DOOIN DAY AT PHILS' PARK; ALEXANDER TO PITCH AGAINST REDS

Cincinnati, With Jumbled Team, Here for Series. Manager Herzog Having Various Brands of Trouble With His Players.

After 17 years of service as a member of the Phillies as catcher and manager, Charley Dooin comes back to this city today as a member of a team representing another city. There were tears in Charley's eyes the day he was sent to Cincinnati, though he knew it was impossible to stay here longer under existing conditions, and it is safe to predict that he will be welcomed back in a manner that will make him remember the most pleasant days of his life which have been spent here.

Jean Dixon is out of the game at present and Heinie Groh has moved back to second, with George Von Kolnitz at third. Von Kolnitz, first baseman, was originally a catcher, Groh a shortstop. Herzog a third baseman, Von Kolnitz a catcher, Olson a shortstop, Griffiths a pitcher, Killefer a second baseman and Tommy Leach a third baseman.

In the recollection of the oldest fans there is no record of any club ever being constructed in this manner, with not a single player now at the position he held when he first entered the major leagues. With this peculiar combination Herzog is building up a system of team play that is likely to upset some dope before the season is over.

Herzog is having his troubles just now. Phil Douglas, his best right-handed pitcher, has fallen from grace, and after being suspended and fined in the West had no sooner been reinstated than he disappeared entirely in New York and did not with the team when it arrived in this city today. When he does turn up he is due for another fine and suspension unless he can offer a satisfactory explanation. Two other players are said to be irritating, and Herzog has read the riot act to his team.

The pitching staff is in such shape that Herzog is at loss as to who will work on the mound today. It is likely to be either Lear or Dale, with Dooin behind the bat.

For the Phillies the only Alexander will pitch, and the big Nebraskan expects to help along the Reds' slump. Bobby Byrne, who was injured yesterday, will not be able to play today, and Milton Stock will again hold down third. He did it well yesterday.

WHAT MAY HAPPEN IN BASEBALL TODAY

NATIONAL LEAGUE

Clubs.	W.	L.	Pct.	Win.	Lose.
Phillies	17	10	.630	.643	.607
Chicago	16	12	.571	.586	.552
Boston	14	12	.538	.556	.519
Brooklyn	14	14	.500	.517	.483
Pittsburgh	14	15	.483	.500	.467
St. Louis	14	17	.452	.469	.437
New York	11	15	.423	.444	.407
Cincinnati	11	16	.407	.429	.393

AMERICAN LEAGUE

Clubs.	W.	L.	Pct.	Win.	Lose.
New York	16	9	.640	.654	.615
Detroit	19	11	.633	.645	.613
Chicago	19	12	.613	.625	.594
Boston	13	10	.565	.583	.542
Washington	12	15	.444	.464	.429
Cleveland	12	16	.424	.448	.414
St. Louis	10	19	.345	.367	.333
Athletics	9	19	.321	.345	.310

FEDERAL LEAGUE

Clubs.	W.	L.	Pct.	Win.	Lose.
Pittsburgh	19	12	.613	.625	.594
Newark	18	12	.600	...	...
Chicago	17	13	.567	.581	.548
Kansas City	15	13	.536	...	...
Brooklyn	15	13	.536	.552	.517
St. Louis	12	14	.462	.481	.444
Baltimore	12	18	.400	.419	.387
Buffalo	8	21	.276	.300	.267

*Not scheduled.

MACKS TACKLE TIGERS; SHAWKEY TO PITCH

Athletics, Down in the Mouth, Today Meet Detroit Speeders in First Series.

DETROIT, May 20.—It was a disgusted ball team that arrived here this morning from Chicago under the leadership of Connie Mack. In fact, never has an Athletic team come here under such disappointing conditions. It is bad enough to be down in the race without the stars who have always been popular idols, but it is still worse to prepare for a series with a club that is battling for the lead, with the knowledge that five games out of the last eight played have been lost in the last inning of the ball game.

Chicago trimmed the Macks in the last half of the eighth yesterday after the Athletics had taken a three-run lead. This defeat, on top of the three in St. Louis and one other that was thrown away in Chicago, has not improved the confidence of the Mackmen, and the Tigers expect to take three out of four, or perhaps the entire series.

George Dauss, one of the leading pitchers of the league, will draw the pitching assignment today with Bob Shawkey as his opponent. Shawkey is the only twirler on Mack's staff who has been able to win since the team left the Quaker City, so this game is looked upon as the hardest of the series.

TALL CEDARS' ANNIVERSARY

Many Forests Will Take Part in Celebration.

Members of the Tall Cedars of Lebanon from Philadelphia, Camden and other points will leave on a special fast train out of the Broad Street Station tonight at 6 o'clock for Newark, N. J., to assist Newark Forest in its celebration of the 10th anniversary of the institution of the forest. The Essex County organization has the distinction of being the largest forest in the United States, and is leaving nothing undone in its plans for a great reception for the visiting delegations.

A class of 500 "saplings" has been gathered and will be "planted" with fitting ceremonies at the great meeting to be held in connection with the anniversary program. These "saplings" will also be a big feature of the parade which is to march over the principal streets of Newark after the arrival of the visiting foresters. The "saplings" will be shown along the line of parade in wild animal cages, which have been borrowed from a big circus which will be in Newark tomorrow. The ceremonial will take place in Kreuger's Auditorium and the "ancient rites" will be conferred by the combined body of visiting rangers. The Camden Forest band rangers, numbering 100 men, will head the Camden delegation of 500 men.

The forests having accepted invitations to parade and take part in the ceremonies include Philadelphia, Camden, Atlantic City, Norristown, Reading, Lancaster, West Chester, Wilmington, Phillipsburg, Spring City, Bridgeton, Glassboro, New Egypt and Trenton.

Twelve Nurses Receive Diplomas

Twelve young women received diplomas as graduate nurses from the Woman's Hospital School, 2137 North College avenue, last night, at exercises held at the school. The twelve come from eight different States. Miss Laura Comfort, of Michigan, was honored as being the most efficient nurse. Others who received diplomas were Misses Clara A. Beutler, New Jersey; Mildred Anderson, Maryland; Anna Edine, Pennsylvania; Antoinette Jelinek, Virginia; Martha Graser, Pennsylvania; Helen Reynolds, North Carolina; Anna Martin, Pennsylvania; Anna L. George, Texas; Anna L. Styer, Pennsylvania, and Mary J. Baker, Delaware.

TARZAN OF THE APES

THE THRILLING ADVENTURES OF A PRIMEVAL MAN AND AN AMERICAN GIRL

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

SYNOPSIS.

John Clayton, Lord Greystoke, embarks with his young wife on the barkentine Fawalda for British West Africa, where he is to assume a consular position. On board he finds mutiny stirring, and after his revolvers have been stolen from him he is warned by a note to say nothing under pain of death.

The mutiny breaks and John and Alice Clayton are put ashore.

Attacked by a great anthropoid ape, Clayton is saved by his wife, but the dying beast attacks her and frightens her so that she loses her mind. A child is born to the couple. A year later Alice dies, leaving Clayton with the child.

John Clayton is eventually killed by the great apes which infest the place, and his child is captured by a she-ape whose own offspring has been killed. In the ape tribe the baby child is called Tarzan, meaning "white-skin." He is brought up in the way of the apes.

CHAPTER V—(Continued).

He could drop twenty feet at a stretch from limb to limb in rapid descent to the ground, or he could gain the utmost pinnacle of the loftiest tropical giant with the ease and swiftness of a squirrel.

Though but ten years old he was fully as strong as the average man of thirty, and far more agile than the most practiced athlete ever becomes. And day by day his strength was increasing.

His life among these fierce apes had been happy; for his recollection held no other life, nor did he know that there existed within the universe aught else than his little forest and the wild jungle animals with which he was familiar.

He was nearly ten before he commenced to realize that a great difference existed between himself and his fellows. His little body, burned brown by exposure, suddenly caused him feelings of intense shame, for he realized that it was entirely hairless, like some low snake, or other reptile.

He attempted to obviate this by plastering himself from head to foot with mud, but this dried and fell off. Besides it felt so uncomfortable that he quickly decided that he preferred the shame to the discomfort.

In the higher land which his tribe frequented was a little lake, and it was here that Tarzan first saw his face in the clear, still waters of its bosom.

It was on a sultry day of the dry season that he and one of his cousins had gone down to the bank to drink. As they leaned over, both little faces were mirrored on the placid pool; the fierce and terrible features of the ape beside those of the aristocratic scion of an Old English house.

Tarzan was appalled. It had been bad enough to be hairless, but to own such a countenance! He wondered that the other apes could look at him at all.

That tiny slit of a mouth and those puny, white teeth! How they looked beside the mighty lips and powerful fangs of his more fortunate brothers!

And the little pinched nose of him; so thin was it that it looked half starved. He turned red as he compared it with the beautiful broad nostrils of his companion.

Such a generous nose! Why it spread half across his face! It certainly must be fine to be so handsome, thought poor little Tarzan.

But when he saw his own eyes; ah, that was the final blow—a brown spot, a gray circle and then blank whiteness! Frightful! not even the snakes had such hideous eyes as he.

So intent was he upon this personal appraisement of his features that he did not hear the parting of the tall grass behind him as a great body pushed itself stealthily through the jungle; nor did his companion, the ape, hear either, for he was drinking and the noise of his sucking lips and gurgles of satisfaction drowned the quiet approach of the intruder.

Not 30 paces behind the two she crouched—Sabor, the huge lioness—lashing her tail. Cautiously she moved a great padded paw forward, noiselessly placing it before she lifted the next. Thus she advanced, her belly low, almost touching the surface of the ground—a great cat preparing to spring upon its prey.

Now she was within ten feet of the two unsuspecting little playfellows—carefully she drew her hind feet well up beneath her body, the great muscles rolling under the beautiful skin.

So low she was crouching now that she seemed flattened to the earth except for the upward bend of the glossy back as it gathered for the spring.

No longer the tail lashed—quiet and straight behind her it lay.

An instant she paused thus as though turned to stone, and then, with an awful scream, she sprang.

Sabor, the lioness, was a wise hunter. To one less wise the wild alarm of her fierce cry as she sprang would have seemed a foolish thing, for could she not more surely have fallen upon her victims had she but quietly leaped without that loud shriek.

But Sabor knew well the wondrous quickness of the jungle folk and their almost unbelievable powers of hearing. To them the sudden scraping of one blade of grass across another was as effectual a warning as her loudest cry, and Sabor knew that she could not make that mighty leap without a little noise.

Her wild scream was not a warning. It was voiced to freeze her poor victims in a paralysis of terror for the tiny fraction of an instant which would suffice for her mighty claws to sink into their soft flesh and hold them beyond peradventure of escape.

In so far as the ape was concerned, Sabor reasoned correctly. The little fellow crouched trembling just an instant, but that instant was quite long enough to prove his undoing.

Not so, however, with Tarzan, the man-child. His life amidst the dangers of the jungle had taught him to meet emergencies with self-confidence, and his higher intelligence resulted in a quickness of mental action far beyond the powers of the apes.

So the scream of Sabor, the lioness, galvanized the brain and muscles of little Tarzan into instant action.

Before him lay the deep waters of the little lake, behind him certain death; a cruel death beneath tearing claws and rending fangs.

Tarzan had always hated water except as a medium for quenching his thirst. He hated it because he connected it with the chill and discomfort of the torrential rains, and he feared it for the thunder and lightning and wind which accompanied them.

The deep waters of the lake he had been taught by his wild mother to avoid, and further, had he not seen little Neeta sink beneath its quiet surface only a few short weeks before never to return to the tribe?

But of the two evils his quick mind chose the lesser ere the first note of Sabor's scream had scarce broken the quiet of the jungle, and before the great beast had covered half her leap Tarzan felt the chill waters close above his head.

He could not swim, and the water was very deep; but still he lost no particle of that self-confidence and resourcefulness which were the badges of his superior being.

Rapidly he moved his hands and feet in an attempt to scramble upward, and, possibly more by chance than design, he fell into the stroke that a dog uses when swimming, so that within a few seconds his nose was above water and he found that he could keep it there by continuing his strokes, and also make progress through the water.

He was much surprised and pleased with this new acquirement which had been so suddenly thrust upon him, but he had no time for thinking much upon it.

He was now swimming parallel to the bank and there he saw the cruel beast that would have seized him crouching upon the still form of his little playmate.

The lioness was intently watching Tarzan, evidently expecting him to return to shore, but this the boy had no intention of doing.

Instead he raised his voice in the call of distress common to his tribe, adding to it the warning which would prevent would-be rescuers from running into the clutches of Sabor.

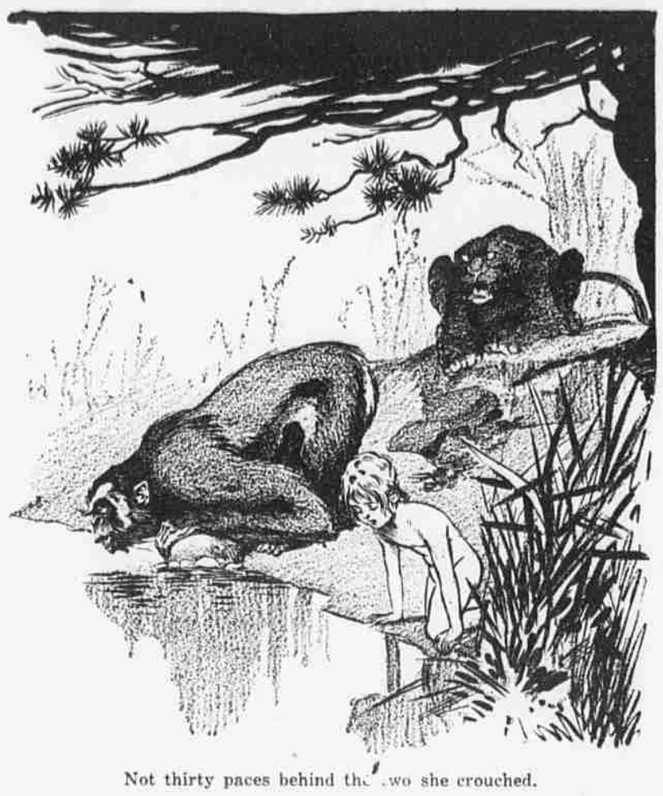
Almost immediately there came an answer from the distance, and presently 40 or 50 great apes swung rapidly and majestically through the trees toward the scene of tragedy.

In the van was Kala, for she had recognized the tones of her best beloved, and with her was the mother of the little ape who lay dead beneath cruel Sabor.

Though more powerful and better equipped for fighting than the apes, the lioness had no desire to meet these enraged adults, and with a snarl of hatred she sprang quickly into the brush and disappeared.

Tarzan now swam to shore and clambered quickly upon dry land. The feeling of freshness and exhilaration which the cool waters had imparted to him filled his little being with grateful surprise, and ever after he lost no opportunity to take a daily plunge in lake or stream or ocean when it was possible to do so.

For a long time Kala could not accustom herself to the sight; for though her people could swim when forced to it, they did not like to enter water, and never did so voluntarily.



Not thirty paces behind the two she crouched.

The adventure with the lioness gave Tarzan food for pleasurable memories, for it was such affairs which broke the monotony of his daily life—otherwise but a dull round of searching for food, eating and sleeping.

The tribe to which he belonged roamed a tract extending, roughly, 25 miles along the sea coast and some 50 miles inland. This they traversed almost continually, occasionally remaining for months in one locality; but as they moved through the trees with great speed they often covered the territory in a very few days.

Much depended upon food supply, climatic conditions, and the prevalence of animals of the more dangerous species; though Kerchak often led them on long marches for no other reason than that he had tired of remaining in the same place.

At night they slept where darkness overtook them, lying upon the ground, and sometimes covering their heads, and more seldom their bodies, with the great leaves of the elephant's ear. Two or three might lie cuddled in each other's arms for additional warmth if the night were chill, and thus Tarzan had slept in Kala's arms nightly for all these years.

That the huge, fierce brute loved this child of another race is beyond question, and he, too, gave to the great, hairy beast all the affection that would have belonged to his fair young mother had she lived.

When he was disobedient she cuffed him, it is true, but she was never cruel to him, and was more often caressing than chastising him.

Tublat, her husband, always hated Tarzan, and on several occasions had come near ending his youthful career.

Tarzan on his part never lost an opportunity to show that he fully reciprocated his foster father's sentiments, and whenever he could safely annoy him or make faces at him or hurl insults upon him from the safety of his mother's arms, or the slender branches of the higher trees, he did so.

His superior intelligence and cunning permitted him to invent a thousand diabolical tricks to add to the burdens of Tublat's life.

Early in his boyhood he had learned to form ropes by twisting and tying long grasses together, and with these he was forever tripping Tublat or attempting to hang him from some overhanging branch.

By constant playing and experimenting with these he learned to tie rude knots, and make sliding nooses; and with these he and the younger apes amused themselves. What Tarzan did they tried to do also, but he alone originated and became proficient.

One day while playing thus Tarzan had thrown his rope at one of his fleeing companions, retaining the other end in his grasp. By accident the noose fell squarely about the running ape's neck, bringing him to a sudden and surprising halt.

Ah, here was a new game, a fine game, thought Tarzan, and immediately he attempted to repeat the trick. And thus, by painstaking and continued practice, he learned the art of roping.

Now, indeed, was the life of Tublat a living nightmare. In sleep, upon the march, night or day, he never knew when that quiet noose would slip about his neck and nearly choke the life out of him.

Kala punished, Tublat swore dire vengeance, and old Kerchak took notice and warned and threatened; but all to no avail.

Tarzan defied them all, and the thin, strong noose continued to settle about Tublat's neck whenever he least expected it.

The other apes derived unlimited amusement from Tublat's discomfiture, for Broken Nose was a disagreeable old fellow, whom no one liked, anyway.

In Tarzan's clever little mind many thoughts revolved, and back of these was his divine power of reason.

If he could catch his fellow apes with his long arm of many grasses, why not Sabor, the lioness?

It was the germ of a thought, which, however, was destined to mull around in his conscious and subconscious mind until it resulted in magnificent achievement.

But that came in later years.

CHAPTER VI.

JUNGLE BATTLES.

The wanderings of the tribe brought them often near the closed and silent cabin by the little land-locked harbor. To Tarzan this was always a source of never-ending mystery and pleasure.

He would peek into the curtained windows, or, climbing upon the roof, peer down the black depths of the chimney in vain endeavor to solve the unknown wonders that lay within those strong walls.

His little childish imagination pictured wonderful creatures within, and the very impossibility of forcing entrance added a thousandfold to his desire to do so.

He would clamber about the roof and windows for hours attempting to discover means of ingress, but to the door he paid little attention, for this was apparently as solid as the walls.

It was in the next visit to the vicinity, following the adventure with old Sabor, that, as he approached the cabin, Tarzan noticed that from a distance the door appeared as though an independent part of the wall in which it was set, and for the first time it occurred to him that this might prove the means of entrance which had so long eluded him.

He was alone, as was often the case when he visited the cabin, for the apes had no love for it; the story of the thunder-stick having lost nothing in the telling during these 10 years had quite surrounded the white man's deserted abode with an atmosphere of weirdness and terror for the simians.

The story of his own connection with the cabin had never been told him. The language of the apes has so few words that they could talk but little of what they had seen in the cabin, having no words to accurately describe either the strange people or their belongings, and so, long before Tarzan was old enough to understand, the subject had been forgotten by the tribe.

Only in a dim, vague way had Kala explained to him that his father had been a strange white ape, but he did not know that Kala was not his own mother.

On this day, then, he went directly to the door and spent hours examining it and fussing with the hinges, the knob and the latch. Finally he stumbled upon the right combination, and the door swung creakingly open before his astonished eyes.

For some minutes he did not dare venture within, but finally, as his eyes became accustomed to the dim light of the interior he slowly and cautiously entered.

In the middle of the floor lay a skeleton, every vestige of flesh gone from the bones to which still clung the mildewed and molded remnants of what had once been clothing. Upon the bed lay a similar gruesome thing, but smaller, while in a tiny cradle nearby was a third, a wee mite of a skeleton.

To none of these evidences of a fearful tragedy of a long dead day did little Tarzan give but passing heed. His wild jungle life had inured him to the sight of dead and dying animals, and had he known that he was looking upon the remains of his own father and mother he would have been no more greatly moved.

The furnishings and other contents of the room it was which riveted his attention. He examined many things minutely—strange tools and weapons, books, papers, clothing—what little had withstood the ravages of time in the humid atmosphere of the jungle coast.

He opened chests and cupboards, such as did not baffle his small experience, and in these he found the contents much better preserved.

Among other things he found a sharp hunting knife, on the keen blade of which he immediately proceeded to cut his finger. Nothing daunted he continued his experiments, finding that he could hack and hew splinters of wood from the table and chairs with this new toy.

For a long time this amused him, but finally thing he continued his explorations. In a cupboard filled with books he came across one with brightly colored pictures—it was a child's illustrated alphabet—

A is for Archer
Who shoots with a bow,
B is for Boy,
His first name is Joe.

The pictures interested him greatly.

There were many apes with faces similar to his own, and further over in the book he found, under "M," some little monkeys such as he saw daily flitting through the trees of his primeval forest. But nowhere was pictured any of his own people; in all the book was none that resembled Kerchak, or Tublat, or Kala.

At first he tried to pick the little figures from the leaves, but he soon saw that they were not real, though he knew not what they might be, nor had he any words to describe them.

The boats, and trains, and cows and horses were quite meaningless to him, but not quite so baffling as the odd little figures which appeared beneath and between the colored pictures—some strange kind of bug he thought they might be, for many of them had legs though nowhere could he find one with eyes and a mouth. It was his first introduction to the letters of the alphabet, and he was over ten years old.

(CONTINUED TOMORROW.)

Horse's Kick Kills Boy

Landon Middleton, 3 years old, of Churchville, Pa., kicked by a horse yesterday and brought to the Samaritan Hospital, died today.

This department will appear once each week in the Evening Ledger and will be devoted to all matters of interest to owners, or prospective owners, of phonographs, player-pianos and all other music instruments. Notice will be taken of new records and rolls and of new inventions or improvements in instruments.

The editor of the department will gladly answer all questions.

This is the terrible tale of a superior man. It is the story of the ruin of a great career. It is a true story.

He went, this superior man, on a week-end visit to a friend. He took his wife with him, as was fitting and proper. And he took his pet ideas with him, which was a pity. One of those ideas was that he didn't like music. Another was that if he had to hear music he wanted to hear it direct. He had persuaded his wife that they didn't care for these new dance steps, anyhow, and he insisted that all was well with the world. He hated what he called "music boxes." And on his magnificent salary of $18 a week he lived happily.

The friend who was his host for the week-end was not an advertising manager for any phonograph company; he didn't even like the sort of person who works in talking machine advertising. He didn't care particularly to show off his phonograph and he didn't have a single record with an off-centre hole to make the night hideous. He had some records, of various kinds, and he was easy-going to suspect that the superior person wouldn't care to hear a few of his ones while they smoked after dinner.

When the superior person approached the matter of this sad but true story, and told it in a haggard voice, "I guess I'll have to do it. My wife——"

Of course, it's his wife! She wants a machine, not he! He hates the thing! But the poor fellow, is going to buy a machine costing about twice as much as his wife wanted to spend. And out of the miserable five a week she allows him for his fifty he expects to spend on a half on records. It's ruinous. It's so common. The streets are full of it.

The Great Gain

Now this estimable gentleman, and anyone like him, will gain from the example sketched (from life) above, will have a more generous appreciation of music. He was a superior person, no doubt, but he fancied that a symphony might be worth listening to, and that an opera might be worth both seeing and hearing. He didn't even suspect that a simple Swedish song could move him more than all the arias of the world. He didn't know that there was real music in "The Merry Widow," which he heard two years ago. He thought ragtime vulgar. When you come to think of it, the loss of his peace of mind in the listening down of his exorbitant phonograph will not be such a dead loss at all.

And a Footnote

It isn't only the man who has just succumbed that needs a little plea for generosity. Think of all the owners of machines who have so overspecialized that all their records are of the same thing. This man has nothing but "cheap" music, as he himself calls it. Another has nothing but classical music. The one needs meat, the other salt. Without either the repast is scant.

New Records

Two listings of new records are made this week. The Edison list for the week is, in its small compass, a compact of old favorites and new tunes, of love songs and waltz dreams. In particular note the new recording of "O Sole Mio," the eternal song of Italy, and, for contrast, the recurrence of "I Didn't Raise My Boy to be a Soldier," Piantadosi's peace propaganda in song. The list in full:

When I Dream of Old Erin, Leo Friedman; tenor; Manuel Romain. That's an Irish Lullaby (Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ral), Shameen Dhu, J. R. Shannon; Manuel Romain.
Love's Melody Waltz, Boston or Hesitation, Leo Dandieff; for dancing; orchestra. Ecstatic, Waltz Hesitation, Vernan Eville; orchestra.
Doodle Oodle Dee, Theodore Morse; baritone and tenor; Collins and Harlen. Tennessee, I Hear You Calling Me, male voices; Premier Quartet.
Of Thee I Am Thinking, Anton Strelezki; tenor; Harrison; My Sunshine (O Sole Mio), Euardo di Capua; Harrison.
The Spanish Dancer (La Spagnola), Vincenzo di Chiara; soprano; Elizabeth Spencer. Love's Sorrow, Harry R. Shelley; tenor; Emory B. Randolph.
I Didn't Raise My Boy to Be a Soldier, Al Piantadosi; contralto; Helen Clark and chorus. In the Hills of Old Kentucky, Charles L. Johnson; baritone; Morton Harvey and chorus.

The Columbia List

More extensive, since it is a once-a-month issue, the Columbia list is interesting and vivid. It reminds us, although without new evidence, that Casals may still be heard and and introduces Edoardo Ferrari-Fontani, who sang so splendidly in "The Love of Three Kings" when that opera was presented here this winter. The selections are from Wolf-Ferrari's "Jewels of the Madonna," the intermezzi from which are familiar to all owners of machines. David Bispham sings two military songs, "Route Marchin'" and "The Old Guard." A new selection of ballads by Alice Nielsen, including (on one record) "Love's Old Sweet Song" and "Bendemeer's Stream," several choruses and orchestral music make up the "heavy" part of the list. The June dance records start with "Mighty Lak' a Rose," which, in the dance arrangement, is considerably superior to the song, and include "I'm on My Way to Dublin Bay," "Chinatown, My Chinatown," two foxtrots and some waltzes. The songs are (among others): "Don't Take My Darling Boy Away," "Sprinkle Me With Kisses," "Runaway June" (after the "movie" of that name), and "The Little Ford." So far the jitney hasn't forced itself into the talking machine field. There are, completing this list, two Hawaiian records, some marches, piano recordings by Manolito Funes, a boy prodigy; medleys, quartets and a number of miscellaneous records.