LOCAL PORT BENEFITS FROM EUROPEAN WAR

Exports of Philadelphia Exceed Imports by \$17,204,410 in twenty. Last Fiscal Year.

Philadelphia has benefited considerably from the European war in respect to orders for munitions, food and other necessities, according to figures of the foreign trade of the port for the fiscal year ending June 20. As has been the case with all other ports of the United States, this city has built up a big trade balance, the exports of the city in the year exceeding imports by \$17,204,410.

The total amount of exports in the year was \$50,258,686, as compared with \$64,581,040 in the previous year, while imports in the same period were \$73,044,276, against \$55,618,412 in the \$132-14 year. The exports thus show a leap of \$25,357,646 and the imports a failing off of \$23,469,146.

Of the last 12 months the exports of last August were the smallest, due to the breaking out of the European war, when shipping to foreign countries was tied up. After shipping had been adjusted somewhat, there was a steady upward climb in exports, while imports, with the exception of a few months, showed a gradual decline. The smallest imports of any The smallest imports month were in February, being \$3,503,972, and the largest were in July, the amount for the month being \$9,748,020. Exports were the largest in April, the total being

STONE HARBOR, THRONGED WITH VISITORS, PROSPERS

Channel Front Bulkheads and Other Improvements Ordered by Council.

STONE HARBOR, N. J., July 10.-The season is now in full swing, and with nearly every cottage, bungalow and spartment occupied a prosperous summer in assured.

Although no special festivities had been provided, Stone Harbor entertained a record-breaking crowd over the Fourth, the hotels being full, with many holiday guests in private homes.

The Borough Council is arranging to inaugurate a system of repairs for channel front bulkheads, which will insure their proper maintenance and afford pro-tection for all water-front property own-This will harmonize with the projected improvements along the beach front. Concrete will probably enter largely into the construction of the protective

The Reliance Fire Company is making good progress in procuring its fire-fight-ing equipment and uniforms. The latter will be worn next Thursday, when the company will be the guests of the Wild-

wood firemen at their carnival.

An augmented fleet of power boats is now operating in the motor-ferry service between Aglesea and Stone Harbor. A large number of passengers are being carried over this route daily.

MOTORISTS INSPECT SPEEDWAY

Auto Run Includes Visit to New Track and Shore Resorts.

Roads leading to this city are literally awarming with automobiles today parti-cipating in the run organized by the Phil-adelphia Motor Speedway Association, that motorists of this and nearby States may have an opportunity to inspect the work being done on the speedway now under construction near Hatboro.

The automobilists are competing today for 80 trophies, among them being some

of the handsomest ever awarded for such a run in this country. The awarding of these will be under the direction of John Botwright. Charles L. Hower is chairman of the Route Committee and Paul B. Huyette, of this city, is chairman of the gen-

ette, of this city, is eral committee. After completing the inspection of the speedway the run will continue to Atlan-tic City by way of Stone Harbor, Wild-wood and other popular South Jersey re-

MUSIC IN THE PARK

Fairmount Park Band Will Play at Belmont Mansion.

The Fairmount Park Hand wil play at Belmont Mansion this afternoon and to-night. The program will be as follows: PART I-AFTERNOON, 4 TO 6 O'CLOCK.

8-"Gems of Stephen Foster" Waldteufel 7-(a) "Walter's Traum Lied" Wagner (b) Tarantelle "Pecheur Napolitaine" Rubinstein 8-Airs from "The Broken Idol" Alstyne PART II-EVENING, 8 TO 10 O'CLOCK.

1 Overture, "Stradella" Flotow
2 Suite, "Losking Upward" Souma
(a) By the Light of the Polar Star. (b)
Beneath the Southern Cross. (c) Mars and
Venus

Venus.

S. (a) "Tuneral March of a Marionet". Gounds (b) "Tinkers Chorus" and 'Oh. Fromise Me

"Riagnedy Espanole". Demeraman Cescriptive Fantasis. "The Advent of Spring" Lovenberg E-Bunilaiscences of the most popular works of Technikowsky Woods". Strains From the Vienna Woods.

Woods: Strains From the Vienna Strains 8-Melodies from "The Grand Mogul", Luders "Star-Spangled Banner."

MUSIC IN HUNTING PARK

The Energetic Band Will Play This Afternoon and Tonight.

The Energetic Band will play in Hunting Park this afternoon at 4 o'clock and tonight at 2. The program is as follows: PART I-AFTERNOON.

I. Introduction. "America."

March. "The Invincible Eagle"... Sousa
Overture, "Grown Diamonds". Auber
Caprice. "The First Heart Throbs."

Ellenberg
Waltz, "Dolores"... Waldcufel
Intermission. Pantasie, "Bin Marchen" Bach Intermesso, "The Lady Chauffear" Haus Vocal sole Belected 1. Pantage.

1. Intermeted. "The Lady Chaufteur Belected

2. Votai sole

By Francis Smith.

3. "Le Miscrere," from "Il Troystore". Verdi.

20. Seicution, "Up to the Minute". Remick PART II-EVENING.

PART II—EVENTING.

1. March "The Heau Ideal" — Boasini
Coverture, "Seniramids" — Boasini
Coverture, "Seniramids" — Boasini
Coverture, "Seniramids" — Boasini
Coverture, "Geniramids" — Boasini
Coverture, "Geniramids" — Boasini
Coverture, "An Artist's Life' — Barnard
Waltz, "An Artist's Life' — Barnard
Waltz, "An Artist's Life' — Barnard
Waltz, "An Artist's Life' — Barnard
Countries "Chin Chin" — Caryli
Profes, "Pinnisto" — Caryli
Profes, "Pinnisto" — Brains
Vocal colo
By Francis Smith
Coverture, "The Biar-Sunnied Bannard
Delant
Coverture, "The Biar-Sunnied Bannard MUSIC ON CITY HALL PLAZA

Philadelphia Band Will Play There Tonight. The program of the Philadelphia Band, on City Hall plaza, at 8 o'clock tonight,

The Daily Story

Red Ripe Cherries You know I never shot a gun in my

"But you are such a booby for a girl of

"Well, show me again." "You draw the gun up to your face so. You shut your left eye-so. You keep the other open and equint along the barrel. Then you put your forefinger around the

trigger and pull. It's as easy as an old "But it will be loaded." "With powder and dried peas. You

don't want to kill the robins, but fust to scare them off. They'll strip the cherry trees, and their burdens of ripe, sweet

It was Burt Traynor and his sister Madge. To the right of the house and nearer the highway were four big cherry trees and their burdens of ripe red fruit wers ready for picking. It seemed that every robin for ten miles around knew it, and was there to claim his share in advance. First was to be seen that often vance. Fred was to be absent that after-noon, while the cook had tried waving her apron and calling out, "shoot" but the birds had not been dismayed. It was to be seen how they would behave when the hard dried peas came rattling through the twigs and leaves. The gun was loaded and left at the back door, and Fred left a last caution as he departed:

"You remember what I told you. Fire to hit the top of a tree. It will be the report that will frighten them away. Don't drop the gun and fall over it when you fire."

Half an hour later the cook was sent out to see if the robins had gathered after their last scare. She came back to "They are back by the hundreds, Miss

and there's something besides. On my soul, I believe I saw a tramp pulling himself up into one of the trees!" "I don't believe a tramp would stop or cherries," was the doubting reply of the girl.

"Aye, but they would. They just dotes on 'em. After they have filled their stomachs they fill their pockets, and there's half a bushel of the reddest, ripest cherries in the country gone. You'll have to fire that gun, Miss Traynor, even if it blows up and kills us both."

Miss Madge walked out with pale face and trembling limbs, but she was somewhat relieved when a close scrutiny of the trees falled to disclose a tramp. The cook must have seen the family cat prowling about. The gun must be fired, however. A lusty robin wants a score of cherries for a meal.

"You first lift it up," said the cook,

"Now then, take aim, as they call it."
"At what?"
"At the sky or anything else except
me. That's right. Let it wobble all
over. The more it wobbles the more the birds will be frightened. Now your finger on the trigger."
"And now what?"

"Shut your eyes and pull."

The directions were obeyed, and half a hundred robins took to sudden flight, calling out as they went. Thirty seconds later there came a human yell, and a man dropped from one of the trees in the grass. "Oh, Heavens, but I've shot a man!"

cried Miss Madge as she tossed the gun away and began to wring her hands. "Only a tramp, darlint-only a tramp, and they don't count. They are here to be shot whenever one feels like it. He's a-kicking around so lively that he can't be dead. Sit down on the steps and I'l'

take the ax and advance upon the enemy. If he surrenders, all right; if he don't A minute later her voice was heard calling and her hand was seen beckon-ing, and, as the perturbed girl slowly advanced, a young man struggled into a atting resition, and forcing a rather sill.

sitting position, and, forcing a rather silly smile to his face, he said: "I beg pardon for putting you to this trouble."
"Oh, it's no trouble at all to shoot a

"On, it's no trouble at all to shoot a tramp, answered the cook as she stood the ax up against the tree.
"But I'm not—not exactly a tramp," replied the trespasser, looking at the girl as he said so.
"But you are bleeding—you are wounded!"

"Yes, I think a few of the dried peas hit me in the shoulder, but I am more scared than hurt. If—if I could get my coat off and the hurt bound up—." And then he fainted dead away. The cook ran for water and the girl stood wringing her hands and weeping. Then a passing traveler who saw that something was wrong left his vehicle to investigate, and it was he who helped the cook to get the wounded man into the house and into bed and telephoned for the doctor.

the doctor.
"Um! Who shot him?" asked the doctor when he had arrived and laid the shoulder bare.
"I-I did!" was the sobbing reply.
"Buckshot?"

"No-dried peas."
"Well, he won't die, but you'll have him on your hands for some time to come. What did you take him for?"
"The cook said he was a tramp, but I didn't mean to hit him. I just aimed anywhere."

anywhere."
"That's right. Always aim any old where and you are bound to bring down something. He'll have his eyes open in ten minutes and want to talk. There's a bike out in front, and it must belong to him. He's no tramp."
"And are we to so to jail for shooting him when we didn't mean to?" saked the cook.
"You'll have to wait and

"You'll have to wait and hear what

"You'll have to wait and hear what he says."

It was three long hours before Fred returned. Meanwhile, the cook prepared and carried in to the victim three kinds of soup and some tea and toast, and every time she went in she had an apology for the shooting. As soon as the shock passed off the young man laughed at his weakness and wanted to dress and go on his way, but the cook sternly forbade.

"What kind of a family do you take us for?" she demanded, with a sniff and a snort. "Do you think we take a gentieman for a tramp and shoot him out of a tree with dried peas and then send him along to die on the road? You'll lie right there and have the best in the house for many a day."

It was when Fred finally appeared that Miss Madge ran to him with the exciama-

Miss Madge ran to him with the exclama-"Oh, Fred, you hadn't been gone an our when I shot a man!"
"The devit you did! Where's the

"The devil you did! Where's the corpse?"
"Upstairs. It isn't a corpse yet. Cook says it can talk."
Fred went up to the room of the wounded man and was gone an hour. When he came down he said to his sister: "You are a nice sort of sister to have! Nice young man with a rich father sets out to see the country on his hike. Gets' tired and stops to rest and think he'll pick a few cherries. You don't even yell at him. But up with an old shotsun and bring him down. His name is Royal Grahamme and if you find yourself behind the bars..."

Grahamma and if you find yourself be-hind the bars—" "And don't cry, darlint!" soothed the cook 19 minutes later. "I've read of 100 cases just like this and they all ended the same way. It's the way Cupid has, you know."
"What way?"
"What way?"
"Why to bring two heating hearts to-gether for life. He'll be out on the varan-da in a week, and then—and then—"
"Courigit. 1015, by the McClure Newspaper

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Keeping in Touch With Home You never quite forget the home town area on the meet enjoyable vacations. Keep in touch with home affairs by seeing to it that your favorite newspaper follows you selected your favorite the firewise Ludger

FALSE WITNESS

By EDMUND B. D'AUVERGNE Author of "Her Husband's Widow," Etc.

and circumstances which were altered through the intervention of a kindly disposed fate.

CHAPTER XXV-(Continued).

KNOW the girl. She only left the house this morning. Oh, pop, what is their game? Arrol tricked me into tak-ing this girl Maud Plessey into uncless house as companion and that sort of thing. It seems they are in love with each other, and he never said a word to me about it." Monty's voice rose to a wall. "Then when she saw a letter in his handwriting she got mad and I fired her out. I guess, between them they were up to mischlef, from what you say."

"When did that letter come?" asked Dereve eagerly.

"Last night. He said he had seen you and was going to see you again that

"Have you got that letter still?" "Why, yes. The letter is in my reticule nere," replied Monty.

"Give it to me." Wondering, the girl obeyed the sharp command. Her father tore the letter into fragments. "Did you show Eustace the

etter?" he asked.
"No. I never said a word." "That's all right. Don't tell any one you received it. Mind that. I'm mighty interested in what you told me about Maud Plessey. It was all part of a scheme to trap you and trap me."

Dereve went on hurriedly and heatedly: "She was here to spy on you. That let-ter was just a signal to her to go."

"But what harm can they do you, pop?"
"You'll hear, you'll hear. Don't forget
to tell your uncle about this girl. They
tricked you into receiving her, eh?"
Monty drove at frantic speed to Victoria street. She imagined Maud Pleasey
avenuing frightful plant for her own and executing frightful plans for her own and her father's destruction. She saw now why Maud had been so ready to leave her that morning. It had all been ar-ranged between her and Martin. If it had

not been for her father's promptness no doubt something frightful would have lng his brother grimly. "I parted with happened. Even now it might be too late. She applied the brake outside her uncle's office. Her father, without waiting for her, sprang out and rushed into the outer office. Hearing that his brother was in.

he followed the clerk into his presence, Monty bringing up the rear. Eustace sprang to his feet in surprise. Eustace sprang to his feet in surprise. "Syd!" he cried.

Sydney took his hand. "Have you heard from Martin Arrol?" he demanded, and his brother noticed that he was deathly pale.

"Not a line."
"Good!" Sydney gave a gasp of relief.
That man's out to ruin us, Eustace." Eustace Dereve surveyed his brother sternly. "I guess you're crazy," he said. "Sit down and don't talk like a fool." Sydney wiped the perspiration from his

brow and sat down on the edge of a chair. Monty leaned over him, breathing hard, and staring at her uncle with a white tense face. Eustace walked across to the door and shut it abruptly. "What in thunder is all this about?"

he demanded testily, "and what's Monty doing here?" "Well, as it turns out, she's able to supply valuable corroborative evidence to what I'm going to tell you," said his brother. "You've had a spy in your own

household as well as in your office. Tell him, Monty." Monty had been waiting eagerly for the

Monty had been watching eagerly for the moment to speak.

"Yes, uncle," she began at once in her shrillest soprano, "it's that girl I thought so nice—Miss Robinson no she chose To call herself. You know who she was really? She was Maud Plessey."

Eustace, sitting with the air of an expension maristrate in his revolving chair. amining magistrate in his revolving chair,

inoised frowning at the excited pair. Then his memory enlightened him. "Maud Plessey? Was she any relation to the admiral of whom Arrol spoke—the man from whom he thought you had got the plans?"

the plans?"

"She's his daughter," explained Sydney,
"and she's in league with Arrol."

"See here," exclaimed the exasperated
engineer, "either explain what you are
talking about or lie down on that couch
till you have got over the effects of
whatever you have been drinking." He
turned sharply to his niece. "Now what have you to say against Miss Robinson or Miss Plessey as it seem she is? She seemed to me a real nice girl and straight as a die."

"So I thought," blubbered Monty. "Well, ain't she?
"N-no! She got into our house under false pretenses. I thought she was Richard Arrol's financee and it t-turns out that she—she's engaged to his b-brother!"
Monty fairly shrieked out the horrid

truth. Her uncle regarded her beneath "Well, that don't sound very serious,

But did you know her real name when you engaged her?"
"Yes. It was Richard put me up to it. He said she had left home to avoid marrying some one she hated. He didn't say she wanted to marry Martin! Oh, it was real mean. And then when—" She checked herself, remembering her She checked herself, remembering her father's injunction to say nothing about the letter—"when there weren't any need for her to stay any longer she told me the truth and left."

Eustace started. "Left! You don't mean to say she has quitted you?"

"Yes. This morning, just before father came. She was a cat!"

Eustace turned a troubled face toward.

Eustace turned a troubled face toward his brother. "Well, I don't see much in all this, and I don't see where you come in, anyhow. I'm real sorry the girl has left. I liked her and ahe reminded me transcolously of your Aline."

"Poor Aline! Yes, I've got something to tell you about poor Aline." Sydney in-terrupted. He was calm now, though a trifle pale, and had listened attentively to

trine pale, and had listened attentively to his daughters evidence.

His brother stared at him with a look of mystification. "Aline-Miss Plessoy-Arrol! who else is in all this?" he asked bewildered. "Now you are a bit calmer, Syd, let's have the whole story in an intelligible form."

Monty shot a glance of inquiry at her father. She also was unprepared for the introduction of her aunt's name into the story—the aunt to whom she had only heard the vaguest aliusions. She sat down on the couch and looked expectantly at her father

He noticed her expression and considered her for a moment. "I guess you have heard enough for the present, little



MEARS & BROWN 202 South 15th Street

Poplar 56. Wharese, Philip.

girl," he said. "Your uncle and I are going to have a serious talk. You run way and have a look at the stores."

Menty's face fell. Her curlosity had seen roused to the highest pitch, and now,

just when she was getting at the heart of all this mystery, she was to be turned out of the room. "I'd rather stay here," she answered stubbornly.

The tall, melancholy-faced man rose and, without a word, placed his hands on her shoulders. "You ain't known me

on her shoulders. "You ain't known me so long that you've forgotten I'm your father, I guess. Take a run round, like a good little girl, and I dare say I'll tell you all about it when I've had a chat with Eustace."

"But. pop." protested the girl. He placed his long, thin hand gently before her mouth and led her to the door. Opening it, he pushed her outside. "Now don't rile me!" was his parting injunction.

tion.

He closed the door behind him, locked it, and turned to his brother, who had been a silent witness of this exercise of parental authority "I brought the kid." he explained, "so's she could tell you about this other girl—that skunk Plessey's daughter."

He said down, spread out his legs, and

He sat down, spread out his legs, and looking thoughtfully before him, joined his hands. His brother wheeled round in his chair to face him, lit a cigar, and waited expectantly.

waited expectantly.
"It's all happened kind of awkwardly."
began Sydney, "and the story commences
a long way back. You remember when
the old home in Liverpool was broken up and you went to try your luck in South America?" "Why, sure."
"Well, you never saw Aline again, I

"Certainly I did not. She was about Monty's age at that time. She died when I was in the Argentine."
"Well, it was understood that I should ook after her, as you know."

my saare in the governor's property on that precise understanding."

Sydney shifted uneasily and dropped his syes. "I guess I did my best. But I couldn't do anything in the Old Country, so I just made tracks for America."

"You took the girl with you?"

"Sure I took her to New York and we

"Sure. I took her to New York and we lived there together a spell. She cottoned to New York did poor little Aline. But I wrote you about that at the time." "It's possible," admitted the elder brother laconically, "I was prospecting in Patagonia about that time, I guess, and the mail service in those parts is subject to frequent and serious disloca-

Sydney smiled dryly. He seemed glad to hear it. "It's a pity, because I ex-plained very particularly how I stood. Well. I tried my hand at various things in New York city and somehow didn't succeed.'

"You wouldn't!" "Well, it weren't for fault of trying. So when I heard of a good thing in Mexico I did my best for Aline and went out to His brother looked at him from between

nalf-closed lids. "How old was Aline "Just turning 20, I guess." "And you left her alone in New York?" Sydney fidgeted. "Well, what else could I do? I couldn't take her with me to Mexico. I left her in a very respect-able boarding house. She was quite

content to stay. I intended to send her money every week."
"You intended to, eh? And what about her own money?—the old man left her about 500 pounds. What had become of

that?" Sydney's face brightened. "Oh, she had that, of course."
His brother rose from his chair and walked about the room. "I don't believe it," he said savagely. "You're lying, Syd. You had taken her money and blown it

You had taken her money and blown it in these rotten, wild-cat businesses of yours." He looked piercingly at the other. "Tell me the truth, man, if you want me to believe the rest of your yarn."

"I can't lie," declared Sydney sullenly (his brother smiled derisively). "You've hit it the first time. She had sunk her capital in a business we ran under our joint names."

don't want to hear about the business. Well, I got out to Sonora, and I worked mighty hard. Eustace, I tell you. But the mine wasn't what it was represented to be. I saw I'd struck a bad streak of ill-luck. But I stuck to it. I went without food and slept out at nights to save the few dollars for the little sister in New York. And then, just when I was bust-not a red cent to my name-comes a letter from Aline telling me that she had got tired of doing nothing and had

joined a touring company at a salary of fifteen dollars a week. I felt good, I can tell you, when I read that!" "A touring company! H-m!" grunted Eustace. "There are one or two different kinds. Well, so far I believe you, though most probably Aline didn't do this till you had stopped remittances altogether. It doesn't matter!" The engineer raised a warning forefiner. Get on with the till.

warning forefinger. Get on with it. What happened then?"
"I heard from her from time to time during the next six months. She the life fine—she was a pretty girl, Aline—and liked traveling about. She said her company was working west and might strike me out in Mexico. Then I lost sight of her."

sight of her."
"Lost sight of her!" exclaimed the engineer with terrible bitterness. "He blows
in his sister's money—every cent of it—
breaks his promise to his elder brother, and hearing that she, a pretty girl of 20, is touring the Western States with a third-rate company of barn-stormers, he allows himself to lose eight of her. I wonder I don't shake the life out of you. you skunk!

you skunk!"
Sydney Dereve went a shade paler,
"You're unjust, Eustace," he protested.
"You ain't heard. That was the time I was captured by the rebels. There was a bit of a scrum on the frontier and I trailed a rifle for Old Man Diaz. Those peaky rebels caught me and held me for over a year. They thought I was an American subject and that my capture. over a year. They thought I was an American subject and that my capture

> REAL ESTATE FOR SALE SUBURBAN

would involve Dias in difficulties. So It would involve Dias in difficulties.

did. Anyhow, one day the rurales came
down on 'em, cut 'em up in style and released me. I posed as a clizen of the
United States and got \$5000 compensation
-you read about that in the newspapers?
-and made tracks back to the East."

Eustace sat down again, knocked off the ash of his cigar and turned toward his deak to hide the agitation of his face. "And you heard, I suppose, that Aline was dead?" "No, I didn't. At first I couldn't hear

about her at all. I set detectives to work, and they found that her company had broken up, gradually like, dwindling away bit by bit. Aline was hast heard of at Halifax, Nova Scotis."

"What in thunder's name was she doing at that unearthly place?" asked Eustace in amazement. (CONTINUED MONDAY.)

WED IN HASTE 50 YEARS AGO

Nurse Married Wounded Soldier; Observe Golden Anniversary.

The golden wedding of a couple who had a real romance and who fell in love with one another at first sight was celebrated last night at their home, 2429 Montgomery avenue. They are Mr. and Mrs. David H. Rose. The Rev. Dr. Hartman, of the Bethany Lutheran Church, 25th street and Montgomery avenue, repeated the marriage ceremony, which was attended by four of the children of

the aged couple and 60 guests. David Rose is a veteran of the Civil War. He was wounded at the battle of Five Forks and lay in the field hospital for three months. While he was con-valescing in the Satterlee Hospital young women came to the hospital chapel to sing to the wounded soldiers. The leader of the group became Mrs. Rose three weeks later.

Mrs. Sinclair Gets Child Two Days GULFPORT, Miss., July 10.-Mrs. Meta Culler Sincialr, divorced wife of Upton Sinclair, who has filed a sult against him for custody of their 13-year-old boy, David, today gained possession of the boy for two days in each week pending trial of the suit. Sinclair, who was in an adjoining room with his present wife and the boy when the decision was made, rushed before the Judge, exclaiming that he must be heard. He was told to sit down. The author's former wife denied that she was to blame for the divorce proceedings brought by Mrs. W. G. Boost. proceedings brought by Mrs. W. G. Raoul against her husband, in which the first Mrs. Sinclair is named as corespondent.

IN MEMORIAM O'DONNELL.—In loving remembrance of our dear father, EDWARD O'LONNELL, who departed this life July 10, 1918. The Lord be with thee and with thy apirit. FAMILY.

BANTON.—With the deepest sorrow I cherish the memory of my beloved father, Captain WILLIAM H. BANTON, who departed this life July 10, 1905. "Sadly missed." DAUGHTER.

Deaths

AUSTIN,—On July 9, 1915, Mrs. VINE R., daughter of the late Charles Leader. Rela-tives and friends are invited to attend that fumeral services. Monday afternoon, at 3:30 o'clock, at his late residence, 523 N. 18th st. Interment at North Laurel Hill Cemetary.

CURTIS.—On July 6, 1815, LOUIS M., hus-band of Elhabeth M. Curtis (nee McIniyre). Relatives and friends, also neembers of En-terprise Harbor No. 2. In order an association of Master Mates and Photocan Association attend the funeral Monday mrrial a Sado o'clock, from his late residence, 1812 a Sado treet. Solemn Requiem Mass at St. Monicals Church at 10 o'clock. Interment at Holy Cross Cemetery.

FERRIS.—On July 9, 1915, STEPHEN JAMES FERRIS, in his Sist year Relatives and friends are invited to attend the funeral services, on Monday, at 2 p. m., at his late residence, 6 North 50th st. Interment private.

JOHNSON .- On July 7, 1915, JULIA B., widow of Edward P. Johnson, aged 81 years. widow of Edward P. Johnson, aged SI yeara. Relatives and friends are invited to attend the funeral services, on Madday afternoon, at 2 o'clock, at her late residence, 23 South 3d st., Colwyn, Pa. Interment private.

MARSHALL.—On July 7, 1915, NICHOLAS MARSHALL, aged 85 years. Relatives and friends are invited to attend the funeral services, Sunday, July 11, at 2 o'clock p. m., at his late residence, 1104 Poplar at, Interment private. MULLINS.—(in July 9, 1915, HENRY KING, son of Josephine G. and the late Edward Mullins. Relatives and friends are invited to attend the funeral services, on Monday afterneon, at 3 o'clock, at his late residence, 624 N, 32d st. Interment private. dence, 024 N. 52d st. Interment private.

WOOD.—On July 8, 1915, THOMAS WOOD.
Relatives and friends are invited to attend
the funeral, on Monday morning, at 8:30
o'clock, from the residence of his son-in-law,
Edward A. Carroll, 5519 Greens st., Germantewn. Solemn Requirem Mass at St. Vincent's Church at 10 a. m. Interment at Holy
Sepulchre Cemetery. Automobile funeral

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SUNDAY'S PUBLIC LEDGER

Uncle Sam Is Putting His Tramps to Work

Into the fields of the West and the shops of the East, the National Employment Bureau sends a daily stream of job-less humanity. The more worthy and the less worthy both find work, for the Department of Labor has undertaken the task of regenerating the great American loafer as well as helping the man who really wants a chance. Tomorrow's Public Ledger gives a complete outline of this unique plan

Our Movie Progress

By Rex Beach

The prominent dramatist and author discusses our efficiency in the motion picture world. From the angles of art, science and business, Rex Beach cleverly tells us it's great to be crazy over the movies when enthusiasm means progress.

Noted English Editors Discuss the War

By Fullerton L. Waldo

The Philadelphia author obtains highly satisfactory interviews with the editor of Pall Mall Gazette and with other prominent English publicists for Public Ledger readers. This important article gives you the true war pulse of those who mold English opinion and the real British sentiments regarding America's present duty to mankind.

"See America First"— Slogan of Season's Travel

With the dangerous Atlantic frowning upon tourists, vacation seekers in America are turning their heads toward the California expositions. And as for a real outing, what better vacation could any American wish! Tomorrow's Public Ledger recites the wonders of our national parks, the marvels of our own matchless scenic splendor and the unsurpassed beauty of far-west America.

How Death Lurks in Your Mouth

By Woods Hutchinson, A. M., M. D. The second of Dr. Hutchinson's interesting articles on personal health warns of the dangers attending mouth-carelessness. Since most of us are the unwilling abodes of little things with big names, the famous physician-journalist attempts to describe our mouth state of affairs in terms we can handle without a library.

The Saintsbury Affair

By Roman Doubleday This wonderful mystery creation

is now in its most absorbing episodes. If you are not a regular reader of "The Saintsbury Affair," read the synopsis tomorrow and then start in with the story. You'll find it the most thrilling, baffling and interesting detective fiction of your reading career—exciting to the last chap-ter, which is the only means of finding the great solution.

Early Philadelphia Advertising By Joseph Jackson

Featuring guide book and magazine publication of 75 years ago. Here you see the early development of pictorial typography and the growing influence of heli-ography on the advertising of that period. Prominent adver-tising mediums and their unique methods of furthering publicity before the Civil War are given in detail.

Jane Addams' Peace Trip

The peaceful mission of the world's delegation of prominent women to The Hague may not have been in vain. Jane Addams brings back the story of many disappointments and many successes in the interest of world-wide peace. An interesting article gives a complete account of interviews with the reigning houses of Europe and the happenings of the

Many Subjects in the Beautiful Intaglio

Women's Peace Conference of All Nations.

Delightful interpretations of

Women's Interest Section

rhythmic dances, prominent news-folk, winners in Public Ledger Child Welfare Contest, Atlantic City's Baby Parade, page of American hustlers and war scenes in Galicia.

Peggy Shippen gossips about Philadelphians who are summering away from their native haunts. "Planting Gladioli," by Jane Leslie Kift; "The Secret of Making Women Beautiful by Effects From the Lampshade," by Virginia Earle; "Attractive Bridge Table Covers," by Helen Keen.

Sports Magazine John Henry Wagner contributes "Pitchers' Ideas of Breaking Down Strong Batters." And "Honus" ought to know, because he's faced the big ones.

"Newspaper Solons Can Play Golf as Well as Peddle Advertis-ing." Share the surprise of G. B. Phillips, who discovered the fascinating double life of admen.

"Mack Will Build Up Another Sensational Ball Team," by George M. Young, records the confidence of the Public Ledger's baseball editor in Mack's ability to produce another pennant win-

Here's our Mayor in a new role.
"Rudolph Blankenburg Takes a
Fling at Chess," by David A.
Mitchell, tells how the city's
chief executive solved a Public
Ledger chess problem.

"Women Excelling Men in Fast Long - Bistance Swimming." Katharyn Haire, herself prom-inent as a water-flyer, gives the present status of the great en-durance sport durance sport.

"Pony Breeding as a Fine Art" recites the difficulties and oppor-tunities in producing good stock-

An intensely interesting story on superb horseflesh by Alfred Stoddart.

Wm. H. Rocap sees a world's champion on the lubricated incline which empties into the largest membership club. "Freddie Welsh Is Slipping" is the latest fight information.

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