DEAN WM. M. GROTON HEART DISEASE VICTIM

Gergyman and Social Worker Dies at Post He Held for Fifteen Years.

The Rev. William Mansfield Groton, S. T. D., for the last 15 years Dean of the phiadelphia Dvinity School of the Episcopal Church, 50th street and Woodland acenue, fell dead of heart disease yesterday in the school deanery. He was 64 years old. As an instructor of theology Dean Groton was widely known among the Episcopal clergymen. He was affiliated as a worker with the Civil Service Reform League of Philadelphia and the Philadelphia Library Association, and was editor of the Sunday School Teacher Manual.

Born in Waldoboro, Me., the son of James Handail Groton, he was graduated from Harvard in 1873, and from the Philadelphia Divinity School in 1876. He resignia Divinity School in 1876. He resignia Divinity School in 1876. He resignia Divinity School in 1876.

dephia Divinity School in 1876. He re-sived his degree of S. T. D. from the University of Pennaylvania in 1993. Dean oration achieved success as an author, baring written "The Christian Eucharist and Pagan Culta" and "Mystery of Re-

paion."
Dector Gorton began his clerical work
as rector of St. Ann's Church, Lincoln.
Hass. in 1876, and from there went to
New Brunswick, Canada, where he was pistor of St. Stephen's Church. In 1881 Rhode Island, and remained there antil 1828, when he accepted a professor-ship at the Philadelphia Divinity School, He was promoted to the post of dean of the seminary in 1990. In his theological research work Doctor Groton was assodated with the official heads of the University of Pennsylvania and assisted that stitution in its work. The divinity en's efforts and long service has come she recognized as one of the best of its kind in the country.

nd in the country.

During the general conventions of the
piscopal Church of 1895, 1898 and 1897
ean Groton was appointed a deputy and
member of the Standing Committee of the Diocese of Pennsylvania. In 1912 he chosen lecturer of the Bohler

Foundation. Peundation.
Dector Groton was a member of the American Economic Association, the American Oriental Society and the Social Service Commission of Philadelphia. he is survived by his sons, the Rev.
Natianiel B. Groton, rector of St.
Thomas' Church, Whisemarsh, and the
Rev. John M. Groton, curate of Grace
Church, of New York.
The funeral services will be tomorrow
results at 11:30 occlock in the Holy

ing at 11:30 o'clock in the Holy ity Church, 19th and Walnut streets, body will be taken to Westerly, L. for interment.

GOVERNOR LEADS HOST OF GOOD ROAD MAKERS

Uses Pick and Shovel in Cumberland Valley-Whole State at Work.

HARRISBURG, May 25. — Defying threatening skies, at least 100,000 people are observing Good Roads Day in Pennrania, it was estimated at the State Highway Department today. Entering heartly into the spirit of the occasion, party of State Highway Department of-ficials and newspaper men, made a fly-ing trip over Cumberland Valley roads, alternately inspecting and toiling with pick and shovel. Savernor Brumbaugh, accompanied by a

The Chief Executive and his party left The Chief Executive and his party left he capital early this morning in three antomobiles. The first stop was made at at John's Church, on the Trindle Spring road, between Camp Hill and Mechanicaburg, where the Motor Club, of Harrishurg, concentrated its efforts. The Governor was the first to leave the machine and pick up a shovel. His boyhood trainment of the farm was evidenced by the on the farm was evidenced by the ing on the farm was evidenced by the way be handled the implement. The hun-dreds of men working on the road stopped as the Governor started, then, seeing that he meant business, redoubled their farmer efforts and the air was filled with

flying shale and dirt.
A group of Mechanicsburg men under the supervision of Jack Seaman was the test party visited by the Governor. The machines were slowing up when the Gov-trior spied a man with a pick and shovel in hand and a pipe dangling from his

There are the three tools I like," said be as he stepped from the car and grasped the pick and shovel, leaving the workman with only his pipe.
Dr. E. E. Campbell, president of Irving Cullege, was working on the road near Mechanicsburg. He invited the Governor

to stop at the college and see the girls. Es did. When Mr. Brumbaugh returned across the campus to his machine he had his arms around two of the smallest girls, while the rest formed in line and fol-The noon stop was made at Carlisle, after which the Governor went on to Mewville.

"DEATHBED BRIDE" A WIDOW

Loses Husband Thought Dying When They Wed in 1909.

Dr. Frank Neal Robinson, formerly of Canden, who aroused interest throughout the country six years ago by marrying while supposedly on his deathbed, died it his home in Monrovia, Cal., yesterday, according to word received by relatives

Bottor Robinson, who was a member City Council and Republican leader in the Mward, Camden, went to California Years ago in search of health. While sa years ago in search of health. While is a visit East six years ago he met is a visit East six years ago he met is Minnie Martin, of Trenton, and they was engaged. Returning to California, a became seriously ill and, believing he isd not long to live, sent for Miss Martin. They were married June 14, 1909. Besides ha wife, he is survived by his mother, it is the serious of the control of the serious and two sisters, it ill Linden street.

Shoots Daughter Who Chided Him POTTSVILLE, Pa., May 26.—Upbraided his daughter for being drunk, Elias light a farmer of Hear Valley, near less, fired a shot from a revolver which see fired a shot from a revolver which see in her head. Helleving he had lead in her head. Helleving he had lead her, the father went to an upper say of their home and barricaded himself in a room, defying arrest. His son heally induced him to surrender to the interities, and he is now in the Harrishead lath, awaiting the results of the mis injuries.





By LINCOLN RODEN Timely tips that tell ou how to land 'em by he sea. In next Sun-

Sports Magazine PUBLIC LEDGER

TARZAN OF THE APES

The Thrilling Adventures of a Primeval Man and an American Girl

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

Copyright, 1814, by A. C. McClurg Company, John Chayton Lord Greystoke, embarks with his young Lord Greystoke, embarks with his young to the harkentine Fuwalled for Hitter assume a consular position, on board he finds mutny stirring, and sir hiterapy have been stolen from him is warned by a note to say nothing under pain of death. The mutny breaks and John and Aller The mutny breaks and John and Aller

warred by a note to say nothing under pain of death.

Dain of death.

The pain of death of the pain of death.

Asyon are put exhore.

Asyon as put exhore.

Asyon are mind. A child is born to that she local are put exhole.

Clayton with the said alice dies. leaving clayton with the stead of the phoce 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-sain. He is brought up in the way of the apes.

Stumbling on a printed book in his dead father's shack, Tarzan, aged 10, actually learns to read, in a fashion. By the time he is 17 he is a full-grown man.

Tarzan, defending the mother-ape who has nurtured him, kills the ape Tublat, and enters into a deadly struggle with Reschak, one of the heads of the ape-tribe.

Tarzan's grater mental endowment makes him a power among the apes. Also he meets man for the first time. Fifty black cannibats come into the neighborhood of the ape tribe.

CHAPTER XI-(Continued).

It was during this period that the young English lord found hidden in the back of one of the cupboards in the cabin a small metal box. The key was in the lock, and a few moments investigation and experimentation were rewarded with the successful opening of the receptacle. In it he found a faded photograph of

amooth-faced young man, a golden locket studded with diamonds, linked to a small gold chain, a few letters and a small book. Tarzan examined these all minutely.
The photograph he liked most of all, for the eyes were smiling and the face was

pen and frank. It was his father.

The locket, too, took his fancy, and he placed the chain about his neck in imitation of the ornamentation he had seen to be so common among the black men he had visited. The brilliant stones gleamed strangely against his smooth, brown hide.

The letters he could scarcely decipher, for he had learned little or nothing of script, so he put them back in the box

with the photograph and turned his attention to the book. This was almost entirely filled with fine script, but while the little bugs were all familiar to him, their arrangement and the combinations in which they occurred were strange, and entirely incomprehen-

Tarzan had long since learned the use of the dictionary, but much to his sorrow and perplexity it proved of no avail to him in this emergency. Not a word of all that was writ in the book could be find, and so he put it back in the metal box. but with a determination to work out the

mysteries of it later on.

Poor little ape-man! Had he but knows it that tiny, baffling mystery held be-tween its seal covers the key to his origin; the answer to the strange riddle of his

It was the diary of John Clayton, Lord Greystoke-kept in French, as had always

Tarzan replaced the box in the cui board, but always thereafter he carried the features of the strong, smiling face of his father in his heart, and in his head a fixed determination to solve the mystery of the strange words in the little

At present he had more important business in hand, for his supply of arrows was exhausted, and he must needs journey to the black men's village and

Early the following morning he set out, and, traveling rapidly, he came before midday to the clearing. Once more he took up his position in the great tree, and, as before, he saw the women in the fields and the village street, and the cauldron of bubbling poison directly beneath him. For hours he lay awaiting his oppor-

tunity to drop down unseen and gather up the arrows for which he had come; but nothing now occurred to call the villagers away from their homes. The Apes crouched above the unsuspecting woman at the cauldron

Presently the workers in the fields re-turned. The hunting warriors emerged from the forest, and when all were within the palisade the gates were closed and

Many cooking pots were now in evidence about the village. Before each but a woman presided over a boiling stew, while little cakes of plantain, and cassava. puddings were to be seen on every hand. Suddenly there came a hall from the edge of the clearing.

Tarzan looked.

It was a party of belated hunters returning from the north, and among them hey half led, half carried a struggling

As they approached the village the gates were thrown open to admit them, and then, as the people saw the victim of the

chase, a savage cry rose to the heavens, for the quarry was a man.

As he was dragged, still resisting, into
the village street, the women and children set upon him with sticks and stones, and Tarzan of the Apes, young and savage beast of the jungle, wondered at the cruel

brutality of his own kind. Sheeta, the leopard, alone of all the jungle folk, tortured his prey. The ethics of all the others meted a quick and merciful death to their victims

Tarzan had learned from his books but cattered fragments of the ways of human beings.

When he had followed Kulonga through the forest he had expected to come to a city of strange houses on wheels, puffing clouds of black smoke from a huge tree stuck in the roof of one of them-or to a sea covered with mighty floating buildings which he had learned were called, vari-ously, ships and boats and steamers and

He had been sorely disappointed with the poor little village of the blacks, hidden away in his own jungle, and with not upon the distant beach.

He saw that these people were mor vicked than his own apes, and as savage and cruel as Sabor, herself. Tarzan began to hold his own kind in but low

Now they had tied their poor victim to a great post near the centre of the vil-lage, directly before Mbonga's hut, and here they formed a dancing, yelling circle of warriors about him, alive with flash-ing knives and menacing spears. In a larger circle squatted the women.

yelling and beating upon drums. It re-minded Tarzan of the Dum-Dum, and so he knew what to expect. He wondered if they would spring upon their meat while it was still alive. The Apes did not do such things as that.

The circle of warriors about the cringing captive drew closer and closer to their prey as they danced in wild and savage abandon to the maddening music of the drums. Presently a spear reached out and pricked the victim. It was the signal for 50 others.
Eyes, ears, arms and legs were pierced

every inch of the poor writhing body that did not cover a vital organ became the target of the cruel lancers. The women and children shricked their

delight. The warriors licked their hideous lips in anticipation of the feast to come and vied with one another in the savagery and loathesomeness of the cruel indignities with which they tortured the still Then it was that Tarzan of the Apen

saw his chance. All eyes were fixed upon the thrilling spectacle at the stake. The light of day had given place to the darkness of a moonless night, and only the fires in the immediate vicinity of the orgy had been kept alight to cast a restless glow upon the restless scene.

Gently the lithe boy dropped to the soft earth at the end of the village street. Quickly he gathered up the arrows-all of them this time, for he had brought a number of long floers to bind them into bundle.

Without haste he wrapped them securely, and then, ere he turned to leave, the devil of capriciousness entered his He looked about for some hint of a wild prank to play upon these strange. grotesque creatures that they might be again aware of his presence among them Dropping his bundle of arrows at the

foot of the tree, Tarzan crept among the shadows at the side of the street until he came to the same but he had entered or the occasion of his first visit. Inside all was darkness, but his groping

hands soon found the object for which he sought, and without further delay he turned again toward the door. He had taken but a step, however, ere his quick ear caught the sound of approaching footsteps immediately without

darkened the entrance of the hut. Tarzan drew back silently to the far wall, and his hand sought the long, keen inting knife of his father. The came quickly to the centre of the hut. There she paused for an instant feeling about with her hands for the thing she sought. Evidently it was not in its ac-customed place, for she explored over

nearer and nearer the wall where Tarzan So close was she now that the ape-man felt the animal warmth of her naked body. Up went the hunting knife, and then the woman turned to one side and soon a gutteral "ah" proclaimed that her search had at last been successful.

Immediately she turned and left the hut, and as she passed through the door-way Tarzan saw that she carried a cooking pot in her hand.

He followed closely after her, and as he reconnoitered from the shadows of

of the village were hastening to and from the various huts with pote and kettles. These they were filling with water and placing over a number of fires near the stake where the dying victim now hung, an inert and bloody mass of authorized the stake where the dying victim now hung, an inert and bloody mass of authorized the stake where the dying victim now hung, an inert and bloody mass of authorized the stake where the dying victim now hung, an inert and bloody mass of authorized the stake where the dying victim now hung.

Choosing a moment when none seemed near, Tarzan haetened to his bundle of arrows beneath the great tree at the end of the vilaige street. As on the former occasion he overthrew the cauldron before leaping, sinuous and catlike, into the branches of the forest glant.

Bliently he climbed to a great height until he found a point where he could look through a leafy opening upon the scene beneath him.

The women were now preparing the prisoner for their cooking pots, while the men stood about resting after the fatigue of their mad revel. Comparative quiet reigned in the village.

Targan raised aloft the thing he had pilfered from the but, and, with aim made true by years of fruit and cocoanut throwing, launched it toward the group of

Squarely among them it fell, striking one of the warriors full upon the head and felling him to the ground. Then it rolled among the women and stopped be side the half butchered thing they were preparing to feast upon.

All gazed in consternation at it for an and ran for their huts.

It was a grinning human skull which looked up at them from the ground. The dropping of the thing out of the open sky was a miracle well aimed to work upon their superstitious fears.

Thus Tarzan of the Apes left them filled with terror at this new manifestation of the presence of some unseen and uncarthly evil power which lurked in the forest about their village.

Later, when they discovered the overturned cauldron, and that once more their arrows had been pilfered, it commenced to dawn upon them that they had offended some great god who ruled this part of the jungle by placing their village there without propitiating him. From then on an offering of food was daily placed below the great tree from whence the arrows had disappeared, in an effort to conciliate the mighty one.

But the seed of fear was deep sown, and had he but known it, Tarzan of the Apes had laid the foundation for much future mistery for himself and his tribe.

That night he slept in the forest not far from the village, and early the next morning set out slowly on his homeward march, hunting as he traveled. Only a few berries and an occasional grub worm rewarded his search, and he was half famished when, looking up from a log he had been rooting beneath, he saw Sabor. the lioness, standing in the centre of the

trail not 20 paces from him.

The great yellow eyes were fixed upon him with a wicked and baleful gleam, and the red tongue licked the longing lips as Sabor crouched, worming her stealthy way with belly flattened against the

Tarzan did not attempt to escape. He welcomed the opportunity for which, in fact, he had been searching for days past, not now armed only with a rope of grass

Quickly he unslung his bow and fitted a well daubed arrow, and as Sabor sprang, the tiny missile leaped to meet her in mid air. At the same instant Tarzan of the Apes jumped to one side, and as the great cat struck the ground beyond him another death-tipped arrow sunk deep into Sabor's loin.

With a mighty roar the beast turned and charged once more, only to be met with a third arrow full in one eye; but this time she was too close upon the apeman for the latter to sidestep the onrushing body.

Tarzan of the Apes went down beneath the great body of his enemy, but with gleaming knife drawn and striking home. For a moment they lay there, and then Tarzan realized that the inert mass lying upon him was beyond power ever again to injure man or ape.

With difficulty he wriggled from be-neath the great weight, and as he stood

erect and gazed down upon the troph of his skill, a mighty wave of exultation swept over him. With swelling breast, he placed a foot

upon the body of his powerful enemy, and throwing back his fine young head. roared out the awful challenge of the victorious bull are.

The forest echoed to the savage and

triumphant paean. Birds fell still, and the larger animals and beasts of prey slunk stealthily away, for few there were of all the jungle who sought for trouble with the great anthropoids.

And in London another Lord Greystoke was speaking to his kind in the House of Lords, but none trembled at the sound of his soft voice.



a most efficacious disguise to toughness and rank tasts, and ere long, with well filled stomach, the apeman was ready to sleep again. First, however, he must re move the hide, for it was as much for this as for any other purpose that he had desired to encompass the destruction of

Deftly he removed the great pelt, for he had practiced often on smaller ani-mals. When the task was finished he carried his trophy to the fork of a high tree, and there, curling himself securely in a crotch, he fell into deep and dreamless slumber.

What with loss of sleep, arduous evercise, and a full belly, Tarzan of the Apes slept the sun around, awakening about noon of the following day. He straight way repaired to the carcass of Sabor, bu was angered to find the bones picked clean by other hungry denizens of the

Half an hour's leisurely progress through the forest brought to sight a young deer, and before ever the little creature knew that an enemy was near a tiny arrow had lodged in its neck.

So quickly the virus worked that at the end of a dozen leaps the deer plunged headlong into the undergrowth, dead. Again did Tarzen feast well, but this time he did not sleep. Instead, he hastened on toward the

point where he had left the tribe, and when he had found them proudly exhibited the skin of Sabor, the lioness. "Look!" he cried, "Apes of Kerchak. See what Tarzan, the mighty killer, has done. Who else among you has ever killed one of Numa's people? Tarzan is mightlest amongst you for Tarzan is no ape. Tarzan is—" But here he stop-ped, for in the language of the anthropolds there was no word for man, and Tarzan could only write the word in

English: he could not pronounce it.

The tribe had gathered about to look upon the proof of his wondrous prowess. and to listen to his words. Only Kerchak hung back, nursing his hatred and his rage.

Suddenly something snapped in the wicked little brain of the anthropold. With a frightful roar the great beast sprang among the assemblage.
Biting, and striking with his huge hands, he killed and maimed a dozen ere

the rest could escape to the upper terraces of the forest. Frothing and shricking in the insanity of his fury, Kerchak looked about for the object of his greatest hatred; and there, pon a nearby limb, he saw him sitting. "Come down, Tarzan, great killer," cried

Kerchak.

"Come down and feel the fangs

And then Kerchak emitted the volleying challenge of his kind.

Quietly Tarzan dropped to the ground Breathlessly the tribe watched from their lofty perches as Kerchak, still roaring, charged the relatively puny figure.

of a greater! Do mighty fighters fly to the trees at the first approach of danger?"

Nearly seven feet stood Kerchak on his short legs. His enormous shoulders were bunched and rounded with huge muscles The back of his short neck was as a single lump of iron sinew which bulged beyond the base of his skull, so that his head seemed like a small ball protruding from a huge mountain of flesh.

His backdrawn, snarling lips exposed his great fighting fangs, and his little. wicked, bloodshot eyes gleamed in horrid reflection of his inadness.

Awaiting him stood Tarzan, himself a

ighty mustled animal, but his six feet height and his great rolling sinews seemed pitifully inadequate to the ordeal which awaited them.
His bow and arrows lay some distance

away where he had dropped them while showing Sabor's hide to his fellow apes, so that he confronted Kerchak now with only his hunting knife and his superior intellect to offset the ferocious strength of his enemy.

As his antagonist came roaring toward him. Lord Greystoke tore his long knife from its sheath, and with an answering challenge as horrid and blood-curdling as that of the beast he faced, rushed swiftly to meet the attack. He was too shrewd to allow those long hairy arms to encircle him, and just as their bodies were about to crash together, Tarzan of the Apes grasped one of the huge wrists



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Sabor proved unsavory eating even to of his assailant, and, springing lightly HARRISON GARDENS to one side, drove his knife to the hill into Kerchak's body, below the heart.

Before he could wrench the blade free again, the bull's quick lunge to seize him in those awful arms had torn the weapon from Targan's grasp.

Kerchak aimed a terrific blow at the ape-man's head with the flat of his hand, a blow which, had it landed, might easily have crushed in the side of Tarzan's skull.

The man was too quick, and, ducking beneath it, himself delivered a mighty one, with elenched fist, in the pit of Kerchak's

The ape was staggered, and what with the mortal wound in his side had almost collapsed, when, with one mighty effort he rallied for an instant-just long enough to enable him to wrest his arm free from Tarzan's grasp and close in a terrific

clinch with his wiry opponent.

Straining the ape-man close to him, his great jaws sought Tarzan's throat, but the young lord's sinewy fingers were at Kerchak's own before the cruel fangs could close on the sleek brown skin. Thus they struggled, the one to crush ut his opponent's life with those awful

while he held the snarling mouth from The greater strength of the ape was slowly prevailing, and the teeth of the straining beast were scarce an inch from Tarzan's throat when, with a shuddering tremor, the great body stiffened for an instant and then sank limply to the

teeth, the other to close forever

windpipe beneath his strong grasp.

(CONTINUED TOMORROW.)

OPEN TO PUBLIC TODAY

Fete in Celebration of the Birthday of Queen Mary of England.

The beautiful garden in the rear of the

The beautiful garden in the rear of the residence on Locust street above 17th that comprise the famous "Harrison Row." were thrown open to the public today for the first time since it was built by Joseph Harrison, Jr., in 1856.

A concert, with tea served afterward, was held at 2 o'clock, celebrating the birthday of Queen Mary of England. Plags of the Allies and of the United States decorated the garden. The funds raised will be used for relief work among the Allied armies.

The affair was under the auspices of British division of the Ladies' War Relief Committee. Those directly in charge were Mrs. Edward Burd Grubb, Mrs. L. Webster Fox, and Miss Josephine Bispham Page.

Harrison's Gardens are well known to many Philadelphians. By reputation only, however, for the single outlet on a public thoroughfare is guarded by a massive iron gate opening on 17th street. Unless a resident of one of the Harrison houses a guest of such a resident, access is

Duke of Aosta Injured

VENICE, May 26.—The Duke of Aosta, cousin of King Victor Emmanuel and commander of the Italian armies sent against Austria, was hurt today when thrown from his automobile near Mestre.

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