

EVERYTHING NEARLY READY FOR BIG COOKING CONTEST, DEMONSTRATION AND LECTURES

Mrs. Anna Carroll, Who Will Instruct Philadelphia Housewives, Arrives Here.

Auditorium of Horticultural Hall Will Accommodate Audience of 1000—Gas Ranges Will Be Awarded as Prizes to Cooking School Girls.

Arrangements have practically been completed for the big cooking contest for girls of Philadelphia cooking schools, and the cooking demonstrations and lectures which the EVENING LEDGER will conduct from June 1 to June 12, inclusive, in the auditorium of Horticultural Hall.

Mrs. Anna Carroll, who will deliver the lectures to Philadelphia housewives and to the various special classes such as afternoon dining school selected, has arrived in Philadelphia from Easton, where she has been conducting a similar school.

Arrangements are being completed now for laying out the big auditorium at Broad and Locust streets for the event. Early next week the United Gas Improvement Company will install special piping to take care of the gas appliances which are to be used in the demonstration.

Gas ranges and double oven gas ranges will be placed on the platform at the west end of the big room. The platform and seats will be carefully arranged so that each person who attends the lectures will be able to hear and see everything Mrs. Carroll says and does.

Arrangements will be made to take care of an audience of one or two hundred persons and it is expected that on some of the special occasions a far greater number than this will be accommodated. Care will be taken to insure safety and comfort for all who attend. Special attendants will be on hand to see that they are as safe as they would be in their own homes.

PRIZES ARE READY The four cabinet gas ranges, which are to be awarded as first prizes in the four to be awarded the cooking contest for cooking classes, already have been given thorough tests by the manufacturers in the presence of representatives of the EVENING LEDGER. These will be placed in the back part of Horticultural Hall next Tuesday night, ready for the inspection of visitors on the opening of the first lecture, Tuesday, June 1.

In an interview this morning, Mrs. Carroll said: "I expect to meet the audience of the lectures in Philadelphia which ever has been known in any special course of cooking school lectures. I also expect, owing to the large enrollment of children in the cooking schools, that the children's largest enrollment in the children's competition which has been known in a cooking contest in this country."

"I have always found that the interest in both the lectures and the cooking school contests, in other cities, has grown exceedingly following the first session. On looking over Horticultural Hall I find it is a splendid building for both the lectures and the display of bread, cookies, sponge cakes and biscuits. The many small rooms will add much to the convenience and comfort of the lecturers and the audience, and on the days when the lecturers will be present, there should be days when the auditorium will be filled to the top."

"Certainly, with an enrollment of more than 15,000 children in the cooking school classes of Philadelphia, the entries in the contest will run into the thousands. If we should have even 400 or 500 entries, Philadelphia will witness one of the most stirring sights ever presented here when all of these children attend the final session on Saturday, June 12, to witness the awarding of prizes."

Mrs. Carroll is very enthusiastic about the coming lectures. She has made the statement that she prefers to lecture to audiences of Philadelphia housewives, since these audiences are made up of a large percentage of women who are more deeply interested in the field of domestic science than audiences of other cities. She attributes this to the fact that the housewife spirit has taken hold of Philadelphia women to a greater extent than the women of most other cities, the object of nearly every household endeavor being to have her own home. It is this spirit which has made Philadelphia known the world over as the "city of homes," and given it a total of more than 257,000 separate homes.

Mrs. Carroll's lectures are going to be of more than passing interest. Her course at this time is most welcome. With foodstuffs coming in plentiful quantities in the market, it is a good time for the housewife to learn the proper use of the usual appliances meet the unusual requirements, and to make the foodstuffs go as far as possible. It will be of great value to any woman who can spare the time to attend the lectures.

economy is a particular watchword of Mrs. Carroll—an economy which makes the income, whatever it be, nicely cover the needs, but an economy which has nothing to do with parsimony and "nickardly skimping."

MARKETING A BIG FEATURE. One of the most important features of Mrs. Carroll's lecture course is her carefully studied conclusions on marketing, a branch of housekeeping which most housewives have not had an opportunity to study closely and upon which many have too little stress. There is no doubt about Mrs. Carroll's genius for the kind of work she has chosen or about the thoroughness with which she has approached the subject.

She attended Drexel Institute and Neff College, specializing in domestic science in the former and in the latter on vocational psychology and efficiency. She has spent several years as cooking instructor in some of the largest gas companies of the country; has conducted private cooking schools, and on the latter on vocational education in the United States giving public courses under one organization or another in the interest of public and private school education in domestic science.

Mrs. Carroll has taught cooking in some of the most widely known society women of the country in private classes. She is a firm believer in the old thought that



MRS. ANNA CARROLL Lecturer for the Evening Ledger Cooking School.

PRIZES FOR WINNING ENTRANTS IN EVENING LEDGER COOKING CONTEST

Cabinet Gas Ranges, of the best make and valued at about \$35, all made by Philadelphia manufacturers, will be given as first prizes as follows: A \$35 Quality Cabinet Gas Range, manufactured by the Roberts & Mander Stove Company, for the best sponge cake. A \$35 Fortune Cabinet Gas Range, manufactured by the Thomas, Roberts, Stevenson Company, for the best bread. A \$35 Cookoak Cabinet Gas Range, manufactured by the Hale & Kilburn Company, for the best cookies. A \$35 Imperial Excelsior Cabinet Gas Range, manufactured by Isaac A. Sheppard & Co., for the best biscuits. Other suitable prizes, to be announced later, will be awarded.

women should be efficient in this respect whether they expect to be housewives or not, or whether they expect to have unlimited numbers of servants, or to do the cooking themselves for their families when they assume the responsibility of a home. GAS RANGES MUST BE USED. In the cooking contest children should keep in mind that entries must be baked in the oven of a gas range. This arrangement has been made in order that conditions may be identical in every case. For sake of efficiency and in order to insure equality of conditions in working out the limitations governing the contest it was decided to limit the baking entirely to gas ranges. Arrangements have been made with the United Gas Improvement Company, so that free service will be extended during the continuance of the contest to take in the adjustment and regulation of any gas range which is not operating satisfactorily.

"BILLY" SUNDAY NOW ON HIS WAY WEST

Evangelist Bids Good-by to City After Address in Bethany Church.

Somewhere out between Pittsburgh and Winona Lake, Ind., a tired and worn little man is lying back in the cushioned seats of the Pennsylvania Limited today in an effort to get some rest and recover some strength after having fought the stiffest fights during the last winter and spring that man ever fought for the cause of right. This little man is "Billy" Sunday.

And that the admirers of the evangelist and those persons who had seen the light of salvation in his great wooden tabernacle appreciated the opportunity to start him on his well-deserved rest was indicated by the thousands who assembled at Broad Street Station last night and cheered and sang him on his way. That "Billy" appreciated the demonstration was shown by the tears on his wrinkled cheeks, while his heavy jaw dropped and a smile spread across his face as he heard the throng sing "God Be With You Till We Meet Again." When they had finished he waved a farewell and then hurried to his car.

Almost 6000 men and women, all who were fortunate enough to have tickets of admission, were in Bethany Presbyterian Church, 234 and Fairbridge streets, last night to hear Sunday in his farewell address. He had stopped over in Philadelphia long enough to have dinner with his good friend, John Wanamaker, and, at Mr. Wanamaker's request, to speak to the members of the congregation of Bethany, Bethany Temple and the John Chambers Memorial churches, all Wanamaker organizations, last night. "Billy" is now on his way to his Western home, where he intends to spend the summer in complete rest. His home is a big apple ranch in the Hood River section of Oregon, not far from Portland. On his way there he will stop over for a brief period at his bungalow at Winona Lake, but it was his expectation that he would reach the mountains of the Far West by Saturday night.

Ship Captain Dies at Sea Captain K. Karlson, of the Atlantic Fruit Company ship Joseph di Giorgio, was found dead in his cabin on May 12, two days before the ship reached Port Antonio, Jamaica, its port of destination. Karlson's death was caused by a hemorrhage. He was a native of Bergen, Norway. News of his death was received here today, when the ship docked.

Master Plumbers Convene at Trenton TRENTON, May 25.—With several hundred delegates in attendance, the 11th annual convention of the New Jersey State Association of Master Plumbers began here today in the 3d Regiment Armory and will continue until Thursday.

Old Man Accused by Little Girls John Barber, an old man living near Edgelyns and a family figure there, was held in \$1000 bail at a hearing before Burgess Andrew Cassidy, late last night. He was accused of snatching little girls to lonely places and assaulting them. The charge was preferred by a number of school girls living near Edgelyns.

TARZAN OF THE APES

THE THRILLING ADVENTURES OF A PRIMEVAL MAN AND AN AMERICAN GIRL

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

Copyright, 1914, by A. C. McClure Company, SYNOPSIS. John Clayton, Lord Greystoke, embarked with his young wife, the baronet's daughter, for the West African coast, where he had assumed command of the expedition. He found his wife missing, and after his revolver had been stolen from him he was warned by a note to stay nothing under pain of death. When his wife's name and John and Alice Clayton are put aboard. Although a great avenger, Clayton is saved by his wife, but the diving boat attacks her and frightens her so that she leaves her. A child is born to the couple. A year later Alice dies, leaving Clayton with the child. Clayton is eventually killed by the great ape which infects the boy, whose own offspring has been killed. In the ape tribe the child is called Tarzan, meaning "white-skin." He is brought up in the "white" world.

CHAPTER IX—(Continued). When Kulonga awoke he found that his bow and arrows had disappeared. The black warrior was furious and frightened, but more frightened than furious. He searched the ground below the tree, and he searched the tree above the ground; but there was no sign of either bow or arrows or of the nocturnal marauder. Kulonga was panic-stricken. His spear he had buried at Kala and had not recovered, and now that his bow and arrows were gone, he was defenseless except for a single knife. His only hope lay in reaching the village of Mbonga as quickly as his legs would carry him. That he was not far from home he was certain, so he took the trail at a rapid trot.

From a great mass of impenetrable foliage a few yards away emerged Tarzan of the Apes to swing quietly in his waka. Kulonga's bow and arrows were securely tied high in the top of a giant tree from which a patch of bark had been removed by a sharp knife near the ground, and a branch half cut through and left hanging about fifty feet higher up. Thus Tarzan blazed the forest trails and marked his caches.

As Kulonga continued his journey Tarzan closed up on him until he traveled almost over the black's head. His rope he now held cello in his right hand; he was almost ready for the kick because the moment was delayed only because Tarzan was anxious to ascertain the black warrior's destination, and presently he was rewarded, for they came suddenly in view of a great clearing: at one end of which lay many strange lairs.

Tarzan was directly over Kulonga as he made the discovery. The forest ended abruptly and beyond lay two hundred yards of planted fields between the jungle and the village. As Kulonga continued his journey Tarzan closed up on him until he traveled almost over the black's head. His rope he now held cello in his right hand; he was almost ready for the kick because the moment was delayed only because Tarzan was anxious to ascertain the black warrior's destination, and presently he was rewarded, for they came suddenly in view of a great clearing: at one end of which lay many strange lairs.

So it was that as Kulonga emerged from the shadow of the jungle a slender coil of rope sped sinuously above him from the lower branch of a mighty tree directly upon the edge of the fields of Mbonga, and ere the king's son had taken a half dozen steps into the clearing a quick noose tightened about his neck.

So quickly did Tarzan of the Apes drag back his prey that Kulonga's cry of alarm was throttled in his windpipe. Hand over hand Tarzan drew the struggling black up to the top of the tree, his neck in midair; then Tarzan climbed to a larger branch, drawing the still thrashing victim well up into the sheltering verdure of the trees. He fastened the rope securely to a stout branch and then, descending, plunged his hunting knife into Kulonga's heart. Kala was avenged.

How may we judge him by what standards, this ape-man with the heart and head and body of an English gentleman and the training of a wild beast? Tabiat, whom he had hated and who had hated him, he had killed in fair fight, and yet never had the thought of eating of Tabiat's flesh entered his head. It would have been as revolting to him as cannibalism to us.

But who was Kulonga that he might not be eaten as fairly as Horta, the bear, or Bana, the deer? Was he not simply another of the countless wild things of the jungle who preyed upon one another to satisfy the cravings of hunger? Of a sudden he stopped and stared at his hand. Had not his books taught him that he was a man? And was not the Archer a man also?

Did he eat men? Alas, he did not know. Why, then, this hesitancy? Once more he essayed the effort, but of a sudden a qualm of nausea overwhelmed him. He did not understand. All he knew was that he could not eat the flesh of this black man, and thus hereditary instinct, ages old, usurped the functions of his untaught mind and saved him from transgressing a world-wide law of whose very existence he was ignorant. Quickly he lowered Kulonga's body to the ground, removed the noose and took to the trees again.

CHAPTER X THE FEAR-PHANTOM From a lofty perch Tarzan viewed the village of thatched huts across the intervening plantation. He saw that at one point the forest touched the village, and to this spot he made his way, tired by a fever of curiosity to behold animals of his own kind, and to learn more of their ways and view the strange lairs in which they lived.

His savage life among the fierce wild brutes of the jungle left no opening for any thought that these could be aught else than enemies. Similarity of form led him into no erroneous conception of the welcome that would be accorded him should he be discovered by these, the first of his own kind he had ever seen. Tarzan of the Apes was no sentimentalist. He knew nothing of the brotherhood of man. All things outside his own tribe were his deadly enemies, with the few exceptions of which Tarzan, the elephant, was a marked example.

And he realized all this without malice or hatred. To kill was the law of the wild world he knew. Few were his primitive pleasures, but the greatest of these was to hunt and kill, and so he accorded to others the right to cherish the same desire as he, even though he himself might be the object of their hunt.

Tarzan of the Apes was fascinated. How was it possible that the terrible destructiveness of The Archer's tiny missiles. He noted the extreme care which the woman took that none of the matter should touch her hands, and once when a particle spattered upon one of her fingers he saw her plunge the member into a vessel of water and quickly rub the tiny stain away with a handful of leaves.

Tarzan of the Apes knew nothing of poison, but his shrewd reasoning told him that it was this deadly stuff that killed, and not the little arrow, which Tarzan merely the messenger that carried it into the body of its victim. How he should like to have more of those little death-dealing slivers. If the woman would only leave her work for an instant he could drop down, gather up a handful, and be back in the tree again before she drew three breaths.

As he was trying to think out some plan to distract her attention he heard a wild cry from across the clearing. He looked and saw a black warrior standing beneath the very tree in which he had killed the murderer of Kala an hour before. The fellow was shouting and waving his spear above his head. Now and again he would point to something on the ground before him.

The village was in an uproar instantly. Armed men rushed from the interior of many a hut and raced madly across the clearing toward the excited stranger. They then trooped the old men, and the women and children, until, in a moment, the village was deserted. Tarzan of the Apes knew that they had found with dismay, and contorted faces, interested him far less than the fact that no one remained in the village to prevent his taking a supply of the arrows which lay below him, and melted away into the palisade. Quickly and noiselessly he dropped to the ground beside the cauldron of poison. For a moment he stood motionless, his quick, bright eyes scanning the interior of the palisade.

No one was in sight. His eyes rested upon the open doorway of a nearby hut. He would take a look within, thought Tarzan, and, cautiously, he approached the low thatched building. For a moment he stood without, listening intently. There was no sound, and he slipped into the semi-darkness of the interior. Weapons hung against the walls—long spears, strangely shaped knives, a couple of narrow shields. In the center of the room was a cooking pot, and at the far end a litter of dry grasses covered by woven mats which evidently served the owners as beds and bedding. Several human skulls lay upon the floor, and Tarzan of the Apes felt of each article, hefted the spears, smelled of them, for he "saw" largely through his sensitive and highly trained nostrils. He determined to own one of these long, pointed sticks, but he could not take one on this trip because of the arrows he meant to carry.

One by one, as he took each article from the walls, he placed them in a pile in the center of the room, and on top of all he placed the cooking pot, inverted, and on top of this he laid one of the arming skulls, upon which he fastened the head-ropes of the dead Kulonga. Then he stood back and surveyed his work, and grinned. Tarzan of the Apes was a joker.

But now he heard, without the sounds of many voices, and long mournful howls, and mighty wailing. He was startled. Had he remained too long? Quickly he reached the doorway and peered down the village street toward the village gate. The natives were not yet in sight, though he could plainly hear them approaching across the plantation. They must be very near.

Like a flash he sprang across the opening to the pile of arrows. Gathering up all he could carry under one arm, he over-turned the seething cauldron, kicked and disappeared into the foliage above just as the first of the returning natives entered the gate at the far end of the village street. Then he turned to watch the proceeding below, poised like some wild bird ready to take swift wing at the first sign of danger.

The natives filed up the street, four of them bearing the dead body of Kulonga. Behind trailed the women, uttering strange cries and weird lamentation. On

they came to the portals of Kulonga's hut, the very one in which Tarzan had wrought his deceptions. Scarcely had half a dozen entered the building ere they came rushing out in wild, jabbering confusion. The others hastened to gather about. There was much excited gesticulating, pointing and chattering; then several of the warriors approached and peered within.

Finally an old fellow with many ornaments of metal about his arms and legs, and a necklace of dried human hands depending upon his chest, entered the hut. It was Mbonga, the king, father of Kulonga. For a few moments all were silent. Then Mbonga emerged, a look of mingled wrath and superstitious fear writ upon his hideous countenance. He spoke a few words to the assembled warriors, and in an instant the men were flying through the little village searching minutely every hut and corner within the palisade.

Scarcely had the search commenced than the overturned cauldron was discovered, and with it the theft of the poisoned arrows. Nothing more they found, and it was a thoroughly averted and frightened group of savages which hurried around their king a few moments later. Mbonga could explain nothing of the strange events that had taken place. The finding of the still warm body of Kulonga—on the very verge of their fields and within easy earshot of the village—knifed and ripped at the door of his father's home, was in itself sufficiently mysterious, but these last awesome discoveries within the village, within the dead Kulonga's own hut, filled their hearts with dismay, and contorted faces, poor brains only the most frightful of superstitious explanations.

They stood in little groups, talking in low tones, and ever casting affrighted glances behind them from their great rolling eyes. Tarzan of the Apes watched them for awhile from his lofty perch in the great tree. There was much in their demeanor which he could not understand, for of superstition he was ignorant, and of fear of any kind he had but a vague conception. The sun was high in the heavens. Tarzan had not broken fast this day, and it was many miles to where lay the toothsome remains of Horta the bear.

So he turned his back upon the village of Mbonga and melted away into the leafy fastness of the forest. It was not yet dark when he reached the tribe, though he stopped to exhume and devour the remains of the wild bear he had cached the preceding day, and again to take Kulonga's bow and arrows from the tree top in which he had hidden them. It was a well-laden Tarzan who dropped from the branches into the midst of the tribe of Kerchak.

With swelling chest he narrated the glories of his adventure and exhibited the spoils of conquest. Kerchak grinned and turned away, for he was jealous of this strange member of his band. In his little evil brain he sought for some excuse to wreak his hatred upon Tarzan. The next day Tarzan was practicing with his bow and arrows at the first gleam of dawn. At first he loitered every bolt he shot, but finally he learned to guide the little shafts with fair accuracy, and ere a month had passed he was no mean shot; but his proficiency had cost him nearly his entire supply of arrows.

The tribe continued to find the hunting good in the vicinity of the beach, and so Tarzan of the Apes varied his archery practice with further investigation of his father's choice though little store of books.

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ENTRY BLANK FOR COOKING CONTEST Open to girls who are members of cooking school classes in the Philadelphia schools. Name Address Age of contestant Name of cooking school Name of teacher Name and number of gas range used Contestant entered for prize for bread cookies sponge cake Place cross after article contested for

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