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

CHAPTER XII- (Continued).

THE girl within was panic-stricken. What should she do? With but a little respite she might enlarge the window sufficiently to permit her to escape into the forest, but the woman at the door evidently would not be denied.

Suddenly an inspiration came to her. It was a foriorn hope, but well worth putting

door, "Oda Yorimoto sleeps. It is his wish that he be not disturbed." For a moment there was slience beyond the door. Then the woman grunted, and

Barbara heard her turn back, muttering to

The girl breathed a deep sigh of re-lief—she had received a brief reprieve from death.

Again she turned to the window, where with the shortsword she commenced the labor of enlarging it to permit the pas-eage of her body. The work was neces-sarily slow because of the fact that it must proceed noiselessly.

an hour she worked, and then again an interruption at the door. was a man. "Oda Yorimoto still sleeps," whispered

"Go away and do not disturb ill be very angry if you awaken But the man would not be put off so as had the woman. He still in-

The daimio has ordered that there shall be a great hunt today for the heads of the set-yo-jin who have landed upon Yoka," persisted the man. "He will be angry indeed if we do not call him in time to accomplish the task today. Let me speak with him, woman. I do not believe that Oda Yorimoto still sleeps. Why should I

believe one of the sel-yo-jin? It may be that you have bewitched the dalmio," with that he pushed against the door The corpse gave a little, and the man glued his eyes to the aperture. Barbara held the sword behind her, and with her shoulder against the door attempted to

away!" she cried. "I shall be killed if you awaken Oda Yorknoto; and if you enter you, too, shall be killed!" The man stepped back from the door,

and Barbara could hear him in low con-verse with some of the women of the household. A moment later he returned, and without a word of warning threw his

whole weight against the portal.

The corpse slipped back enough to permit the entrance of the man's body, and he stumbled into the room the longsword of the Lord of Yoka fell full and keen across the back of his brown neck Without a sound he lunged to the floor

ing glimpse of what had taken place within the little chamber, even before Barbara Harding could slam to the door again. With chricks of rage and fright they rushed into e main street of the village, shouting at the tops of their voices that Oda Yorimoto and Hawa Nisho had been slain by the woman of the sel-yo-jin. Instantly the village swarmed with

women, children and dogs. They rushed toward the hut of Oda Yorimoto, filling the outer chamber, where they jabbered excitedly for several minutes, the warriors attempting to obtain a coherent story from the moaning women of the

Barbara Harding crouched close to the door, listening. She knew that the crucial moment was at hand; that there were at best but a few moments for her

A slient prayer rose from her parted lips. She placed the sharp soint of Oda. Yorimoto's shortsword against her breast and waited-waited for the coming of the men from the room beyond, snatching a few brief seconds from eternity ere she drove the weapon into her heart.

Theriers plunged through the jungle at a run for several minutes before he caught sight of the mucker.

FARMER SMITH'S

fellows before, and I can tell you that you never know when one is near you until you feel a spear in your back, unless you are most watchful. We must make all the haste we can of course, but we shall be of no aid to Mile. Harding if we rush into an ambush and our heads are lost."

Byrne saw the wisdom of his compan m's advice, and tried to profit by it; but omething which seemed to dominate him today carried him ahead at reckiess break-neck speed—the flight of an eagle would have been all too slow to meet the requirements of his unaccountable haste.

Once he found himself wondering why he was risking his life to avenge or rescue this girl whom he hated so. He tried to think that It was for the ransom—yes, that was it, the ransom. If he found her alive and rescued her he would claim the lion's share of the booty.

Theriere, too, wondered why Byrne, of all men upon the Halfmoon, the last that he should have expected to risk a thing for the sake of Miss Harding, should be the foremost in pursuit of her captors.

"How far behind should be Sanders and Wilson?" he remarked to Byrne after they had been on the trail for the better part to reach us? Four may do much more than

"Not w'en Billy Byrne's one of de two replied the mucker, and continued doggedly along the trail.

Another half-hour brought them sudden-

in sight of a native village. Billy Byrne was for dashing straight into the center of it and "cleaning it up," as he put it; but Theriere put his foot down firmly on that propostion, and finally Byrne saw that the other was right. "The trail leads straight toward that

place," said Theriere, "so it shall be here that they carried her. But which of the huts she is in now we should try to decide before we make an attempt to save her. Sacre nom d'un pipe! Now, what think you of that?"

"T'ink o' wot?" asked the mucker. "Wot's eatin' yeh?"
"Observe those three men down there
In the village, Byrne?" asked the French-

man. "They are no more aboriginal head-hunters than am 1. They are Japanese! There must be something wrong with our trailing, for it is most certain that the Japanese are not head-hunters."

"There ain't been nothin' phoney about ur trailin', bo," insisted Byrne, "an' whether Japs or bean collectors or not here's where de ginks dat copped de doll hiked her. If dey ain't dere now it's because dey went t'rough an' out de odder side-

"Hush, Byrne!" whispered Theriers. "Lie down behind this bush. Some one is coming along this other trail to the right of us." and as he spoke he dragged the mucker down beside him.

For a moment they crouched, breathless and expectant, and then the alim figure of an almost nude boy emerged from the follage close beside and entered the trail toward the village. Upon his head he bore a bundle of firewood.

When he was directly opposite the watchers Theriere sprang suddenly upon him, clapping a silencing hand over the boy's In Japanese he whispered a com

mand for silence.
"We shall not harm you if you kee he said "and answer our questions ully. What village is that?" truthfully. What village is that?"
"It is the chief city of Oda Yorimoto.
Lord of Yoka," replied the youth. "I am

Oda Iseka, his son."
"And the large hut in the center of the village is the palace of Oda Yorimoto?'
guessed Theriere shrewdly.
"It is."

The Frenchman was not unversed in the

CAN YOU TAKE A DARE?

is to be a "coward," simply because you refuse to dive off a high place into the

away. When you say "No" to a dare, you simply keep your head or arms or

ing from a platform onto the sand rather than refuse to take a "dare."

river or hang on the back of the ice wagon or trolley car.

whatever is involved in the recklessness of taking the dare.

amount to anything if we dare a boy to stop smoking cigarettes.

Dear Children-The other day I had the misfortune to see three boys jump-

Having had the pleasure of being a boy, I am aware of the terrible crime it

In these talks I have repeatedly told you that "NO" keeps and "YES" gives

The things which are usually the subject of dares are very trivial in most

I suppose I should put in right here that one of the boys who was dared to

There! I DARE you to write and tell me that you TAKE my dare.

"Are you still on the trail?" he called to the man before him.
"Sure," replied Byrne. "It's dead easy.
They must 'a' been a dozan of 'em. Even a mutt like me couldn't miss it."
"We must go carefully, Byrne," cautioned Theriere, "I have had experience with these clever Oriental evasion or an equally clever

Oriental He. 'Does Oda Yorimoto Intend slaying the white woman that was brought to his house last night?" asked Theriere.

last night?" asked Theriere.
"How should the son know the intentions of his father?" replied the boy.
"Is she still alive?" continued Theriere.
"How should I know, who was askep when she was brought and only heard the someonist that the someonist that womenfolk this morning whispering that Oda Yorimoto had brought home a new woman the night before?" "Could you not see her with your own syes?" asked Theriere.

"My eyes cannot pass through the door of the little room behind, in which they still were when I left to gather firewood a half hour since," retorted the youth.
"Wot's de chink sayin'?" asked Billy Hyrne, impatient of the conversation, no word of which was intelligible to him.

"He says, in substance," replied Theriere, with a grin, "that Miss Harding is still alive, and in the back room of that largest hut in the center of the village street. But' —and his face clouded—"Oda Yorimoto, the chief of the tribe, is a ith her."

The mucker sprang to his feet with an oath, and would have boiled for the village had not Theriere laid a detaining hand upon ils shoulder.

"It is too late, my friend," he said sadly, "to make haste now. We may if we are cautious be able to save her life, and later consibly avenge her wrong. Let us act colly and after some manner of plan, so that we may work together and not throw our lives away uselessly. The chances are that neither of us will come out of that village alive, but we must minimize that chance to the utmost if we shall serve Mile. "Well, wot's de word?" asked the mucker,

for he saw that Theriere was right.

'The jungle approaches the village most closely on the opposite side—the side in the rear of the chief's hut," pointed out The-riers. "We must circle about until we can reach that point unseen; then we may make further plans from what we shall be ole to sec."
"An' dis?" Byrne shoved a thumb at Oda

Yneka. "We shall take him with us-it would not

be safe to let him go now."
"Why not croak him?" suggested Byrne. "Not unless we must," replied Theriere, "He is but a boy. We shall doubtless have all the killing we desire among the men be-

fore we get away."
"I never did have no use for chinks," said the mucker, as though in extenuation of his suggestion that they murder the youth. For some unaccountable reason he felt a sudden compunction because of his thoughtless remark. What in the world was coming over him? he wondered. He'd be vearing white pants and playing lawn tennis presently if continued to grow very much softer and nore unmanly.

So the three set out through the jungle, following a trail which led around to the north of the village. Theriere walked ahead with the boy's arm in his grasp. Byrne folowed closely behi d.

They reached their destination in the rear

of Oda Yorimoto's "palace" without in-terruption or detection. Here they recon-noitered through the thick foliage. "Dere's a little winder in de back of de said Byrne. "Dat must be w'ere de

oroiler's cooped."
"Yes," said Theriere, "it would be in the back room which the boy described. First we shall tie and gag this young heathen, and then we may proceed to business with out fear of alarm from him," and the Frenchman stripped a long grass rope from about the waist of his prisoner. With this he was securely trussed up, a piece of his ioin cloth being forced into his mouth as a ways of Orientals, and he guessed also that | gag and secured there by another strip torGIRL OF SIX IS COURT INTERPRETER FOR DUMB MOTHER



Photo by Evening Lances Staff Photographer

An unusual scene in the Central Police Court, of this city, when little Josephine Morris was called upon to take the testimony of her mother, who was a witness in a certain case, in sign language and translate it for the court. Josephine is shown in care of an officer, while her mother holds a younger child in her lap. and snatching Oda Yorimoto's longsword

around the back of the boy's head. "Perhaps uncomfortable," commented heriere, "but not particularly painful or

dangerous. Now to business!"
"I'm goin' to make a break fer dat winder," announced the mucker, "an' youse squat here in de tall grass wit' yer gat an' pick off any fresh guya dat get gay in back here. Den, if I need youse, youse can come a runnin' an' open up all over de shop wit' de artillery. Or if I gets de lizzie outen de jug an' de chinks push me too clost, youse 'll be here where yeh can pick 'em off easy You'll be taking all the risk that way,

Byrne," objected Theriere, "and that's not fair."

"One o' us is pretty sure to get hurted," "One o' us is pretty sure to get nutrea, explained the mucker in defense of his plan;
"an' if it's a croak, it's a lot better fer it to be me dan youse. De girl wouldn't be crazy about bein' left alone wit' me—she ain't got no use fer de likes o' me. Now, youse are her kind, an' so youse stay here whose was can help her after I get her where yeh can help her after I get her out. I don't want not'in' to do wit' her, anyhow. She gives me a swift pain, and," he added as though it were an afterthought "I ain't got no use fer dat ransom, eider-youse can have dat, too." "Wait, Byrne!" Theriere whispered urg-

ently. "I have something to say, too. I do not see how I can expect you to believe me; but under the circumstances, when one of us and perhaps both are sure to die before th day is much older, it would not be worth while to lie.

"I do not desire that accursed ranson either. I want only to do what I can to right the wrong that I have helped to do against Miss Harding. I—I—Byrne, mon ami, I love her. I shall never tell her so for I am not the sort of man a decent girl would care to marry; but I did wa t the chance to tell her all concerning m, connection with the dirty business, and get her forgiveness if I could. First I wished to prove my repentance by helping her to civ-Ilization in safety and delivering her to her friends without the payment of a cent of

"I may never be able to do that now but if I die in the attempt, and you do not I desire that you tell her what I have told you. Tell her the worst of me you can— you could not begin to make me as black as I have been-but let her know that for love

"Byrne, she is the best girl that you or I ever saw; we're not fit to breaths the same air that she breathes. Now you can see why I should like to go first."

"I t'ought youse was soft on her," replied the mucker, "an' dat's de reason w'y youse orter not go first. But wot's de use o' chewin'? Le's flip a coin to see w'ich goes and wich stays. Got one?" Theriere felt in his trouser pocket, fishing

"Heads, you go; talls, I go," he said and spun the silver piece in the air, catching it in the flat of his open palm. "It's heads," said the mucker, grinning. Wot's de racket?" 'Gee!

Both men turned toward the village, where a jabbering mob of half-casts Japanese had suddenly appeared in the streets, hurrying toward the hut of Oda Yorlmoto.
"Somepin doin', eh?" said the mucker.
"Wall, here goes—s'-long!" And he broke from the cover of the jungle and dashed across the clearing toward the rear of Oda Yorlmoto's hut.

> CHAPTER XIII. The Mucker Plays Defender

BARBARA HARDING heard the Samurai ing toward the door that separated them from her. She pressed the point of the dalmio's sword to her breast.

A heavy knock fell upon the door, and at the same instant the girl was startled by a noise behind her—a noise at the little rindow at the far end of the room. Turning to face this new danger, she was electrified to see the head and shoulders of the mucker framed in the broken square of the half-demolished window. The girl did not know whether to feel

enewed hope or utter despair. She could

not forget the heroism of her rescue by this brutal fellow when the Halfmoon had gone to pieces the day before, nor could she banish from her mind his threat of violence toward her, or his brutal treat-ment of Mallory and Theriere. And the question arose in her mind as to whother she would be any better off in his power than in the clutches of the

savage Samurai. savage Samurai.

Hilly Byrne had heard the knock upon the door before which the girl knelt. He had seen the corpses of the dead men at her feet. He had observed the tell-tale position of the sword which the girl held to her breast. He had read much of the story at a glance.

"Cheer up, kid!" he whispered, "Til be wit' youse in a minute, an' Theriere's out here, too, to help youse if I can't do it alone."

The girl turned toward the door.

"Wait," she cried to the Samurai upon
the other side, "until I move the dead men.
Then you may come in. Their bodies bar
the door now."

All that kept the warriors out was the fear that possibly Oda Yorimoto might not be dead after all, and that, should they force their way into the room without his permission, some of them would suffer for their temerity. Naturally none of them was keen to lose his head for nothing; but the moment that the girl spoke of the dead "men," they knew that Oda Yorimoto had been slain, too.
With one accord they rushed the little

With one accord they rushed the little door.

The girl throw all her weight against her side, while the dead men, each to the extent of his own weight, aided the woman who had killed them. Behind the three Billy Byrns kicked and tore at the mud wall about the window in a frantic effort to calarge the aperture sufficiently to permit his huge bulk to pass through into the little room.

The mucker was to the sixth side first.

The mucker won to the girl's side first.

from the floor, he threw his great weight against the door, commanding the girl to make for the window and escape to the forest as quickly as she could.
"Theriore is waiting dere," he said. "He grams follow:

will see youse de moment yeh reach de winder, and den youse 'll be safe." But you?" cried the girl. "W "Never youse mind me," commanded

Billy Byrne "Youse jes' do as I tells yeh, see? Now beat it," and he gave her a rough shove toward the window, And then, between the combined efforts of the Samurai upon one side and Hilly Byrne, of Kelly's Gang, upon the other, the frail door burst from its rattan hinges and

fell to one side The first of the Samural into the little room was cleft from crown to breast-bone by the keen edge of the sword of the Lord of Yoka, whelded by the mighty arm of the mucker. The second took the count with a left hook to the law, and then all that could crowd through the little door swarmed upon the husky bruiser from Grand avenue.

(CONTINUED TOMORROW.)

SURFACE MAY BE OUSTED SOON Agricultural Commission Expected to

Dismiss Him Summarily Next Week HARRISBURG, July 28-The State Agri-

cultural Commission will probably not wait until August 7, the date set for its next meeting, to drop Dr. H. A. Surface, Economic Zoologist, who was asked to resign

The commission has changed the time for the meeting to next Monday, and it is be-lieved that Surface will then be summarily turned out of office. It is said the commission may then name a successor to Surface and end the whole matter.

Evening Ledger Photoplay Cast Contest

Entries now open, Voting began July 17, Voting ends August 31,

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:

Fred E Booken Evening & Tedger

Each heading counts for ten votes. No be accepted and none that is more than id-days old. Only one name may be written on each heading.

Please enter in the Evening Ledger Photoplay Cast Contest:

For Neminating organization.

This nomination blank, when properly filled out and forwarded, will entitle the nominee to 1000 yets.

Candidates are requested to five 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. each contestant.
Mail to Evening Ledger Photoplar Cast
Contest, P. O. Box 964, Philadelphia.

Photoplay Presentations WEST PHILADELPHIA

OVERBROOK SED AND HAVER-

Olga Petrova "Playing With Fire'

BALTIMORE BAUTIMORE AVE. REGINA WETHORGREN in "THE MOTHER WHO PAID"

Fox Feature—Robert B. Mantell in "The Spider and the Fly"

GARDEN AND A LANSDOWNE AVE. VIOLET MERSEREAU in "THE GREAT PROBLEM"

The maximum in sumfect, safety and summer ments of the minimum price. MATS, DAILT Marie Walcamp in "THE FLIRT

Music at Strawberry Mansion Tonight The Fairmount Park Band, Richard conductor, plays this afternoon and tonight at Strawberry Mansion. The pro-AFTERNOON, 4 TO 6 O'CLOCK

verture. Resamunde Schuber
Dance of the Serpents Bucalarr
(a) La Paioma Yradie
(b) "Trot de Cavalerie" Rubinstel
The Hall of Fame Toban
ulte. "From Foreign Lands" Moszkowsk Germany.
) Susting the Bohemian Girl'.....
is from "The Bohemian Girl'.....
its. "Roses From the South"....
its. "Roses From the South oddes from "The Little Cafe"...

A TO 10 O'CLOCK EVENING, 8 TO 10 O'CLOCK. Overture. "Mirella" Gouned
Melodies from "Carmen" Hist
Cornet solo, "Battle Cry of Freedom" Liberati
Soloist: Mr. Sante Martorano,
Melodies from "The Doly Girl" Herbert
Descriptive fantasis, "The Advent of
Spring" Lovenberg (a) "La Pirouito" (b) "Ireland Forever" "Slavonic Rhapsod" "Grand American Fantasie" "Star-Spangled Banner." Music at Plaza Tonight

The Philadelphia Band, under the leader-ship of Silas E. Hummel, will play tonight at City Hall plaza. The program follows Overture, "Coriolan" Besthave Melodies from "Babes in Toyland" V. Herber Characteristic Suite. Gruenwald

(d) Sincertly.

Grand Selection from "Robin Hood" R. DeKoven
(a) Intermesso. Adriadne Voelker
(b) Fensee Pathetique ("Love and
Contraito solo
Bertha Brinker D'Albites.

Municipal Band Concert The Municipal Band, Benjamin Roesh-man conductor, will play tonight at Eleventh

Overture, "Orpheus". Offenbach
(a) Serenade, "Spring Morning". Lacombe
(b) "Pairol of the Guards". Lose
Musical Joke, "Jolly Musicians". Musical
Gems from, "Sweethearts". Herbert
Tenor solo and Tioga streets. The program follows: Tenor solo Mr. William Fagin. Selected
Grand selection. "Ripoletto" Verdi
Value di concert. "Tales From the Vienna
Melodies from "High Jinks" Frimi

ON CHARLES CHAPLIN Oh, Yes! It Has Something to Do

With the Filthy Lucre

HERE'S A NEW ANGLE

By the Photoplay Editor

By the Photoplay Editor

There won't be another Chaplin comedy until August 7; but the press agent of the Mutual docen't mind letting us know that "burglar insurance in sums that would—not 'should,' you note—make a press agent blush has been taken out by the Mutual Film Corporation for the protection of its Chaplin reels against theft by the 'film pirates.' The 12 releases in which Chaplin is to appear this year will cost the total sum of \$1,530,000, including the compliance is alary of \$670,000. A wast invalent in film stock is required for printing of the many copies of the Chappinitures issued for distribution in tunited States and abroad. Every phase of the business involved which is insulable has been insured by the Mutual.

"An elaborate tracing and accounting system installed for the handling of the reels makes it possible for the Mutual to tell at any hour of the day or night july where each of the several thousand rest.

where each of the several thousand res of Chaplin pictures is to be found, wheth it is in the film exchange, at a theater in transit on an 'express circuit,' or a detrains of an express circuit, or a detrain circuit in Alaska.

"Any unusual delay in the delivery of Chaplin reel is investigated by the fix company, this as a special precauting against the possible counterfeiting of the

film by what is known as the duping process. This process consists of making a negative from the positive print by reversal of the usual photo printing process. From the negative so made any number of duplicate prints or "dupes" can be produced. Duplicates thus produced are of inferior quality, but sufficiently good to find a market hrough the curious and devious channels constructed by the professional The most exactingly careful copyright

precautions have been taken in connection with the Chaplin pictures. For the added protection of each release the Mutual Film Corporation is publishing a copyright book, both in the United States and Great Britain.

One of the forthcoming productions of World Film Corporation, under William A. Brady's direction, will be an elaborate visualization of the famous historical charcter, Nathan Hale.
Mr. Brady designated Robert Warwick,

Gail Kane, Alec Francis and Clara Whip-ple to handle the leading roles in this pic-ture, and the company is at work at present in Boston. Permission was granted them to work in the public square and on Boston Common.

A number of the scenes are being made in the exact locale of the original Cly Fitch story, which was produced as

stage play some years ago.

Theatrical Baedeker NEW FEATURE FILMS.

BTANLEY — Last half of the week, "Un Covers," with Owen Moore and Razel Day a Famous Players-Paramount production. ARCADIA—Last half of the week. "The tive's God," with W. S. Hart and I Markey, an Ince-Triangle production.

PALACE—Last half of week, "The Amer Beauty." with Myrtle Stedman, a Pal Paramount release.

Paramount release.

Fig. 7. The Cultter,"
Lionel Barrymore, a Metro production.
day and Saturday, "The River of Roman
with Harold Lockwood and May Allian
Metro production.

VAUDEVILLE. KEITH'S—"Made in Philly." with Adele san, Bobby Heath, Al White and Miss Fra Hara Kendis, Gordon Dooley, Rudinoff; and Arline, in "A New Mea" Melissa Ecyk and Max Welly, in "The Cambol of Gods"; Cooper and Smith, in "Ratel sip"; the Sixteen Navasar Girls and Selig-Tribune Pictorial News. Selig-Tribune Pictorial News.

[GLOHE—"The Dream Pirates," a tabloid
cal comedy: Thomas Potter Dunn.
Foreman, in "The Danser Point": the
Sisters, Spencer and Klaiss, Helene and
ion, Dave Ross, in a comedy sketch; the
lows, hand-balancing act, and the

ARTHURS.

GRAND—Walsh and Lynch, in "Along GRAND—Walsh and Lynch, Jim and Mi Harkins, Katle Rooney, D'Amore and Dias and the Pathe News and Mutual control of the Control o

Gies.

TROSS KEYS THEATER—Last haif of the ley, Monroe and Joyce, "A Business posal"; Griffith and Lane, Bob Hail, the Shelvey Brothers and Mile. Riato.

Prominent Photoplay Presentations

ALHAMBRA Mat. Daily at 2: Eyes., 7 & 9. LIBERTY BROAD AND COLUMBIA Pauline Frederick the THE WORLD'S GREAT SNARE

ARCADIA CHESTNUT BELOW 16TH William S. Hart and Enid Markey "THE CAPTIVE GOD" APOLLO 52D AND THOMPSON MATINEE DAILY

Sessue Hayakawa in "Alien Souls" ALL-STAR TRIANGLE-KEYSTONE COMEDY BELMONT 82D ABOVE MARKET MAIR. 1:30 & 3:30, 100 Evgs. 6:30, 8. 9:30, 150

Sessue Hayakawa in "THE TYPHOON CEDAR SOTH AND CEDAR AVE.

George Beban "PASQUALE" FAIRMOUNT 26TH AND GIRARD AVE. Olga Petrova in "THE ETERNAL ECRET OF THE SUHMARINE" (10)

FRANKFORD 4711 FRANKFORD AVENUE CARLYLE BLACKWELL in

56TH ST. Theater DAILY DAILY LOUISE HUFF in "DESTINY'S TOY" A Mr. & Mrs. Sidney Drew Comedy GERMANTOWN 6508 GERMAN-

Victor Moore "THE CLOWN" GIRARD AVENUE THEATER AVENUE

IRIS THEATER BLAG REINBINGTON AVENUE GRACE McHUGH in

Geraldine Farrar "Temptation"

JEFFERSON 20TH AND DAUPHIN Virginia Pearson "Hypocrisy"

LAFAYETTE 2914 KENSINGTON AVENUE GAIL KANE in

Ralph Herz and Irene Hawley in "THE PURPLE LADY" LOGAN THEATER 4810 N. BIROAD

MARGUERITE CLARK in "SILKS AND SATING" LOCUST 52D AND LOCUST Mats. 1:30 and 3:30, 10c. 25 vgs. 6:30. 8, 9:30, 15c.

Olga Petrova in 'THE ETERNAL QUESTION Market St. Theater SSS MARKET HOLDROOK BLINN in "The Weakness of Men"
Every Monday "The Grip of Evelt" Every Wednesday "Peg o' the Ring"

PALACE 1214 MARKET STREET MYRTLE STEDMAN in "THE AMERICAN BEAUTY" PARK RIDGE AVE. & DAUPHIN ST.

PEGGY HYLAND in "SAINTS AND SINNERS" PRINCESS 1018 MARKET

HOBERT HENLEY in TEMPTATION AND THE MAN RIALTO GERMANTOWN AVE.

MARY PICKFORD in "THE ETERNAL GRIND"

REGENT 1034 MARKET STREET BUMAN VOICE ORGA ANITA STEWART in "DARING OF DIANA"

RUBY MARKET STREET Norma Talmadge in "GOING STRAIGHT BILLIE BURKE in "Gloria's Romance"

SAVOY 1211 MARKET STREET Myrtle Gonzales to THE SECRET Added-CHAPLIN in "THE VAGABORD" TIOGA THE AND VENANGO BEE

Charlie Chaplin to "THE VAGABOU MARKE DORO IS "THE WHITE PERSON VICTORIA MARRIE ME.

HAROLD LOCKWOOD A HAR ALTERO

STANLEY MARKET AROY HAZEL Down and Owen Mo

it any stronger. Here is a DARE FOR YOU: I dare you to stop "HITCHING ON" to trolley cars, ice wagons, trucks and

moving vehicles.

The Rainbow Animals By CAROLINA CASSACIO, East Lansdowns Once upon a time there were two animals, a dog and a cat, and every time they met they quarreled. Now it happened that Alice the little girl who owned the cat, lost the Rainbow Button Farmer Smith had sent to her, so she sent him a 2-cent stamp and asked for another one. In the meantime she found her old one and then she had

two. She didn't know what to do with it. She was sitting by the window and think-She was sitting by the window and thinking what to do with it when suddenly she
jumped up and called out, "Here, Tom"
(that was the cat's name). Tom came in
and she put the pin on him. So Tom went
out again and met the dog. While they
were quarreling the dog saw the pin. He
asked where he got it, so Tom told him all
about it.

Now Mary, the owner of the dog, was a very poor but kind-hearted little girl. While she was sitting down Spot (for that was the dog's name) came in and told Mary all about it, so Mary sent for two pins, one for Spot and one for herself. Since then Spot and Tom have always read the news of Farmer Smith's Rainbow Club. After that every time they met they would act nicely.

Our Postoffice Box

Elizabeth Green has been sick in bed for four long weeks. She is up and out now, however, and we are sure the happy times that are coming will make her forget all about the tedious hours "under the covers." Elizabeth expects to send a story. If writing will confine our little convalescent to the house too closely, we advise waiting until complete strength returns.

Mary Racik believes in making her sentences emphatic. She writes in red ink! She is nine years old and has just been promoted to the 4th grade. Claire Bader, Maryine street, writes a friendly little note that gives promise of comradeship with every one in the Rainbow Club.

Aftert Sylk, North 36th street, turns his Rainbow button upside down until he has done a kind act. Then he feels that he is cuttiled to wear it straight again. Albert belongs to the crow that earnestly lives up to the first object of its club!

Walter Crowl to Enother Philadelphia Rainbow hey who has game to Ocean City. Our Postoffice Box

to sped the summer. This young man di-vides his time equally between bathing and fishing and is managing to turn into an "Indian face" as far as color is concerned. Walter is kindly requested to draw some plo tures of the saliboats that skim so fleetly over Egg Harbor Bay.

FARMER SMITH.

Children's Editor.

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



RIPTH MILLER Roxborough.

RAINBOW CLUB

STORIES OF CLOUDLAND Tulip Heart Meets Dopy Down Billy. By Farmer Smith

Just as the sun was peeping into little Tulip Heart's room in the palace of Cloudland and when she had only one eye open there was a loud knock at the door. "Don't be scared, Tulip Heart," said Zu Zu, who was awake and smiling from

It is true of boyhood that most of the dares are those which involve physical the bed knob where he was still caught danger. It would be a good idea if the teacher, it seems to me, would dare the fast boys to pass their examinations. It would be splendid if the mothers could only "But who is it," asked Tulip Heart, "I never knew that any one knocked at the

dare their boys to be good and strong men. I wonder why it does not seem to doors in cloudland." "That's Dopy Down Dilly, the Sand Man," laughed Zu Zu. "He never knocks, except in the day time. He must always knock in the day time or else he'd be keeping jump off the platform onto the sand sprained his ankle, but that might not make people asleep all the time. He looks awful cross, but don't mind him, Tulip Heart, he won't do you any harm, and some day he may show you his Slumber Cave where he keeps the Night Mares and Fairy Dreams." "Is he going to let you out of the bed knob today?" asked Tulip Heart.

"I hope so," said Zu Zu. "There's his knock again. Tell him to come in and I'll pretend to be crying." "Come in, Dopy Down Dilly," cried Tulip Heart, and the door opened and the Sand Man came in. Tulip Heart had always thought that the Sand Man was big or tall. She was greatly surprised to see that he wasn't any

olgger than she was. Such a funny-looking

little man, for he wore a blue suit all in one piece like a pair of night-drawers and it buttoned up the back with little gold His face was thin and wrinkled and he was cross and sleepy-looking. His hair stood up straight like grass, and though it was gray it really looked green in the sunlight. Every few minutes he would

(To be Continued.) The Keyboard Five-and-thirty black slaves, Half a hundred white, All their duty but to sing For their Queen's delight;

open his mouth and yawn.

With her fingertips. When she quits her palace All the slaves are dumb— Dumb with dolor till the Queen Back to court is come. Dumb the throats of thunder, Dumb the dulcet lips; Lacking all the sovereignty Of her fingertips.

Now with throats of thunder, Now with dulcet lips.

While she rules royally

Dusky slaves and pallid. Ebon slaves and white, When the Queen was on her throne How you sang tonight! Ah, the throats of thunder! Ah, the dulcet lips!
Ah, the gracious tyrannies
Of her flagertips!

Silent, stient, silent, All your voices now.
Was it then her life alone
Did your life endow?
Waken throats of thunder!
Waken dulcet lips!
Touched to immortality
Her foresting. By her fingertips.

How to Vote

Entry Blank

Name (Miss or Mrs.)...... Home Address Tarrest

Nominating organizations may concentrate their votes on one candidate or mity numinate and work for two; i. s., one lady, one gen-tleman.

Prominent

Selection of Irish Airs by request

EUREKA 40TH & MARKET STS.

SOUTH PHILADELPHIA OLYMPIA BROAD AND BAINBRIDGE

Louise Huff "DESTINY'S TOY"

LEADER BORTF FIRST AND AVENUE