

THE MUCKER By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS Author of the TARZAN and MARS STORIES

SYNOPSIS. Billy Byrne, "the mucker," is a product of Chicago's West Side alley, that and...

to the fore an opportunity to satisfy the vengeance he had inwardly sworn against the sailor who had so roughly manhandled him...

For his infinite mercy in guiding us to them! "If they've been drifting for any considerable number of weeks without food or water..."

CHAPTER III—(Continued) "NOT now," said Theriere; "some one might overhear, just as you did. Wait until I have a better opportunity..."

CHAPTER IV. MALLOY MAKES GOOD. BY DUSK the trim little brigantine was scudding away toward the west before a wind that could not have suited her better...

All hands were in the best of humor. The crew had forgotten their recent rancor at not having been permitted shore leave at Honolulu in the expectancy of adventure in the near future...

Immediately the course of the Halfmoon was altered so that she bore almost directly north by west in an effort to come safely into the course of the steamer which was now lying just above the horizon.

"Salin' vessel 'n' to, west half south," he shouted, "flying distress signals!" In an instant guests and crew had hurried to the points of vantage where they might obtain an unobstructed view of the stranger...

Anthony Harding was on the bridge with Captain Norris, and both men had leveled their eyes rapidly above the horizon. "Can you make her out?" asked the officer. "She's a brigantine," replied the officer; "and all that I can make out from here is that she's engaged in watching us..."

"What I can't understand," he added after a moment's silence, "is why they didn't show any signs of excitement about the fire until the moment you did. It doesn't look queer."

"The officers and men of the Halfmoon, so far as those on board the Lotus could guess, had all entered the boats at last, and were pulling frantically away from their own ship toward the rapidly nearing yacht; but what they did not guess and could not know was that Mr. Divine paced nervously to and fro in his cabin, while Second Officer Theriere tended the smoking riga, which was under way, and resigned to him so that they might take their places in the boats.

"There had been great disgust with the crew in the event that, for he had determined upon a party of action that he felt sure would prove highly remunerative to himself. It had been nothing less than a bold resolve to call Blanco, Byrne, Bony and Ward to his side. The moment Simms and Ward revealed the true purpose of their use to those on board the Lotus, and with his benches take sides with the men of the yacht against the Halfmoon...

no intention of carrying the matter as far as he had intended to Billy, except at a last resort. He had been mightily smitten by the face and fortune of Barbara Harding, and had seen in the trend of events a possible opportunity of so deeply obliging her father and herself that when he paid court to her she might fall a willing victim to his wiles. In this case he would be obliged to risk nothing, and could make away with his accomplices by explaining to Mr. Harding that he had been compelled to concoct this other scheme to obtain their assistance against Simms and Ward, and then he could throw the three into irons and all would be lovely.

But now that fool Ward had upset the whole thing by hitting upon this assinine fire hoax as an excuse for boarding the Lotus in force, and the further dampened Theriere's pet scheme by suggesting to Skipper Simms the danger of Theriere being recognized as they were boarding; the Lotus, a shivering suspicion upon them all immediately.

They all knew that a pleasure yacht like the Lotus was well supplied with small arms, and that at the first intimation of danger there would be plenty of men aboard to repel assault, and, probably, with entire success.

That there were excellent grounds for Theriere's belief that he could win Barbara Harding's hand with such a flying start as his daring plan would have assured him may not be questioned, for the man was cultivated, polished, and, in a slight way, good-looking.

The title of the book borne upon the occasion of his visit to the yacht was, all unknown to his accomplices, his right of birth. There was nothing save a long-sounding name in the present, and a long-sounding name in the past, and an alliance such as he dreamed of.

And now to be thwarted at the last moment. It was unendurable. That pig of Ward had sealed his own death warrant. The boats were now quite close to the yacht, which had slowed down almost to a dead stop. In answer to the query of the Lotus, Skipper Simms was explaining their trouble.

"I'm Captain Jones," he shouted, "of the brigantine Clarinda, Frisco to Yokohama, by dynamite. Our rudder was broken yesterday, and this afternoon fire started in the hold. It's making headway fast now, and will reach the dynamite most any time. You'd better get aboard, or you'll get away from here as quick as you can. Talk'n' safe nowhere within five hundred fathoms of her."

WHAT A MOVIE VOTE LOOKS LIKE Fred A. Booker Evening Ledger PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JULY 15, 1916.

Here in miniature is a model vote in the Evening Ledger Photoplay Cast Contest. No coupons are used. Simply cut out the words "Evening Ledger" and the date line appearing at the top of the first page. Write your candidate's name in the white margin. Mail your votes to Photoplay Cast Contest, P. O. Box 964, Philadelphia, or bring them to the Ledger Office. Use only the heading from the front page. No vote will be credited from a paper of an earlier date than Monday, July 17.

GOOD BILLS SHOWN AT MOVIE HOUSES Feature Films, Comedies and Exceptional New Pictures at All Palaces of Pictures

By the Photoplay Editor A week which promises uniformly good bills throughout the city began for the moving picture theatres with three new feature films, at least one excellent comedy, and news films of present interest. At the Stanley pictures of the Pennsylvania detachment at El Paso were shown. There and elsewhere the "Deutschland" appeared, and a particularly good bit of timely filming was done at the Victoria, where a "shark" film, made some time ago but now appropriate, was on the bill. The latter house also showed Chester Conklin, the nervous and excitable comedian, in "His First False Step." The features were "The Oceanic Trip" at the Stanley, "The Eye of the Night" at the Arcadia, and "Where Is My Daughter?" at the Victoria. At the Palace Victor Moore is seen in "The Clown."

For sheer beauty no other film of the week has the potent charm of "The Dream Girl" for that film possesses Mae Murray, the dainty, the delectable sweet, who first came into extended mortal view in "To Have and to Hold." "The Dream Girl" is an ordinary story, with very little exceptional detail, but with Mae Murray's expressiveness and in powerful acting, it is surprising to see Miss Murray act so contentedly in a role which is so unexciting. Naturally, she does not compare with Mr. Roberts, who is an old hand, a crafty and well actor. In this manifestation, a set and a good-hearted blackguard, he is quite at his best. In spots the photography is excellent, and wherever the action begins to drag there is always the consolation of a close-up of the eyes, which are so expressive of his character, with grace and an appealing beauty added. The addition is precious.

The value of a trade mark was easily explained by one of the patrons of the Arcadia last evening when she said, "Oh, that is supervised by Ince, so it must be good." And was, too, for he presented William H. Thompson in "The Eye of the Night" by C. Gardner Sullivan and directed by Walter Edwin. The story is laid in an English hamlet where the people are as narrow-minded as the rocks which surround the coast are barren. The East Coast Light is affectionately called "The Eye of the Night" by old Dave its keeper, for it is his daily prayer that its light should lead the way for the coming of his daughter, whom he has not seen since a baby, when his wife left him. Jane, a drudge, who lives with the Denbys, is in love with the young man. When a call comes for volunteers, he enlists, leaving Jane anxious about his safe return. A child is born and then news comes that the ship is wrecked. With no place to go she asks old Dave to care for the baby, which he does much to the horror of the people. When he refuses to tell whose child it is, she has him removed from the light-house. An aeroplane drops bombs, one of which strikes the lighthouse and "murders his big eye." News comes that an army transport is due that night and she sacrifices his home by setting fire to it in order to guide the ship in the harbor. There is a happy but not unsatisfactory ending.

Thompson is never out of the picture and his every move shows an understanding of the requirements of screen work. Margory Murray, who has a fine, feminine way of acting, and her large expressive eyes are used to advantage several times. J. P. Lackney, as the cruel Denby, was a carefully studied piece of character acting. The small part required of Rob Benson was portrayed by Edward Edwards, while Mrs. Denby was acted by Agnes Herring. There were many finely drawn bits of character work on the part of the supporting company, and the children used all seemed to fit into the atmosphere. A news picture and Myers and Thibby comedy and "Gloria's Romance" completed the program.

If you have never visited the Victoria Theatre, then do so this week, for the program is one of exceptional merit and its length, together with the variety, affords a combination hard to beat. First there is "The Eye of the Night," with William H. Thompson in "The Eye of the Night" by C. Gardner Sullivan and directed by Walter Edwin. The story is laid in an English hamlet where the people are as narrow-minded as the rocks which surround the coast are barren. The East Coast Light is affectionately called "The Eye of the Night" by old Dave its keeper, for it is his daily prayer that its light should lead the way for the coming of his daughter, whom he has not seen since a baby, when his wife left him. Jane, a drudge, who lives with the Denbys, is in love with the young man. When a call comes for volunteers, he enlists, leaving Jane anxious about his safe return. A child is born and then news comes that the ship is wrecked. With no place to go she asks old Dave to care for the baby, which he does much to the horror of the people. When he refuses to tell whose child it is, she has him removed from the light-house. An aeroplane drops bombs, one of which strikes the lighthouse and "murders his big eye." News comes that an army transport is due that night and she sacrifices his home by setting fire to it in order to guide the ship in the harbor. There is a happy but not unsatisfactory ending.

Evening Ledger Photoplay Cast Contest

Entries now open. Voting began July 21. Decision September 3.

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Entry Blank Please enter in the Evening Ledger Photoplay Cast Contest: Name (Miss or Mrs.) Home address Name (Mr.) Home address SIGNED BY For Nomination organization. Nominating organizations may concentrate their votes on one candidate or may nominate and vote for two or more. No one will be credited for a nomination blank unless properly filled out and forwarded, will entitle the nominee to 1000 votes. Candidates are requested to give their home address in each and every instance, so that they will be able to communicate with them from time to time. All addresses will be strictly confidential. Only one nomination blank will be credited each contestant. Mail in Evening Ledger Photoplay Cast Contest, P. O. Box 964, Philadelphia.

look, in which a girl "sells out for a pair of shoes." It is humanly interesting, with a touch of pity for the girl who attempts to support her mother, shiftless father and six children on five dollars per week. Her hardships and trials are all brought out with a realistic touch. Toward the close of the story there is an allegorical bit showing the conditions might have been from the simple farm life to the wealthy estate, had not poverty dominated. The illustrated titles are careful bits of artistry and little details of the properties used and the manner of their use are given the close attention given its direction. This production should be widely seen, especially by those interested in bettering the conditions of the girl workers.

Mary MacLaren is what is known as a "find" of Miss Weber and she has given her the centre of the stage throughout the subject. She fills this place with acting of the reserved emotional sort that augurs well for her future. She has a "good movie face" and the close-ups show some excellent bits of facial expression. Harry Griffith is the lazy father, an unpleasant character who acts while Mrs. Weber is plodding mother. Other parts are assigned to William W. Mong, Jessie Arnold and three children whose names do not appear.

The Garden Theatre, at 534 and Lansdowne avenue, is now under the management of Robert Hamilton, the former owner and well acted while Mrs. Weber is plodding mother. Other parts are assigned to William W. Mong, Jessie Arnold and three children whose names do not appear.

Over the Garden Wall—Globe Melodies of Hawaii figured prominently in the offering of the Five Byrons, who head the bill at the Cross Keys. This quintet won prolonged applause. Their selections were timely and artistically rendered. Newport and Strik made a decided hit in a novel act in which comedy and acrobatics mingled consistently. This is one of the few acts in vaudeville where the performers do not follow the beaten path. The bill also included Thomas Potter Dunn, the Tiller Sisters, Edgar Foreman and company and Theodore Bamberg and company.

Courtroom Girls—Nixon Grand There is an abundance of comedy and music in the Courtroom Girls, which is featured at the Nixon Grand. The fair jurors are pretty and the costumes are in keeping with the latest fashion. There are other good acts on the bill, including Ad's Hood's Minstrels, Bobbs and Nelson, Francis Hoyt and company, Edith Hoyt and company, the Nany Nany, Lorraine and Henry S. Marshall, Louis Torretti and the Amoro Muley company.

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Prominent Photoplay Presentations

ALHAMBRA 12th, Morris & Passaic Ave. EDWIN BREWER in "The Spirit of the Yukon" BILLIE BURKE in "Gloria's Romance" (11)

ARCADIA BELMONT 62D ABOVE MARKET MATINEE DAILY MARGUERITE CLARK in "MOLLY MAKE BELIEVE" MAE MURRAY in "SWEET KITTY BELLAIRS"

CEDAR 60TH AND CEDAR AVE. HAZEL DAWN in "THE FEUD GIRL" FAIRMOUNT 30TH AND GIRD AVE. GERALDINE FARRAR in "MARIA ROSS"

FRANKFORD 4711 FRANKFORD AVENUE FRITZ SCHEFF in "PRETTY MISS SMITH" 56TH ST. Theatre MATINEE DAILY Request—Mary Pickford in "Behind the Scenes" Frank Danneberg in "The Making of Madalaine"

GERMANTOWN 5508 GERMANTOWN AVE. EDNA GOODRICH in "THE MAKING OF MADALAINES" GLOBE 50TH & MARKET 2:15-7:0 Sessue Hayakawa "Alien Souls"

GIRARD AVENUE THEATRE FRANCIS NELSON in "WHAT HAPPENED AT 22" IRIS THEATRE 8146 KENSINGTON AVENUE Sessue Hayakawa "The Typhoon"

JEFFERSON 29TH AND DAUPHIN STREETS BERTHA KALICH in "AMBITION" LAFAYETTE 2914 KENSINGTON AVENUE FRANK MAYO in "THE BEAT SECRET OF THE SUBMARINE"

LEADER FORTY-FIFTH AND LANCASTER AVENUE BERTHA KALICH in "THE BEAT SECRET OF THE SUBMARINE"

MANY NEW FEATURES IN "MADE IN PHILLY" Keith Revue Still Sets the Pace for Summer Frolic in Show of Merit

A flying start launched "Made in Philly" on its happy third week. There were many things new in the way of songs and numbers and a few surprises in keeping with the proceedings.

In the way of reinforcements there was Vivienne Segal, late star of "The Blue Paradise," who made her first professional appearance in her home town. She has a captivating manner and a dainty way of singing her songs. She gave a dash of romance to the surroundings and must have felt gratified by the cordial reception accorded by her town folk.

And then there was little Edna Wroe, a "Philly" toe dancer, who is a poem of grace and motion in herself. She presented a number of artistic dances and seemed to enjoy them. Were you to picture a woodland sprite whose soul was wrapt in the spirit of Topsy-turvy—that is a guess. No end of applause rewarded her.

Elizabeth Cope and Jack Figel enhanced the picturesque portion of this soothing summer frolic with a number of the latest dances. The comedy kept apace. Much of it was keyed up to the events of the day and the laughs seemed more numerous than ever.

El Brendel and Harry Fern, together with Kelly Mack, Frank Ford and the Brothers Doolittle, added a number of complications with their unraveled finale, after many strenuous misunderstandings. It looked generally as though this Jordan July jubilee will go through to a gay finish if applause and laughs are barometers of vaudeville value.

In addition to the revue there were Andrew Ambros (whose name belies him) and Liza Wentworth. Both were remembered for their good work earlier this season in "The Bride Shop." Tombs is a peculiar comedian, with new ways of making grotesque glances laugh loudly. Miss Wentworth is a cool, refreshing looking person who seems to belong where people are generally happy and musical. And she proved it. The lively fair cornered the applause of the occasion.

Considerable fun was contributed by Harry Holman and company in a comedy sketch and Edwin George, an eccentric juggler. Lillian Fitzgerald and Henry S. Marshall also played in an entertaining act. World-wide news of timely interest was pictured on the screen. J. G. C.

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FARMER SMITH'S RAINBOW CLUB

A READING LESSON For the Careful Class of the Thoughtful Grade in the School of Experience THE DULLEST SCHOLAR IN THE SCHOOLS HAS WIT ENOUGH TO LEARN THESE RULES.

For getting on and off a car This rule is safe, no others are. Experience has proved it true; To ride it best and so may you. To find in safety round the town, Step LEFT foot up and RIGHT foot down. Some clever chaps must need display Their agile capers every day. They tarry not, with graceful ease They mount or leave just when they please. Their way is not for you or me, It shows how reckless one can be. Trust not such tricks to imitate, But show your patience, stand and wait. A long delay is safer far Than risking life with moving car. The safest passengers that ride Are they who by these rules abide.

To take a car, with RIGHT hand clasp The bar and hold with firmest grasp; Then step up with the LEFT foot first, And you are braced to meet the worst; For if the car should move at all, Your RIGHT foot saves you from a fall.

But when you wish to leave the car Be sure your LEFT hand grips the bar; Set first your RIGHT foot on the ground, Then FACING FRONT you will be found; And though the car may start or stay, You can with safety wend your way.

Our Postoffice Box Marie Chagan is going to leave "our Philadelphia" very soon and trip off with the rest of the lucky people to the breezy country. Marie is a good little girl, we have a very dear lady's word for this. We know she deserves her vacation. (Never mind the word for this, she is not any cows to run away from.)

Middle-aged Levers went to the Park a long, long time ago and only told us about it lately, so that's why we're tardy in passing this news on to you. The news is that Mildred's class had a perfectly splendid picnic, which included everything from rolling down hills to sleeping in a hammock. Here is a bit of cool news that comes in on a neatly typewritten note signed Robert Henson, about Alty:

THE P. R. T. Contest is OPEN from NOW until August 12! For the BEST STORIES, DRAWINGS and IDEAS on how to PREVENT and AVOID ACCIDENTS, \$100 IN PRIZES IS OFFERED. Send all stories, etc., to Farmer Smith, Evening Ledger, Philadelphia.

THE WATER DROPS Sent in by BEATRICE PALMER, WYOMING, Pa. Once upon a time there were some Water Drops, and their home was in the sea. One day they decided to go upon a journey. And they had a cloud for a carriage, and the breeze was their horse. There were so many drops of water that the carriage could not carry them all. So at last the carriage broke, and the little folk came tumbling to the ground. They journeyed through the moss and grasses one whole day. Soon a brooklet came trickling along and carried them all home.

STORIES OF CLOUDLAND Her Royal Highness and the Telephone By Farmer Smith

The telephone bell stopped ringing and Buttercup answered it. "Right away, Your Majesty—Your Lady will await you on the eastern porch—You wish to speak to her, don't you?"

"But I have never talked through a telephone. Who is it, what is it?" "Your Highness, Prince Marmolade wishes to speak to you."

"Oh!" exclaimed Her Highness as she took the golden receiver and placed it over her ear. "Not there," said Buttercup, quickly. "Put the receiver to your ear—and—talk right into this," she pointed into a tiny hole, surrounded by clouds.

"Oh, Oh! Listen, Buttercup, to the words from my Prince—where do they come from? Guch! they tickle my ears so—Yes! Yes! I will come soon with Buttercup. There, there! A kiss for you and one for the Sun."

FARMER SMITH, Care of the EVENING LEDGER. I wish to become a member of your Rainbow Club. Please send me a beautiful Rainbow Buttercup free. I agree to DO A LITTLE KINDNESS TO YOU AND EVERY DAY, SPREAD A LITTLE SUNSHINE ALL ALONG THE WAY.

Reward. In a rich section of the city a little newsboy took his daily run with his papers. He did not sell many, for most people in that part of the town had their papers delivered at their doors. Therefore, he was very poor, and often hungry.

THE CHEERFUL CHERUB I like to be artistic And live the life intense I find that it requires So very little sense.

A "Fun" Kind of a Scrap Book I have just made a scrapbook that I want to send to you. It was so much fun to make it. I like to tell the other girls to try. I cut figures and jokes out of funny papers—and then pasted them in the way I liked. It is very nice and I think some little girls would enjoy it.