!" she called. "Make your way was by his

she called. "Make your way back to Bwana and bring help. My place is here. You can do no good remaining. Get away

ST. MARY'S MATERNITY CLINIC Kensington Pleased by Hospital's



Mothers in the Kensington district who are not able to pay hospital charges to assure proper treatment of their babies at



Household Decoration of More Beauty and Simplicity Aim of Teachers, Says Miss Helen Hamaker

URGES REAL COMFORT

There's a new era coming in American art, and that art is to be so essentially American in spirit and conception that we can take that place in the realm of art and beauty for which we have long been striving. That's what Miss Helen Hamaker thinks. Miss Hamaker is the winner of the P. A. B. Widener fellowship from the Philadelphia School of Design and when the war ends she hopes to go abroad to complete the work that she has begun here. She has great faith in what art educators are doing for their pupils, hence her atti-tude regarding American national prestige in the future. in the future.

"It's wonderful the way the present gen "It's wonderful the way the present gen-eration is being taught to appreciate the beautiful "she said. "The teachers of art all over the county are trying to make their pupils lock upon art as a whole, as a finished product not as a series of lessons. It is this vision that makes the present art what it is narticularly the art of house-hold decount m.

art what it is particularly the art of house-hold decountions, "The greenest" fault of household decora-tors today—Pat is, of the average woman who undertakes to furnish and decorate her own house—is an appalling lack of simplicity. They clock at things in detail and they buy them in the same way. When while you can and bring the Big Bwann back with you." Silently the Hon, Morison Baynes slid to the ground inside the palisade to Merlem's "It was only for you that I left him. the average woman goes to furnish her home the sees a choir or a table she likes and she buys it. She never asks herself "It was only for you that I left him." he said, nodding toward the tents they had just left. "I knew that he could hold them longer than I, and give you a chance to escape that I might not be able to have given you. It was I, though, who should have remained. I heard you call him Korak, and so I know now who he is. He befriended you. I would have wronged you. the two fit into the sort of room she

is going to have, because she doesn't kn the sort of room she will have until seer it, unfortunately for all concerned. "Then, too, the modern woman overdoe he decorative scheme n ne times out o

ten unless she has money crough to have decorators do the thing for her Even then permonality will out I was in ; home a short while as, one of the show "No-don't interrupt. I'm going to tell you the truth now, and let you know just what a beast I have been. I planned to take you to London, as you know; but I did not plan to marry you. Yes, shrink from meplaces of Philadelphia. It was ornamented with beautiful rugs and tapestries and furnishings, but the sense of home com-I deserve it. I deserve your contempt and loathing: but I didn't know then what love was. Since I have learned that, I have learned something else—what a cad and coward I have been all me life fort was absolutely lacking. I didn't feel as if I were in a house at all: "t was an ar' museum. The costliness of the furnish-bigs themselves made me feel that every place you went there was something to be coward I have been all my life. "I looked down upon those whom I con-sidered my social inferiors. I did not think you good enough to bear my name. careful of.

"Now, that is another thing the home decorator should avoid. The home is a place to be lived in; it should spell comfort ince Hanson tricked me and took you for imself I have been through hell; but it and elegance and it can do so with the and elegance and it can do so with the expenditure of very little money. I have seen houses furnished with the minimum amount of money, giving the maximum amount of atmosphere. The wall paper should be plan; simple half-tones of buff, gray, tan, dull greens, blues and the like are suitable backgrounds for the room. Wall paper, to be artistic, should be a background. That's why figured chintz ef-fects and crateness should be saminets Now I can come to you with an offer of honest love, which will realize the honor of having such as you share my name with For a moment Meriem was silent, buried in thought. Her first question seemed "How did you happen to be in this village?" she asked, fects and cretonnes should be sparingly used-and not used at all when there isn't money enough to change it when one tires of it, as one surely will in a very short

"Then comes the question of furnishings Use Use as little in the average household as you can, but let that little be good. It isn't necessary to litter up the room and allways with knickknacks. I feel justified hallways with knickknacks. I feel justified in saying that the hall is the character-istic part of the home; it reveals the habits and outlook of the inmates more than any other part of the house. A plain, long hall, with simple furnishings gives breadth and interest to the rest of the rooms."

The question of colors as used in house-hold decoration changed the conversation somewhat. Miss Hamaker is a textile designer, and has originated many motifs for rugs, wall papers and draperies. Her ideas on the modern tendencies along these lines



WED BANKER TODAY

Actress and Thomas B. Clarke, Jr., to Be Married in New York, at St. Regis

The Bables' Hospital will be the bene-ficiary of a lawn fete to be held on the "Triangle." Coopertown and Lansdowne roads and West Chester pike, Llanerch, Priday afternoon and evening. The fete has been planned by the Upper Darby Women's Christian Temperance Union, and will have the assistance of the churches civic and sufface complete the NEW YORK, June 14 .--- Miss Elsie Ferguson, who is playing with Sir Herbert Tree at the New Amsterdam Theatre, is to be married to day to Thomas B. Clarke, Jr., the banker, at the St. Regis Hotel. Their engagement was announced two months ago

"Are you going to retire from the stage after-well, after next month's happy event?" Miss Ferguson was asked. "You mean my marriage? Am I going to retire from the stage then? Oh, no; de-cidedly not," she replied. "I am looking for a play now, preferably a comedy, I expect to resume my career again in

"I said I would not retire after my mar-

T said I would not retire after my mar-riage. I mean not immediately; but I shall not remain on the stage too long." At the wedding Miss Carroll Brown, of Portland, Me., will attend Miss Ferguson, and Mr Frank L, Polk, of this city and Washington, D. C., counselor of the State Department, will be Mr. Clarke's best man. The wedding will be a private one because of a recent bereavement in Mr. Clark's

GIRL WINS MEDAL

Miss C. C. McCarthy Led Class at Ridley Park High School

Miss Catherine C. McCarthy was awarded Miss Catherine C. McCarthy was awarded a medal for the highest average of the graduating class by the Alumni Associa-tion of the High School last night at Ridley Park, Pa., at the commencement exercises in the Auditorium. The medal was pre-sented by Mrs. Charles M. Pomeroy, the retiring president of the association. In addition to Miss McCarthy these students were graduated: Margaret R. Faul, Naomi MacHenry, Hilda A. Partington, Mildred A. Sterling and Earle F. Lion, Leo Purdue, B. Frank Given and Pensyl Mawby. Opiomas

Stering and Earle F. Lion. Leo Purdue, B. Frank Given and Pensyl Mawby. D'plomas were presented by G. J. Jones, president of the School Board. The principal address was delivered by Dr. John Willis Slaughter, of Philadelphia.

made Girl Wins Medal at Ridley Park Miss Catharine C. McCarthy received a medal from the Alumni Association of Rid-ley Park High School last night, at the

mencement exercises in the auditori for having the highest average in the class. The medal was presented by Mrs. Charles M. Pomeroy, the retiring president of the association.



He told her all that had transpired since black had told him of Hanson's "You say that you are a coward," she said, "and yet you have done all this to save me? The courage that it must have taken to tell me the things that you told

are interesting.

"Many persons are pleased to call the new art freakish, but I don't thing it is." she tells you. "In the first place, the new art could ...ver be unless we had a perfect understanding of the old art. If we hadn't understand their color values, we didn't understand their color values, we

culdn't have anyone to appreciate them

need to decorate wall papers and hangings nowadays aren't what they seem. They represent thought and study, they are the

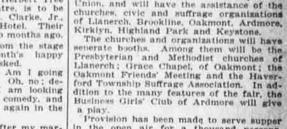
rained artist's conception of conventional

wor.

otlfa

The odd squares and circles that are

family. After a trip of two months the couple will occupy an apartment here. Mr. Clarke is a son of Mr. and Mra. Thomas B. Clarke,



Provision has been made to serve supper in the open air for a thousand persons.

Cobbs Creek Tract Sold

LAWN FETE FOR HOSPITAL

Affair at Llanerch to Aid Institution

for Babies

1 44 A.C.

STOTESBURY GIVES FUND

Teach Trades to Maimed

Soldiers

TO AID WAR CRIPPLES

The Republic Trust Company has con-veyed to George M. Kohn a plot of ground at the northeast corner of Cobbs Creek Parkway and Larchwood avenue, 145 fee by 80 feet, and an adjoining plot 130 feet by an irregular depth, at the northeast corner of Cobbs Creek Parkway and Addison street. Mortgages aggregating \$125,100 have been recorded, which are secured on the ground and on the improvements to be made.

CONSIDER THE WALRUS

Dear Children-Two million years ago (maybe less), there lived on the top of a great big mountain of ice a Little Walrus.

He was happy, the Walrus was, but by and by the little fellow began slipping, slipping toward the great big ocean.

After many years the descendants of the Little Walrus found themselves right on the cdge of the great big occan, and, what is more wonderful, their children found them falling into the great big ocean.

Therefore

A land animal became a sea or water animal and----

What happened?

The Walrus who fell into the water said to himself: "Here I am in the water. It is a case of sink or swim. I don't know how to swim, but I'll TRY."

The Walrus began to wiggle.

He wiggled everything he could think of, and by and by found that he was having a beautiful time swimming around in the water. Then he wanted to get on land again and so he wiggled some more, and, SURE ENOUGH! He was soon on the land, and after a bit he took another plunge into the great big ocean and LIKED IT.

The Walrus has Been there ever since; not the same one, but others, and they all MADE THE BEST OF IT.

Some of you are now in strange places, visiting people or away from home or working. MAKE THE BEST OF IT.

REMEMBER THE LITTLE WALRUS. It will help you.

Our Postoffice Box

Ferdinand de Moncado, of Chestnut Hill, is quite an efficient typist. We're thinking of anking him to give us lessons. Oh, there are many, many things a great big editor can learn from his still bigger family of Rainbows

Herbert Moyer. Sellersville, Pa., has a bicycle, and manages to get no end of fun from riding it. Herbert invites us, one and all to come visit him and share his fun. We are afraid. Herbert, that we, for one. id break the bicycle

Folded neatly in the fly leaf was another wee note. It read: "Hoping you will enjoy reading this book. If there is any book you would like to read, please let us know the name so that we can get it for you. With lots of love, little John Kinsey." Dear little Johnny Kinsey, we thank you from the bottom of our heart and we thank the "mother secretary" who we are sure taught her little son to "do unto others as he would have others do unto him."

would break the bloycle. Ruth Shassian, Lancaster avenue, is go-ing to hunt all over for a picture to send to 'our postoffice box." Edward Kelly is sping to make 'Rainbow pin money." Tertrude Dunn, of Bala, is trying to mend the Rainbow by telling all her friends about how bright and wonderful it sping to do the very same thing in her torely suburban neighborhood. The mail has was overflowing with out-state of the frame of the senses and postoffices Marie Graham Danville. Fa : Comilie Davidson, Morion, Pa : Loj-nime Engel, Camden, N. J.; Elton Shinn, Mound Holly, N. J.; Herbert, Samuel and Emerson Webster, Conshohocken, Pa : Mariabeth and Norman Shinn, Masonville, N. J. Raymond Hill : Paul and Earl Rau-denbush, Sellerswille, Pa.

The Question Box Dear Farmor Smith-Eindly tell me ROHERT BEAUMONT, ML AITY.

ROBERT BEAUMONT, Mt. Ally. Licorics grows naturally in the southern part of Europe and in Asia. It has been entitated in other parts of Europe and has been grown to a innited extent in Louisians and California of our own United States. The Binck Beories flavor comes from the roots of the Beories plant.

Dear Farmer Smith.-Planse tell me abers the Union Mational Bank is EDGAH KHILLAK, Judden streat. The today Mational Bank is at 56 and

DR. BEETLE PAYS A VISIT By Farmer Smith

"I have been away on my vacation," said Doctor Beetle, as he tripped up the steps of the Lady Bud's bungalow, "And did you have a good time?" asked the Lady Bud's program.

"And did you nave a good timer asked the Lady Bug, very pleasantly. "Indeed, I did," replied the good doctor, as he went back and hitched his June bugs, "Isn't it wonderful how we do learn, if "Isn't it wonderful how one of a sked the we only keep our eyes open?" asked the polite little Lady Bug.

"That must be what our eyes are for." said her companion. "I do not think we know half enough about our eyes. They

are our best friends-1 am sure of that. Now, I would not be able to see how beau-tiful you are unleas I had eyes." "You fatter me," replied the Lady Bug. "But do tell me, are the inside of our eyes light or dark?"

"Very dark," said the good doctor. "If the inside of our eyes were light we could not see." "I wonder what tears are for?" asked the little lady. "They are to wash our eyes," said her

companion, thoughtfully. "We cry some-times when we laugh and we cry when we are sad. We never, never should try to stop our tears."

"Here comes Mrs. Potato Bug and she pooks just the same as ever." said the Lady

looks just the same dot do?" asked Mrs. Po-"Why, how do you do?" asked Mrs. Po-tato Bug as she pulled Faith Potato Bug up by the arm. "We are both very well." answered the "We are both very well." answered the road doctor. "And how have you and your good doctor. "And how have you and your dear children been?"

Case Number 3 A 3-year-old Rainbow-God bless his baby heart-has sent lovely things to Case Number 3! First. It was pretty postcards and stamps, too, mind you, to send them out with A wee small letter, penned by a "mother secretary." says: "I am sorry you had such an accident. Be a good little boy and I shall send you some books-Master Johnny Kinsey, Cherry street." And what do you think ! Just 10 minutes later the postman came in with a wonderful "Well," began Mrs. Potato Bug, without a smile, "if we were any better we would all be sick."

At this they all is Faith went "tee-hee." this they all laughed and even little

Faith went "tee-hee." "You are just in time for tea." said the Lady Bug. "Just sit down and I will get you something to eat." "Very good," said the doctor. "Delight-ful," said Mrs. Potato Bug. "Hurry up!" said Faith, so loud it made the Lady Bug jump and look at Faith in surprise.

later the postman came in with a wonderful brand new book, called "From Farm House to White House, the Life of Washington." Folded neatly in the fly leaf was another

Branch Club News

Ruth Magill, of West Louden street, is the founder of a new granch club. An extract from her letter explains the letter explains the systematic. ear-nest way in which she has gone about it. "The following children will help form part of our branch club; Erna Lang Knoy Erna Lang. Enox street; Mary Skirving, West

skirving,

atreet;

I wish to become a member of your Rainbow Club. Please send me a beau-tiful Rainbow Hutton free. I agree-to DO A LITTLE KINDNESS EACH AND EVERY, DAY — SPREAD A LITTLE SUNSHINE ALL ALONG THE WAY.

A ref at 00000 and Gertrude Eldridge. Royal street: Margaretts Vin-cant Wade street: Margaretts Vin-cant Wade street: Margaretts Vin-cant Wade street: Margaretts Vin-cant Wade street: Test Street: Margaretts Vin-cant Wade street: Test Street: Margaretts Vin-cant Wade street: North Street: Margaretts Vin-to the grin were too small for them and to the grin were coo small for them and to the deas and I am going to thin the street Josses of North Street streets this band of the Street streets this band of the Street streets the Streets Josses of North Street streets this is an estimation of a "Rain-band to minimum the streets in an estimation the Interview for the will come to stay. Ter Jossects is WilkY much interview in the Name Address School I attand

1. What is this? A girl with a red drass, red stockings and a red pair of shose. Everything is red, but her hat, and that is red with a black feather in it. (Sent in by Gladys Atkinson, Lannaks.) I. Which is warmer, the North Pole or the South Puls? (Sent in by Madeline Descent

birth are welcoming the addition of a new clinic added to St. Mary's Hospital, at Frankford and Palmer streets, by which prospective mothers will have an oppor-tunity to have their children given expert 316 The great demand on the clinic, although

opened only a short time ago, has already caused plans to be discussed for enlarging its present capacity of four beds to six. The clinic is in charge of Dr. Jackson S. Lawrence, who expects great results with the enlargement of the facilities of

clinic will undoubtedly prevent "The many deaths," said Doctor Lawrence today. The chief aim of the clinic, according to the physician, who has achieved con-siderable fame for his humanitarian work among the working classes, is healthy nothers and bables. The clinic is only one of many that make the hospital one of the foremost in the

city, at least as such is it recognized by medical experts throughout the city. The immense drain on its resources through the close attention given many patients

who are not able to pay has necessitated a call for money with which to carry on the work.

JUNIOR CIVIC EXHIBIT OPENS

College Settlement Starts Uplift Work in Front Street Section-Mothers' Club Behind Scheme

One hears so many Philadelphians "won-der what's to be seen below Fine street." If they go down to the College Settlement any time between today and June 21 from 4 to 6 p. m. and 7 to 9 p. m., they will see what is called the Junior Civic Exposition. The settlement is at 502 South Front street. for Boys.

The settlement is at so? South Front street. The folk who live down there are those Prealdent Wilson referred to as the people who constantly make America batter by "coming here with such fine hopes and ideals as to what we are that they improve us in spite of themselves." The committee in charge is as follows: 1 Bodman honorary chairman: Albert

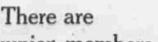
The committee in charge is as follows: J. Rodman, honorary chairman; Albert Rogers, honorary director; Miss Anna Da-vies, Miss Abigail Davies, Miss Marah Liddle, Mrs, Mary Simmons, Miss Dorothy Weston, Miss Stells Baker, Miss Della McCarthy, Miss Louise Daniels, Miss Della McCarthy, Miss Della McCarthy, Miss Daniels, Miss Della McCarthy, Miss Della Mco

TO BANKER IN MARYLAND

and Mrs. William J. Davis, and Phileton Sefferson, son of former Postmaster Thomas 0. Jefferson, were married today by the Rev. F. C. MacSorley, at the bride's home here. Miss Davis is a widely known newspaper woman, and her work has been commended by editors all over the Peninsula. For several years she has been editor of the perior of the Peninsula. For several years she has been editor of the perior of the Peninsula. For several years are the several the print Antonai Bank of Pederalsburg. The pair will seem their honeymoon of "Rev Deen" near Aberdeen, Md., the meaning Mrs. this-







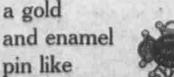
junior members

and senior

members.

The senior

members wear



Senior Pin

1524 - 1526

Chestnut St.

Charles W. Fairbanks

The two photographs make a handsome picture page well worth framing. Ask your newsdealer to reserve your copy now.



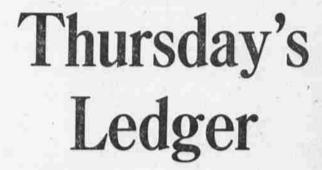


WOMAN EDITOR WEDDED

Miss Laura M. Davis Becomes Bride

FEDERALSBURG, Md., June 14 ---Miss Laura Margaretta Davis, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William J. Davis, and Philetos

B.K.



will contain a Free Supplement consisting of photogravure portraits of the Republican nominees for President and Vice President-

Charles Evans Hughes AND

and Mrs. Culbertson, of Bureau of Child Hygtene. The Southwark House, Front and Ella-worth streets; the Music Settlement, 5th and Christian streets; the Young Women's Union, 5th and Bainbridge streets; the Madonna House, 5th and Christian streets, and Troop A of the Boys Scouts, as well as many of the parochial schools of this section, will assist in the celebrations.

of Philetus Jefferson