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

Billy hearns that same. Barbara to inherit 250,000.000 from her grand about 18 to inherit 250,000.000 from her grand about 18 marries according to the terms of his will.

Divins means to marry the girl, after about 18 her, with Simmy's connivance. Therere also desires to wed Barbara and induces Billy to join a counterplot.

On the second day after leaving Honolulu the Halfmoon signs the steamer and changes course. Sails are furled and distress signals flown. Anthony Harding and Captain Norris, of the yacht, see them and decide to extend ald to the supposedly wrecked vessel. Billy Mallory, a passenger, discovers smoke arising from the brigantine and believes she is after. This appearance is a ruse of the conspirators, Theriero, smitten by Barbara, hopes to obligate her fittor and win the girl, making away with the completes and throwing ward, Simms aboar spoils have been allowed to the yacht. Simms amounces himself as Captain Jones, of the Clarinds, Frisco to Tokohama, with dynamite. Fire has followed a disabled rudder and abandonment is necessary. Captain Norris is sceptical, but Harding orders all taken of the yacht. Billy Mallory and Barbara watch the Halfmoon's crew as they clamber aboard. Mailery's proposal of marriage is interrupted by shots. Harding is surrounded by the "rescued" sailors, who are armed with revolvers. Captain Simms is sceking Barbara Harding. By tablishing her identity by a ruse, he orders Hyrne to 'fatch the girl.' Mallory, a former college athlete tries to swe her. He and Billy grapple. The and the standard he yacht. The others return to the brigantine, which sails southward. The standard her yacht. The others return to the brigantine, which sails southward. The price and the standard her yacht. The others return to the brigantine, which sails southward. The price and the standard her yacht. The others return to the brigantine, which sails southward. The price was been decided by Divine and Leron of the sure was a single and the crew relies in the there is her friend. Hilly Byrne passes

Therlare is knocked senseless by a giant wave.

Bility's better nature asserts itself and he drags the mate out of the path of a second wave. Therlere now regards the mucker as a friend.

After three days the Halfmoon, disabled, rides out the storm. Barbara is won by Therier's arguments to look upon him as her protector. Billy still holds the Frenchman and the girl in aversion. He threatens Barbars, who tells him how mean and cowardly his life and actions have been. Realisation of his true character dawns upon him. The Halfmoon, meanwhile, nears land. Tall cliffs appear and Simms endeavors to locate a safe harbor. All hands strive to keep the ship off the rocks toward which she is heading.

CHAPTER VIII-Continued THE Halfmoon was almost upon the cliff's base when a narrow opening showed hardly a cable's length before her nose, an opening through which the sea ran in long, surging sweeps, rolling back upon itself in angry breakers that filled the aperture with swirling water and high-flung

To have attempted to drive the ship into To have attempted to drive the ship into such a place would have been the height of madness under ordinary circumstances. No man knew what lay beyond, nor whether the opening carried sufficient water to float the Halfmoon, though the long, powerful sweep of the sea as it entered denoted considerable depth.

Skipper Simms, seeing the grim rocks

FARMER SMITH'S

WHAT IS GOING TO HAPPEN

This is not an obstacle race. It's just a case of somebody meeting something he wasn't looking for!

rising close beside his vessel, realized that nothing could keep her from them now. A coward at heart, he lost every vestige of his nerve at this crucial moment of his life.

Leaping from the wheelhouse to the deck, he ran backward and forward shricking at the top of his lungs for some one to save him, offering fabulous rewards to the man who carried him safely to the shore.

The sight of their captain in a him first.

What new outrage did the fellow con-

The sight of their captain in a blue funk had its affect upon the majority of the crew, so that in a moment a pack of soreaming, terro-ridden men had supplanted the bravos and bullies of the Half-

From the cabin companionway Barbara From the cabin companionway Barbara Harding looked upon the disgusting scene. Her lip curied in soorn at the sight of these men weeping and meaning in their fright.

She saw Squint-Eye Ward busy about one of the hatches. It was evident that he intended making a futile attempt to utilize it as a means of escape after the Haifmoon truck for her was evident that he intended making a futile attempt to utilize it as a means of escape after the Haifmoon truck for her was evident that the same and the same are same as a means of escape after the Haifmoon truck for her was evident to the same are same as a means of escape after the Haifmoon truck for her same are same as a means of escape after the Haifmoon truck for her same are same as a means of the same are same as a mean and the same are sa struck, for he was attaching ropes to it and dragging it toward the port side of the ship, away from the shore.

Larry Divine crouched beside the cabin

and wept. When Simms gave up the ship Barbara Harding saw the wheelmen (there had been two of them) desert their post, and almost instantly the nose of the Halfmoon turned toward the rocks. But scarcely had the men reached the deck when Therlere leaped

to their place at the wheel.

Unassisted, he could do little with the heavy helm. Barbara saw that he alone of all the officers and men of the brigantine was making an attempt to save the vessel. However futile the effort might be, at least it bespoke the coolness and courage of the

With the sight of him there, wrestling with death in a hopeless struggle, a little wave of pride surged through the girl. Here indeed was a man! And he loved her

—that she knew.

Whether or not she returned his love, her place was beside him now, to give what encouragement and physical aid lay in her

Quickly she ran to the wheelhouse. Therere saw her and smiled.
"There is no hope, I fear," he said; "but,

pardieu, I shall go down fighting; and not like those miserable yellow dogs!" Barbara did not reply, but she grasped the spokes of the heavy wheel and tugged as he tugged. Theriere made no effort to dissuade her from the strenuous labor every ounce of weight would help so much he was attempting to put into effect.

"What do you hope to do?" asked the "Make that opening in the cliffs?" Theriere nodded.
"Do you think me crazy?" he asked.

"It is such a chance as only a brave man would dare to take," she replied. "Do you think that we can get her in?" "I doubt it," he answered. "With another

man at the wheel we might, though."

Below them the crew of the Haifmoor ran hither and thither along the deck on the side away from the breakers. They fought with one another for useless bits of planking and cordage.

The giant figure of the black cook,

Blanco, rose above the others. In his hand was a huge butcher-knife. When he saw a piece of wood he coveted in the hands of another, he rushed upon his hapless vic-tim with wild, bestial howls, menacing him with his gleaming weapon.

Thus he was rapidly accumulating the material for a liferaft.

There was only one figure upon the deck that did not seem mad with terror. A huge fellow he was, who stood leaning against the capstan, watching the wild antics of his fellows with a certain wondering expression of incredulity, the while a contemptuous smile curied his lips. As Barbara Harding chanced to look in his direction, he also

ward them. At his approach the girl shade closer to Theriere.

What new outrage did the fellow contemplate, now he was beside her?

The habitual dark scowl blackened his expression. He laid a heavy hand on Barbara Harding's arm.

"Come out o' dat" he bellowed. "Dat's

o kind o' job fer a broller."

And before either she or Theriers could guess his intention, the mucker had pushed Barbara aside and taken her place at the wheel.

"Good for you, Byrne!" cried Theriere.
"I needed you badly."
"Wy didn't yeh say so, den?"

With the aid of Byrne's herculean mus-cles and great weight, the bow of the Half moon commenced to come slowly around so that presently she was almost parallel to the cliffs again; but now she was much closer in than when Skipper Simms had descried her to her fate. So close that The-riere had little hope of being able to carry out his plan of taking her opposite the opening and then turning and running her before the wind straight into the swirling waters of the inlet.

Now they were almost opposite the aper-ture, and between the giant cliffs that rose on either side of the narrow entrance a sight was revealed that filled their hearts with renewed hope, for a tiny cove was seen to lie beyong the fissure—a cove with a long, wide, sandy beach up which the waves, broken at the entrance to the little haven, rolled with much-diminished vio

"Can you hold her alone for a second, Byrne?" asked Theriere. "We must make the turn in another moment and I've got to let out sail. The instant that you see me out her loose put your helm to starboard. She'll come around easy enough, I imagine, and then hold her nose straight for that open-ing. It's one chance in a thousand, but it's the only one. Are you game?"

"You know it, cul—go to 't," was Billy Byrne's laconic rejoinder. As Theriere left the wheel Barbara Harding stepped to the mucker's side.
"Let me help you," she said. "We need every hand that we can get for the next

few moments." "Beat it!" growled the man. "I don't want no skirts in my way." With a flush the girl drew back, and then

turning, watched Theriers where he stood ready to cut loose the sail at the proper The vessel was now opposite the cleft in the cliffs. Theriere had lashed a new sheet

in position. Now he cut the old ohe. The sail swung around until caught in position by the stout

The mucker threw the helm hard to starboard. The nose of the brigantine swung quickly toward the rocks. The sail filled and an instant later the ship was dashing to what seemed her inevitable doom. Skipper Simms, seeing what Theriers had done after it was too late to prevent it, dashed madly across the deck toward his

"You fool!" he shricked, "You fool! What are you doing? Driving us straight for the rocks—murdering the whole lot of us!" And with that he sprang upon the Frenchman with maniacal fury, bearing him to the

Barbara Harding saw the attack of the Barbara Harding saw the attack of the fear-demented man, but she was powerless to prevent it. The mucker saw it, too, and grinned—he hoped that it would be a good fight; there was nothing that he enjoyed more. He was sorry that he could not take a hand in it, but the wheel demanded all the straight new see that he was even chanced to look in his direction, he also chanced to turn his eyes toward the wheelhouse. It was the mucker.

The girl was surprised that he, the great-

#### THE CHEERFUL CHERUB

When I look at people's faces in the cars And see the cranky-disposition scars I think I'll try to keep my thoughts sublime And thus conserve my countenance



stantly increasing speed. The other members of the ship's com-pany, all unmindful of the battle that at another time would have commanded their undivided attention, stood with eyes gived pon the wild channel toward which the origantine's nose was pointed. They saw now what Skipper Simms had failed to see —the little cove beyond, and the chance for safety that the bold stroke offered if it

With steady muscles and glant sinews the mucker stood by the wheel, nursing the erratic wreck as no one would have supposed it was in him to do. Behind him Barbara Harding watched first Theriere and Simms, and then Byrns and the swirling waters

toward which he was heading the ship.

Even the strain of the moment did not prevent her from wondering at the strange contradictions of the burly young rufflan who could at one moment show such traits of cowardliness and the next rise so coolly to the highest pinnacles of courage. As she watched him occasionally she noted for the first time the leonine contour of to note that his features were regular and

Then she recalled Billy Mallory and th cowardly kick that she had seen delivered in the face of the unconscious Theriere. With a little shudder of disgust she turned away from the man at the wheel.

Theriere by this time had managed to get on top of Skipper Simms, but that orthy still clung to him with the despera-

worthy still clung to him with the despera-tion of a drowning man.

The Halfmoon was rising on a great wave that would bear her well into the maelstrom of the cove's entrance. The wind had increased to the proportions of gale, so the brigantine was fairly raceither to her doom or her salvation-

Halfway through the entrance the wave dropped the ship, and with a mighty crash that threw Barbara Harding from her feet, the vessel struck full amidships upon a sunken reef. Like a thing of glass, she broke in two with the terrific impact, and in another instant the waters about her

vere filled with screaming men. Barbara Harding felt herself hurtled from the deck as though shot from a catapult. The swirling water engulfed her. She knew that her end had come; only the most powerful of swimmers might hope to win through that lashing hell of water o the beach beyond. For a girl to do was too hopeless even to contemplate But she recalled Theriere's words of a hort time ago: "There is no hope, I fear short time ago: "There is no hope, I fear; but, pardieu, I shall go down fighting," and with the recollection came a like resolve on her part—to go down fighting.

So she struck out against the powerfu waters that swirled her hither and thither now perilously close to the rocky sides of the entrance, and now into the mad chaos of the channel's ceatre. Would to heaven that Theriere were near her, she thought, for if any could save her it would be he.

Since she had come to believe in the man's friendship and sincerity, Barbara Harding had felt renewed hope of eventual salvation, and with the hope had come a desire to live which had almost been lacking for the greater part of her detention upon the Halfmoon

upon the Hairmoon.

Bravely she battled now against the awful odds of the mighty Pacific, but soon she feit her strength waning. More and more ineffective became her puny efforts, and at last she ceased almost entirely the futile struggle.

And then she felt a strong hand grasp her arm, and with a sudden surge she was swung over a broad shoulder. Quickly she grasped the rough shirt that covered the pack of her would-be rescuer, and then commenced a battle with the waves that for many minutes, that seemed hours to the frightened girl, hung in the balance. But the swimmer beneath her forged steadily and persistently toward the sandy beach, to flounder out at last with an unconscious burden in his mighty arms. As the man stagged up out of reach of the water, Barbara Harding opened her eyes to look up in astonishment into the face of—the mucker.

#### CHAPTER IX. The Little Brown Man.

ONLY four men of the Halfmoon's crew were lost in the wreck of the vessel. All had been crowded in the bow when the ship broke in two; and being flung far by the forward part of the brigantine as it lunged toward the cove on the wave following the one which had dropped the craft upon the reef, with the exception of the four that had perished beneath the wreckage, the men had been able to swim safely to the beach.

Larry Divine, who had sat weeping upon the deck of the doomed ship during the time that hope had been at its lowest, had recovered his polse. Skipper Simms, sub-dued for the moment, soon commenced to regain his bluster. He took Theriers to task for the loss of

the Halfmoon.

"Ef ever we make a civilized port," h shouted. "I'll prefer charges ag'in' you, you swab you! A losin' of the finest bark as ever weathered a storm! Ef it hadn't a' been fer you a mutiny-in' ag'in' me I'd

a brought her through in safety an' never lost a bloomin' soul."
"Stop it," admonished Theriere at last. "Your foolish bluster cannot hide the hald fact that you deserted your post in time of danger. We are ashore now, rememof danger. We are ashore now, remem-ber, and there is no more ship for you to command, so if I were you I would be careful how I talked to my bettera."

"What's that?" screamed the skipper.
"My betters? You frog-satin' greaser you, Till teach you! Here, some of you, slap this swab into froms! Fil learn him that I'm still captain of this here bunch."
Theriers laughed in the man's face; but Ward and a couple of hands who had been shown favoritism by the skipper and first must cleased menacingly toward the second

mate closed menacingly toward the second The Frenchman took in the situation at

a glance. They were ashore now, where they didn't think that they needed him further, and the process of elimination had Well, it might as well come

own now as later. "One moment," said Theriere, raising his hand. "You shall not take me alive, and I think that you do not want to, anyhow. If you try to kill me, some of you shall die with me. The best thing is to divide up this party now, once and for all."

As he finished aneaking he turned toward. As he finished speaking he turned toward

Billy Byrne. "Are you and the others with me or against me?" he asked.
"I'm ag'in' Simms," replied the mucker
noncommittally.
Bony Sawyer, Red Saunders, Blanco,
Wilson and two others drew in behind Billy

"We all's wid Billy," announced Blanco Divine and Barbara Harding stood a lit-tie apart. Both were alarmed at the sud-den, hostile turn events had taken. Simma. Ward and Theriers were the only members of the party armed. Each were a revolver strapped about his hips. All were still dripping from their recent plungs in

(CONTINUED TOMORROW.)

#### WAR WEDDING IN LOVELY SUSSEX BLENDS PATHOS WITH ROMANCE

Mossy Minster, Centuries Old, Thronged at Nuptials of Invalided Cambridge Don and Pretty Volunteer Nurse-Tommies Cheer Bride

> By ELLEN ADAIR Written for the Evening Ledger

> > The bride and bridesmaid both looked beautiful and the bridesmaid in particular amiled on every one. "Strange how that

beautiful and the bridesmaid in particular smiled on every one. "Strange how that charming girl does not marry," whispered more than one person among the congregation. But those who knew the bridesmaid intimately knew the reason why. They had not been "exactly" engaged, she and the good-looking boy whose name had ap-

the good-looking boy whose name had ap-peared nearly a year ago in the "killed in action" column. But she had promised to give him a definite answer on his next leave. That leave never came!

When the service was over and the bride and bridegroom were signing the register the wounded soldiers arose from their pews

and made a triumphal arch with their crutches all the way down the aisle. The bride and bridegroom marched under that

strange archway, and there were tears in the eyes of the little bride and a lump in the throats of the spectators as they saw

When the bridal couple reached the bullet

riddled door of the church the invalids limped out after them, and a regular battle

of rice and confetti took place. As the

motorcar dashed off with its occupants the

wounded Tommies, waved their crutches in farewell to the little nurse who had tended

them so carefully, and to her bridegroom, who in four days' time was due to return

those crutches held bravely aloft.

to the Flanders first-line trenches.

her to the church. But she shrank from meeting her old friends, and sat very quietly through the reading of the solemn service hidden behind her pillar. LONDON, July 6. T HAVE spent the last few days in a Sus-I sex hamlet where a great peace seems to reign and where war seems very far away. Yet there are days when the distant roar of guns and artillery drifts across the English Channel from the battlefields of France and mingles with the crash of the waves on the Sussex shore. At such times the villagers stop their work to congregate on the village green, waiting patiently for the latest news to come.

For every available man from that little

village is fighting at the front. Death, too has taken its heavy toll. Squares of painted cardboard, boarded with heavy black, look sadly out from many a cottage window. If you draw closer, you will read the words "Roll of Honor" printed there, and then a name and a date below.

It's a charming little place, this English village, nestling in an emerald setting of prim green fields. The red-roofed houses are scattered on either side of the broad white road which leads down to the sea. From their deep mullioned windows you can see the English Channel lying very blue and vivid in the sunshine.

Against the blue there are dotted patches

of brown—the salls of fishing smacks which have dared the terrors of these mine-strewn waters. But more often there are ominor patches of black—cruisers and mine sweepers and torpedoboat destroyers. And there are other things in that little English village which I must not speak of, if I wish to avoid the censor's big black pencil and heavy displeasure.

On a grassy rise and outlined against soft blue English skies stands a little church. It has steed on that wind-awept hillock for 600 years. Around it cluster the graves of generations, marked by stones too age-weary to stand upright and smothered with green moss. If you scrape some of the moss away you will read absurd in-scriptions and poems. For in days of old the shortcomings of the departed were set forth as definitely as their virtues, "for the good of all who pass by."

This little church has been for centuries a sanctuary for broken and hunted men, as the bullet holes on the caken door tes-tify. Thieves, murderers and traitors, if they only gained the portals of this little church, were safe against all enemies. By the law of the land, they were on sacred ground, and must be unmolested. To break sanctuary was a terrible crime in the old

The bells of the little church were pealing merrily, for a war wedding was about to take place. And among a crowd of wedding guests I walked through the ancient burying ground and entered the 600-year-old church. Jeweled lights and dim, cool shadows greeted us. The damp stone walls were here and there carved into queer figures, and sometimes a grinning gargoyle. An air of peace was in the little church. It

was a "pax dolorosa," but of infinite calm.

The wedding was a romantic one, as indeed are all war weddings in these days. The bride had been a voluntary nurse in a hospital for wounded Tommies, and now she was going to marry one of her patients. Although he was ranked as 'only a com-mon Tommy,' the bridegroom was some-thing of a celebrity. He was a Cambridge don, and a landed proprietor of means. He had fallen in love with his pretty nurse, and now that he was recalled to his regi-

ment he was going to marry her.

The first three pews were filled with convalencent soldiers, their pockets crammed with rice and confetti, and their faces shining with prolonged ablutions. Their bright blue uniforms were carefully brushed, their crimson ties immagulate, and their crutches

propped up in front of them.

A row of small boy scouts, dignified in their uniforms, sat in the pew behind. One of them sneezed, and the others re-garded him with reproachful eyes. Such a lack of self-control was unworthy of a scout!

Then came the bride's relatives. Her father was a tall, gray-haired old man whom the war had hit very badly. He had lost one son at Neuve Chapelle and another out in Gallipe Mesopotamia, and that fact alone was sufficient to account for his worn, anxious look. His wife kept a brave face, though to her life could never be the same again. joined in the national anthem which pre-cedes all war-time services with a voice that sounded almost exultant.

At the back of the church, hidden by a big stone pillar so that her new black clothes might not cast a shadow on the wedding, sat the girl-widow. She had not intended coming to the church, for her loss was very recent. Her satior-husband had gone down in the great North Sea battle. working his guns to the last. He had been a personal friend of the bridegroom's, and the knowledge of that friendship and the pressing invitation of the bride had brought

CASTELLANE MAKES NEW PLEA TO POPE IN MARRIAGE CASE

Asserts Miss Gould Contemplated Divorce When They Wedded

ROME, July 24 .- Count Boni de Castel lane, through his attorney, in the suit bafore the Holy See for the annulment of his marriage with Anna Gould, has presented new evidence to the Pope which, he says will prove that Miss Gould married Count de Castellane with the intention of dis ing him if later she became dissatisfied with the marriage bond. This, according to anonical law, is sufficient to annul a Cath-

canonical law, is sufficient to annul a Cath-olic marriage, the attorney says.

As matrimonial cases before the Hoty See can always be resumed if fresh facts are brought forward, the Pope has decided to submit the case in its new aspects to the same commission of cardinals that exam-ined into it previously and decided against an annulment. The commission comprises Cardinals De Lai, Bisietti and Van Rossum.

Women to Discuss Campaign Women to Discuss Campaign
WASHINGTON, July 24.—Plans for the
conference of the National Woman's party,
to be held in Colorado Springs August 16
to 12, when it will be decided what action
the party will take in the coming presidential election, are being rapidly completed.
Plans for the campaign to be carried
on by the Woman's party in the 12 suffrage
States of the West also are being rapidly
worked out. State campaign managers

worked out. State campaign managers have been selected for the various States Baby Scalded at Picnic Thirteen-month-old Frank Robinson, 2634 Webster street, was badly scalded by over-turning a pot of tea at a pionic with his parents and other children of the family yesterday afternoon in Fairmount Park. He was taken to the Women's Homeopathic Hospital, where it was expected he would

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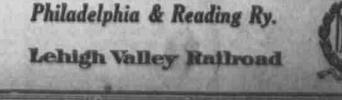
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# bow. If you don't believe this, ask Mrs.

Berver, for Catherine is one of that good woman's Rosewood Rainbow Branch. She is ieedls woman. Your editor has had the good fortune to see some of the little girl's work, and. course, your edi-tor knows! Some one else has learned how to use her hands well. It is Regina Da Pete, and do you know what she has made up her mind to do? To excel

Our Postoffice Box

Catherine Schaeffer is a capable Rain-

successful even beyond her own dreams is proved by the unusual letters that come to us with Regina's name attached. Hannah Salkowitz, Parkside avenue, is another little girl who has evidently made up her mind to excel in penmanship. If she hasn't, then the talent has slipped in unawares. Hannah writes a very friendly note, too, which only goes to show that a young person may master two arts at once.

FARMER SMITH,

Care of The EVENING LEDGER I wish to become a member of your Rainbow Club. Please send me a beautiful Hainbow Button free. I agree to DO A LITTLE KINDNESS EACH AND EVERY DAY, SPREAD A LITTLE SUNSHINE ALL ALONG THE WAY.

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FARE READY PLEASE

A Pleasant Afternoon

A Pleasant Afternoon

By REGINA DA PETE.

Mary Smith, Anna Jones, Jennie White and I decided to spend Saturday afternoon in the park. We had a supply of food. We took with us a rope to play with. When we arrived at the park I saw a beautiful bird. His name was Robin Redbreaat. Later we sat down to eat our luncheon.

After luncheon we played jumping rope. Then Mary Smith found some beautiful flowers. They were daisies, wild roses, spring beauties, also buttercups. Near the park was a forest. In the forest was a tree which bore dogwood. We all took some of the dogwood.

the dogwood. The park was a beautiful sight. It had lovely green banks. In the distance there was a spring where nice cool water flowed. Under some of the shade tress were benches, where parties might picnic. We all thought our afternoon a lovely one.

Vacation Notes

Vacation Notes

Two little girls from Catasauqua, Pa., send such pretty letters of application that it is a pleasure to publish them.

"Kind Sir," writes the first little one, "I am a little girl, nine years old, and P read your club news every evening just as soon as we get the paper. I think it is very interesting and I like the slogan that you have adopted very much. If you will accept me as a member, it will make me very, very happy. Catherine Bickel."

"Kind Sir," maya her little slater, "I am just a little girl and I am a sister to Catherine Bickel. I read the things you say every night in the Hainbow Club. I am only just past seven, but I can read a windle lot hecause I always try to learn. With love, MARGARET SIJNERS.

Farmer Smith

Little Tulip Heart's eyes popped open and she looked to see where the strawberry came from. There was no one in the big bright room and the roses in the silver dish on the little pearl table by the bed

seemed sound asleep. But as Tulip Heart rubbed her eyes she noticed that one of the gold knobs on the

eyes were open and very blue. "Don't be frightened, Tulip Heart," said the bed knob. "Bumble, the king of the bees, brought that strawberry in and

"But who are you?" asked Tulip Heart. "Are you alive?"

asked Tulip Heart. "I took the Sand Man's bucket of sand away from him," said the bed knob, "and

have been awake and shining." "How funny!" laughed Tulip Heart.

days.

Heart. "Zu Zu," said the bed knob. "I am Zo Zo's brother. She is going to be your

## STORIES OF CLOUDLAND

RAINBOW CLUB

a delicious strawberry in her mouth.

open, showing very white teeth, and the

"I'm only half alive," said the bed knob.

put the Moon to sleep when he ought to

"Yes," said the bed knob, "I thought

that I be turned into a bed knob for 30 "Oh, then you won't always be a bed knob?" cried Tulip Heart, feeling much

One morning after Little Tulip Heart had come to Cloudland to marry Prince Marmolade she woke up in her little gold bed and yawned. She opened her mouth

rail at the foot of her bed was smiling at her. It was just a round gold knob, like you'll see on lots of beds, but it had eyes and a nose and a mouth. The mouth was

dropped it in your mouth. I saw him do

it was funny till they turned me into a bed knob. You know I was one of Prince Marmolade's page boys. I used to ride round with the Prince in his flying cloud and turn the crank. I was going to the Hine Forest of Alaska with Prince Marmo-

better.

maid, you know, when she comes back from Toyland tomorrow."

maid, you know, when she comes back from Toyland tomorrow."

"What is she doing over in Toyland?" asked Tulip Heart.

"Her steam butterfly ran down," said Zu Zu." and she took it bver to Santa Claus to get it fixed. She didn't know you were coming so soon."

"I'll just love to meet her," cried Tulip Heart, "and it'll be lots of fun when you get out of the bed knob. Have you get a steam butterfly, too?"

"I've got an automobile beetle," said Zu Zu, "but I can't ride on it again till the sland Man gets over being cross at me."

"Ia he very angr?" asked Tulip Heart. "So angry he breathes smoke," laughed Zu Zu. "You know he only eats green chasse and now the Moon won't give him any more for a meath."

Tulip Heart Talks to the Bed Knob-By

very wide and when she shut it there was

"I'm being punished." "What are you being punished for?"

lade to find you, when the Moon ordered