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

ERE he found a fair-sized space about a Clear and plentiful spring of cold water. Only a few low bushes dotted the grassy clearing, which was almost completely surrounded by dense and impenetrable jungle. The men had deposited their burden, and still Theirers stood waiting for the remainder of his party—Miller and Swenson with Barbara Harding.

But they did not come.

When, in alarm, the entire party started back in search of them they retraced their steps to the very brink of the declivity leading to the cove before they could believe the testimony of their own perceptions. Only a few low bushes dotted the grassy

Kidnapped Again.

WHEN Barbara Harding, with Miller before and Swenson behind her, had taken up the march behind the loot-laden party, seven dusky, noiseless shadows had emerged from the forest to follow close

For half a mile the party moved along the narrow trail unmolested. Theriere had come back to exchange a half dozen words

with the girl and had again moved forward toward the head of the column.

Miller was not more than 25 feet behind the first man ahead of him, and Miss Harding and Swenson followed at intervals of but three or four yards.

Suddenly, without warning, Swenson and Miller fell, placed with a yarara and willer fell, placed with a yarara and

Miller fell, pierced with savage spears, and at the same instant sinewy fingers gripped Barbara Harding and a silencing hand was clapped over her mouth.
There had been no sound above the
muffled tread of the seamen. It had all
been accomplished so quickly and so easily

that the girl did not comprehend what had befallen her for some minutes. In the darkness of the forest she could

not clearly distinguish the forms or features of her abductors, though she reasoned, as was only natural, that Skipper Simme's party had become aware of the plot against them and had taken this means of thwarting a part of it; but when her captors turned directly into the mazes of the jungle, away from the coast, she began first to wonder and then to doubt.

Presently, when a small clearing let the moonlight fall upon them, she was not sur-prised to discover that none of the members of the Halfmoon's company was among her guard.

Barbara Harding had not circled the globe half a dozen times for nothing. There were but few races or nations with whose his-tory, past and present, she was not fairly familiar, and so the sight that greeted her eyes was well suited to fill her with aston-

hment. She found herself in the hands of what appeared to be a party of Japanese war-riors of the fifteenth or sixteenth centuries. She recognized the medieval arms and armor, the ancient helmets, the hairdressing of the two-sworded men of old Japan At the belts of two of her captors dangled grisly trophies of the hunt. In the moon-light she saw that they were the heads of Miller and Swenson

The girl was horrified. She had thought her lot before as bad as it could be, but to be in the clutches of these strange, flerce warriors of a long-dead age was unthinkably worse. That she could ever have wished to be back upon the Halfmoon would have seemed, a few days since, incredible; yet that was precisely what she longed for

On through the night marched the little brown men, grim and silent, until at last they came to a small village in a valley away from the coast—a valley that lay nestled high among lofty mountains.

dotted here and there among the dwellings. son. That is God's truth. Now for the one into one of the flithy dens Barbara Hardting I set mentioned. ing was dragged. She found a single room "Recently I changed my intentions relaing was dragged. She found a single room which several native and half-caste tive to Mile. Harding. I desired the money

the entrance to another against the entrance to another against the girl was given little opportunity to examine her new prison, for scarce had the guards withdrawn than Oda Yorimoto approached and grasped her by the arm. "Come!" he said in Japanese that was sufficiently similar to that of modern Nipton to be easily understood by Barbara to accede to another that which he craved for himself. regime!" he said in Japanese that was sort of way sufficiently similar to that of modern Nippon to be easily understood by Barbara to accede to Harding. With the word he drew her toward a raised platform at one side of the "Yeh liste room. There was a greedy look in the vicious, beady eyes.

When Theriers came to the realization that Harbara Harding was gone he jumped to the natural conclusion that Ward and Simms had discovered the ruse that he had worked upon them just in time to permit them to intercept Miller and Swenson with the girl and carry her back to the main

camp. The others were prone to agree with him, though the mucker grumbled that "it listened fishy." However, all hands returned cautiously down the face of the turned cautiously down the face of the cliff, expecting momentarily to be attacked by the guards which they felt sure Ward would post in expectation of a return of the mutineers the moment they discovered that the girl had been taken from them. But to the surprise of all they reached the cove without molestation, and when they had crept cautiously to the vicinity of the sleapers they discovered that all of the sleepers they discovered that all were there in peaceful slumber, just as they had left them a few hours before. Silently the party retraced its steps up the cliff. Theriere and Billy Byrne brought

up the rear. "What do you make of it, Byrne?" asked the Frenchman.

"If you wanna get it straight, cul," re-plied the mucker, "I t'ink youse know a whole lot more about it dan you'd like to have the rest of us t'ink." "What do you mean, my friend?" cried Theriere, surprised at Billy's words. "Speak

"Sure I'll speak out. You didn't t'ink l was bashful, didja? Wot did you detail dem two pikers, Miller and Swenson, to guard de skirt fer, if it wasn't for s guard de skirt fer, if it wasn't for a 2-e special frame-up of yer own? Dey news been in our gang, and dat's just wot you wanted 'em fer. It was easy to tip dem off to hike out wid de squab, and de first chanct you get you'll alie after dem, while we hold de bag. Tought you'd double-cross us easy, didn't sen? Yeh cheap skate!"

"Byrne," said Theriere, and it was easy to see that only through the strength of his will-power did he keep his temper, "you may have cause to suspect the motives of every one connected with the Halfmoon. I cannot say that I blame you, but I wish you to remember what I say to you now. There was a time when I fully intended to doublecross you, as you say-that was before you

saved my life.
"Since then I have been square with you. not only in deed, but in thought as well. I give you the word of a man whose word once meant something—I am playing fairly Here were cavelike dwellings burrowed half under ground. The upper walls and thatched roofs cose scarcely four feet above thatched roofs cose scarcely four feet above the ground level. Granaries on stilts were has happened to her and Miller and Swen-

FARMER SMITH'S (RAINBOW CLUB

women were sleeping. About them stretched and curied and perched a motley throng of dirty, yellow children, dogs, pigs and chickens.

It was the palace of Daimio Oda Yorkmoto, Lord of Yoka, as his ancestors had christened their new island home.

Once within the warms the common of the common of

moto, Lord of Yoka, as his ancestors had christened their new island home.

Once within the warren the two Samurai who had guarded Barbara upon the march turned and withdrew—she was alone with Oda Yorimoto and his family.

From the centre of the room depended a swinging shelf upon which a great pile of grinning skulls rested. At the back of the room was a door which evidently was the entrance to another apartment in the dwelling.

The reason for my change is my own affair. In all probability you would not believe the sincerity or honesty of my motives should I disclose them. I tell you these things only because you have accused me of double dealing, and I do not wish the man who saved my life at the risk of his own to have the slightest grounds to doubt my honesty with him. I have been a fairly bad egg, Byrne, for a great many years; but, pardieu, I am not entirely rotten yet.

Byrne was silent for a few moments. He, examine her new prison, for scarce had

"Yeh listen, all right, cul," he said at last, "an' I'm willin' to take yeh at yer own say-so till I learn different."

"Thanks," said Theriere tersely. "Now we shall work together in the search for Miss Harding. But where, in the name of a pipe, shall we start?"

"W'y, where we seen her last, of course," replied the mucker. "Right here on top of dese bluffs."

"Then we can't do anything until day-light," said the Frenchman.
"Not a t'ing, and at daylight we'll most likely have a scrap on our hands from be-low," and the mucker jerked his thumb in the direction of the cove.
"I think," said Theriere, "that we should

spend an hour arming ourselves with sticks spend an hour arming ourselves with sticks and stones. We have a good position up here—one that we can defend with ease from an assault from below. If we are prepared for them we shall hold them off for a while and may take the time to search about up here for clues to the whereabouts of madernoiselle." of mademoiselle."

And so the party set to work to cut stout bludgeons from the trees about them and pile loose fragments of rock in handy places near the clifftop. Theriere even went so far as to throw up a low breastwork across the top of the trail up which the enemy must climb to reach the summit of the clift. When they had completed their prepara-tions, three men could have held the place against ten times their own number.

Then they lay down to sleep, leaving Blanco and Divine on guard, for it had been decided that these two, with Bony Sawyer, should be left behind on the morrow to hold the clifftop while the others were hunting for traces of Barbara Harding. They were to relieve one another on guard duty during

the remainder of the night. Hardly had the first suggestion of dawn lightened the eastern sky than Divine, who was again on guard, awakened Theriere. In a moment the others were aroused and a hasty raid was made on the cached pro-

The lack of water was keenly felt, but it was too far to the spring to chance taking the time necessary to fetch the much-craved fluid, and those who were to forge into the jungle in search of Barbara Harding hoped to find water further inland. while it was decided to dispatch Sawyer to the spring for water for those who were to remain on guard at the clifftop.

A hurried breakfast was made on ship's biscuit. Theriere and his party stuffed their pockets full of them, and a moment later the hunt was on.

First the men traversed the trail toward the spring, looking for indications of the spot where Barbara Harding had ceased to follow them. The girl had worn heelless buckskin shoes at the time she was taken from the Lotus, and these left little or no spoor in the well-tramped earth of the narrow path.

But a careful and minute examination on the part of Theriere finally resulted in the

THE CHEERFUL CHERUB

I'm quite provoked That hold the world in wretched thrall They interrupt me so guess I just wont notice them at all



detection of a single small footprint a hundred yards from the point they had struck the trail after ascending the cliffs. This far, at least, she had been with

men now spread out upon eithe side of the track—Theriere and Red Sanders on one side, Byrne and Wilson on the other. Occasionally Theriere would return to the trail to search for further indications of

the spoor they sought.

The party had proceeded in this fashion for nearly half a mile, when they were suddenly attracted by a low exclamation of the muches. of the mucker,
"Here!" he called, "Here's Miller an'
the Swede, an' they sure have museed
'em up terrible!"

The others hastened in the direction of his voice, to come to a horrified halt at the sides of the headless trunks of the

"Mon Dieu!" exclaimed the Frenchman, reverting to his mother tongue, as he did under the stress of excitement. "Mais, o'est atroce!"
"Who done it?" queried Red Sanders.

looking suspiciously at the mucker.
"Head-hunters," said Theriere. "God!
What a frightful fate for that poor girl!" Billy Byrne went white.
"Yeh don't mean dat dey've lopped off

her block?" he whispered in an awed voice.
Something strange rose in the mucker's
breast at the thought he had voiced. He did not attempt to analyze the sensation; but it was far from Joy at the suggestion that the woman he so hated had met a horrible and disgusting death at the hands of savages.

"I fear not, Byrne," said Theriere, in voice that none there would have recog-nized as that of the harsh and masterful second officer of the Halfmoon. "Ye're afraid not?" echoed, Billy Byrne in amazement.

"For her sake, I hope that they did," said Theriere. "For such as she it would have been a far less horrible fate than the one'I fear they have reserved for her."
"You mean—" queried Byrne, and then he stopped, for the realization of just what Theriere did mean swept over him

quite suddenly.

There was no particular reason why
Billy Byrne should have felt toward women the finer sentiments which are so cherished a possession of those men who have been gently born and raised, even after they have learned that all women are not as was the feminine ideal of their boyhood, Billy's mother, always foul-mouthed and quarrelsome, had been a ver able demon

when drunk, and drunk she had been when ever she could, by hook or crook, raise the price of whisky. Never, to Billy's recollec-tion, had she spoken a word of endearment to him; and so terribly had she abused him that even while he was yet a little boy, scarce out of his babyhod, he had learned to view her with hatred as deep-rooted as is the love of most little children for their nothers. When he had come to man's estate, he

had defended himself from the woman's brutal assaults as he would have defended himself against another man. When one had struck. Blily had struck back; the say thing to his credit being that he had nover atruck her except in self-defense. Chasity in woman was, to him, a thing to joke of—he did not believe that it ex-

isted; for he judged other women by the one he knew best—his mother. And as he hated her, so he hated them all.

He had doubly hated Barbara Harding, since she not only was a woman, but a woman of the class he loathed.

And so it was strange and inexplicable that the suggestion of the girl's probable fate should have affected Billy Byrne as it all—he simply knew that he felt a mad and unreasoning rage against the creatures and unreasoning rage against the creatures that had borne the girl away. Outwardly, however, Billy showed no indication of the turmoil that raged within his breast.

"We gotta find her, bo." he said to Theriere. "We gotta find the skirt."

Ordinarily Billy would have blustered about the terrible things he would do to

the objects of his wrath when once he had them in his power; but now he was strangely quiet. Only the firm set of his strong chin and the steely glitter of his gray eyes gave token of the iron resolution the objects of his wrath when once he had

Theriere, who had been walking slowly to and fro about the dead men, now called the others to him. "Here's their trail," he said. "If it's as

plain as that all the way, we won't be long in overhauling them. Come along." Before he had the words half out of his mouth the mucker was forging ahead through the jungle along the well-marked spoor of the Samural. "What kind of men do you suppose they

are?" asked Red Sanders. are?" asked Red Sanders, unquestionably," replied Theriere,
Sanders shuddered. The appellation had a gruesome sound. He suddenly caught Wilson's arm, muttering something, and they stopped short.

CHAPTER XI. The Defense of the Cliff.

COME on!" cried Theriere, and started Off after the mucker, who already was out of sight in the thick forest. Red Sanders and Wilson took a few steps after the Frenchman. Theriere turned once to see that they were following him, and then a twist in the trail hid them from

Red Sanders stopped. "Damme if I'm goin' to get my coconut hacked off on any such wild-goose chase as this." he said to Wilson. this," he said to Wilson.
"The girl's more'n likely dead long ago,"

said the other.
"Sure she is," returned Red Sanders, "an'
if we go buttin' into that there thicket
we'll be dead too. Ugh! Poor Miller,
Poor Swenson. It's orful. Did you see
wot they done to 'em beside cuttin' off
their heads?"
"Yes," whispered Wilson, looking sud-

their heads?
"Yea," whispered Wilson, looking suddenly behind him.
Red Sanders gave a little start, peering in the direction that his companion had

looked.

"Wot was it?" he whimpered. "Wot did
you do that fer?"

"I thought I seen something move there."
replied Wilson. "Fer gawd's sake let's get
outen this," and without waiting for a word
of assent from his companion the sailor
turned and ran at breakneck speed along
the little path toward the snot where Di-

CONTINUED TOMORBOW

BRENON LEAVES FOX TO HEAD OWN FIRM

Director of "Million-Dollar Picture" Will Present Nazimova and Mary Garden

By the Photoplay Editor Herbert Brenon, who has just completed "A Daughter of the Gode" for William Fox, announces his intention of entering the production field on his own account, releasing his product on the State right

A peculiarly interesting angle to Phila-delphians is the announcement that Stanley V. Mastbaum, the local theatre magnate, is vice president of the new Brenon Company. Mr. Brenon expects to begin next month producing special features with women stars only. He expects to make four or five of these before next March, when he will start work on "Thais," an elaborate spec-tacle, with Mary Garden as the star. Mr. Brenon describes his plans as fol-

"I shall make these pictures with women stars only, because I believe the public prefers to see them on the screen. I shall prefers to see them on the screen. I shall make at least four or five productions before next March, when I shall commence upon my next great spectacle, with Mary Garden as the star. No star will appear either for me or any other concern within one year of the date of the release of her feature. I have decided upon this policy because today Neptune' Daughter' is still playing with excellent receipts solely because it is the only picture in which they can see that wonderful artist Aurents Kol. can see that wonderful artist, Annette Kel

The first production by Mr. Brenon is rumored to be "War Brides," with Nazi-mova as the star.

One of the stock comedy situations of One of the stock comedy situations of the movies is where the hilarious young man receives a shower bath when the bottle of wine he has been shaking ejects its cork violently and deluges its victim. its cork violently and deluges its victim.

The surest way of getting the effect on the screen is to conceal a hose in the clothing of the one to be drenched and have him hold in his hand behind the neck of the nozzle in his hand behind the neck of the hottle. After it has been duly waved about the camera man stops turning for a brief moment while the hose attachment is made. Then the action begins again. Ordinarily there is no joy in the procedure for the bottleholder, but in these dog days in the studio, notoriously the hottest place outside of a stokehold or steel furnace, the enacting of this scene brings forth shrieks of real joy from the shaker. That was why Owen Moore starred in "Under Cover," at the Stanley tomorrow, in the Famous Players studio the other day insisted that a retake was necessary. a retake was necessary.

The new issue of the Evening Lengur Universal Animated Weekly, dated July 26, will contain: 15,000,000 HURRICANE'S WRECKAGE—Water-front devastated by gale that blows ships far ashore—Mobile. Ala.

T000 BOY SCOUTS REVIEWED—Mobilize America's future fighters for prize drill—Coney feland, N. Y. Analics a future nanters for prize drill—Coney leisand, N. Y.

20,000 SEE RACING REVIVED—Historic Fluono American Derby run for first time in 11 years—Chicago, III.

ROME SWIFT WATER QUEENS—Fastest wirl swimmers in United States battle for national titles—San Francisco, Cal.

TRAINING CITIZEN SALLORS—Naval militia quilt armory in aid frigate for battleship cruise—New York city.

A WELCOME DIP—Fourth Maryland Infantry on way to border, stop for swim—North Bend, Ind.

WITH THE "BOYS" ON THE BORDER—Universal's anmiated camera man films for home folks militamen's training—El Paso, Tex.

HONOR U-LINER'S CAPTAIN—Mme. Christine Lamenana sives cup to Paul Koenig'

ne Lanwennan gives cup to Paul Koenis eutschland's intrepid commander—Baltimore. Md.
FIELD MARSHAL REVIEWS VOLUN.
TEERS—Volunteer Corps celebrate Hittain's
recognition by parade before Viscount French—
Hyde Park, London, England,
NEW WAY TO KEEP COOL. Aquaplaning is
atest thriller for daring society girls. New
York city. ork city, REVOLUTION'S RUINS—Pulling down build-ing wrecked by fire and rioters—Dublin, Ireness wrecked by fire and river and and and shall Envoy AT LAUNCHING—First NPANISH ENVOY AT LAUNCHING—First NPANISH Envoy and and shall be shall be

CARTOONS BY HY MAYER. Music at Plaza Tonight The Philadelphia Band, Silas El. Humme

plaza. The program follows: plaza. The program follows:

Overture. "Riens!" Wagner
Melodies from "Tannhausee" Wagner
Divertiasement fintroduction and Bridal

Scenes from the Nibelungen Ring ("Die
Wagner
Contralito aolo Selected
Beritha Brinker d'Albites
(a) Nachtgesang (from Tristan and
(a) Nachtgesang (from Tristan and
(b) Isolde's Liebestod thas from Tris

Grand war and battle hymn from 'Rieng'

Grand war and battle hymn from 'Wagner
March, "Nibelungen" Wagner

Municipal Band Concert The Municipal Band, Benjamin Roesh-man, conductor, will play tonight at Torres-dale Park, Cottman street and Torresdale

dale Park. Cottman street and Torresdale avenue. The program follows:

Overture "Oppheus". Offenbach
(a) Serenade. "Spring Morning". Lacombo (b) "Patrol of the Guardie Lossy Musical Joke. Jolly Musicians". Muscat Gems from "Sweethearis". Herbert Tenor solo. Mr. William Fagin.

Grand selection. "Rigolatto". Verdi Vales di concert. "Tales From the Vienna Melodies from "High Jinks". Strauss Melodies from "High Jinks". Frimi

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Evening Ledger Photoplay Cast Contest

Entries now open Voting began July 17, Voting ends August 31. Decision September 2,

How to Vote Cut out the heading "Evening Ledger" and date line appearing at the top of the first page. Write your candidate's name in the white margin above and mail to the Evening Ledger Photoplay Cast Contest, P. O. Hox 964, or bring it to the Ledger Office. Below is a specimen vote in miniature:

Evening Ledger

Each heading counts for ten votes. No heading except that on the first page will be accepted and none that is more than 10 days old. Only one name may be written on each heading. Entry Blank

Please enter in the Evening Ledger Photo-play Cast Contest; Name (Miss or Mrs.).... Home Address Name (Mr).....

Signed by..... For Nominating organization. Nominating organizations may concentrate their votes on one candidate or may nominate and work for two; i. e., one lady, one gen-tleman.

and work for two; i. c., one lady, one gentleman,
This nomination blank, when properly filled out and forwarded, will entitle the nomines to 1000 votes.
Candidates are requested to give their home address in each and every instance, so that the Editor 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 to Evening Ledger Photoplay Cast Contest, P. O. Box 964, Philadeiphia.

Globe-Democrat Doubles Price ST. LOUIS, July 28 .- The St. Louis Globe-Democrat anounces an increase in the price of its daily edition in St. Louis from one to two cents, effective August 1. The high cost of print paper is given as the cause of the increase.

HELLO GIRLS SCARCE, SAYS PHONE OFFICIAL

Traffic Unusually Heavy for Summer-Preparing for Fall Rush

There is an unprecedented need of girls in switchboard circles of Philadelphia on account of the failure of telephone traffic to diminish at this time of the summer as it usually does, according to P. C. Staples, of the Bell Telephone Company.

"For some unknown reason the traffic is not failing off this summer at all as it has in the past," said Mr. Staples. "There is no particular reason why the traffic should hold up this way, but it has. And if we are so busy now, what will we be by fail? For that reason we have put advertisements in the newspapers to get girls for our opin the newspapers to get girls for our op-erators' school. We are taking time by the forelock, that is all. We believe in preparedness, so we will be ready to take care of the traffic in the busy months." Mr. Staples says there are many responses and that the Bell Telephone Company has no trouble at all in getting girls. He says the munition factories and the summer hotels have no effect on the supply

Music at Belmont Mansion Tonight The Pairmount Park Band, under the leader-ship of Richard Schmidt, plays this afternoon and tonight at Belmont Mansion. The pro-grams follow:

PART I-AFTERNOON, 4 TO 6 O'CLOCK. Overture—Tabelia" Byppe
"Creme de la Creme" Tobani
(a) "Simple Avue" Thome
(b) "Pan-Americana" Herbert
Waltz—Thome Fink Lady" Carril
Waltz—Tholores Waldisufe
(a) "Value Salome" Gobes
(a) "Value Salome" Gobes
(b) March—"Glory of the Tankee Navy Bousa
The Follies" Hirsch PART II-EVENING, 8 TO 10 O'CLOCK

PART II—EVENING, 8 TO 10 O'CLOCK.

Grand March from "Tannhauser" Wagner
Overture—Misnon:
Suit—The Dwellers of the Western
Suit—The Dwellers of the Western
(a) White Man. (c) Black Man.
(a) "Whispering Willows" Herbert
(b) "Siavonic Dance No. 1 Dvorak
Meiodies from "Fausi" Grand Irish Fantasie—The Shamrook
Grand Irish Fantasie—The Shamrook
Waltz—'My Dream" Waldteufel
"Hungarian Rhapsody No. 8" Waldteufel
"Hungarian Rhapsody No. 8" Liest
Meiodies from "Alone at Last" Lehar
"Star-Spangied Banner." Waltz—'My Dream".
'Hungarian Rhapsody No. 8'
Melodies from "Alone at Last'
"Star-Spangled Banner,"

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Mais., 1:30 4 3:30, 10e.
Evgs., 6:30, 8:9:30, 15c. Fannie Ward IN THE GUTTER MAGDALENET CEDAR GOTH AND CEDAR AVE.

FAIRMOUNT SITE AND GIRARD AVE.
Ormi Hawley in "HER AMERICAN PRINCE"
"PEG O' THE RING"

Alice Brady in "La Boheme"

Below Spruce. Evgs. 7 to 11
Mac Marsh in "The Wild Girl of the Sistras Billio Burke in "Gloria's Romance." 5th Epi. GERMANTOWN SON GERMAN-Francis X. Bushman and Beveriy Sayae in "A VIRGINIA ROMANCE" Billie Burke in "Gloria's Romance," 7th Epi GIRARD AVENUE THEATER

GLOBE SOTH & MARKET 2:15-7-9 Mary Pickford "RAGS" IRIS THEATER 8146 KENSINGTON

WILLIAM S. HART in JEFFERSON STREETS

LAFAYETTE HELA HENSINGTON AVENUT George Beban "The Italian"

LINA CAVALIERI in

Lucille Lee Stewart IN THE DESTROYERS Francis X. Bushman in "PRIVATE OFFICER"

LOCUST Mats. 1:80 and 3:80, 10a, Evgs. 6:80, 8, 9:80, 18a, Cariyle Blackwell and Murisi Ostriche in "BALLY IN OUR ALLEY" LOGAN THEATER 4819 N. BROAD

LIONEL BARRYMORE in Market St. Theater STRIBET STRIBET William Farnum in The Man Frem the Bitter Roots F. Ford & O. Cunard in "Peg O' the Ring"

PALACE 1914 MARKET STREET PAULINE FREDERICK in THE WORLD'S GREAT SNARE"

PARK RIDGE AVE. & DAUPHIN ST. MAT., 2:15. EVG., 6:48 to 11. ROSCOE ARBUCKLE-MABEL NORMAND IN "Fatty and Mabel Adrift"

PRINCESS 1018 MARKET Ralph Herz and Irene Howley in THE PURPLE LADY RIALTO GERMANTOWN AVE.

Cleo Ridgley and Wallace Reid in "THE LOVE MASK" RUBY MARKET STREET STREET

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SAVOY 1211 MARKET LINA CAVALIERI in "SHADOWS OF HER PAST

TIOGA ATTH AND VENANGO STE. OLGA PETROVA in

VICTORIA MARKET ST. ABOVE SINTE Douglas Fairbanks in Triarrised With PATE Francis X. Sustinum in "A Virginia No STANLEY MARKET ABOVE 1978

Mile. Rita Jolivet IN TAN INTERMATIONAL 14 14 A 61:11

CARELESSNESS

Our Postoffice Box Adison Urle sent us a beautiful pen point because he did not quite like the style of ours. Thank you kindly, young man. We accept the criticism and the gift with a low bow and appreciation.

Marion Mills, Haddonfield, has a very heautiful supprise for some little boy or

beautiful surprise for some little boy or girl who is spending the summer in a small white hospital bed—a game, a scrap-book, a puzzle and a paper doll with dresses! Marion has been in swimming no fewer than five times this year! She and Gertrude Reinhard are having a wonderful time to-sether this summer! gether this summer! George Barry, a cousin of Barry Mc-ilgan, who lives in Atlantic City, can draw and paint just as well in summer as

he can in winter. A recent mail brought two splendid proofs of this—a black ink circus drawing, which you will all see later, and a gorgeously tinted head of an In-Joseph De Cicco and Herman Strake, our

yeung Malvern Råinbows, are ardent "saf-ety-first" boys.

A Mother's Love By BARAH SNYDER. Once there was a lady whose husband had just died and left her no money. All she had was four dear little children who were all younger than 10 years. Two went to school. She had not always been poor and had never worked. Now of course she did not know just where to turn to make

money.

The neighbors said to her, "The children should be sent to an orphan asylum." But her heart nearly broke at the thought. "How will you manage?" said the neighbors "I will manage somehow," answered the lady. "My love for those children will find a way. I will go out each day to wash

Care of the Evening Lengus,

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

THE P. R. T. Contest is OPEN from NOW until

August 12!
For the BEST STORIES, DRAW-INGS and IDEAS on how to PRE-VENT and AVOID ACCIDENTS.
\$100 IN PRIZES IS OFFERED. Send all stories, etc., to Farmer Smith, Evening Ledger, Phila-

and I will pray that Heaven will take care of us." But just at that moment the post-man came to the door and handed the lady a letter. Reading it, she discovered that after all her husband had not died penni-less. The mine that he had once bought turned out to be worth quite a lot of money. So she and the children had a good

home. I think that her prayer was heard and that her love and perseverance were re-Baby's First Swim

By CATHERINE HENSEN, Pacific Avenue, Atlantic City, N. J. I have the dearest little baby eister just I have the dearest little baby easter just 20 months old. She gets very hot, so the other day my daddy said he'd take her in awimming. Mother went up on the Boardwalk and bought her a little light blue bathing suit and she looked too cute with that on and her little white hat to

blue batting aut and she looked too cute with that on and her little white hat to keep the sun out of her eyes.

Then we all went to the beach. We let the water spiash on baby's toes and she laughed. Then daddy took her on his shoulder and whon a wave would come he would lift her down and let the water spiash all over her. Our baby certainly is a water rat and we're going to teach her to swim some day.

The Kind but Poor Girl

By PAULINE HOROWITZ, Wasat Read, N. J.
Cance upon a time there was a little girl by the name of Mary. She was poor but very kind. One day while Mary was out walking she found a dime. She didn't spead the most of her mother. As she was walking home she met a woman said she was tungy gave the woman said she was mary gave the woman har dime. The lady thanked the floor, and bre woman har dime. The lady thanked the floor and she was happy ever wasan. The lady thanked was happy ever wasan. The lady thanked the floor and proper thanked the floor and bre would grunt and grunt and product walking she found a dime. She didn't spead the floor of his box the law of the lady thanked the was happy ever wasan thouse drying. Mary went un and saked her what the matter was a and the was lained the woman said she was hungay; so Mary gave the woman har dime. The lady thanked the floor and the little girl and went away. Two days later Mary joined the Rainbow Club and was happy ever was a happy ever was and the little girl and went away. Two days later Mary joined the Rainbow Club and was happy ever wasand.

Farmer Smith "Dopy Down Dilly, then, gets his sand out of Sleepy Hollow, which is just back of the palace. Just as the sun goes down he digs a pailful, which he carries down to the World and sprinkles on the eyes of the little girls and boys to make them sleep. "I was riding round on my automobile

on his wings. "He went inside the room, leaving his pail of sand outside the door. My automobile beetle didn't make any noise and I just rode along soft as air, picked up his pall and rode away down the hall and out pall and rode a

sleep, but when Dopy Down Dilly missed his pail he flew after me, crying out that if I didn't come back he would punish me

bumped into a lot of stars. Then we flew up over the Moon and the Beetle wabbled so that I couldn't hald the pall steady. "I tried to hold tight to the pall, but it twisted right around and all the sand ran out and fell in Mr. Moon's eyes. He went sound asleep and didn't wake up until next

"Sh-sh-sh," whispered Zu Zu, "here comes Gruff Gruff."

Gruff Gruff."

When the old nurse Gruff Gruff came to dress Tulip Heart every morning when she awake in her little gold hed in the palace of Cloudland she did not come in the door, but down from the ceiling.

The ceiling of Tulip Heart's room was made of a fluffy white cloud, and at night if Tulip Heart's eyes were not toe sleepy she could see a lot of little stars twinkling in the fluffy white stuff. In the morning the stars had gone.

Gruff Gruff never knocked or gave the little girl any warning of when she was

(To be Continued)

STORIES OF CLOUDLAND

More About Dopy Down Billy-By

beetle when I saw him digging his sand, and owed him up to his room where he puts

"I didn't really mean to put the Moon to

awful. He cried out so loud that he fright-ened my automobile beetle, and when I wanted to go back to escape being punished I found that my beetle had run away "I couldn't even steer my Beetle and we

sound asleep and didn't wake up until next morning. And you see, as he was asleep, he couldn't shine that night. I never saw the Moon so angry before, and Dopy Down Dilly was just wild about it, for he didn't have any sand loft in his pail to put the children to sleep until ever so late."

"Was Frince Marmolade angry too?" asked Tulin Heart.

coming. She just dropped a golden rope down through the ceiling and then came aliding down the rope. It was very funny the way she came down the rope, for she would grunt and grunt and grunt until she reached the floor, and her skirts would by all shout her and show her said.



HAROLD LOCKWOOD and MAY ALLISON In First Presentation of The Metro Remantic Play "THE RIVER OF ROMANCE"

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