EVENING LEDGER-PHILADELPHIA, THURSDAY, JULY 27, 1916.

THE CHEERFUL CHERVB

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

CHAPTER XI-(Continued)

THE suggestion every head turned to-A ward the trail down which the two panic-stricken men had come. At the same moment a hoarse shout aross from the cove below and the five looked down to see a scene of wild activity upon the beach.

The defection of Theriere's party had sen discovered, as well as the absence of the girl and the theft of the provisions.

Skipper Simms was dancing about like a adman. His bellowed oaths rolled up the cliffa like thunder.

Presently Ward caught a slimpse of the men at the top of the cliff above him. There they are i" he cried.

Skipper Simms looked up. "The swabs!" he shrieked. "A stealin" of our grub an' abductin' of that there pore

L The swabs! Lemme to 'em, I say; t lemme to 'em!" 'We'd all better go to 'em." said Ward.

"We've got a fight on here, sure. Gather up some rocks, men, an' come along. Skip-per, you're too fat to do any fightin' on that there hillside, so you better stay here an' let one o' the men take your gun." Ward knew so well the mettle of his su-

perior that he much preferred his absence to his presence in the face of real fighting. With the gun in the hands of a braver man it would be vastly more effective.

Ward himself was no lover of a fight, but he saw now that starvation might stars them in the face with the food gone, and everything be lost with the loss of the g rl. For food and money a much more cowardly man than Bender Ward would fight to the death.

Up the face of the cliff they hurried, ex pecting momentarily to be either challenged or fired upon by those above them. Divine and his party looked down with mixed amotions. They found themselves truly be-tween the devil and the deep sea.

Ward and his men were halfway up the eliff, yet Divine had made no move to repel He glanced timorousy toward the dark forest behind from which he momen tarily expected to see the savage snarling faces of the head hunters appear.

"Surrender, you swabs!" yelled Ward from below, "or we'll string the last moth-ers" son of you to the yardarm !"

For reply Blanco hurled a heavy frag ment of rock at the assaulters. It went perilously close to Ward, against whom Blanco cherized a keen hatred. Instantly Ward's revolver barked, the bullet whistling close by Divine's head.

Cortwrite Divine, cotilion leader, ducked behind Theriere's breastwork, where he lay sprawled upon his stomach, tremterror.

Bony Sawyer and Red Sanders followed the example of their commander. Blanco and Wilson alone made any attempt to repel the assault.

The big negro ran to Divine's side and natched the terror-stricken man's revolver from his belt, then, turning, he fired at Ward.

The bullet, missing its intended victim, pierced the heart of a sailor directly behind him, and as the man crumpled to the ground, rolling down the steep declivity, his fellows halted their rush and sought cover.

Wilson followed up the advantage with a shower of well aimed missiles, and the

hostilities ceased temporarily. "Have they gone?" queried Divine, with trembling lips, noticing the quiet that followed the shots,

"Gone noth'n', yo' big cowahd," replied Blanco. "Does yo' suppose dat two men is a gwine to stan' off five? Ef yo' white-livered skunks 'ud git up an' fight, we might have a chanct. I'se got a good min' to cut out yo' cawahidiy heart fer yo', das wot I has-a lyin' dere on you' belly settin' wot I has-a lyin' dere on you' belly settin' dat kin' er example to yo' men" Divine's terror had placed him beyond

the reach of contumely or reproach. "What's the use of fighting them?" he whimpered. "We should never have left them. It's all the fault of that fool Theri-

ere. What can we do against the savages they're a watchin' of you right now !' of this awful island if we divide our forces? Ward turned an apprehensive gi

They will pick us off a few at a time, just as they picked off Milier and Swenson, Theriere and Byrns. We ought to tell Ward about it and call this foolish battle off!" "Now you're talkin," cried Bony Saw-yer. "I'm not a goin' to squat up here any from below an' a lot of wild heathen creep-ing down on me from above to cut off my bloomin' head."

doomin' head."

"Same here I" chimed in Red Sanders. Blanco Tooked toward Wilson. For his own part the negro would not have been averse to returning to the fold could the thing be accomplished without danger of reprisal on the part of Skipper Simms and Squine-Eye Ward; but he know the men so well that he feared to trust them even should they seemingly acquiesce to such a

On the other hand, he reasoned, it would be as much to their advantage to have the descriters return to them as it would to the deserters themselves, for when they had heard the story told by Red Sanders and Wilson of the nurder of the others of the party, they, too, would realize the necesfor maintaining the strength and in tegrity of the little company to its fullest.

"I don't see that we're goin' to gain nothin' by figutin' 'em," said Wilson. There ain't nothin' in it any more nohow

for nobody since the girl's gorn. Let's chuck it an' see wot terms we can make with Squint-Eye." "Well." grumbled the negro. "I can't fight 'em alone. What yo' doin' dere, Bony?"

During the conversation Bony Sawyer had been busy with a stick and a piece of rag, and now as he turned toward his companions once more they saw that he had rigged a white flag of surrender. None interfered as he raised it above the

dge of the breastwork. Immediately there was a hall from be

"Surrenderin', eh? Comin' to your senses, are you?" he shouted.

Divine, feeling that immediate danger from bullets was past, raised his head above the edge of the earthwork.

"We have something to communicate, Mr Ward," he called. Spit it out, then; I'm a listenin'," called

nck the mate. "Miss Harding, Mr. Theriere, Byrne

Miller and Swenson have been captured and killed by natives," said Divine. Ward's eyes went wide, and he blew out his checks in surprise. Then his face

vent black with anger. "You see what you done now, you blitherin' fools, you!" he cried. "You gone an' killed the goose what laid the golden eggs. Thought you'd get it all, didn't you? And now nobody won't get nothin', unless it's the halter. Nice lot o' numskulls you

be, an' whimperin' round now expectin' us to take you back! Well, I reckon not-not on your measly lives!" And with that he raised his revolver to fire again at DI-

vine The society man toppled over backward

into the pit behind the breastwork before Ward had a chance to pull the trigger. "Hol' on there, mate!" cried Bony Saw-

yer: "there ain't no call now for gettin' excited. Wait until you hear all we gotta say. You can't blame us pore sailormen. It was this here fool dude and that oundrel Theriere that put us up to it. "They told us that you and Skipper

Simms was a fixin' to double-cross us all. an' leave us here to starve on this Gawd-forsaken Islan'. Theriere said that he was

with you when you planned it. That you wanted to get rid of as many of us as you could so that you'd have more of the ranom to divide. So all we done was in selflefense, as it were.

"Why not let bygones be bygones, an' all of us join forces ag'in' these murderin' heathen? There won't be any too many of us at best-Red an' Wilson seen more'n two thousan' of the man-eatin' devils. They're a creepin' up on us from behin' right this minute, an' you can lay to that, The chances are that they got some special kind o' route into that there cove, an' maybe Ward turned an apprehensive glance to

The others nodded their heads, and Disprang up and started down toward

Ward. "Hol' on, you !" commanded the "This here arrangement don't include you, it's jest between Skipper Simms an' his sailors. You're a rank outsider, an' you butts in an starts a mutiny. Ef you come back, you gotta stand trial fer that—see?" "You better duck, mister," advised Red

Divine went white. To face trial before two such men as Simms and Ward meant death, of that he was positive. To fice into the forest meant death, almost equally cer-tain, and much more horrible. The man fell to his knees, iffting suppli-

cating hands to the mate.

"For God's sake, Mr. Ward !" he cried. be merciful! I was led into this by Theriere. He lied to me just as he did to the men. You can't kill me; it be murder. They'd hang you for it !" it would "We'll hang for this muss you got us into anyway, of we're ever caught." growled the mate. "Ef you hadn't a carried the the mate. "Ef you hadn't a carried the girl off to be murdered, we might have had

enough ransom money to have got clear some way; but now you gone and cooked the whole goose for the lot of us!" "You can collect rangom on me !" cried "I'll pay you

Divine, ciutohi, g at the hint. "Til pay yo a hundred thousand myself the day you se me down in a civilized port safe and free. Ward laughed in his face. "You ain't got a cent, you four-flusher,"

he cried. "Clinker put us next to that long before we salled from Frisco." "Clinker lied !" cried Divine. "He doesn't know anything about it--I'm rich !" "Wot's de use ob chewin' de rag 'bout

all dis?" snorted Blanco, seeing where he might ensily square himself with Ward and Simms. "Does yo' take back all us sallormen, Mr. Ward, an' promise not to punish none of us ef we swear to stick by yo-all in de future?"

"Yes," replied the mate. Blanco took a step toward Divine

"Den yo' come along, too, as a prisoner, white man," and the burly black grasped Divine by the scruff of the neck and forced him before him down the steep trail toward the cove.

So the multineers returned to the com mand of Skipper Simme, and L. Cortwrite Divine went with them as a prisoner, charged with a crime, the punishment for which has been death since men have sailed the seas.

> CHAPTER XII. Oda Yorimoto.

TN THE filthy den of her captor, Barbara Harding heard again the command of the halfbreed Japanese who clutched her arm. "Come!" he said.

One of the women awoke at the sound of the man's voice. She looked up at Barbara in sullen hatred. Otherwise she gave no indication that she saw anything unsual transpiring. It was as though an exquisite American belle were a daily visitor at the Oda Yorimoto home.

"What do you want of me?" cried the frightened girl in Japanese. Ora Yorimoto looked at her in astonish-

Where had the white girl learned to speak his tongue? "I am the daimio, Oda Yorimoto," he said.

"These ars my wives. Now you are one of them. Come!" "Wait!" cried the girl, catching at a straw. "If you do not harm me, my father will reward you fabulously. Ten thousand

koku he would gladly give to have me returned to him safely!" Oda Yorimoto shook his head.

"Twenty thousand koku!" cried the girl.



I like to lie and watch It makes me feel so nice and free, And if l'get my mood just right It simply rains down Healthy, an Orphan, Only Qualifications-First Choice to Philadelphia and Montgomery County Girls poetry Relected TO BE AT ERDENHEIM

Girls Must Be Six Years Old

Older to Get in

The "Little Orphant Annies" are coming

ito their own at last. There's a home for little Orphant Annies

a-building at Erdenheim, in the beautiful Whitemarsh Valley, near Chestnut Hill. And if there's nobody very much int---

ested in you, little orphant Annie, here's the

way to find the place for you in the real home that awaits you at Carson College.

ealthy

Firstly, you must be white, also poor, also

It's an easy matter to decide the matter of

In the right place. For instance, little girls born in the city

welcomed. And thirdly, all the little girls

from anywhere in the United States will

And are you sound in mind and body,

That's all, but it must seem a lot to a

with somebody, and nobody knows just

cision if you, little Orphant Annie, is com-

has never been a father to be considered

Very likely you're white

School



Still the daimio shook his head negatively. hundred thousand-name your own

price, if you will only not harm me. "Silencel" growled the man. "What are

even a million koku to me, who only know the world from the legends of my ancestors. We have no need for koku here. and had we, my hills and full of the yellow metal which measures its value, are my woman. Come!"

"But wait! I wish to speak with youaway from all these women," and she turned her eye toward the door at the oposite side of the chamber.

Oda Yorimoto shrugged his shoulders. That would be easier than a fight, he argued, and so he led the girl toward the orway that she had indicated.

Within the room all was dark, but the daimlo moved as one accustomed to the not more than 10, it's still all right. For 6 and 10 are the age limits of the college. Also, though your mother and father knew place, and as he moved through the blackness the girl at his side felt with stealthy fingers at the man's belt. At last Oda Yorimoto reached the far nothing of Carson College, it would be a great help to you now if you have been born

side of the long chamber. "Well?" he said, and took her by the shoulders.

of Philadelphia or in Montgomery County, sight next door to the city, will be given "Well!" answered the girl in a low, tense voice, and at the same instant Oda Yorimoto, Lord of Yoka, felt a quick tug at his preference over all other little girls. They belt. Before he guessed what was to hap-pen, his own shortsword had pierced his will take you in first. After all these little girls are at home at Carson College the Orphant Annies throat. born in the State of Pennsylvania will be

With a gurgle that could not have been heard outside the room, the daimlo slumped gently to the floor.

knock at the big brass knocker on the wrought door of the college. When you're Again and again Barbara Harding plunged the sword of the brown man into quite sure, little Orphant Annie, or whathis body, until she was certain that her ever your name may be, that you want to grow up in Carson College send to the enemy was forever powerless to injure her. Then she sank, exhausted and trembling, trustees in the Witherspoon Building for upon the dirt floor beside the corpse. the application blank. There are almost a mile of questions they will put to you on For several minutes Barbara Harding lay where she had collapsed. She was in a halftheir application blank, stupor that took cognizance only of a freez-When were your father and mother mar-ried and where? And when were you born? ing terror and exhaustion.

Presently, however, she became aware of her contact with the corpse beside her. which means are you very well? When and where did your mother and and with a stifled cry she shrank away from it.

father die and of what disease? Slowly the girl regained her self-control And did they leave you anything when they died? And, if so, what? And who's been taking care of you ever and with it came the realization of the extremity of her danger. She rose to a sitting posture and turned her wide eyes since? And are there any more of you in your family, brothers and sisters? oward the doorway to the adjoining room. The women and children seemed yet wrapped in slumber. It was evident that

little girl. The third turn in the road to the man's choking gurgle had not disturbed Barbara gained her feet and moved softly to the doorway. She wondered if she could College is an examination by the trustees' doctor. If the board by this time thinks you are just the right little girl to bring cross the intervening space to the outer exit without detection. Once in the open she could fiee into the jungle, and then there Once in the open she up in their home, they will send you to their physician. Because every little girl must be poor, white and, above all, healthy. Then the finishing touch is an interview

was a chance, at least, that she might find her way to the coast and Theriere. She gripped the shortsword which she

ome thing?

who that somebody or somebodies will be, and that somebody will make the final destill held, and took a step into the larger room. One of the women turned and half aroused from sleep. The girl shrank back into the darkness of the chamber she had ing to stay. There are several questions that may puzjust quitted. zle the guardians of little Annie. If either

The woman sat up and looked around. nother or father died of tuberculosis will the tubercular tendency, usually considered possible by atudents of heredity, be con-Then she rose and threw some sticks upon the fire that burned at one side of the dwelling. She crossed to a shelf and took sidered a sign of ill health? Is a tendency foreboding? And will the little girl who has never down a cooking utensil. Barbara saw that she was about to com

ence the preparation of breakfast. All hope of escape was thus ended, and known her father be considered eligible when her mother is dead? Is a father who the girl cautiously closed the door between the two rooms. Then she felt about the dead? with which to barricade herself; but her

A father, they say, might have to be proved legally dead, though it's not certain search was fruitless. Finally she bethought herself of the

'LITTLE ORPHANT ANNIES' HOW MEN FROM THE EAST LOOK UPON THE GREAT WAR IN THE WI COME INTO THEIR OWN AT NEW CARSON COLLEGE Great Conflict Has Brought

Ends of Earth Closer Than Ever Before

By ELLEN ADAIR

Written specially for Evening Ledger. LONDON, July 14 .- It was at a London arden party yesterday that I met three dusky but interesting units of the great war-a Maori, a Gurkha and an Egyptian gentleman.

They had just arrived from Egypt and were shivering in the chilly atmosphere of English summer time. With their heavy military coats buttoned to the chin, they paced the damp and rain-sodden waks with a look which clearly signified surprise at the strange ways of English entertainment.

"But is the weather always of such cold-ess?" inquired the big Maori soldier.

Said the flerce-syed little Gurkha in his broken English, and with a smile that showed all his sharp little teeth. The British are splendid people-but now I learn why they smile not often. It is because the rains come much and the sun but seldor

The Eyptian gentleman was all affabil-Probably you're poor. At least, you're somewhat poor because you're a little girl without a mother or a daddy. And it's too bad, but if you're lame, and He seemed quite a domesticated character, lamenting the absence of his 13 wives. The taking back of suitable pres-ents to these ladies was greatly exercising an't walk, or blind, and can't see very well, his mind. "It is a difficult matter, this Carson College won't take you in. But that's all. Otherwise, if you are like most of the present choosing," he confided artlessly, "for women are naturally jeptous, are they little girls in the world, you're healthy enough for the real home. The second con-sideration is one of age. Are you at least 6 years old? That's all right. And if you're

quantity of 'Johnny.' "Next morning at the appointed he An unfortunate moment arrived when the will find squatting beneath the dusty a clas outside your camp the required qu tity of 'Johnny.' name gentleman, actuated by motives of poy lite interest, inquired of a stern Baptist "His clothing is scanty in the extreme Seldom has he a complete shirt. A I flapping rags of sacking constitute his clo ing except for a long blue winter overco of old service pattern, which he regards w parson as to the number and quality of his articular harem?

ELLEN ADAIR

rope in or anything

out dull to do, you telephone and ask

pride as his uniform, and however inte the heat, only discards with the utmost

"Yet, cheerfully lazy as he is, 'John

gets through an extraordinary amount

work. He is so constituted muscularly th

he cannot lift any considerable weight, bu when a load is placed aptly on his back

he will march off with a weight twice i heavy as the average white man cou

"But the magic that alone can ma Johnny' work is the magic of chantin

With each gang goes a chanter, and the better the chanter, the better the work, 'Allah-he' from the chanter, 'Allah-Illah'

from the chorus. "The chant is interminable, in a minor

To its rhythm I have seen scores of trains loaded. The chant moves the heaviest

weights, clears away the most desperate obstacles. 'Allah-he' they sing in the bak-ing sunshine. 'Allah-lilah !'

the most plous idealism to the viles, phrases. But whatever the words, h

of race that the white man can never derstand, and there is the solemn magin

"Sometimes in some commonplace ta

such as the stacking of ammunition boxes, the chanter will swing his tollers into a veri-

table hysteria of chanting. Then they work

in a frenzy of energy as if they were tak-

ing part in some mystic ritual, some dervish ceremony of an obscure and violent faith.

'Johnny' files out of camp, squats by the

roadside and falls asleep in the shade of the

"They stop exhausted. The task is done

"It has many variations, this chant, from

scale and rising and falling monoto

und to

uctance.

carry.

the desert.

planes

ROBINSON & CRAWFORD

We pretended not to hear the query, But he Baptist parson, with the total lack of all humor peculiar to many of his type, improved the occasion by rebuking the Egyp-tian gentleman and included a short lecture in the sin of polygamy.

The Man of Many Wives relapsed into a uzzled silence. But after a while one ould hear him murmur solemnly: "A trange, sad race, the English !" He told me of the thronged military

stations through which, day in, day out, wind the leisurely and imperturbable cara-

vans of the East. He spoke of the little palm-dotted towns where vociferous Egyp-tians barter and clamor in their crowded

car overhead through the hot, resonant

"It is life in the East that is most wor

derful," he said ; "the noises are so strange!

Across the desert comes the sound of the big guns at practice. Canal dredgers clank

and rattle. Dispatch riders whirr by on

immunition clatter along the lakeside

"But," he added naively, "I do not like

the Arabs' eyes. They look coldly at us.

sert. They come out from the lonely places

on their camels or horses and watch us

curiously. And then they slip silently

Said a young British officer home of

leave from Egypt: "We have all nationali-ties of men working busily in our military

camps along the Suez Canal. But the dusky, childlike, disreputable individual of

thieving propensities and incurable indo-

Corps is always known as 'Johnny.'

ence who serves in the Egyptian Labor

"'Johnny' does the fatigue work of the army. If you have a camp to clean up, a

goods train full of stories to unload, a com- | acacias."

They do not care for intruders in their de-

their motorcycles. Motorvans filled

alleys, and where great British me

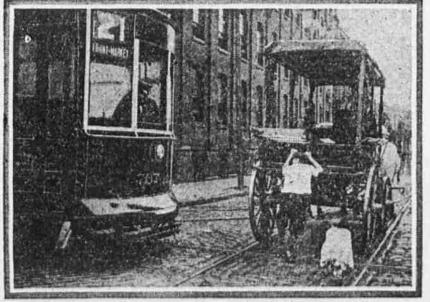
air,

roads."

away.

Carson

ONE WAY TO GET AN AMBULANCE RIDE



The wagon and the boy got across, but the little girl didn't!

The Little Girl Who Would Not Obey By & WENONAH RAINBOW who signed

One morning little Elizabeth awakened guite late. Her mother called to her and Elizabeth, murmuring a sleepy "All right, mother," lay back in bed again.

Now if she did not get up in time for school that meant one demerit, but sleepy Elizabeth thought but little of that that morning.

Suddenly a huge, gaunt figure came walking over the floor and a terrible voice cried, "Is this the girl that won't obey her mother?"

Grinning faces looked at her from all directions and suddenly two figures selzed her in their arms and flew away. In vain did Elizabeth kick and scream. That ugly figure looked at her out of deep eyes that seemed to plerce her very soul through, and he exclaimed in a voice of thunder:

"Elizabeth, you'll be late for school." Her mother called and Elizabeth awoke to find herself on the floor of her bedroom with the bedclothes half covering her, so she hastened to get dressed and her mother. coming up the stairs, heard her say: "Well, even if it was only a dream, I'll certainly profit by it."

FARMER SMITH.

Care of the Evening Lucosa. I wish to become a member of your Bainbow Club. Piease send mt a beautiful Rainbow Button free. I agree to DO A LITTLE KINDNESS EACH AND EVERY DAY, SPREAD A LITTLE SUNSHINE ALL, ALONG THE WAY.

and the second second	and the		20 C	
Name	*****			
Address	*****		******	
A58				
School I atta	ud	*****		

IF YOU WANT to KNOW HOW to VOTE for your FAVORITE in the MOVIE CON-TEST, see the PHOTOPLAY COLUMN.



"BUD" MILLER, Roxborough.

Branch Club News

And now comes Telford with the news that it is going to step up in line with other Pennsylvania towns that have formed branch clubs. Theima Baghurst is the glad heraider of this surprise. Althea Baghurst, Mamle Shannon, Eather Rosenberger, Mabel Shade and heracif have organized a littis band that meets every other Thursday. The new branch club will call itself after the town of Telford. Further report will be

STORIES OF CLOUDLAND

More About the Jack-in-the-Box-By Farmer Smith

"", ha plenty of feet," said Gruff Gruff. "He had six pairs of feet, all different colors. That was the reason that Santa Claus made him a Jack-in-the-Box." "What do you mean, Gruff Gruff?" asked

Tulip Heart. 'I mean," said the old nurse, "that my papa was punished for taking five pairs of fast from Toyland and wearing them

around in Cloudland. You see, my papa was a carpenter and made wooden soldiers. He made millions and millions of wooden soldiers. He made all the feet for the wooden soldiers and painted all their red, blue and green uniforms on them.

"He was very proud of the feet he made for his wooden soldiers, for they were straighter and firmer than any of the feet that any of the other carpenters who worked in Toyland made for their soldiers. "One day my papa fell down and hurt that

one of his feet and couldn't walk. I was a very little girl then and he sent me to Santa Claus to ask him if he could have a pair of the beautiful feet he made for his wooden soldiers to wear himself. "Santa Claus said yes, but to take only

one pair. My papa took one pair and put then on. He took a blue pair of 'eet with a blue soldier's pants painted on them. But he didn't like them and without asking Santa Claus he changed them to a brown

pair. "That wouldn't have been so had if he had returned the blue feet to the wooden soldler who was walting for them, but he didn't. He kept the blue pair of feet and when he got tired of wearing the blue feet he would wear the brown ones. Then he made a pair of red feet for a general of the wooden soldiers and liked them so much he took them for himself and hid the gen-

eral away in the cellar of his toolhouse. "The general kept crying out for his fest all the time, but my papa wouldn't give them to him. To got awrully greedy for different kinds of feet, and finally Santa Claus heard about how he had taken the general's feet and the feet of a lot of other wooden soldiers without permission. "Santa Claus was very angry then and turned my papa into a Jack-in-the-Box for

six years, and that is why I don't like doors."

(To be Continued.)

THE SUN'S TRAVELS

Sent in by JAMES O'NEILL, N. 16th street. The sun is not a bed when I At night upon my pillow lie; Still round the earth his way he takes, And morning after morning makes.

While here at home, in shining day, We round the sunny garden play, Each little Indian sleepy-head Is being kissed and put to bed.

And when at eve I rise from tes, Day dawns beyond the Atlantic Sea And all the children in the West, Are getting up and being dreamed. —Robert Louis Stevenson.

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

August 12! 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-daubie

That would hold the door against

the accident of a child or dog pushing it open—it would be better than nothing. But could she bring herself to touch the loath-The instinct of self-preservation will

work wonders, even with a frail and dell-cate woman. Barbara Harding steeled cate woman. Barbara Harding steeled herself to the task, and after several moments of effort she succeeded in rolling the dead man against the door. The scrap-ing sound of the body as she dragged it into position sent cold shivers up and down

her spine She had removed the main's longsword and armor before attempting to shift him, and now she crouched beside the corpse with both the swords beside her. She

ould sell her life dearly. Theriere's words came back to her now as they had when she was struggling in the water after the wreck of the Half-

"But pardieu. I shall go down fighting ! Well, she could do no less. She could hear the movement of several persona in the next room now. The voices of women and children came to er dis-tinctly. Many of the words were Japanese, but others were of a tongue with which

she was not familiar. Presently her own chamber began to lighten. She looked over her shoulder and saw the first faint rays of dawn showing through a small sperture near the roof and at the opposite end of the room.

She rose and moved quickly toward it. By standing on tiptoe and pulling her-self up a triffe with her hands upon the sill she was able to raise her eyes above the bottom of the window frame. Beyond she saw the forest, not a hun-dred yards away; but when she attermined

dred yards away; but when she attempted to crawi through the opening she discov-ered, to her chagrin, that it was too small to permit the passage of her body. And then there came a knocking on the door she had just quitted, and a woman's

voice calling her lord and master to his morning meal. Barbara ran quickly across the chamber

to the door, the longsword raised above her head in both hands. Again the woman knocked, this time much louder, and raised her voice as she called again upon Oda Yorimoto to come

(CONTINUED TOMORROW.)

BEN GREET PLAYERS AT U. OF P.

"As You Like It" Tonight-"Romeo and Juliet" Tomorrow Night

"As You Like It" wil be presented to-night, and "Romeo and Juliet" tomorrow night by the Ben Greet Woodland Players in the Botanical Gardens of the University of Pennsylvania.

The Ben Greet Players have been giving Shakenpeare's pinys in the open air for 25 years in England, and since coming to this country 14 years ago have played on the campuses of Harvard, Princeton, Yale, West Point, Wellsaley, Smith and many other universities universities. Seats may be obtained at the summer school office, College Hall, University of Pannsylvania.

Market Street Tenant Buys

Market Street Tenant Buys The five-story building 124 Market street. lot 18 feet by 15 feet. has been sold by George H. Johnson for S. Louis and Etta B. Goulson to the John H. Wood Company, Inc., which has occupied the property for a number of years. The suggested valuation is 186,000 and the price paid is reported to have been \$85,000. This is the best price that has been realized for a property in this block for several years. The pur-chasers will make extensive alterations.

that a legal certificate as to his demise will take the place of the ordinary death certificate. And it doesn't matter how the mother or father died, be a scandal what it may, it won't deter the board from passing an unprejudiced opinion on the merits of the child involved. Eighty little girls already have their applications on file at the office in the Witherspoon Building. And in the meantime they are getting ready the myriads of little dresses, for the

founder of Carson College decreed that no three little girls in his home should be no three little girls in his home should be dressed alike. And the little girls need not even wear a hair ribbon like the other little girls. In fact, it was the request of the founder, the late Robert N. Carson, that the little girls in his home be dressed in becoming clothes. Little girls, he feit, must not be labeled by their method of wearing their hair ribbon or the style in which their pigtails are manipulated. Each little girl will be dressed in the

style most becoming to her type and each little girl will be educated according to her ability. So every little Orphant Annie had better

watch out CHILD'S FRIENDS FIGHT FLY

Federation Asks Co-operation in De-

stroying Insect's Breeding Places

All citizens who know of the existence f manure pits in any section of the city are urged to communicate the fact to the Child Federation, 1524 Chestnut street. Because flies are the known carriers of many infantile diseases, as well as being suspected of being the carriers of infantile paralysis, medical experts plead for every precaution to be taken against the insect.

The Bureau of Health and Charities, un-der whose supervision the routing out of manure pits that are contrary to law comes. is unable to properly protect the city through lack of appropriations to employ sufficient inspectors. In this contingency the Child Federation has offered to look after this work. Every citizen who discovers a manure

pit or hears of one is asked to notify the federation, and the case will be investi-gated immediately. In this way the medical authorities believe that much of the danger of an epidemic may be avoided.

Red Cross Extends Work

Red Cross Extends Work An interesting exhibit at the headquarters of the Philadelphis County Auxiliary of the American Red Croas, 1428 Walnut street, is a maternity outfit, of the type now being made and packed by members of that or-ganization for the wives of soldiers. Mrs. Reed A. Morgan, chairman of the commit-tee, is organizing women who will assist in making these outfits to be distributed by the Home Reilef Division of the Emergency Aid Committee, at 1519 Arch street. Committee, at 1519 Arch street

Reward for Missing Aged Man

Relatives of James McNulty, 75 years d, of Sharon Hill, who disappeared from his home in this borough have offered a reward of \$100 for him. The man was seen in Broad Street Station. Philadelpha, the day he disappeared. Several days later there were reports that he was seen at Sixty-ninth street terminal. Philadelphia; Ridley Park and other places. Since then no word has been heard concerning him. no word has been heard concerning him.

Assistant Dentist Named

Director Krussen, of the Department of Health and Charities, today appointed Dr. Louis Michael, 532 Pine street, an assistant dentist, at a salary of \$700 a year. Doctor Michael will be assigned to the new city dental dispensary which opened a few days ago at fweith and Carpenter directs. He will work exclusively among the poor oth-dren of the city.

The Superior Quality of the Groceries we sell in "Our Stores" is known to thousands and thousands of the most particular people in this city and for miles and miles around. Along with Superior Quality goes Lowness of Prices. It is an undisputed fact that in no other stores in this city can you get such Superior Quality groceries at such Low. Prices as you can get at "The Stores Where Quality Counts and Low Prices Prevail."

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Where Quality Counts,

Low Prices Prevail

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