EVENING LEDGER-PHILADELPHIA, THURSDAY, JUNE 10, 1915:

TARZAN OF THE APES The Thrilling Adventures of a Primeval Man and an American Girl By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS.

barte

D'Arnot wrote: "Can you go to my people and lead them here? I will write a message that

you may take to them, and they will

Tarzan shook his head and taking the

Two days after, D'Arnot was tottering

Teach me to speak the language of

And so D'Arnot commenced at once.

consciousness.

centright, 1914, by A. C. McClurg Company

CHAPTER XXII-(Continued). A week ago that sentence would have alled her with delight, now it depressed

The wished she had never met Clayton. She wished she had never met Clayton. She was porry that she had ever seen the forest god-no, she was glad. And here was that other note she had found in the grass before the oabin the day affer her return from the jungle, the here note sizned by Tarzan of the Apes. Who could be this new suitor? If he were another of the wild denizens of the strible forest what might he not do in daim her?

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bark, wrole: "I had thought of that-the first day; but I dared not. The great apes come often to this spot, and if they found you here, wounded and alone, they would kill ins terrible forest what indicates the claim her? "Eameralda! Wake up," she cried. "You make me so irritable, sleeping there peacefully when you know perfectly that the world is filled with sorrow." "Gaberelle" screamed Eameralda, sit-ing up. "What am it now? A hippo-scerous? Where am be, Miss Jane?" "Nonsines, Eameralda, there is nothing. The back to sleep. You are bad enough alep, but you are infinitely worse and the states." you," D'Arnot turned on his side and closed his eyes. He did not wish to die; but he fell that he was going, for the fever was mounting higher and higher. That night asleep.

misen, our you what's de matter 'Yas'm, honey, but what's de matter if you-sil, precious? You acts sorter inder disgranulated dis ebenin.'.'
'oh, Eameraida, I'm just plain ugly tmight.' said the girl. 'Don't pay any attention to me-that's a dear.''
'Tas'm, honey; now you-all go right to skew, honey; now you-all go right to skew. To' nerves am all on aidge. What will all dese ripotamuses an 'man-ters geniuses dat Marze Philander been stellin' about-laws, it ain't no wonder we all get nervous prosecution.''

he lost connectorances. For three days he was in delirium, and Tarzan sat beside him and bathed his head and hands and washed his wounds. On the fourth day the fever broke as suddenly as it had come, but it left D'Arnot a shadow of his former aelf, and tery weak. Tarzan had to lift him that he might drink from the gourd. The fever had not been the result of infection, as D'Arnot had thought, but ore of these that commonly attack whites in the jungles of Africe, and either kill of leave them as suddenly as D'Arnot's had left him. stellin' about-laws, it aint no wonder we all get nervous prosecution." Jane Porter crossed the little room. hushing and kissing the faithful old black cheek, bid Essmeralda good-night. Two days after, D'Arnot was tottering about the amphitheatre. Tarzan's strong arm about him to keep him from falling. They sat beneath the shade of a great tree and Tarzan found some smooth bark that they might converse. D'Arnot wrote the first message: "What can I do to reast you for all

CHAPTER XXIII.

BROTHER MEN.

When d'Arnot regained consciouaness, "What can I do to repay you for all that you have done for me"" And Tarzan, in reply: he found himself lying upon a bed of soft ferns and grasses beneath a little A-shaped shelter of boughs.

At his feet an opening looked out upon a green sward, and at a little distance berond was the dense wall of jungle and forest.

He was very lame and sore and weak, He was very lame and sore and weak, and as full consciousness returned he felt the sharp torture of many cruel wounds, and the dull aching of every bone and muscle in his body as a result of the hideous beating he had received. Even the turning of his head caused fim such excrucing agony that he lay still with closed eyes for a long time. He tried to piece out the details of his strenture prior to the time he lost con-

advanture prior to the time he load con-clousness to see if they would explain his present whereabouts-he wondered if

he were among friends or foes. At length he recollected the whole hideous scene at the stake, and finally needled the strange white figure in whose srma he had sunk into oblivion. D'Arnot wondered what fate lay in store for him now. He could neither see

thre for him now. He could neither see nor hear any signs of life about him. The incessant hum of the jungle--the rustling of millions of deaves, the buzz of inscis, the voices of the birds and monkeys-seemed blended into a strangely mothing purr, as though he lay apart, far from the myriad life whose sounds over in him only as a blurred echo.

rame to him only as a blurred echo. At length he fell in a quiet slumber, nor did be awake again until afternoon. Once more he experienced the strange sense of utter bewilderment that had marked his earlier awakening, but soon he recalled the recent past, and looking through the opening at his feet he saw the figure of a man squatting on his

The broad, muscular back was turned loward him, but, tanned though it was, d'Arnot saw that it was the back of a

white man, and he thanked his God. The Frenchman called faintly. The man turned, and, rising, came toward the shelter. His face was very handsome the handsomest, thought d'Arnot, that he

scoping, he crawled into the shelter build the wounded officer, and placed a cool hand upon his forehead. D'Arnot spoke to him in French, but the man only shook his head-sadly, it seemed to the Frenchman.

toward the door; but his companion was **VOYAGE OF VESSEL** D'Arnot walked to the door and looked "Mon Dieu" exclaimed D'Arnot, "he has left me. I feel it. He has gone back into his jungle and left me here along."

And then he remembered the look on Tarzan's face when they had discovered that the cabin was empty-such a look as the hunter sees in the eyes of the wounded deer he has wantonly brought bed of soft rerns. The second day a fever had come and D'Arnot thought that it meant infection and he knew that he nn. the down.

would die. An lifea came to him. He wondered why he had not thought of it before. He called Tarzan and indicated by signs that he would write, and when Tarzan had fetched the bark and pencil. D'Arnat wrote: The man had been hard hit-D'Arnot realized it now-but why? He could not understand. The Frenchman looked about him.

onellness and the horror of the place ommenced to get on his nerves already reakened by the ordeal of suffering and ickness he had passed through. To be left here alone beside this awful

ungle-never to hear a human voice or en a human face-in constant dread of avage beasts and more terribly savage men-a prey to solitude and hopelessness. It was awful And far to the east Tarzan of the Apes

back to his tribe. Never had be traveled with such reckless speed. He felt that he was running away from himself-that by hurtling through the forest like a frightened squirrel he was escaping from his own thoughts. But no matter how fast he went he found them always with

He passed above the sinuous body of Sabor, the lioness, going in the opposite direction; toward the cabin, thought Tar-

What could d'Arnot do against Sabor-or if Bolgani, the gorilla, should come upon him-or Numa, the lion, or cruel Sheeta? Sheeta? Tarzan paused in his flight.

"What are you, Tarzan?" he asked oud. "An ape or a man?

"If you are an ape, you will do as the apes would do-leave one of your kind to die in the jungle if it suited your whim go elsewhere. "If you are a man, you will return to protect your kind. You will not run away from one of your own people because one

f them has run away from you. D'Arnot closed the cabin door. He was ery nervous. Even brave men, and l'Arnot was a brave man, are sometimes frinktened by solitude. He londed one of the rifles and placed it within easy reach. Then he went to the desk and took up the unsealed letter

thanking yout in person.

BRIMFUL OF THRILLS

Boat From India Docks Here After Dodging Typhoons and Bullets-Crew Gives Trouble

Brimful of excitement was the 67-day Yoyage of the British steamship Mansuri, which arrived here today from Calcutta la Colombo, Suez and Oran. The vessel brought in a large cargo of valuable East Indian merchandise. Dodging typhoons in the Indian Ocean and Turks' builets in the Suez Canal and a fuss with members of the Chinese crew were a few of the events that prevented the voyage from becoming one of absolute monotony. Shortly after leaving Colombo the

steamship ran into a fierce tropical typhoon, which was prevented from making a wreck of the craft by the expert pavisation on the part of the officers. Behind eand bags on the bridge the of-

ficers directed the course of the yeasel when passing through the Suez. On the hores Turk snipers kept up a continuous fire, but the intrenchments of the ship's officers were impregnable. May 22 the superstitious Chinese in

the crew beheld the strange halos around the sun and became panic-stricken. They refused to work and inslated on standing and gazing into the sky in an awed manner or in prostrating themselves on the decks while they rent the air with weird Incantations.

When Chief Engineer "Bill" Murray tried to convince the Chinese by the use of "moral suasion" that their presence was imperative in the fireroom, he was attacked by Ling Fung. The celesia rushed at his chief with a knife. Things looked had for Murray when the unex-pected interference of Captain Turner presented blooded. The centric had prevented bloodshed. The captain had only a few sceonds in which to act after he took in the situation. He established a new record in running from the bridge to the deck, according to his subordinates and knocked the knife from Ling Fung's hand

The Chinaman was placed in Irons. He's repentant now, however, and will not be prosecuted unless he shows further evidence of an ugly disposition.

INVESTS MONEY FOR CHARITY

Proceeds, \$100, Anonymous Benefactor Gives for Belgian Relief.

Here is a true story of how a Philadelphian has responded to the nlight of famine-stricken Belgium. It tells of a gift of \$100, enough to buy sufficient food to prolong the life of five Belgians for 40

A few months ago a middle-aged man walked into the office of the Pennsyl-vania State Committee for Relief in Relglum in the Real Estate Trust Building. He handed Miss Ellen Cassidy, who was in charge of the office, a crisp \$10 note. "Just a little contribution now," he said, "I will drop in again, soon, and give a little more.

Today he entered the office and laid \$100 in bills on the desh. "I invested a little money which I expected to yield \$50 profit," he explained. "I intended giving it for the relief of Belgians. But the investment turned out just twice as successful as I thought it would and so I give the \$100."

Temple Business Students Finish

He refused to give his name.

More than one thousand relatives and friends of the 125 graduates of Temple University business courses witnessed the exercises last night in the college hall, Broad and Berka streets. There are 55 girls among the graduates. Addresses were made by Clyde M. Tobo, president of the class; Vice President Florence P. Cornman, Secretary Charles Nase, Jr., and Treasurer Roy F. Kraber,

SUMMER RESORTS.

WOMAN IN CLASS OF 1889 TO GET SWARTHMORE SHEEPSKIN IN 1915

Mrs. Rebecca Webb Halmes, Mother of Two Boys, One of Them. in High School, Modest in Discussion of

Prospective Honor.

etantiy

Mrs. Holmes smiled admiration and

An envelope that did not match the

stationery of a bank led to the arrest

today of Milton L. Morse, 24 years old.

of JUIS South 52d street, who is accused

of forgery and of being a fugitive from

justice. He was arrested by Detectives.

William Brown and Joseph Coogan and

was held by Magistrate Beaton to await

requisition from Camden, where he is

The Girl Who Had No God

The Biggest Story Ever Written by

MARY ROBERTS

RINEHART

Begins Saturday, June 12,

Evening & Ledger

One Cent.

in the

question. "I am a suffragist. I am vice president of the Swarthmore Equal Franchise League. I forgot to mention When the young men and women who ut in four years of more or less hard study at Swarthmore College step forthat ward to take their bachelors' sheepskins 'Here." she called, rousing Teddy from

brief map in the sun. "Come here while ask you's question." The dog moved lazily over and stood exat commencement next week, a woman who began her college work with the class of 1889 will be sliting somewhere on the platform waiting for the "H's" to be pectantiy. "Now," said Mrs. Holmes, addressing him firmly. "Teddy Holmes, which would you ratior be, a dead dog or an anti?" Teddy Holmes considered a moment. Then very deliberately he lowered him-self to the floor, curied up his paws and plotted him area. Use here believed to keep called. That is, unless Mrs. Rebecca Webb Holmes, the mother of two boys, who is the belated graduate, is overcome ay modesty and decides to wait for a subter moment before becoming a certi-led Bachelor of Arts. closed his eyes. But he neglected to keep

Hed Bachelor of Arts. It is likely that Mrs. Holmes will wait. "All this publicity," which enveloped her when someons learned she would gradu-ate with the class of 1915 this year, has reduced Mrs. Holmes to an almost impenetrable seclusiveness. Hesides being the mother of two boys, one of them in high school, Mrs. Holmes is the wife of "You can be very sure they did noth-ing of the kind. Had you forgotien that my husband is a professor?" rofessor Jesse Holmes, of the chale of Biblical Literature and Philosophy at Swarthmore, and maintains an active interest in woman suffrage. Furthermore, the keeps house

"Another newspaper man." Mrs. Holmes exclaimed, appearing on the verands of her home on College row, within sight of Talking Machine Company Employe he Swarthmore campus Exposed in Alleged \$1000 Steal.

"Well, I don't know what they all see in my graduation. Imagine coming all the way out here to ask about it." She chose a chair, quieted "Teddy Holmes," the fox terrier, who greets visitors with a loud harking, which is much worse than

his bite, Mrs. Holmes declares, and pre-pared to be interviewed. "I know just what you want," she as-

serted anticipating questions and reciting rapidly: 'I am to graduate with the class of

1515. I started with the class of '85. I live here with my husband, Dr. Jesse Holmes. He is professor of Biblical literwanted. Morse, who was private secretary to Eugene T. Keefer, of the Victor Talking Machine Company, was discharged about six weeks ago, when Keefer was on a vacation. One of his last acts, it was tes-tified must be much to his rest.

Holmes. He is professor of Biblical liter-ature and philosophy. I have two sons. The eldest is Herman, 15. Robert, the younger, is 15 years old. Herman is in High School. I did not find graduating very hard work." "There," she said, smiling, "I hope you know all about me and the gradu-ation." She rocked contentedly, and Teddy Holmes, the fox terrier, standing in the sun, wagged his tail and grinned. vacation. One of his last acts, it was itse-tified, was to mail to his employer a state-ment from a bank, using an envelope which did not correspond to the style generally used by the bank. Investigation showed that the statement had been showed that the statement had been "juggled" and that more than \$1000 had been forged on checks of small amounts. a the sun, wagged his tail and grinned, log fashion. "I think I'll go on with my nending," said Mrs. Holmes, and lifted some work from a canvas porch swing nearby. Bees swooped over the veranda rail and settled, droning, in a flower box

rail and settled, droming, in a nower box beside the swing. But Mrs. Holmes was interrupted again. "Did I keep a schedule and study so many hours in the evening and send the boys off to school before I went to col-lege and all that?" she asked. "I am sorry to say I did not. I had only two hours a day in class and there was only nours a day in class, and there was only one morning a week when I had to leave before the boys. I don't see how you can possibly work up a schedule that I fol-lowed. It really was very easy work. There isn't anything to make a fuss ibout.

"I studied biblical literature; yes, bib ilt,' the students call it, with my husband, and I had a course in public speaking with Dr. Paul M. Pearson. Of course, I was in my husband's class. Did I ever flunk when he asked me question in class? No, I did not. I always knew my lesson Mrs. Holmes stitched steadily as a answered, and rocked in ner chair, while Teddy Holmes snapped at files. "You guessed it." she said to another

TEACHERS EXEMPT FROM EXAMINATION

404 44

Will Not Be Required to Pass Test in Seeking Promotion to Higher Grades.

Teachers in the public schools of this ity will not be required to submit to ex-

amination to procure promotion. Announcement to that effect was made today by Simon Gratz, vice president of the Board of Education, to remove the fears of thousands of young instructors that their satisfactry work in the schools could not be used hereafter as a means of obtaining higher positions. The word of Mr. Gratz is accepted as authorita-tive, because he is chairman of the Com-mittee on Normal School and Qualifica-tion of Teachers, which has jurisdiction in such matters.

his tail quiet. Mrs. Holmes smiled admiration and petied the suffrage dog. Then she an-swered one more question. "Did the students ever horse me or joke because I was in their class?" she asked. "You can be very sure they did noth-ing of the kind. Had you forgotien that my husband is a professor?" YOUTH ACCUSED OF FORGERY Talking Maching Commany Employed

o interpreted that faithful service would no longer be accepted as a reason for pro-motion and that whenever an instructor might be desirous of teaching a higher grade he or she would be subjected to a competitive test. Accordingly, the Philadelphia Teachers"

Association opposed the passage of the bill, and Senator Patton, of this city, voiced their objections in the upper, branch of the Legislature. Senator Vare supported the measure because it was fathered by the Governor. But the bill was referred to the Committee on Effuca-tion, of which no Philadelphian is a membor, and it was passed.

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THE SATURDAY

THE GIRL WHO HAD NO GOD MARY ROBERTS RINEHART An Unusual Story of Unusual People Begins in the Evening Ledger

on Saturday

French that be could speak little sen-tences such as: "That is a tree," "this is grass," "I am hungry," and the like, but D'Arnot found that it was difficult to teach him the French construction upon a foundation of English.

The Frenchman wrote little lessons for him in English and had Tarzan repeat them in French, but as a literal translawas usually very noor French Tarstrangers on your shore, and that we zan was often confused

man. Mid-afternoon brought them to the clearing, and as Tarzan dropped to earth from the branches of the last tree his heart leaped and bounded against his ribs in anticipation of seeing Jane Porter to soon again.

two more days had mastered so much to your comfort and safety here in your French that be could speak little sen- lonely home.

"If you know the strange white man who saved our lives so many times, and brought us food, and if you can converse with him, thank him, also, for his kindnezs. We sail within the hour, never to re-

turn; but we wish you and that other jungle friend to know that we shall al-ways thank you for what you did for

"We have harmed nothing, but have It many things for you which may add He was a most cager student, and in left many things for you whi

pointing out familiar objects and repeat-ing their names in French, for he thought that it would be easier to teach this man his own language, since he un-derstood it Nunself hest of all. addressed to Tarzan, Possibly it contained word that his peo-ple had but left the beach temporarily. He fell that it would be no breach of ethics to read this letter, so he took the inclosure from the envelope and read: "To Tarzan of the Apes: "We thank you for the use of your cabin, and are sorry that you did not permit us the pleasure of seeing and thanking yout in person. addressed to Tarzan. It mean nothing to Targan, of course, for he could not tell one language from another, so when he pointed to the word man which he had printed upon a piece of bark he learned from D'Arnot that it was pronounced homme, and in the same way he was taught to pronounce ape, singe, and tree, arbre.

Then D'Arnot tried English, but still the man shook his head. Italian, Spanish and German brought similar discourage-

D'Arnot knew a few words of Norweglan, Russian, Greek, and also had a smattering of the language of one of the West Coast negro tribes-the man denied converse. them all.

After examining D'Arnot's wounds the mun left the shelter and disappeared. In half an hour he was back with fruit and a hollow gourd-like vegetable filled with mater

Was surprised that he had no fever. Again he tried to converse with his trange nurse, but the attempt was use-

Suddanly the man hastened from the thater only to return a few minutes later with several pieces of bark and-wonder of wondera-a lead pencil.

"But you cannot carry me all the dis-tance through this tangled forest." Bquatting beside D'Arnot he wrote for a minute on the smooth inner surface of the bark; then he handed it to the "Mais oul," he said, and D'Arnot "Mais oul," he said, and D'Arnot haughed aloud to hear the phrase that he

D'Arnot was astonished to see, in plain brint-like characters, a message in Englaughed aloud to hear the pinds to gue used so often gilde from Targan's tongue. So they set out, D'Arnot marveling as had Clayton and Jane Porter at the won-drous strength and agility of the ape-

No one was in sight without the cabin, and D'Arnot was perplexed to note that neither the cruiser nor the Arrow was at

Tam Parzan of the Apes. Who are busiled the pencil-the hear of the second the stanguage?" TArnot seized the pencil-then her busiled the pencil-then her busiled to the pencil man wrote English and the bark.
The man only shook his head and pencil and the bark.
The man only shook his head and pencil and the bark.
The man only shook his head and pencil and the bark.
Mid-afte the thank you for all that you are figlight why is it then that you can be meased to the pencil and the bark.
Mono for me."
The man only shook his head and pencil and the bark.
Mono for me."
The man only shook his head and pencil and the bark.
Mono for me."
The man only shook his head and pencil and the bark.
Mono for me."
The man only shook his head and pencil and the bark.
Mono for me."
The man only shook his head and pencil and the bark.
Mono for me."
The man only shook his head and pencil and the bark.
Mono for me."
The man only shook his head and pencil and the bark.
Mono for me. The man was a mute, possiby a deaf mute so D'Arnot wrote a message on the fargitah.
Tam Paul D'Arnot. Heutenant in the spot, men as the spot, men as the spot of the spot o

Wander "peak only the language of my

"I speak only the language of my pike-the great apes, who were Ker-chak's, and a little of the languages of line of the other folks of the jungle I indextand. With a human being I have by a spoken, except once with Jage Por-ier, by aizms. This is the first time I have spoken except once with Jage Por-ter, by aizms. This is the first time I have spoken with another of my kind through written words." I Arnot was mystified. It fleemed in-medible that there lived upon earth a min s fellowman, and still more pre-batrous that such a one could read and and. Its looked area.

A solution of the solution of

American.

"They must intend returning," thought

D'Arnot. He walked over to the table that John Chayton had built so many years before to serve as a deak, and on it he saw two notes addreased to Tarasa of the

Tam tied she is safe. It pains me to the two tracks in a strong masculine hand and was unscaled. The other, in a wom-and was unscaled. The other, in a wom-in a bill of the Aper. "Cried D'Armot, turning"

should have done infinitely more to re D'Arnot realized now that he had made a mistake, but it seemed too late to go back and do it all over again and force Targan to unlearn all that he had learned, especially as they were rapidly approachward you both had you given us the opportunity. "Very respectfully, "WM. CECIL CLAYTON." "Never to return," muttered D'Arnot,

and threw himself face downward upon ing a point where they would be able to An hour later he started up, listening. On the third day after the fever broke Tarzan wrote a message asking D'Arnot if he felt strong enough to be carried back to the cabin. Tarzan was as anx-ious to go as D'Arnot, for he longed to see Jane Porter again. Something was at the door trying to enter

D'Arnot reached for the loaded rifle and placed it to his shoulder. Dusk was falling, and the interior of

he cabin was very dark; but the man It had been lard for him to remain with It had been I and for him to remain with the Frenchman all these days for that very reason, and that he had unselfishly done so apoke more glowingly for his nobility of character than even did his rescuing of the French officer from Mbonga's clutches. D'Arnot, only too willing to attempt the could see the latch moving from its place. He felt his hair rising upon his scalp. Gently the door opened until a thin crack showed something standing just without

D'Arnot sighted along the blue barrel at the crack of the door-and then he pulled the trigger. (CONTINUED TOMORROW.)

POOR RICHARDS BRANCH OUT

Club to Enlarge Quarters and Wants

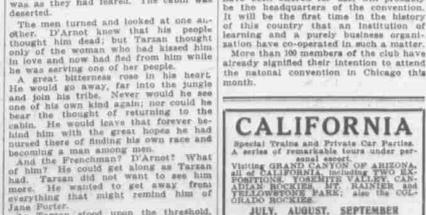
Plans for the enlargement of the Poo Richard Club, so as to include the ad-joining houses, 341 South Camac street,

and plans for sending a large delegation of Philadelphians to the annual conven-tion of the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World, which will be held in Chicago next week, were adopted at the weekly luncheon at the club today. A

large part of the membership was ent Herbert S. Houston, of New York, ember of the Executive Committee of the Association, who was to have ad-dressed the meeting, was unable to attend.

ganization at the convention.

neither the cruiser not in the second standard in the bay. An atmosphere of loneliness pervaded the spot, which caught suddenly at both men as they strode toward the cabin. Neither spoke, yet both knew before they opened the closed door what they would find beyond. A determined effort will be made to bring the 1916 convention to Philadel-phia. If this is done the buildings at Tarsan lifted the latch and pushed the great door in upon its wooden hinges. It was as they had feared. The cabin was phia. If this is done the buildings at the University of Pennsylvania, which have been offered for use, will probably be the headquarters of the convention. It will be the first time in the history of this country that an Institution of learning and a purely business organi-zation have co-operated in such a matter. More than 100 members of the club have



CALIFORNIA

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