preclation of all that you have done to render my imprisonment bearable.

"In the guardroom of my palace are many fine trappings. Go thou there and select the harness which most pleases you—it shall be yours. All I ask is that you wear it that I may know that my wish has been realized. Tell me that you will do

The boy's eyes had lighted with pleasure

as I spoke, and I saw him glance from his rusty trappings to the magnificence of my

own. For a moment he stood in thought before he spoke, and for that moment my heart fairly ceased heating—so much for

me there was which hung upon the sub-stance of his answer.

Again he stood silently in deep thought.

in all Zodanga.

and avan free.

"And there is a jeweled shortsword high I took from the body of a northern which I took from the body of a northern jeddak. When you get the harness see that Carthoris gives you that also. With it and the harness which you may select there will the harness which you may select there will

"Bring writing materials when you com-

Bring writing materials when you come next to my cell, and within a few hours we shall see you garbed in a style befitting your birth and carriage."

Still in thought, and without speaking, he turned and left me. I could not guess what his decision might be, and for hours I sat fretling over the outgoing of the matter.

fretting over the outcome of the matter.

If he accepted a message to Carthoris it would mean to me that Carthoris still lived

# THE GODS OF MAR. Sequel to "Under the Moons of Mars"

TE WERE close behind him, and all saw Whe figure of a man run quickly across a little piece of sward and disappear in the shrubbery beyond.

"He was on the balcony when I first saw lm," cried Hor Vastus. "Quick! Let us follow him!"

Together we ran to the gardens, but even though we scoured the grounds with the entire guard for hours, no trace could we find of the night marauder. What do you make of it, Kantos Kan?" asked Tars Tarkas.

"A spy sent by Zat Arras," he replied.
"It was ever his way,"
"He will have something interesting to report to his master, then," laughed Hor

It was late that night before our conference broke up, but each man there had his particular duties outlined, and the details of the entire plan had been mapped out. After they had left I bid Carthoris good night, for I was very tired, and going to my own apartments, bathed and lay down upon my sleeping silks and furs for the first good night's sleep I had had an op-portunity to look forward to since I had returned to Barsoom.

But even now I was to be disappointed. How long I slept I do not know. When awoke suddenly it was to find a halfdozen powerful men upon me, a gag already in my mouth, and, a moment later, my arms and legs securely bound.

So quickly had they worked, and to such good purpose, that I was utterly beyond the power to resist them by the time I was fully awake.

Never a word spoke they and the say

Never a word spoke they, and the gag effectually prevented me speaking. Silently they lifted me and bore me toward the

door of my chamber, As they passed the window through which the farther moon was casting its brilliant beams, I saw that each of the party

had his face swathed in layers of silk— I could not recognize one of them. When they had come into the corridor with me they turned toward a secret panel in the wall which led to the passage that terminated in the pits beneath the palace. That any knew of this panel outside my own household I was doubtful.

Yet the leader of the band did not hesi-tate a moment. He stepped directly to the panel, touched the concealed button, and as the door swung in he stood aside, while his companions entered with me. Then he closed the panel and followed us.

Down through the passageways to the ts we went-along winding corridors that imyself had never explored.

On and on, until I felt confident that we ere far beyond the confines of the palace grounds, and then the way led upward again toward the surface.

Presently the party halted before a blank wall. The leader rapped upon it with the hilt of his sword-three quick, sharp blows, pause, then three more, another pause, nd then two. A second later the wall swung in, and I

was pushed within a brilliantly lighted chamber in which sat three richly trapped One of them turned toward me with a upon his thin, cruel lipswas Zat Arras,

CHAPTER XIX

"AH," SAID Zat Arras, "to what kindly circumstance am I indebted for the pleasure of this unexpected visit from the Prince of Helium?"

who went away for a visit.

Wasn't that funny?

money, "DO I NEED THIS?"

Stop them.

your money, but it is wise to spend it judiciously.

so doing you will FIND THE LEAKS.

Our Postoffice Box

He is as familiar with a pair of boxing

gloves as most boys are with a ball and bat

Harry Rosenberg is a famous gymnast.

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS
had removed the gag from my mouth, but I hand-light to illumine the way, escorted me through seemingly interminable tunning there in silence with level gaze fixed n the Jed of Zodanga.

I do not doubt that my expression was clored by the contempt I felt for the man. The eyes of those within the chamber were fixed first on me and then upon Zat Arras, until finally a flush of anger crept slowly over his face.

"You may go," he said to those who had brought me; and when only his two com-panions and ourselves were left in the chamber he spoke to me again in a voice of lcs-very slowly and deliberately, with many pauses, as though he would choose his words cautiously.

his words cautiously.

"John Carter," he said, "by the edict of custom, by the law of our religion and by the verdict of an impartial court you are condemned to die. The people cannot save you-I alone may accomplish that.

"THE MUCKER"

Another Story by EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS Begins In SATURDAY'S

Evening & Ledger

"You are absolutely in my power to do with as I wish. I may kill you or I may free you; and should I elect to kill you, none would be the wiser.

"Should you go free in Hellum for a year, in accordance with the conditions of your reprieve, there is little fear that the people would ever insist upon the execution of the sentence imposed upon you.

"You may go free within two minutes upon one condition. Tardos Mors will never return to Helium. Neither will Mors Ka-jak nor Dejah Thoris. Helium must select a new jeddak within the year.

"Zat Arras would be Jeddak of Helium. Say that you will espouse my cause. This is the price of your freedom. I am done." For a moment I was perplexed, but for a moment only. The proud daughter of a thousand jeddaks would choose death to a dishonorable alliance such as this, nor could John Carter do less for Helium than his princess would do.

Then I turned to Zat Arras.

"There can be no alliance," I said, "be-tween a traitor to Helium and a prince of the House of Tardos Mors. I do not believe, Zat Arras, that the great jeddak is dead."

Zat Arras shrugged his shoulders "It will not be long, John Carter," he said, "that your opinions will be of interest even to yourself, so make the best of them while you can. Zat Arras will per-mit you due time to reflect upon the magnanimous offer he has made you.

"Into the silence and darkness of the pits you will enter upon your reflection this night, with the knowledge that should you fall within a reasonable time to agree to the alternative which has been offered you, never shall you emerge from the darkness and the silence again.

"Nor shall you know at what minute the hand will reach out through the darkness and the silence with the keen dagger that shall rob you of your last chance to win again the warmth and the freedom and joyousness of the outer world."

FARMER SMITH'S ( RAINBOW CLUB

At length they halted within a fair-sized chamber. There were rings set in the rocky walls. To them chains were fastened, and at the ends of many of the chains were human skeletons.

One of these they kicked aside, and un-locking the huge padlock that had held a chain about what had once been a human ankle, they snapped the Iron band about my own leg. Then they left me, taking the light with them.

Utter darkness prevailed. For a minutes I could hear the clanking of ac-countrements, but even this grew fainter and fainter until at last the silence was as omplete as the darkness.

How long I stood listening in the darkness I do not know, but the silence was unbroken, and at last I sank to the hard floor of my prison, where, leaning my head against the stony wall, I slept.

It must have been several hours later that I awakened to find a young man stand-ing before me.

In one hand he bore a light; in the other a receptacle containing a gruel-like mix-ture—the common prison fare of Barsoom. "Zat Arras sends you greetings," said the young man, "and commands me to in-form you that, though he is fully advised of the plot to make you Jeddak of Helium, he is, however, not inclined to withdraw the offer which he has made you. To gain your freedom you have but to request me to ad-

vise Zat Arras that you accept the terms of his proposition." I but shook my head. The youth said no more, and, after placing the food upon the floor at my side, returned up the corridor, taking the light with him.

Twies a day for many days this youth came to my cell with food and ever the same greetings from Zat Arras. For a long time I tried to engage him in conversation upon other matters, but he would not talk, and so, at length, I desisted.

For months I sought to devise methods to inform Carthoris of my whereabouts. For months I scraped and scraped upon single link of the massive chain which a single link of the massive chain which held me, hoping eventually to wear it through, that I might follow the youth back through the winding tunnels to a point where I could make a break for liberty.

I was beside myself with anxiety for knowledge of the progress of the expedition which was to rescue Dejah Thoris.

I felt that Carthoris would not let the matter drop, were he free to act; but in so far as I knew he, also, might be a prisoner

in Zat Arras' pits.

That Zat Arras' spy had overheard our

conversation relative to the selection of a new jeddak I knew, and scarcely a half dozen minutes prior we had discussed the details of the plan to rescue Dejah Thoris. The chances were that that matter, too, was well known to him. Cartheris, Kantos Kan, Tars Tarkas, Hor Vastus and Xodar might even now be the victims of Zat Ar-

ras' assassins, or else his prisoners.

I determined to make at least one more effort to learn something, and to this end I adopted strategy when next the youth came

I had noticed that he was a handsome fellow, about the size and age of Carthoria. And I had also noticed that his shabby trappings but illy comported with his digni-fled and noble bearing. It was with these observations as a basis

Black Despair

At," SAID Zat Arras, "to what kindly circumstance am I indebted for the leasure of this unexpected visit from the prince of Helium?"

While he was speaking one of my guards

again the warmth and the freedom and joyousness of the outer world."

Zat Arras, clapped his hands as he ceased speaking. The guards returned.

He waved his hand in my direction.

"To the pits," he said.

That was all. Four men accompanied me from the chamber, and, with a radium to furnish substantial testimony of my ap-

Granny Grump-Matchmaker

a wagonload of diamonds.

Granny Grump said she would think it over. While she was thinking it over Prince Fluff Fluff, the king of the polar bears,

Heart, as the snow bird had promised a wagonload of diamonds. Prince Fluff Fluff went away then to see if he could find an-

over the floor if she would let little Tulip Heart be his queen.

Old Granny Grump was very greedy and didn't know what to do. When she heard about the wagonload of diamonds the rivers of gold and the golden caves she wanted them all. She couldn't decide on which to

was going on. Old Granny Grump told her to go out and play while she talked with Prince Fluff Fluff, King Burr Burr and the

very minute Prince Marmolade was comi on a beautiful white cloud to meet her. (To be continued.)

branch club, and he did.

One day they all went out for a walk. They had not gone far when they saw a

dollar for food.

FARMER SMITH. EVENING LEDGER:

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 SUNSHINE ALL ALONG THE WAY.

If the youth returned wearing the harness and the sword I would know that Carthoris had received my note and that he knew that I still lived. that I still lived.

That the bearer of the note was a Zedangan would be sufficient to explain to Carthoris that I was a prisoner of Zat Arras.

It was with feelings of excited expectancy which I could scarce hide that I heard the

youth's approach upon the occasion of his I did not speak beyond my accustomed greeting of him. As he placed the food upon the floor by my side he also deposited writing material at the same time. My heart fairly bounded for joy. I had

won my point. For a moment I looked at the materials in feigned surprise, but soon I permitted an expression of dawning comprehension to come into my face, and then picking them up I penned a brief order to Carthoris to deliver to Parthak a harness of his selec-tion and the shortsword which I described.

That was all. But it meant everything o me and to Carthoris. I laid the note open upon the floor. Parthak picked it up, and, without a word, left

The next time I heard approaching foot steps I could scarce await to see if Parthak wore the harness and the sword, but judge if you can my chagrin and disappointment when I saw that he who bore my food was not Parthalt.

What has become of Parthak?" I asked, but the follow would not answer, and as soon as he had deposited my food, turned and retraced his steps to the world above. Days came and went, and still my new siler continued his duties, nor would be ver speak a word to me, either in reply the simplest questions, or of his own

I could only speculate on the - cause of Parthak's removal, but that it was connected in some way directly with the note that I had given him was most pparent to me.
Thirty days had passed since I had

given the youth the note. Three hundred and thirty days had passed since my carceration. As closely as I could figure there

mained a bare thirty days ere Dejah Thoris would be ordered to the arena for the rites of Issus. I think I should have gone crazy but for the sound of my approaching jailer. It distracted my attention from the terrible thoughts that had been occupying my en-

Now a new and grim determination camto me. I would make one superhuman ef-fort to escape. Kill my jailer by a ruse, and trust to fate to lead me to the outer

world in safety.

With the thought came instant action.

I threw myself upon the floor of my cell, close by the wall, in a strained and distorted posture, as though I were dead after a struggle or convulsions. When he should stoop over me I had but o grasp his throat with one hand and strike

him a terrific blow with the slack of my chain, which I gripped firmly in my right hand for that purpose.

Nearer and nearer came the doomed man. Now I heard him halt before me. There was a muttered exclamation and then a step

s he came to my side. I felt him kneel beside me.

My grip tightened upon the chain. He leaned close to me. I must open my eyes to find his throat, grasp it and strike one mighty blow, all at the same instant, The thing worked just as I had planned. So brief was the interval between the

opening of my eyes and the fall of the chain that I could not check it.

Yet in that second I recognized the face so close to me as that of my son-Car-

What cruel and malign fate had worked to such frightful end! What devious chain of circumstances had led my boy to my side at this one particular minute of our lives, when I could strike him down and

kill him in ignorance of his identity!

A benigh though tardy providence blurred my vision and my mind, as I sauk into sciousness across the lifeless body of

my only son.

When I regained consciousness it was to feel a cool, firm hand pressed upon my forehead. For an instant I did not open my eyes. I was endeavoring to gather the loose ends of many thoughts and memories which flitted clusively through my tired

and overwrought brain.

Leaning over me was Carthoris, a great bruise upon his forchead, where the chain had struck him, but alive, thank heaven, alive! There was no one with him, Reaching out my arms I took my boy within them, and if ever there rose from any plant. and if ever there rose from any planet a fervent prayer of gratitude it was there be-neath, the crust of dying Mars as I thanked the Eternal Mystery for my son's life.

The brief instant in which I had seen and recognized Carthoris before the chain fell must have been ample to check the force of the blow. He told me that he had lain unconscious for a time—how long he did "How came you here at all?" I asked.

"It was by your wit in apprising me of your existence and imprisonment through the youth Parthak. Until he came for his harness and his sword we had thought you dead. When I had read your note I did as you had bid, giving Parthak his choice of the harness in the guard room, and later the least of the harness in the guard room, and later the least of the harness in the guard room. bringing the jeweled shortsword to him. The minute that I had fulfilled the promise you evidently had made him my obligation ceased. Then I commenced to question him.

o Zat Arras.
"Finally I gave him a fair choice between freedom and the pits beneath the palace—
the price of freedom to be full information
as to where you were imprisoned and directions which would lead us to you—but still
he maintained his stubborn partisanship.
Despairing, I had him removed to the pits,
where he still is.

Despairing, I had him removed to the pits, where he still is.

"And here I am, just in time to be nearly killed by you." he ended, laughing.

As he talked, Carthoris had been working at the lock which hald my fetters, and now with an exciamation of picasure he dropped the end of the chain to the floor, and I stood up ones more freed from the galling from in which I had chafed for almost a

trons in which I had chafed for aimost a year.

He had brought a longsword and a dagger for me, and thus armed we set out upon the return journey to my palace.

Some half-hour later we came to the pits beneath our own palace, and soon thereafter emerged into the audience chamber itself, where we found Kantes Kan, Tars Tarkas, Hor Vustus and Xodar awaiting us most impatiently.

No time was lost in fruitiess recounting of my imprisonment. What I desired to know was how well the plans we had laid nearly a year ago had been carried out?

"It has taken much longer than we had expected," replied Kantes Kan. "The fact that we were compelled to maintain utter secrecy has handkrapped us torribly. Zat Arran' spits are everywhere. Yet, to the Array roles are everywhere. Yet, to the best of my knowledge, no word of our real plans has reached the villain's ear. (CONTINUED TOMORROW.)



CLEO RIDGELY At the Stanley in "The Selfish Woman."

### GOOD SUMMER SHOW DELIGHTS AT KEITH'S

'Made in Philly" Enters Second Week With Colors Flying. Other Features

"Made in Philly" seems to improve with age. It is only two weeks old, but one can discover many good things at a second. look which make this local-born infant

seem more vigorous as it grows. True, there is no plot, and if there was t would be quickly lost in the shuffle when such ad lib artists as Harry Fern, Keller Mack and Frank Orth get busy.

Al White and Miss Francis repeated their artistic hit in the dances of today. El Brendel and the Dooleys had a good share in the fun-making, while Madelon Lear added to the classy end of the proceedings in a pretty number.. Every section of the city is interested in the revue, for the reason that its participants come from every nook and corner of Philadelphia, Special nights have been set side this week for patrons of the various localities.

The corner in wit in the show was cap tured by Halligan and Sykes in a business sketch, which fairly snapped with clever lines. This is one of the few acts in vaudeville in which the act really starts when it

Noel Travers, Irene Douglas and com-pany presented "Meadowbrook Lane" for the first time here with good results. A poor girl has to have \$1500 by 5 o'clock or the landlord will sell the house. A sales-man happens along, drops all his work immediately, gets the money by film-flamming the landlord, saves the houses, kisses—cur-tain—Edgar Allan Woolf.

Types of the women of today were shown by Dorothy Granville in a striking and original style. She was rewarded with liberal applause

The 16 Navassar girls, under the direc-on of Miss Augusta Dial, gave a number of musical selections indicative of spring and wooded dells. White and Claytor created an uproar in one of the most eccenric and at the same time artistic dancing cts seen here this season,

The return of the negro soldiers captured by the Mexicans and other interesting incidents in connection with the border battle vere shown in the pictures.

"A Business Proposal"-Nixon Grand There is no end of fun and an abundance There is no end of fun and an abundance of surprises in "A Business Proopsal," which heads the bill at the Nixon Grand. It is presented by Monroe, Heady and Joyce, who were rewarded with laughs and

Prank Gabby, a clever ventriloquist, showed something new in this line of entertainment. In addition to keeping up a running line of talk with his wooden-headed family, he talked over the telephone while one of the dummies was singing. He also ate a banana while talking with them at times it looked as though the little inanimate family was really alive. Fritz and Lucy Broache, Howard, Kibbel and Herbert and the Cavannas also offered

Henry Sheppard-Cross Keys Henry G. Sheppard and Mrs. Frances Pemberton Dade, well known in social cir-les and prominent in the Little Treatre pro-

ductions, are among the pleasant features of the bill this week at the Cross Keys. They present a sketch of timely interest, which affords opportunities for artistic work. The sketch was well received.
"Over the Garden Wall," a tabloid, Charles Hallman, Barrick and Hart and Foster and Seamon were also on the bill, which was entertaining throughout.

Man's Law-Globe

"Man's Law," presented by the Knicker-bocker Players, including George W. Bar-bier and Carrie Thatcher, was highly ap-preclated at the Globe. The sketch has many strong situations and tells an intersting story. ers and Morse presented "At the Gold

Somers and Morse presented "At the Gold Club," with good results. Other good acts included the Five Musical Byrons, Harry and Anna Seymour, Bennie Franklin, Aerial Macks, Jack Dakota, Frank Ward and Holden and Harron. Kaiser's Physician Dies in Berlin

LONDON, July 11—An Amsterdam dispatch to the Exchange Telegraph Com-pany says that Dr. Frederick W. K. von liberg is dead in Berlin. Doctor von liberg had the special care of the throat affection from which the German Emperor has suffered for many years and was one of the Emperor's most intimate friends.

## Photoplay Presentations

WEST PHILADELPHIA OVERBROOK GID AND HAVER-Pauline Frederick in "THE MOMENT BEFORE"

EUREKA 40TH & MARKET STS.

H. B. Warner in 'THE MARKET OF "The Two o'Clock Train' NORTH Broad Street Casino BROAD BELOW EVENING THE AND S

KEYSTONE 11TH ST. AND AVENUE "IRON CLAW" Pictures BOUNE

The sperimum in comfort, onless and onusa-ments of the minimum prior, MATS, DAILY, "The Social Pirates" Others

### NEW FEATURE FILMS AT DOWNTOWN HOUSES

Good Directing in Stanley Show Splits Honors With Fairbanks at Arcadia

Evening Ledger Photoplay Cast Contest Entry Blank

Please enter in the Evening Ledger Photo-Name (Miss or Mrs.)......

Home address ...... Name (Mr.) .....

Signed by ...... For ..... Nominating organization.

Home address ..............................

Mall to Evening Ledger Photoplay Cast Con-test, P. O. Box 964, Philadelphia. By the Photoplay Editor

It is hard to say just where photoplay honors lay yesterday between the principal downtown theaires showing new feature films. The Stanley, with Wallace Reid and Cleo Ridgely in "The Selfish Woman," and the Arcadia, with Douglas Fairbanks in "Flirting with Fate," made a pretty even

at the Stanley carries off the final verdict Its story of a society girl who marries a young engineer for money, tries to wreck als engineering work in order to win a million dollars from sinister interests, and ends by loving and saving him, is direct and gripping, but it is pretty "tall talking"

in spots. Its masculine star, Wallace Reid, is just as handsome, athletic and generally likabl as ever; he breaks a man and a table at the same time with perfect finesse. Clear Ridgely, on the other hand, is just a bit behindhand in making the story of her villainy and heroism ring true; it is too

big a job for her—or any one else.

But the direction of the film, like most Lasky direction, is irreproachable. The light is warm and full of shadows that heighten the emotional expression. The final scenes of riot and destruction at the engineering camp have some of the best night photography and fire tinting seen here in a long time. "The Selfish Woman," altogether, is good

But so is "Flirting With Fate," at the Arcadia-in a wholly different way.

Its star is just as perfect a comedian of the screen as ever. He is just as delightfully athletic as aforetime, and he still pretends that jumping to the tops of roofs s a commonplace, instead of a heroic busi-

entertainment.

The story of "Flirting With Fate" is built on a splendid comic theme for movie exploitation. It may have come from a short story, but it doesn't show the signs Briefly, it concerns a poor young artist, who, thinking himself jilted, hires a gunman to "bump him oft" suddenly some day when he isn't looking. The young man no sooner pays his \$50 death price than fortune shines upon him. He wins the girl and inherits a million. For some hilarious reels he en-deavors to enjoy his good luck while he dodges all the suspicious looking characters in the neighborhood. The film gets an excellent finish from the reformation of the gunman and his attempt to return the \$50, which are, of course, misunderstood by the ero. The only blemish on the film is that he might have misunderstood them much more thoroughly and for a far longer time. The construction is not so well balanced as

it might be. There are, however, delight-fully clever moments when the hero pic-tures mentally how the assassin might take advantage of a dozen prosaic happenings in his daily life to annihilate him. If there is some doubt about the relative worth of "The Selfish Woman" and "Firting With Fate," there can be no question about the new Mutual comedy

the Locust. It is decidedly inferior to their farm home.

Mr. Chaplin's recent efforts. Everything happens consecutively in this sory of the ragrant violinist (Chaplin), who rescues a strawberry-marked betress from the gipsies strawberry-marked betress from the sipsies who hidnapped and adopted her in routh. But the story is not a funny storry; and Mr. Chaplin isn't noted for his sentimental powers. Moreover, nobody wants to see him doing that sort of thing—especially when what he does is, as the painter in "The Vagabond" would say, pretty "old but."

In addition, the Palace will show, Tuesday and Wednesday, "The Man Prom Mexico," with Jack Barrymore, a Famous Players-Paramount production, and "Gloria's Romance," with Billie Burke. Thursday, Friday and Saturday it will have "Destiny's Toy," with Louise Huff, a Famous Players-Paramount production. Paramount production. Saturday, Chaplin's "Vagabond" will be repeated.

To Chaplin the Victoria adds today and temorrow "The Apostle of Vengeance," with W. S. Hart, an Ince-Triangle production, Thursday, Friday and Saturday comes "The Eternal Question," with Olga Petrova, a Metro production, "The Vagabond" will be repeated Saturday.

This is the final week at the Forrest of The Ne'er Do Well," with Kathlyn Will-lams, the 10-reel film version of the novel by Rex Beach, who wrote "The Spollers." Orchestral, vocal and scenic accompani-ments add to the entertainment.

Garrick is showing "How Britain Pre-pared." It is a war film with a score of fascinating details concerning the process of making soldiers.

Band Concert at City Hall Plaza The Philadelphia Band, under the lead-ership of Silas E. Hummel, will play tonight on City Hall Plaza. The program follows:

follows:

1. Overture, "Raymond"

2. Polish Dances, Nos. 1 and 2. X. Scharwenk

3. Grand International Fantasia. Rollingon
Patriotic Airs of Two Continents.

4. Gems from "The Mikado" Sullivan

5. Sois for Cornet. Selected

Mr. Emil Koennicke, soioist.

6. Scenes Pittoresques Massenst

7. Contraito Solo
Bertha Brinker D'Albites.

8. Au Moulin E. Gillette

Park Band at Strawberry Mansion The Fairmount Park Band, under the endership of Richard Schmidt, will play his afternoon and tonight at Strawberry

Mansion. The program follows: PART I-AFTERNOON, 4 TO 6 O'CLOCK. 

PART H-EVENING, 8 TO 10 O'CLOCK.

"CRYING NEED" FOR SANDPILE

Asks for a Ton The supervisor of the new children's playground at South Philadelphia, Miss Mo-Nelli, has announced "a crying need" there for a sandpile. A ton of sand, she says, is necessary for any public playground, and she is waiting for some public-spirited per-son to donate a ton.

South Philadelphia Playground's Head

Nearly 1000 children were attracted to the new playground yesterday. The girls were shown how to make picture frames and necklaces from rafia; the smaller children cut toys and hats from paper, and there were many games and dances boys are taught to make toys out of wood, and the children are told fairy tales by the instructors. The one thing most needed, however, is a sandpile.

Accidentally Kills Little Son WILLIAMSPORT, Pa., July 11 .- Hiram 8 years old, was acciof Mr. Chaplir's, "The Vagabond," which dentally killed by the premature explosion was shown at the Palace, the Victoria, the of a gun in the hands of his father, Will-Alhambra, the Germantown, the Iris and lam H. Mosteller, of Eldred township, at

## Prominent Photoplay Presentations

# Hanley Booking Company

THE following theatres obtain their pictures through the STANLEY Booking Company, which is a guarantee of early showing of the floest productions. All pictures reviewed before exhibition. Ask for the theatre in your locality obtaining pictures through the STANLEY BOOKING COMPANY. ALHAMBRA 12th, Morris & Passyunk Ave.
Mat. Delly at 2; Evgs., 7 & 9.
Barrymore. "Dorian's Diverse." Hills Burks.
"Gloria's Homance." Chapila. "The Vagabond."

APOLLO 02D AND THOMPSON MATINEE DAILY PARAMOUNT PRESENTS

Marie Doro in "THE HEART OF NORA FLYNN" BELMONT 52D ABOVE MARKET Mats. 1:30 4: 330, 10s. 12vgs., 6:80, 8, 9:30, 15c

Geraldine Farrar "Maria Rosa" FAIRMOUNT SOTH AND AVENUE Dustin Farnum in "David Garrick"

CHARLOTTE WALKER in 56TH ST. Theatre BAILY Bel. Spruss Evgs. 7 to 11
Blanche Sweet DOLLAR HUSBAND GERMANTOWN STOR GERMAN-TOWN AVE

Sessue Hayakawa "Alien Souls" GIRARD AVENUE THEATRE AVENUE Alice Brady in "LA BOHEME" IRIS THEATRE \$146 KENSINGTON PAULINE FREDERICK in

JEFFERSON 29TH AND DAUPHIN STREETS Theda Bara "EAST LYNNE" LAFAYETTE 2014 EENSINGTON AVENUE

PEGGY HYLAND in "SAINTS AND SINNERS" LOCUST Mats. 1:80 and 3:80, 10e Evgs. 6:30, 8, 9:30, 15e CHARLIE CHAPLIN IN THE VAGABOND" Market St. Theatre 803 MARKET STREET

ORPHEUM GERMANTOWN AND CHELTEN AVES WILLIAM H. THOMPSON in PALACE 1214 MARKET STREET

PARK RIDGE AVE. & DAUPHIN ST. MAT. 2:15. EVE., 6:45 to 11. Norma Talmadge m GOING STRAIGHT PRINCESS 1018 MARKET STREET VIOLET MERSEREAU in

RIALTO GERMANTOWN AVE.
AT TULPEHOCKEN BT. William Farnum to "THE BATTLE OF HEADTS" IN INC. 10 Sept. PROCESS OF THE BATTLE OF HEADTS" IN INC. 1034 MARKET STREET HUMAN VOICE OFFICE OFFIC

RUBY MARKET STREET BELOW THE STREET Hazel Dawn in "The Feud Girl" SECRET OF THE SUBMARINE." SIA EST. SAVOY STREET STREET STREET WILLIAM FATRUM THE PRESENT OF SORROW TIOGA THE AND VENANGO ETS

STANLEY MARKET ABOVE LETTE The Selfish Woman

interior companies and the second companies of the sec

sturdy

#### The Rainbow's Reward By NORMA SLATER.

went out.

The was once a boy named Jack who had

Things to Know and Do (1) What is the longest day in the week?

(2) Suste is getting very bright. She has handed us a list of nine words of three letters each and all ending in "AP" (a) covers the head; (b) as opening; (c) chance; (d) a result for small bables; (e) a short sleep; (f) something in a geography; (g) a quick blow; (h) juice of plants; (i) a cap. What words this Suste have on the flat;

ON KEEPING ACCOUNTS

he called "Ledger A." In it he kept his accounts. Your Editor likes to write

about Mr. John D. Rockefeller because he (Mr. J. D. R.) is a great friend of

Dearest Children-Mr. John D. Rockefeller used to have a little book which

Well, once upon a time there was a young lady, 13 years old, going on 14,

Her father kissed her good-by and told her to keep an account of what she

spent. So the dear girl sent back an account which showed she had spent so

much for railroad tickets, carfare, chocolate, rubbers and so on. Then she

added it all up and opposite the total she wrote: "What I must have started

If you are never able to "get ahead," keep account of your pennies, for by

only regards boxing as a means to an end; that is, the means of becoming a fine sturdy boy in order that he may grow into a blg. seful man. Ellis Williams is train-ing himself for future years: in this particular ining is character hysical exercise.

However, Harry

Here in a list of of last week: Monday—Went on errand without accepting money. Tuesday—Mother had a headache. Kept brothers and sisters from annoying her. Wednesday—Helped an old man across Broad street. Thursday— Took care of the baby for mother. Friday— Helped brother wash the dishes. Saturday—

a dog named Rover. One day they were taking a walk along the bank of the river, when all of a sudden they heard a child ory "Oh! Oh! Oh! Harry has follon in the River. Rover at once jumped into the river and brought out the boy. Jack took Harry to his home. His mother gave Jack a reward and bought Rover a big blue ribbon and put a Rainbow Button on it to show his courage.

of the P. B. T.

A Rainbow Street Festival tion of South Philadelphia mostly inhabited Rainbow acts tion of South Philadelphia mostly inhabited that he kept track by the boys and girls of Rainbow Halping Watched a lady's house for her while she

> track of as are the dollars in your daddy's To Mrs. Kate Server, 2318 South Rose-wood street, organizer of the Rainbow Help-

> Every single penny was as carefully kept

FARMER SMITH, Children's Editor. Tomorrow is the day of the opening

Safety First Contest \$100 in prizes will be offered.

Announcement and rules will be printed

in TOMORROW'S Bainbow Club News. Not Rosewood street-but Fairyland! That is what your editor thought when he wandered by special invitation into that sec-Hand Club. A beautiful fairyland it was with flag colors, ainbow colors, Pap lanterns and happy faces! But a practical fairyland it was for the owners of the go happy faces were rushing about making pennies so fast that—we were going to say 'that they didn't know how to count them." But they did know how to count them.

wood street, organizer of the Rainbow Helping Hand, enough of praise cannot be given
for her skilful planning of the party and
her systematic carrying out of these plans.
The children sold candy in tiny baskets
made of strips of red, white and blue crepe
paper, braided. They sold lemonade, root
beer, doll bables, aprons and petticoats.
The festival was well attended for the Rainbow had advertised its approach for several days previous to the actual date.
The recreads will be used to pay the exeral days previous to the actual date.

The proceeds will be used to pay the expenses of an all-day picule to be given by the club later in the summer.

Among those who worked very hard for the success of the party are: Marion, Grace and Anna Daly, Thereas Zussy, Lillian Hudson, Cutherine and Mary Collins, Maria Ghagan and Catherine Schaeffer, James Dalsy, John and James Collins, Howard and Joseph Foster, Wilbur Spencer, Zoseph Norvits and Francis Shee.

TALES OF THE BLUE FOREST OF ALASKA

By Farmer Smith One day the king of the snow birds came

You are getting ready for summer, perhaps; let us go back to what your Heart be his queen. Editor told you when our club started. Ask yourself before you spend your This will help you spend your money WISELY. It is not wise to HOARD

> other river of gold. While he was gone King Burr Burr, of the blue wolves, came to old Granny Grump's cave. He said he would give her two more caves of gold with diamonds all

Little Tulip Heart didn't know just what

The Rainbows Fulfill Their Promise

ittle girl crying. They asked her what was the matter. She replied, "Mamma has not money enough to pay our rent."

"How much is the rent?" asked the boys.
"It is 8 dollars, but mother has only 8 dollars," said the little girl.
The boys though of their 6 dollars. They gave it to the child—5 dollars for rent and 1 dollar for food.

to Tulip Heart's grandmother and said if she would give him little Tulip Heart to be his queen he would give Granny Grump

came to her and said he would give her a river of gold if she would let little Tulip Old Granny Grump told Prince Fluff Fluff, the polar bear king, that he would have to give two rivers of gold for Tulip

By MIRIAM KOENIG, Atlantic City,
There was once a little boy who had
cined the Rainbow Club. He was anxious
o fulfill his promise, so he decided to form but he would give me no information as to your whereabouts. He was intensely loyal The dues were 5 cents a week. The hildren saved money up and soon had dollars. They decided to use it for a cond numbers.

So the boys fulfilled their promise to the

Name .......

## Prominent

BALTIMORE BALTIMORE AVE.
Bessie Barriscale In 'NOT MT SIRTES "THE MOONSHINERS" SIBTER

FRANKLIN RITCHIE in VAUDEVILLE and

OLYMPIA BROAD AND

ARCADIA CHESTNUT BELOW 10TH Douglas Fairbanks in "FLIRTING WITH FATE Bille Burke in "Gloria's Romanoe," (No. 10)

HAZEL DAWN IN "THE FEUD GIRL" CEDAR GOTH AND CEDAR AVE. FRANKFORD 4711 FRANKFORD

FANNIE WARD in GLOBE SOTH & MARKET 2:15-7-9

CHARLES CHAPLES IN THE VASCABOURD THE STREET OF THE STREET AND LANCASTER AVENUE BLANCHE SWEET IN THE THOUSAND DOLLAR NUMBERD

LIBERTY BROAD AND COLUMBIA KITTY GORDON in LOGAN THEATRE 4819 N. BROAD

Ella Hall in "THE LOVE GIRL"

JOHN BARRYMORE IN "The Man From Mexico" CHARLIE CHAPLIN IN "THE VACABOND" BILLIE BURKE IN "Gioria's Romance." (8th)

HOLBROOK BLINN in

GEORGE BEBAN in "Pasquale" VICTORIA MARKET ST.
ABOVE POWER
Wrn. S. Hart in "THE APOVELE INTELLIBRATION CHAPTER IN THE VANOGRAMMENT IN THE VARIABLE IN THE