The Daily Story

detainingly as she would have passed

"See here, Jennie, I've-I've wanted to talk with you, but did not quite dare to presume upon calling."

The girl raised her eyes for a moment to his embarrassed race, and dropped them again hastily.

was in his heart.

"Do you think you could trust me after
the glimpse I gave you of what I can be
like?" he asked, very humbly.

"Oh, oh!" she protested, holding out

ing it!
"I'd never have believed such a meek little thing could have done it! But I guess I don't need to worry about her if

she does marry a Rumford.
"And I wonder," added the good woman, turning back toward the pantry with a sudden realization of housewifely

responsibility, "where under the canopy I could have put that recipe for wedding

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FRANKFORD GET 'JITS'

Plans Being Completed for New

Broad street and Erie avenue, and the cars will be put on regular running sched-ules, leaving the stations every few min-utes. This new move by the jitneymon means that the railroads will now feel

the keen competition offered by the jit-

cents, while the fare over the other

route to Frankford avenue and Orthodox street, Frankford, will be 25 cents. Five cents will be charged to Diamond street;

10 cents to Erie avenue; 15 cents to Wayne Junction; 20 cents to Greene and

Chew streets: 25 cents to Pelham street,

consider the advisability of adopting the tickets at a meeting on Thursday, but It is not probable that it will do so.

Blue pennants have been placed on the

majority of the Auto Service cars, and

The Philadelphia Jitney Association will

isn't going to last long.'

inated for use at night.

PINCHOT PERSPIRES

AND VEST VANISHES

Conservation of Energy in

Gold Watch and Bank Roll.

As a conservative conservationist Gif-ford Pinchot is well known. He has a reputation for trying to save things, and his attempt to save the national re-sources while Chief of the Burcau of

Forestry was highly commended. Al-though out of office, Mr. Pinchot is still intent upon saving the waterfalls, the lakes and the forests from destruction,

yet he could not save his own yest while

Word has been received here that the

walking along Rhode Island avenue in Washington.

mention the roll.

to give his name.

As he took his coat off also, it is

Mr. Pinchot remembers being jostled by a stranger who did not stop long enough

Heated Atmosphere Costs

on it.

The fare to Chestnut Hill will be 30

Routes — Electrical Dealers

CHESTNUT HILL AND

Threaten Suit.

vas in his heart.

her hands.

An Iron Dog "I haven't lived next door to the Rum-fords S years for nothing, Jennie!" them again hastly.

"When you gave this back to me." he went on, taking from an inner specket the little ring she had once worn, "I meant to do exactly as you told me. I was terribly angry, for what you said was mostly true. I had thought much more about getting a housekeeper than I had about having you in particular. And I thought it manly for a man to manage his own home. But when it came to having some one else in your place—I could not do that, Jennie. I've learned a great deal those long winter months here alone, dear. I've learned—"

He paused as if unable to express what was in his heart. Mrs! Grey emphasized her remark by

an energetic placing of the ten kettle over the fire. "Fred Rumford may be an improve-ment over some of them—I think myself he is some like his mother—and I don't know as we ought to blame him for be-ing born a Rumford, but I do not want to see him lording it over my girl as every Rumford of them all has lorded it ever his wife!"

'But Fred loves me, mother," expostulated Jennie, tearfully.

"I wish he had discovered it sconer," said keen-sighted Mrs. Grey "He never showed you any attention until he needed a housekeeper. I'll say all I mean to say right now, Jennie, and then you must do as you think best.

"Fred is as hard and close as his father—why, they wouldn't keep a cut or dog two inches long on the place for fear one inch of it might be stomach! Fred's mother was always an awful coward, and was forever wanting a good watch-dog for one day her husband brought home the big iron dog. I happened to be over heare when he came with if there when he came with it.

"There, Milly," he said, 'is the dog you've been wanting. It didn't cost no more than a live one. It will last a lifetime, and won't be eating off its own head every two or three months. And it will scare tramps and stray cats as well as any of them, I guess!"

"Poor Milly Rumford was mortified most to death. It gave her such an unmost to death. It gave her such an un-comfortable feeling that she never used the front porch again. But there at the corner of the house stands that ridicu-lous iron dog to this day, a monument to Rumford closeness!

"Maybe if Fred had some capable, determined woman, he might make a good husband, but he'd be the death of a little meek thing like you!"

Her duty done, Mrs. Grey closed her lips resolutely. Jennie must take her swn chances if she persisted in them. Though the girl remained true to her lover, she never saw the iron dog from that day without an uneasy wonderment as to the future.

'A month from today," she said a little shyly, as they lingered one evening in the twilight, "you will have-me and Chris!" She laughed as a huge yellow cat sprang upon her shoulder.



"I suppose I am to be a sort of servant?" "I want you, all right, Jennie," returned the young man, "but I don't think I have ever bargained for Chria."

was unmistakably changing as the wedding day approached and his certainty of her increased. She clutched her pet protectingly, and her eyes looked defant under cover of the dusk

"Chris will be afraid of our dog," he added, with a laugh, dropping down on a step near where the girl was seated.
"That reminds me, Fred," Jennie spoke In carefully pleasant tones, "I wish you would move that dog to some other part of the yard. It is so conspicuous right there beside the porch; and besides I want that spot spaded up for a flower burder."

Fred Rumford was ellenced for a me ment by her sheer audacity. Then the vials of his displeasure overflowed gener-

"Well. I'd just like to have you hear what father would say if that dog was to be moved! It is a valuable ornament. and deserves a conspicuous place. And there is going to be no flower bed litter-ing up the front yard. If you have a desire to fuss with growing things you can work in the garden at something profitable."

"I suppose I am to be a sort of servant then, with no privileges or voice in the management of affairs?" said Jennie

Her very gentleness disconcerted the young man, and he sat in bewildered

"But understand one thing, Fred Rum-ford, I am not that wife! I can never call a place home where I cannot keep a pet or plant a flower or breathe a free With the utmost coolness she draw

er finger the inexpensive little ring and held it out to him.
"You must find some one else for theposition," she said, walking deliberately

If the girl felt any sorrow for the shattering of her dreams she concealed it admirably. She tended her flowers, petted the yellow cat catentatiously, and watched its see Pred Rumford follow her ad-

Fig. 3. So the state of the process of the process

As he took his coat off also, it is pos-sible that the vest alipped from his arm accidentally. But it is highly probable that some designing person, seeing that Mr. Pinchot was deep in thought, de-lached the vest from his arm as he strolled along the famous khode Island avenue, and unfortunately there was no lindly Providence on hand to prevent the disaster.

Rumford front yard.

There, high up on a branch of the huge maple, sat Chris crying dismully.

With wildly beating heart, Jennie ventured into the neighboring yard.

"Come down, kitty! Come down, Chris!" his conxed cautiously, yet enticinally. But thrix, intimidated by his crippled state, lanced at his mistrees and then at the srce frop dog, and remained obdurate.

"On, you fordish creature, it is only an in dog," she laughed at last, half ready cry.

Can I help you?" asked a familiar

Voice as near it made her start.

"Oh, do you think you could set him?"
streationed the girl, fueding furiously. and pressing her hands against the tre-For onswer, he stlently procured a lad-

er, mounted to the tree, and gently stand the frightened Chris to bly shoulder. Sting a cut of wide experience. Chris al-igned himself to be returned to ble mises' atma without a straggle

Thank yet very much," pormured unto failing exceedingly unconfortable are as any at here made you so much

But fromford last life hand on the gate

THE RETURN OF TARZAI

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STNOPHIS:

Tersan, on bears a steamer from America, attracts the strenton of a number of persons. He saves the Count de Coude from imposition at the Count de Coude from imposition authors. Nikolas Rokent and Pauviten beautic from refuses to prosecute them shoring attention refuses to proceed the Shoring attention the Tarzin twice. Shoring after the Tarzin twice with a tental to the Tarzin does not know that she is the Countes that Roked is related to her, but at the time Tarzin does not know that she is Racoll de Coude's wife. She also refuses to prosecute. On the final day of the voyage the Countess thanks Tarzan and tells him she is the Countess de Coude.

In Pauls he renews his acquaintance with his friend, D'Arnot, whom he had rescued in the wilderness of Africa, and requisits his aid in getting employment. In a dark street of the city he is tured by a woman's cries to a dingy house, and is there attacked by Rokent's accomplices. He heats them declares that Tarzan had intruded Sensite the truth the police attempt to make all prisoners, but Tarzan attacks them fore-clousity.

CHAPTER III—(Continued).) STNOPSIS:

CHAPTER III-(Continued).)

her hands.

He grasped them eagerly, looking deep into her eyes. Then with an exciamation of joy he slipped the ring on her finger and gathered her—Chris and all—Into his arms.

Later in the afternoon Mrs. Grey, pass-URING the brief fight Targan had noted the open window and, beyond, Later in the afternoon Mrs. Grey, passing through her empty house, paused at the sitting room window.

"For the good land!" she ejaculated in utter astonishemmt, "If the iron dog sin't been moved! And if Fred Rumford ain't spading up a flower bed along the front of the house, with Jennie and Chrissitting on the end of the plazza bossine it. the stem of a tree, or a telegraph pole-he could not tell which. As the last officer went down one of his fellows succeeded in drawing his revolver and, from where he

went down one of his fellows success
drawing his revolver and, from where he
lay on the floor, fired at Targan. The
shot missed, and before the man could
fire again Targan had swept the lamp
from the mantel and plunged the room
into darkness.

The next they saw was a lithe form
spring to the sill of the open window and
leap, panther-like, onto the pole across
the walk. When the police gathered themselves together and reached the street
their prisoner was nowhere to be seen.

They did not handle the woman and
the men who had not escaped any too
gently when they took them to the station; they were a very sore and humiliated detail of police. It galled them to
think that it would be necessary to report that a single unarmed man had
wiped the floor with the whole lot of
them, and then escaped them as easily
as though they had not existed.

The officer who had remained in the

as though they had not existed.

The officer who had remained in the street swore that no one had leaped from the window or left the building from the time they entered until they had come out. His comrades thought that he lied, but they could not prove it.

When Tarzan found himself clinging to the pole outside the window, he followed his jungle instinct and looked below for

the pole outside the window, he followed his jungle instinct and looked below for enemies before he ventured down. It was well he did, for just beneath stood a policeman. Above, Tarzan saw no one, so he went up instead of down.

The top of the pole was opposite the roof of the building, so it was but the work of an instant for the muscles that had for years sent him buttling through Direct fitney lines to Chestnut Hill and Frankford will be established by the Auto Service Association within a few days. The terminus for the new routes will be

had for years sent him hurtling through the treetops of his primeval forest to carry him across the little space between the pole and the roof. From one build-ing he went to another, and so on, with much climbing, until at a cross street he discovered another pole, down which he

ran to the ground.

For a square or two he ran swiftly; then he turned into a little all-night cafe and in the lavatory removed the evidences of his over-roof promenade from hands and clothes. When he emerged a few moments later it was to saunter slow!

and 30 cents to Chestnut Hill.

The Auto Service Association is preparing for the six-for-a-quarter strip tickets which they plan to issue soon.

The Philadelphia Jitney Association will on toward his apariments.

Not far from them he came to a well-lighted boulevard which it was necessary to cross. As he stood directly beneath a brilliant are light waiting for a limou-sine that was approaching to pass him, he heard his name called in a sweet femline voice. Looking up, he met the smiling eyes of Olga de Coude as she leaned forward upon the back seat of the ma-chine. He bowed very low in response to by the time the tickets are issued it is hoped that every car owned by a mem-ber of this organization will have one

ner greetings. When he straightened up the machine had borne her away. "Rokoff and the Countess de Coude both in the same evening," he sollloquized; "Paris is not so large, after all."

"But that was understood, of course, You couldn't keep Chris away from me if he knew where I was!"

"We are not fond of cats at our house; they are entirely too useless. They are forever killing chickens and stealing meat; and if you want a mouse caught you have to set a trap. I guess if Chris you have to set a trap. I guess if Chris gets troublesome about not staying home, he'l have to be put out of the way!"

The Philadelphia Jitney Aesociation will be sued for \$1500 worth of electrical signs within a short time, according to Wright, a member of the firm, says the association ordered 600 of the signs and so far has failed to pay for more than 75 of them. The others are lying at the headquarters of the association, Broad and Diamond streets, and many of them are said to have been rendered useless. In the same evening," he sollloquized: "Paris is not so large, after all."

"We are not fond of cats at our house; they are not fond of cats at our house; they are entirely too useless. They are member of the firm, says the association ordered 600 of the signs and so far has failed to pay for more than 75 of them. The others are lying at the headquarters of the association, Broad and Diamond streets, and many of them are said to have been rendered useless. In the same evening," he solloquized: "Paris is not so large, after all."

"We are not fend of cats at our house; they are not fond of cats at our house; they are not fond of cats at our house." The course dangerous than my savage jungles. Paul," concluded Tarzan, after narrating his adjusted. "You have to set a trap. I guess if Chris failed to pay for more than 75 of them." The others are lying at the headquarters of the association or he'll have to be put out of the way!"

The course of the firm, according to Wright, a member of the firm, says the association of the signs and so the time, according to Wright, and as he visited for the clerk to respond to the summ. He touched the open. The course of the man is not so large, after all."

The course of the pale is n lure me there? Were they hungry?"

get anything," said Mr. Wright, "but we want to be sure before we start anything. We understand the association D'Arnot feigned a horrified shudder, but he laughed at the quaint suggestion. "It is difficult to raise above the jungle The signs carried metal slips showing various destinations that could be illumstandards and reason by the light of civ-

standards and remain by the light of civ-lized ways, is it not, my friend?" he queried banteringly.
"Civilized ways, forsooth," scoffed Tar-zan. "Jungle standards do not counte-nance wanton atrocities. There we kill for food and for self-preservation, or in winning of mates and the protection of the young. Always, you see, in accordance with the dictates of some great natural law. But here! Faugh, your civilized man is more brutal than the brutes. He kills wantonly, and, worse than that, he utilizes a noble sentiment, the brotherhood of man, as a lure to entice his unwary victifn to his doom. It was in answer to an appeal from a fellow being that I hastened to that room where

the assassins lay in wait for me.
"I did not realize, I could not realize for a long time afterward, that any woman could sink to such moral de-pravity as that one must have to call a would-be rescuer to death. But it must have been so-the sight of Rokoff there and the woman's later repudiation of me to the police make it impossible to place any other construction upon her acts. Rokoff must have known that I fre-quently passed through the Rue Maule. He lay in wait for me—his entire scheme worked out to the last detail, even to the woman's story in case a hitch should occur in the program such as really did happen. It is all perfectly plain to me."

"Well." said D'Arnot, "among other things, it has taught you what I have been unable to impress upon you—that the Rue Maule is a good place to avoid after dark."

"On the contrary," replied Tarsan, with a smile, "it has convinced me that it is the one worth-while street in all Paris. Never again shall I miss an opportunity to traverse it, for it has given me the first real entertainment I have had since I left Africa."

"It may give you more than you will relish even without another visit." said D'Arnot. "You are not through with the police ver remember. I know the Burk." Washington.

Word has been received here that the vest disappeared mysteriously while Mr. Pinchot was on the way to the Cosmos Club. The waistcoat, which was a symphony in gray with red dots, was weighted down with a gold watch and a roll of money. The ex-forester was strolling along with all the dignity that an excandidate for the United States senatorship could command, but the heat could not be desiled and all the thermometers in Washington insisted upon climbing around 80. This compelled a general shedding of heavy clothes among the dignitaries, and Mr. Pinchot, true to his conservation spirit, peeled off his vest to save his energy. But his policy in this connection was somewhat inconsistent, for he carried his vest on his arm as he walked along. Some believe that it would have been as well had he carried it around his body. For the weight was just the same. Mr. Pinchot now knows that it would have been much better. For he would not have lost the watch and chain-not to mention the roll. He lay in wait for me-his entire scheme

relish even without another visit." said
D'Arnot. "You are not through with the
police yet, remember. I know the Paris
police well enough to assure you that
they will not soon forget what you did
to them. Sooner or later they will get
you, my dear Tarsan, and then they will
lock the wild man of the woods up behind fron bars. How will you like that?"
"They will never lock Tarsan of the
Apes behind fron bars," replied he,
grimly.
There was something in the man's voice
as he said it that caused B'Arnot to look
the seterors of the dark continent. It is

as he said it that caused D'Arnot to look up sharply at his friend. What he saw in the set jaw and the cold, gray eyes made the young Franchman very apprehensive for this great child, who could recognize no law mightler than his own

your friends should you persist in defying the police. I can explain it to them
once for you, and that I shall do this
very day, but hereafter you must obey
the law. If its representatives may
'Come,' you must come, if they may 'Go,'
you must go. Now we shall go to my
great friend in the department and fix
up this matter of the Rue Maule. Come!'
Together they entered the office of the
police official a half hour later. He was

everal months prior in the matter of inger prints.'

When D'Arnot had concluded the narwhen D'Arnot had concluded the narmeant by "they." He made no reply.

mighty physical prowess. He saw that something must be done to set Tarzan animosity which they might have felt for him. With outstretched hand he advanced toward them.

"You have much to learn. Targan," he said gravely. "The law of man must be respected, whether you relish it or no. Nothing but trouble can come to you and your friends should you persist in defying the police. I can explain it to them of the police, and increased the number of his friends by four brave men at least. On their return to D'Arnot's apartments the Beutenant found a letter awaiting him from an English friend, William Cecil Clayton, Lord Greystoke. The two had maintained a correspondence since the birth of their friendship on that Ill-Together they entered the office of the police official a half hour later. He was very cordial. He remembered Tarzan from the visit the two had made him several months prior in the matter of the bull ape. "They are to be married in London in about two months," said D'Arnot, as he completed his perusal of the letter. Tar-

DALE

during the balance of the day.

That evening they attended the opera

instinct that was his by virtue of training, he looked up squarely into the eyes

that were looking at him, to find that

of Olga, Countess de Coude. As Tarzan

returned her bow he was positive that

there was an invitation in her look, al-

The next intermission found him be-

tion of the attacks upon us by those two

"You wrong me," replied Tarsan. "My

ar live, he had a light.

From a corner of the theatre Rokoff and Paulvitch saw Monsieur Tarsan in the box of the Countess de Coude, and

both men smiled.

At four-thirty the following afternoon

a swarthy, bearded man rang the bell at the servants' entrance of the palace of the Count de Coude. The footman who opened the door raised his eyebrows in recognition as he saw who stood without. A low conversation passed between the two.

At first the footman demurred

most a plea.

men.

side her in her box.

"YOU HAVE MUCH TO LEARN, TARZAN," HE SAID GRAVELY.

ration of the events which had trans- | but he was very quiet and thoughtful

pired the previous evening, a grim smile was playing about the lips of the police-nan. He touched a button near his hand, and as he waited for the clerk to respond

and but for the explanation made by our

good friend here I should be inclined to judge you harshly. I am, instead, about to do a rather unheard-of thing. I have

summoned the officers whom you mai-

treated last night. They shall hear Lieutenant D'Arnot's story, and then I shall leave it to their discretion to say whether

you shall be prosecuted or not.
"You have much to learn about the ways of civilization. Things that seem strange or unnecessary to you, you must

learn to accept until you are able to judge the motives behind them. The officers whom you attacked were but doing their duty. They had no discretion in

the matter. Every day they risk their lives in the protection of the lives or property of others. They would do the

same for you. They are very brave men,

and they are deeply mortified that a single unarmed man bested and beat

"Make it easy for them to overlook what you did. Unless I am gravely in error you are yourself a very brave man, and brave men are proverbially magnan-

Further conversation was interrupted by the appearance of the four policemen.

As their eyes fell on Tarzan, surprise was

writ large on each countenance.
"My children," said the official, "here

"My children," said the official, "here the gentleman whom you met in the

Rue Maule last evening. He has come voluntarily to give himself up. I wish

pleasure of renewing their brief acquaintance which had had its inception under such odd circumstances, and this brought them to the subject that was upperment in the minds of both.

"Tou must have wondered," said the Countess finally, "what the object of Releast's persecution could be. It is very simple. The Count is intrusted with many of the vital secrets of the Ministry of War. He often has in his possession papers that foreign Powers would give a fortune to possess—secrets of state that their agents would commit murder and worse than murder to learn.

"There is such a matter new in his possession that would make the fame and fortune of any Russian who could divulge it to his Government. Rokoff and Paulvitch are Russian spies. They will stop at nothing to procure this information. The affeir on the liner—I mean the matter of the card game—was for the purpose of blackmalling the knowledge they seek from my husband.

"Had he been convicted of cheating at cards his career would have been blighted. He would have had to leave the War Department. He would have been socially ostracized. They intended to hold this club over him—the price of an avowal on their part that the Count was but the victim of the plot of encomies who wished to beamfreh his name was to have been the papers they seek.

"You thwarted them in this. Then they concected the scheme whereby my reputation was to be the price, instead of the "You thwarted them in this. Then they concected the scheme whereby my reputation was to be the price, instead of the count's. When Paulvitch entered my cabin he explained it to me. If I would obtain the information for them he promised to go no further, otherwise Rokoff, who stood without, was to notify the purser that I was entertaining a man other than my husband behind the locked doors of my cabin. He was to tell every one he met on the boat, and when we landed he was to have given the whole

landed he was to have given the whole story to the newspaper men. "Was it not too horrible? But I happened to know something of Monsieur Paulyitch that would send him to the gallows in Russia if it were known by the police of St. Petersburg. I dared him to carry out his plan, and then I leaned toward him and whispered a name in his ear. Like that"—and she snapped her fingers—"he flew at my throat as a madman. He would have killed me had you not interfered."
"The brutes!" muttered Tarsan.

"They are worse than that, my friend," she said. "They are devils. I fear for you because you have gained their hatred. I wish you to be on your guard constantly. Tell me that you will, for my sake, for I should never forgive myself should you suffer through the kind-ness you did me." "I do not fear them." he replied. "I

have survived grimmer enemies than Rokoff and Paulvitch." He saw that she knew nothing of the occurrence in the Rue Maule, nor did he mention it, fearing

that it might distress her.

"For your own safety," he continued,
"why do you not turn the scoundrels
over to the authorities? They should
make quick work of them."

She hesitated for a moment before re-

"There are two reasons," she said

anally. "One of them it is that keeps the count from doing that very thing. The other, my real reason for fearing to expose them, I have never told—only Rokoff and I know it. I wonder," and then she paused, looking intently at him for a long time. "And what do you wonder?" he asked,

amiling. "I was wondering why it is that I want "I was wondering why it is that I want to tell you the thing that I have not dared tell even to my husband. I believe that you would understand, and that you could tell me the right course to fol-low. I believe that you would not judge me too harshly."

(CONTINUED TOMORROW.)

FUNERAL OF DR. J. G. WALKER Clergymen Speak at Services in Mantua Church.

The funeral of the Rev. Dr. J. Garrett Walker, pastor of the Mantua Baptist Church, 40th street and Fairmount avenue, who died at his home, 649 North 40th street, on Friday night, was held this afternoon at the church where he was pastor for 40 years. Doctor Walker was
75 years old and was one of the bestEDSON.—In Boston, Mass., on July 18, 1915.

Police Court Chronicles "Drink is the enemy of man-but the

Bible says 'Love yer enmies.' Thus easing his conscience with this ancient epigram, Jerry McCarrigan placed a bottle to his lips and held it n a vertical position for several seconds. Jerry was standing on a barrel explaining the dangers of habits at East Co-lumbia and Girard avenues. As he said it wasn't his intention to take up a collec-



dience. The speaker declared that the

"You wrong me," replied Tarsan. "My thoughts of you have been only the most pleasant. You must not feel that any explanation is due me. Have they an-vnoyed you further?"

"They never cease," she replied sadly. "I feel that I must tell some one, and I do not know another who so deserves an explanation as you. You must permit me to do so. It may be of service to you, for I know Nikolas Rokoff quite well enough to be positive that you have dience. The speaker declared that the habit of being a "chronic anti" was as bad as drinking. 'Some people are agin anything they ain't in thimselves," contended Jerry.

"Jist because some people drink all the time ain't no reason why others should never drink at all. Prohibition can only exist accordin' to the law, for as long as men has mouths they'll drink what they please resardless of laws an' orators. Prohibition speeches causes more thirst than the Sahara denert and the salt mines put together." to you, for I know Nikolas Rokoff quite well enough to be positive that you have not seen the last of him. He will find some means to be revenged upon you. What I wish to tell you may be of aid to you in combating any scheme of revenge he may harbor. I cannot tell you here, but tomorrow I shall be at home to Monsieur Targan at five."

"It will be an eternity until tomorrow at five," he said, as he bade her goodnight. salt mines put together.

And Jerry took another drink. But he leaned back too far and the barrel tilted, throwing him to the ground. He was try-ing to gather up the escaping whisky with a little cup when Acting Detective Gallagher happened along and gathered

up Jerry.

He was very polite when he appeared before Magistrate Stovenson at the East Girard avenue station and gave an interesting speech on the cause of unhappiness in the world.

On promising to take Size On promising to take his orstory and his whisky to other parts he was dis-

At first the footman demurred from some proposition that the bearded one made, but an instant later something passed from the hand of the caller to the hand of the servant. Then the latter turned and led the visitor by a round-about way to a little curtained alcove off the apartment in which the Countess was wont to surve tea of an afternoon.

A half hour later Tarsan was ushered into the room, and prescritly his hostess entered, smiling, and with outstretched hands. Wall Tents 7 x 7 feet, \$4.00 R. A. Humphrys' Sous - LEERT 50-00 1021-23 Callowhill Street







The services were conducted by the Ray, Dr. A. J. Rowland, general secretary of the American Baptist Publication So. of the American Eaglet Fundation Forcisty. Among those who spoke in tribute to Doctor Walker were the Rev. Dr. C. A. Mott, of the Goshen Bag-tist Church, West Chester; the Rev. Dr. David Spencer, of the Lehigh Avenue Baptist Church; the Rev. Dr. George E. Baptist Church; the Rev. Dr. George B. Rees, of the Diamond Street Baptist Church; the Rev. Thomas Croff, of the Chelsea Baptist Church, and the Rev. Howard Wayne Smith, of the Baptist Publication Society.

known Baptist clargymen in Philadel

Burial was in West Laurel Hill Ceme-Burat was in West Laurel Hill Cometery. Masonic burial services were conducted by the Cassia Lodge, No. 273, of Ardmore. The General George D. Meade Post, G. A. R., of which Doctor Walker was the past commander, conducted military services at the cemetery.

Rev. J. M. Galbraith's Funeral LANCASTER, Pa., July 20. - Twenty-five ministers and the entire faculty of five ministers and the entire faculty of Lincoln University attended the funeral yesterday of the late Rev. J. M. Gal-braith, former pastor of the Chestnut Level Presbyterian Church, who died at Longport, N. J. Prominent pastors of the State acted as pallbearers, and a glowing tribute was paid the deceased by the Rev. John C. Rendall, president of Lincoln University.

Funeral of Mrs. R. S. Ker

Mrs. R. S. Ker, who died at her home, 1813 North Broad street, last Friday, after a long iliness, will be buried today from the undertaking parlors of Oliver H. Bair, 1820 Cheatnut street. Mrs. Ker was the widow of Captain W. W. Ker, who was at one time Assistant United States Attorney General, and who died in 1201. She is survived by three sons and one daughter. OBITUARIES Rev. Snyder B. Simes

The funeral of the Rev. Snyder B. Simes, former rector of Gloria Del, or Old Swedes, Protestant Episcopal Church, Swanson street below Christian, who died at his summer cottage in Falmouth, Mass., Sunday, will be held tomorrow afternoon at 2 o'clock from the church. The rector died from heart disease. He was 73 years old.

Mr. Simes served Old Swedes longer than any other rector in the 215 years of its history. He was widely known and his long rectorship was largely spent in pre-serving the traditions of the historic church, one of the oldest in the country. He accepted the call to the church in 1868. The Rev. Mr. Simes was born in this city in 1842. He was educated in the public schools here and took a degree at

Moravian College, Bethlehem. He studied at Princeton Theological Seminary and the Episcopal Divinity School in this city. William E. Steen

WILMINGTON, Del., July 29.—William E. Steen, chief clerk in the Military Powders Department of the du Pont Powder Company, died this morning at his home, 1022 Rodney street. He was 80 years old and leaves a wife and two daughters. He came here two years ago from Bryn Mawr. He was formerly con-nected with the International Smokeless Powder and Chemical Company, which was diesolved. He was an elder in Westminster Presbyterian Church.

Thomas F. Farnan

BALTIMORE, July 20.—Thomas F. Farnan, for 12 years Marshal of Baltimore's Police Department, died at his home here early this morning of hem-orrhage of the kidneys. He was 3 years old and retired from the police force a year ago after a service of 47 years. At his bedside were his wife, three sons. Frank T., Eugene M. and John J. Farnan, and his daughter, Mrs. Mary Parrish, of Fairmont, W. Va.

Deaths

SARAH W., widow of Henry Edson. Relatives and friends are invited to attend the funeral services. Wednesday atternoon, at 1:30 o'clock, at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. Newton R. Mumford, 17 Saunders ave. Interment private, in Woodlands Cemerater.

BORSTHE.—In West Chester on First-day, Beventh Month 18th, 1815, ELIZABETH FÜRSYTHE, in the 94th year of her age. Relatives and friends are invited to attend the funeral, from her late residence, 102 South Church et., West Chester, on Fourth-day, the 21st inst. Meet at the house at 1:30 p. m. Interment at Birmingham Friends Burlal Grounds.

MESTON.—At Cape May, N. J., on July 19, 1915, WILLIAM CRAIG, son of Rerbert Heston, Jr., and Susan Craig Heston, aged 21 months. Relatives and friends are invited to attend the funeral services, Wednesday morning, at 11 o'clock, at the apartments of Oliver H. Bair, 1820 Chesinut st. Philadelphia. Interment private, at West Laurel Hill Cemetery.

LAUDENSLAGER.—Suddenly, at Washington, N. J., on July 19, 1915, MARY S., daughter of the late George and Rebeck Laudenslager. Notice of funeral later.

MILLER.—On July 15, 1915, EMMA M., youngest daughter of the late Peter and Elizabeth Miller. Relatives and friends are invited to attend the funeral services, on Wednesday morning, at 19130 o'clock, at the apariments of Oliver H. Bair, 1820 Chesinal st. Interment at North Laurel Hill Comstery. RAMAGE.—On July 19, 1815, JOHN B. RAMAGE. Relatives and friends of the family are invited to attend the funeral, as Thursday afternoon, at 2 o'clock, from the residence, 5003 West Busquehanna ave. Intermediate Northwood Cemetery.

SIMES.—Suddenly, at Falmouth Heights Mass., on July 18, 1918, Rev. SNTDER B. SIMES. Reintives and friends are lighted to stiend the funeral services, at Gloria Del (Old Swedes' Church). Wednesday, July 11, at 2 o'clock. Pisass omit flowers.



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