The one who looks at

life hard-eyed And leaves kind words

Is sad, I think, as an

With all the windows

maybe I kin hide his grave so's dey won't

ward while the marveling girl followed close behind him.

A hundred yards above the spring, they

came upon a little level spot, and here with the two swords of Oda Yorimoto which

they still carried, they scooped a shallow grave in which they placed all that was mortal of the Count de Cadenet.

Barbara Harding whispered a short prayer above the new-made grave, while the mucker stood with bowed head beside

her. Then they turned to their flight again

siderable distances, and twice the mucker

bear her across particularly dangerous or difficult stretches.

came upon its source and found their fur-

ther progress barred by precipiteus cliffs, which rose above them, sheer and unscal-

have gone through what you have today and been alive now."

he said. "Anyhow, dis ought to make swell joint to defend."

The mucker made a deprecatory gesture

I suppose we gotta make de best of it.

Weak as he was, he searched about for

"Thanks," replied the girl. "I am nearly

So tired was she that she was asleep

(CONTINUED TOMORROW.)

Shortly after midnight they struck a

had lifted the girl bodily in his arms

small mountain stream up which they lowed until, in a natural cul-de-sac.

Byrne," replied the girl.

position in which she was,

unspoken

broken.

tumble to it.

underbrush.

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

THE mucker opened his eyes. Close above him bent the radiant vision of Barbara Harding's face. On his forehead he felt the soothing strokes of her cool, noft hand.

He closed his eyes again to battle with the effeminate realization that he enjoyed this strange, new sensation—the sensation of being ministered to by a gentle woman—and, perish the thought, by a gentle-

With an effort he raised himself to one

elbow, scowling at her.
"G'wan," he said; "I ain't no boob dude.
Cut out de mush. Lemme be. Beat it!"
Hurt more than she would have cared to admit, Barbara Harding turned away from her ungrateful and ungracious pa-tient to repeat her ministrations to the enchman. The mucker read in her ex-sistent something of the wound his words 1 inflicted, and he lay thinking upon matter for some time, watching her t, white fingers as they worked over scarce-breathing Theriere.

He saw her wash the blood and dirt from the ghastly wound in the man's chest, and as he watched he realized what a world courage it must require for a woman her stamp to do gruesome work of this

Never before would such a thought have occurred to him. Neither would he have cared at all for the pain his recent words to the girl might have inflicted. Instead, he would have felt keen enjoyment of her discomfiture.

And now another strange, new emotion took possession of him. It was none other than a desire to atone in some way for his words4 What wonderful transforma-tion was taking place in the heart of the

Kelly gangster.

"Say!" he brought out suddenly.
Barbara Harding turned questioning eyes toward him. In them was the cold, haughty alcofness again that had marked her cognizance of him upon the Halfmoon—that look that made his hate of her burn more faccaly. It took the mucker's breath more flercely. It took the mucker's breath away to witness it, and it made the speech he had contemplated more difficult than ever-nay, almost impossible.

He coughed nervously, and the old dark, lowering scowl returned to his brow. "Did you speak?" asked Miss Harding Billy Byrne cleared his throat, and then

there blurted from his lips not the speech he had intended, but a sudden, hateful rush of words which seemed to emanate from another personality, from one whom Billy Byrne once had been. "Ain't dat boob croaked yet?" he

The shock of that brutal question brought Barbara Harding to her feet. In horror she looked down at the man who had spoken thus of a brave and noble comrade in the face of death itself. Her eyes biased angrily, as hot, bitter words rushed to hen lips, and then of a sudden she thought of Byrne's self-sacrificing heroism in returning to Theriere's side in the face of the advancing Samurai; of the cool courage he had displayed as he carried the unconous man back to the jungle; votion, almost superhuman, that had sustained him as he struggled, uncomplaining up the steep mountain path with the burden of the Frenchman's body, the while his own lifeblood left a crimson trail be-

Such deeds and these words were incompatible with the same individual. There uld be but one explanation-Byrne must two men with as totally different characters as though they possessed separate

was not correct? At least, it seemed that Billy Byrne was undergoing a metamorpho-sis, and at the instant there was still a

eventually predominate.

Byrne turned away from the reproach which replaced the horror in the girl's eyes, and with a tired sigh let his head fall upon his outstretched arm

The Frenchman's respiration was scarce In Pronoumans respiration was scarce-ily appreciable, yet after, a time he opened his eyes and looked up wearily. At the-sight of the girl he smiled and tried to speak, but a fit of coughing flecked his lips with bloody foam, and again he closed his

Fainter and fainter came his breathing, until it was with difficulty that the girl de-tected any movement of his breast what-ever. She thought he was dying, and she vas afraid.

Wistfully she looked toward the mucker. The man still lay with his head buried in his arm, but whether he were wrapped in thought, in slumber or in death the girl could not tell.

At the final thought she went white with

Slowly she approached the man, and, leaning over, placed her hand upon his

"Mr. Byrne," she whispered. The mucker turned his face toward her. It looked tired and haggard.

"Wot is it?" he asked, and his tone was softer than she had ever heard it.
"I think Mr. Theriers is dying," she said, "and I—I—Oh, I am so afraid!"
The man flushed to the roots of his hair. All that he could think of were the ugly words he had sometime a short time heart. words he had spoken a short time before and now Theriere was dying.

Byrne would have laughed had any one suggested that he entertained any other entiment than hatred toward the second officer of the Halfmoon—that is, he would have 24 hours before; but now, quite unexsectedly, he realized that he didn't want Cherlere to die.

Then it dawned upon him that a new entiment had been born within him-a sentiment to which he had been an entire stranger all his hard, lonely life-friend-He felt friendship for Theriere! It was

nthinkable, and yet the mucker knew that Painfully he crawled over to the French-

"Theriere!" he whispered in the man's The officer turned his head wearily

"Do youse know me, old pal?" asked the mucker, and Barbara Harding knew from the man's voice that there were tears in his eyes. But what she did not know was that they welled there in response to the words the mucker had just spoken—the nearest approach to words of endearment that had

ever passed his lips.

Theriere reached up and took Byrne's hand. It was evident that he, too, had noticed the unusual quality of the mucker's

"Yes, old man," he said faintly. then: "Water, please."

Barbara Harding brought him a drink, holding his head against her knee while he drank. The cool liquid seemed to give him new strength, for presently he spoke quite

strongly: "I'm going, Byrne," he said; "but before I go I want to tell you that of all the brave men I have ever known, I have learned within the last few days to believe that you are the bravest. A week ago, I thought you were a coward—I ask your forgive-

"Forget it," whispered Byrne, "fer a week ago I guess I was a coward. Dere seems more'n one kind o' nerve—I'm jest a in' of the right kind, I guess." "And Byrne," continued Theriere, "don't forget what I asked of you before we tossed up to see which should enter Oda Yorimoto's

"I'll not ferget," said Billy. "Good-by, Byrne," whispered Theriere.
"Take good care of Miss Harding."
"Good-by, old pal," said the mucker. His voice broke, and two big tears rolled down the cheeks of "de toughest guy on de Wes

Barbara bent over Theriere.

"Good-by, my friend," she said. "God will reward you for your friendship, your bravery and your devotion. There must be

Theriere smiled sadly.

"Byrne will tell you all," he said, "except who I am—he does not know that."

"Is there any message, my friend," asked the girl, "that you would like to have medeliver?" Theriere remained silent for a moment as

though thinking.

"My name," he said, "is Henri Theriere. I am the Count de Cadenet of France. There is no message, Miss Harding, other than you see fit to deliver to my relatives. They lived in Paris the last I heard of them—my brother Jacques was a deputy."
His voice had become so low and weak
that the girl could scarce distinguish his nat the girl could scarce distinguish his ords. He gasped once or twice, and then ed to speak again. Harbara leaned closer,

"Good-by, dear."

The words were almost inaudible, and then the body stiffened with a little convulsive tremor. Henri Theriere, Count de Cadenet, passed over into the keeping of his noble ancestors.

ner ear almost against his lips,

"He's gone!" whispered the girl, eyed, but suffering. She had not loved this man, she realized; but she had learned to think of him as her one true friend in their little world of scoundrels and murderers. She had cared for him very much-it was entirely possible that some day she might have come to return his evident af-fection for her. She knew nothing of the seamy side of his hard life. She had gussed nothing of the scoungrelly duplicity that had marked his first advances toward

She thought of him only as a true, brave gentleman; and in that she was right, for whatever Henri Theriere might have been in the past, the last few days of his life had revealed him in the true colors that birth and nature had intended him to wear through a brilliant career. In his death he

had atoned for many sins.

And in those last few days he had transposed, all unknown to himself or the other man, a measure of the gentility and chivalry that were his birthright; for, unrealizing, Billy Byrne was patterning himself after the man he had hated and had come to

After the girl's announcement, the mucker continued to sit with bowed head staring at the ground. Afternoon had deepened into evening, and now the brief twilight of the tropics was upon them—in a few moments it would be dark.

Presently Byrne looked up. His eyes

vandered about the tiny clearing. Suddenly he staggered to his feet.

Barbara Harding sprang up, startled by the evident alarm in the man's attitude "What is it?" she whispered. "What is the matter?" "De chink!" he cried. "Where's de

chink?" And, sure enough, Oda Iseka had disappeared!

The youthful Dalmio had taken advantage of the preoccupation of his captors during the last moments of Theriere to gnaw in two the grams rope which bound him to the mucker, and with hands still fast bound behind him had slunk into the jungle path that led downward toward his village.
"They will be upon us again now at any moment." whispered the girl. "What can

we do?" "We better duck," replied the mucker "I hates to run away from a bunch of chinks, but I guess it's up to us to beat it." "But poor Mr. Theriere?" asked the girl.
"I'll have to bury him close by," replied
to mucker. "I don't tink I could pack him

the mucker. "I don't tink I could pack him very fer tonight—I don't feel jest quite fit again yet. You wouldn't mind much if I buried him here, would you?" "There is no other way, Mr. Byrne," re-plied the girl. "You mustn't think of try-ing to carry him far. We have done all we can for poor Mr. Theriere—you have almost given your life for him already, and it wouldn't do any good to carry his dead

body with us."
"I hates to t'ink o' dem head-huntin

PUBLIC OPINION FORCE THE CHEERFUL CHERUB TO END GREAT WARS. MRS. FELS DECLARES

Member of Ford Party and American Delegate on International Conference Board Analyzes Conflict

CONSIDERS MEXICAN ISSUE

"What are the pacifists-the organized pacifists sitting in conference at Stockholm—doing today to preserve peace between this country and Mexico?"

This query—almost nation-wide—was voiced by Mrs. Joseph Fels, a member of the Ford party and formerly one of the American delegates on the international "We in America who are interested in

"You are in no condition to carry him at all," said the girl. "I doubt if you can preserving friendly relations between the United States and Mexico," said Mrs. Fels, "are actively working toward that end. go far, even without a burden."
The mucker grinned.
"Youse don't know me, miss," he said, What of the Conference Board over there? "Personally, I am working to avert war with Mexico," continued Mrs. Fels. "The only way to achieve that result is to show and, stooping, he lifted the body of the Frenchman to his broad shoulder and started up the hillside through the trackless the Mexican side of the question to the American public. That cannot be done by a group of people on the other side of the It would have been an impossible feat for an ordinary man in the pink of condi-tion; but the mucker, weak as he was from pain and loss of blood, strode sturdily up-

ocean. That it was possible for a neutral board situated in a distant country, to impress a foreign government with its criticisms Mrs. Fels thought improbable.

"It is futile for an unconsidered confer-ence to address itself, with whatever proposition, to governments direct. You can reach a government only through its own "Thus a member always should work in his or her own country, using his per-sonal influence with members of the gov-

ernment or any other leading persons, but mainly forming public opinion and inciting public action through publicity that aims at propaganda. "No government will accept your terms of peace or even listen to them; but each gov-

ernment heeds its people's admonition as to

up the wild face of the savage mountain.

The moon came up at last to lighten the way for them, but it was a rough and dangerous climb at best. In many places they were forced to walk hand-in-hand for considerable distributions. time and terms of peace." MRS. FELS' SUGGESTION. Mrs. Fels then suggested that the Stock holm conference be transmuted into a flexi-ble body, aiming at the formation of en-

lightened public opinion throughout the world for the bringing about and the preservation of peace and good will throughout "Let those who make up this body work each in his own country, coming together when advisable for wise, helpful conference.

They had entered the little amphitheafer through a narrow, rocky pass in the bottom of which the tiny stream flowed, and now. Let a strong central committee be in Amer ica for needed propaganda and for the bind-ing together of all the strands of the world weak and tired, the mucker was forced to admit that he could go no further. "Who'd 'a' thought I was such a sissy?" propaganda.' Mrs. Fels was one of the Philadelphians he exclaimed disgustedly.
"I think that you are very wonderful, Mr. to accompany Mr. Ford on the Oscar II.
"My personal motive," said Mrs. Fels in

reviewing her attitude then, "in joining the expedition was a general impulse to take "Few men could part in a movement toward international-"The design of the expedition was to advertise peace, to assemble and focus public

pinion in all neutral countries, to vitalize the peace idea.

"The intention was good, but miscarried because peace cannot be treated as a simsome soft grasses, which he threw in a pile beneath a stunted tree that grew well back in the hollow. ple social fact. Permanent peace can never be achieved by a mere peace propaganda or by the existence of Hague tribunals "Here's yer downy," he said, with an at-tempt at jocularity. "Now you'd better hit de hay, fer youse must be dead fagged."

or arbitration boards. An international po-lice would be as ineffective. Peace depends upon a reversal of the conditions that cause TARIFF IMPORTANT FEATURE.

almost as soon as she had found a com-fortable position in the thick that of grass, Imperialism today stands for an extension so that she gave no thought to the strange of commercialism; its object to secure a position of privilege in regard to the resources of weaker nations. Concessions, privileges,

"To the tariff is due the struggle for ports of outlet and attendant railway rights. We would think it absurd for the State of Ohio to claim a port of its own on the Atlantic

scaboard.

"The essence of democracy is government by public opinion. War is made possible by years of misguiding a nation's judgment. Therefore I feel that all those desirous of conserving peace in their own country should abide in that country. It is necessary that they see the problem before the home angle," said Mrs. Fels.

"Peace is not to be secured by shouting

"Peace is not to be secured by shouting the word from the housetops, but by cutting at the roots of those economic growths that cause war."

cause war."

Other members of the peace party are active in the Society Against Militarism. Mrs. Frederick Holt, wife of Mr. Ford's representative at Stockholm, is working in Detroit. She was a member of the Ford expedition, but has now returned to the United States. Her husband is still in Stockholm.

"What every one desirous of keeping this country out of war with Maxico can do is to present the case of Mexico to the public. We must consider the problem in the light, not in the dark. We must under stand the position of every other country in order to be able to act fairly," said Mrs. Fels, "Therefore I think," said Mrs. Fels, "that

pacifists can do more at home among their own people, getting the truth of them di-So evidently pacifism, as well as charity,

PUBLIC SCHOOL PUPILS TO HAVE ADDED COURSE IN PHYSICAL EDUCATION

New Rule of Five-Hour Work, to Figure in Promotion and Graduation, Will Be Inaugurated

WARNING BY DR. DIXON

Philadelphia is blazing a new trail in physical education of her school children, according to William A. Stecher, of the Board of Recreation. Mr. Stecher agrees with the statement of Dr. Samuel G. Dixon, Pennsylvania Commissioner of Health, in which he says that the majority of students get a mental education but not physical education, and that the physical training of tens of thousands of young people is beng neglected.

Mr. Stecher says that Philadelphia is rectifying this error as fast as possible.
"Philadelphia school children will all have five hours of physical training each week when school opens in the fall as a result of the newly passed resolution submitted by Dr. Edward Martin and passed by the Board of Education," said Mr Stecher when dis-cussing the statement of Doctor Dixon. "This city is embarking in new channels. Every Philadelphia school child in the ele-mentary grade; and the high schools, as well, will have two hours weekly of regulated physical training, which includes personal hygiene work, advocated by Doctor Dixon, and there will also be three hours of regulated outdoor work."

Mr. Stecher says the physical education work will be accredited and that pupils will not be promoted or graduated without the necessary credits given for taking the required physical training.

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\$155

In the past the grade schools have had five 12-minute periods a week; now they are to have one hour a day. Mr. Stecher says too much credit for the innovation cannot be given Doctor Martin, who was chairman of the subcommittee on military training

backed by diplomacy and the menace of of the Seard of Education. The committee force, are the only essentials.

Free trade is another suggestion made by wanted in the Bhitadelphia schools, but

wanted in the Bulladelphia schools, but regulated physical traising.

Doctor Dixon's statement, issued inday, says in part: "Some few students have devoted themselves to a greater or less degree to competitive sports. This number is but a small percentage. Our curricula are often so pianned that they make physical development difficult or impossible. To fay the foundation of health, there should be proper physical training under the supervision of specially trained medical men, beginning in the elementary school and going through the college course. A few years of training in youth and early manhood and womanhood would serve to instill habits of personal hygiene, which would add inestimably to our future welfare, individually and as a nation. nation.
"Today Sweden is leading the world in

systematic education, with a resulting high average of citizens, prepared to take their part in the defense of their homes."

Municipal Band Concert

The Municipal Band, Benjamin Roeshman, conductor, will play tonight at Second and Laurel streets. The program follows:

and Laurel streets. The program follows:

1. Overture. "Tantalusqualon". Suppe
2. (a) "Narcissus" Nevin
(b) Egyptian Serenata. "Armina" Lincke
6. Comloque. "Old Settlers on Parade" Jaliber
4. Melodies from "Princess Fat" Herbert
5. Tenor Solo Mr. William Fagin.
6. Grand Fantasia. "Mariatana" Wallace
7. Value di Concept
"Wedding of the Winds."
8. Gems. "The Yeoman of the Guard". Sullivan





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It is thrilling to go skimming over the asphalt tacked on to the back of an automobile or a wagon!

The breeze feels fine for two minutes. BUT-

Which would you rather have?

Two minutes of daredevil motion and a possible chance of a lifetime with as much action in it as a pair of crutches will allow-Or the courage to say "NO, it is dangerous to skate on the street," and the

certainty that you at least will go through life on foot and not in a hospital bed? Perhaps you can think of places to skate in safety. Much may be said of skates in stories, drawings and essays!

P. S .- Boys, do not let the girls get ahead of you! Last night the girls' stories totaled six ahead of yours.

Our Postoffice Box

Our Postoffice Box

Eleanor Weiss and her playmate Mary, whose last name, by the way, we would dearly love to know, have decided to spend some hours of their summer vacation earning pin money. How they will spend this money is a mystic secret. Mary and Eleanor have great times together. Last week they went to visit Eleanor's uncle and played in his beautiful rose garden. And that's why, when the mail man came here early one morning, two lovely rosebuds pecked their pretty heads out of a wee letpeeked their pretty heads out of a wee let-ter signed "Eleanor and Mary."

About Birds and a Bat

About Birds and a Bat

By THELMA LEDDY, Sprague Street.

Every morning when I have finished my breakfast I get a saucer of bread and bring it out on the porch and feed it to the birds. Some are so tame that they don't even fly away. I like birds very much and one day I found a sparrow on the pavement, so I picked it up and it looked like it was dead, but I thought that if I put it in a warm place that it might only be numb and come to life, for it was a very cold day. But it was really dead, and I felt very sorry for it, so I put it in a box and stuffed the how with cotton. Then I put it in the ground, and in the summer violets grow over it.

This afternoon I saw an animal on our porch that looked very much like a mouse. Mother came out and touched it with a stick and it spread its wings out and opened its mouth. It was about as big as a silver dollar and it had teeth like a mouse. It was a bat!

Vacation Notes Regina Cayanaugh, of the Jefferson trest Rainbows, has gone to her country tome in Burholme, Pa. She regretted very much her inability to transport her fellow slub members' 'bag and baggage' into the green lands' with her.

Care of the EVENING LEDGER. I wish to become a member of your Hainbow Ciub. Please send ma a beautiful Hainbow Button free. I agree to DO A LITTLE KINDNESS RACH AND EVERY DAY, SPREAD A LITTLE SUNSHINE ALL, ALONG THE WAY.

Prue's Tea Party

By ROSE FISHER. It was a wonder that people didn't like Prue better. She had almost everything to make them like her, pretty clothes and a pretty face, and a sunny smile and lots it is and lots of toys, but the fact remains that she was not a favorite.

"May I give a tea party this afternoon? she asked of her nurse one day. "Indeed, yes," said the nurse.

"Call up your friends on the telephone and I will ask cook to give you some

"And layer cake."
"And milk."

"And milk."

"And cocoa," added Prue.

"And fruit."

"And candy," continued Prue.

"And nuta."

"And "?" asked Prue.

"That's all," said nurse.

"I want more," said Prue, stamping her cot.

"You won't get it," said nurse, yawning and picking up a book, "Go out of the room and don't say another word or you can't have your tea party at all."

have your tea party at all."

Prue thought it the wiscest course to obey, and the next moment she was calling up everybody she knew and asking them to her tea party. She asked 12 little girls and at a they arrived. But instead of welcoming them, Prue was sulking badly. She would not shake hands and howled and cried in a corner of the nursery in such a naughty way that three timid little girls made a rush for their hats and started home. Then the next moment she upset hot cocon over the dress of Betty Baker and Betty asked to be excused while she changed her dress and never came back. Then Prue slapped two of the Darlington girls because they disarranged her doils, and they went orying home, and so half and they went crying home, and so half of Prue's little guests were gone. It's really too sad to say much about, but the other six soon followed and Prue was left alone with her expensive French bisque doll who couldn't talk or play with her and was far to handsome to cuedie.

"You ase," said the nurse, "every other ittle girl would have had a lovely time. Learn a lesson, Miss Prus. Nobody will ever love you if you are selfish and Himannered."

"You are selfish and Himannered."

"Yes, nurse," said Prus gravely. Nurse stopped to the colddle of another yawn and looked hard at the little girl. "I do believe you have learned your les-

DOCTOR GOAT

By Farmer Smith Doctor Goat was seated in his Morris chair reading the Goatville paper. Every little while he would laugh and laugh. Finally his wife could stand it no longer,

she inquired.
'What ARE you laughing at?"

"I am laughing at Billy Bumpus."
"And where, pray is Billy Bumpus?"
asked his wife.

asked his wife.

"He was all stung up by bees, and when I went over to see him I couldn't see anything for the bites. Ha! Ha!"

"You should not laugh that way at one of your patients. I should think you would be ashamed of yourself!"

"I know, I know, but if you could have seen that fellow you would have laughed, too. Eyes as big as saucers and just as meek as a lamb. He thinks he is very brave. Going to war and all that."

"Well, he is brave if he lets you attend to him!" exclaimed Mrs. Goat.

"What's that?" Doctor Goat almost jumped out of his chair.

"Just think of Billy Bumpus, how he suf-

"Just think of Billy Bumpus, how he suf-fers, and you here in your comfortable home laughing at him," said Mrs. Goat. "That's all very well. I do not laugh at my patients when they are sick and can-not help it, but if was Billy's own fault. He butted right into the bees himself. "When we get in trouble, Mrs. Goat, and it is our own fault, we must expect folks to laugh at us."

Branch Club News

Branch Club News

Mrs. Webb, the mother of Alfred and Wilfred Webb, treated the "Question-Mark Rainbows," her young son's branch club members, to a wonderful day in Hunting Park. The boys brought their tennis court net and rackets with them and played to their hearts' content. Of course, refreshments were on the program, too! Their pionic was the means of bringing another Rainbow to the club. In the afternoon a little strange boy appeared on the scene and the boys invited him to play with them. If e had such a pleasant time that he

and the boys invited him to play with them. He had such a pleasant time that he wanted to belong "to a club that had such sociable members."

Mildred L. Finn, of Pennsgrove street, has been the able leader of a "summer club" for several seasons. She has a way with little folks and finds no trouble in keeping them happy and amused. All of these facts seemed to prove to Mildred that her place was decidedly in the Rainbow Club, and se she has joined, bringing her little group of followers with her. The new Rainbow branch expects to have a meeting very soon. Its members are as follows: Helsen and Mabel Gear, Dorothy Rickards, Nanny Johansen, Mignon, Mil-Rickards, Nanny Johansen, Mignon, Mil-dred and Lauren Finn.

Things to Know and Do

(1) Find a number in the following: "I often go walking."

(2) Nama at least 10 words which rhyme with BUY.

(2) Anagram: A man had a name which was the name of a bird. Everybody laughed at it until he changed it to L. BREWAR. He did not change the letters. What was it?

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