# EVENING LEDGER-PHILADELPHIA, THURSDAY, JULY 22. 1915:

## PACIFISTS SEEKING TO 'CHINAFY' AMERICA, ROOSEVELT ASSERTS

14 .00

Colonel Ridicules Wilson's "Too Proud to Fight' Speech in Vigorous Address on Preparedness at Exposition.

EAN FRANCISCO, July 22-"The aver-age Chinaman took the view that "China was too proud to fight," and in practice made evident his hearty approval of that abject pacifist sons, 'I Didn't Raise My Boy to Be a Soldier,' " said Theodore Become to sounding a warping of the Rossevelt in sounding a warning of the dangers of "elocution as a substitute for action" before a great crowd at the Panama-Pacific Exposition yesterday. "Pacifists," he said, "are trying to Chinajy this country." Colonel Roosevelt spoke on prepared-

ness and set forth that theme with new emphasis.

'I firmly believe," he said, "that there

"I firmly believe," he said, "that there should be universal military service for our young men on the Swiss model." Referring to the price which Belgium had paid, he declared it was because of her unpreparedness, and warned this country as follows. "Some day or other it may well be that we shall have to pay on a tenfold greater scale the same price for exactly the same reasons; and if such should be the case, remember, my fellow countrymen, that whereas the case of the Belgians excited warm sympathy, our misfortune would warm sympathy, our misfortune would excite nothing but scorn and contempt: for a rich, powerful, bonatiul people in-vites the ridicule of all mankind if, whether from sheer sillness and short-sightedness, or from soft timidity, or from gross and greedy devotion to the material benefits of the moment, it fails to prepare itself to defend its own rights

The United States had treated The Hague conventions as mere "scraps of paper," he said, "when the demand was made to show that our signatures meant something."

## **CRANKS WORK HARD ON WAR DEVICES**

But the Worst of It Is That They Plague the Fire Marshal for Permits.

Cranks with weird inventions for the taking of human life and agents of mysterious manufacturing concerns seeking permits for the storage of tons of high explosives have been keeping Fire May-shal George W. Elliott busy since the way be furnes began war in Europe began. The fire marshal said today that most

the applications for permits had to denied because of the stringent Fennsylvania laws, which fix a maximum 2500 pounds of explosive chemicals as all that may be stored in one place. Only licensed manufacturers of chemicale, who arect special buildings for the purpose, are permitted to store more than this. All kinds of inventions are being sub-

mitted to the fire marshal's office. One man had a "relay gun," similar to that described in Arthur Train's novel, "The Man Who Rocked the Earth." This gun will shoot a shell so many miles. The shell explodes when it begins to lose force and shoots out another shell. Another man had a shell that must be

dropped from a height of 30 feet. I would then rebound five miles into the air It according to the inventor, and smash all aeroplanes and Zeppelins in the

The fire marshal laughed at the story that a workman had been injured at the Baldwin Locomotive Works by the explo-sion of a shrapnel shell. From other sources also it was learned that the man had been injured in some other way and that there was no explosion. The loco-motive works could not get a permit for that there is an any to be the motion of the source works and prayed. Slowly the red mist faded from before

## Copyright, 1915, by A. C. McClurg & Co. SYNOPSIS:

Tarzan, on board a stea

primoners, but Tarzan attacks them pro-churaly. Through his brule strength and ape-like aglity Tarzan beats off the collec and escapes. He reports his accenture to D'Arnot, who fixes the matter up with the porter. At the opera Tarzan meats the Cauntees de Courie and minkes an appoint-ment to see her. Before he cours into an alcove, where he cait hear every word apples. The countiess trists Tarzan and offers to tell him a great secte. She conflicts in him that Rokoff is her brother and a min She any she fears to prosecute him, for his attempts against her and her husband less Rokoff intony words to bander her growing trientent by hoke a finite of the attempts against her hoke a firther intidates her by threaten tarzan. A month later Tarzan is tricked into visiting the countees at a late hour. At the same time Rokoff intonymously womons her musband. Tarzan pityingly places, his arm abent the countees shoulders.

CHAPTER V-(Continued). had he been so close to her. In startled

guilt they looked suddenly into each other's eyes, and where Olga de Coude should have been strong she was weak, for she crept closer into the man's arms, and clasped her own about his neck. And Tarzan of the Apes? He took the panting figure into his mighty arms, and covered the hot lips with kisses.

Raoul de Coude made hurried excuses to his host after he had read the note handed him by teh ambassador's butler. handed him by teh ambassador's outler. Never afterward could he recall the na-ture of the excuses he made. Everything was quite a blur to him up to the time that he stood on the threshold of his own home. Then he became very cool, mov-ing quietly and with caution. For some inexplicable reason Jacques had the door open before he was halfway to the steps. It did not strike him at the time as be-

ing unusual, though afterward he remarked It. Very softly he tiptoed up the stairs and along the gallery to the door of his wife's boudoir. In his hand was a heavy walk-

bouldoir. In his hand, was a heavy the ing stick-in his heart, murder. Olga was the first to see him. With a horrified shrick she tore herself from Tarzan's arms, and the ape-man turned just in time to ward with him arm a terblow that De Coude had aimed at rific blow that De Coude had aimed at his head. Once, twice, three times the heavy stick fell with lightning rapidity, and each blow aided in the transition of the spe-man back to the primordial. With the low, guttural snarl of the bull ape he sprang for the Frenchman. The great stick was torn from his grasp and below in two as though it had been

broken in two as though it had been matchwood, to be flung aside as the now infuriated beast charged for his adver-

Infuriated ceast charged for his adver-sary's throat. Olga de Coude stood a horrified specta-tor of the terrible scene which ensued during the next brief moment, then she sprang to where Tarzan was murdering her husband-choking the life from himher husband-choking the life from himshaking him as a terrier might shake a

Frantically she tore at his great hands. Frantically she tore at his great hands. "Mother of God!" she cried. "You are killing him, you are killing him! Oh, Jean, you are killing my husband!" Tarzan was deaf with rage. Buddenly

Tarzan was deaf with rage. Suddenly he hurled the body to the floor, and, plac-ing his foot upon the upturned breast, raised his head. Then through the palace of the Count de Coude rang the awesome challenge of the buil ape that has made a kill. From cellar to attic the horrid sound searched out the servants, and left them blanched and trembling. The woman in the room aank to her knees beside the

AUTHOR OF "TARZAN OF THE AFES" Russian's face as he looked into the hard, friend, and so I think that I shall go back to my own hingle, and lead the life

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

THE RETURN OF TARZAN

"Name of a man!" he shouted, spring-ing to his feet. "What brings you here?" "Bit down" said Tarsan, so low that the men could barely catch the words, but in a tone that brought Rokoff to his chair, and kept Paulvitch in his.

"You know what has brought me here," he continued, in the same low tone. "It should be to kill you, but because you are Oiga de Coude's brother I shall not de that are that-now

that-mow. "I shall give you a chance for your, lives, Paulvitch does not count much-he is merely a stupid, foolish little tool, and so I shall not kill him so long as I permit you to live. Before I leave you two allve in this room you will have done two things. The first will be to write a full confession of your connec-tion with tonight's plot-and sign it. "The second will be to promise me upon

The second will be to promise me upon pain of death that you will permit no word of this affair to get into the newspapers. If you do not do both, meither of you will be allve when I pass next through that doorway. Do you under-stand?" And without waiting for a stand?" And without waiting for a reply: "Make haste; there is ink before you, and paper and a pen.

Rokoff assumed a truculent air, at-tempting by bravado to show how little he feared Tarzan's threats. An instant later he felt the ape-man's steel fingers at his threat, and Paulvitch, who at-tempted to dodge them and reach the door, was lifted completely off the floor

door, was lifted completely off the floor and hurled senselses into a corner, When Rokoff commenced to blacken about the face. Tarzan released his hold and shoved the fellow back into his chair. After a moment of coughing Rokoff sat sullenly glaring at the man standing op-posite him. Presently Paulvitch came to himself and limped painfully back to his chair at Tarzan's command.

"Now write," said the ape-man. "If it is necessary to handle you again I shall not be so lement."

Rokoff picked up a pen and commenced to write. "See that you omit no detail, and that

you mention every name," cautioned Tar-ZBD. Presently there was a knock at the loor. "Enter," said Tarzan

1001. A dapper young man came in. "I am from the Matin," he announced. "I understand that Monsleur Rokoff has a story for me."

"Then you are mistaken, monsieur," replied Tarzan. "You have no story for publication, have you, my dear Nikolas?" Rokoff looked up from his writing with an ugly scowl upon his face.

"No," he growled, "I have no story for publication-now." "Nor ever, my dear Nikolas," and the reporter did not see the nasty light in the

pe-man's eye; but Nikolas Rokoff did. "Nor ever," he repeated, hastily. "Nor ever, he repeated, makiny. "It is too bad that monsieur has been troubled," said Tarzan, turning to the newspaper man. "I bid monsieur good evening," and he bowed the dapper young man out of the room, and closed the door

in his face. An hour later Tarzan, with a rather bulky manuscript in his coat pocket, turned at the door leading from Rokoff's "Were I you I should leave France,"

he said. "for sooner or later I shall find an excuse to kill you that will not in

A DUEL.

D'ARNOT was asleep when Tarzan en-tered their apartments after leaving Rokoff's. Tarzan did not disturb him, but the following morning he narrated

friend, and so I think that I shall so back to my own buncle, and lead the life that God Intended that I should lead when he put me there." "Do not take it so to heart, Jean." re-sponded D'Arnot. "You have aquitted yournell much better than most 'civilized' men would have under similar circum-stances. As to leaving Paris at this time. I rather think that Raoul de Coude may conceded to have something to say ou

I rather think that Rasul de Coude ma? be expected to have something to say on that subject before long." Nor was D'Arnot mistaken. A week later on Monsieur Flaubert was an-nounced about eleven in the morning as D'Arnot and Tarzan were breakfasting. Monsieur Flaubert was an impressive y polite gentleman. With many low bows he delivered Monsieur Tarzan. Would monsieur be so very kind as to arrange to have a friend meet Monsieur Flaubert

to have a friend meet Monsleur Flaubert at as early an hour as convenient that the details might be arronged to the mut-

asi satisfaction of all concerned? Certainly. Monsieur Tarsan would be delighted to piece his interests unreser-redly in the hands of his friend. Lieutenreary in the nands or his rfiend. Lieuten-ani D'Arnot. And so it was arranged that D'Arnot was to call on Monsieur Flaubert at two that afternoon and he polite Monsieur Flaubert, with many hows left them swa, left them.

When they were again slone D'Arnot soked quissically at Tarzan. "Well?" he said.

"Well" he said. "Now to my sina I must add murder, or else myself be killed," said Tarzan. "I am progressing rapidly in the ways of my civilized brothers."

"What weapons shall you select?" asked D'Arnot "De Coude is accredited, with being a master with the sword and a splendid shot."

"I might then choose poisoned arrows at twenty paces, or spears at the same distance," laughed Tarzan. "Make it distance," la pistols, Paul.

"He will kill you Jean." "I have no doubt of it." replied Tarran. I must die some day."

"I must die some day." "We had better make it swords," sald D'Arnot. "He will be satisfied with wounding you, and there is less danger of a mortal wound." "Pistols," sald Tarzan with finality. D'Arnot tried to argue him out of it, but without avail, so pistols it was. D'Arnot rest returned from his conferences

D'Arnot returned from his conference ith Monsieur Flaubert shortly after four

"It is all arranged," he said. "Every-

"It is all arranged." he said. "Every-thing is satisfactory. Tomorrow morning at daylight-there is a secluded spot on the road not far from Etamps. For some personal reason Monsieur Flaubert pre-ferred it. I did not demur." "Good!" was Tarzan's only comment. He did not refer to the matter again even indirectly. That night he wrote sev-eral letters before he retired. After seal-ing and addressing them he placed them all in an envelope addressed to D'Arnot. As he undressed, D'Arnot heard him

all in an envelope addressed to D'Arnot. As he undressed, D'Arnot heard him humming a music hall ditty. The Frenchman swore under his breath. He was very unhappy, for he was posi-tive that when the sun rose the next mor-ning it would look down upon the dead Tarzan. It grated upon him to see Tar-ran se unconcerned tan so unconcerned.

"This is a most uncivilized hour for people to kill each other." remarked the ape-man when he had been routed out of comfortable hed in the blackness of the early morning hours. He had slept well, and so it seemed that his head scarcely touched the pillow ere his man deferentially aroused him. His remark was addressed to D'Arnot, who stood fully dressed in the doorway of Tarsan's bed-

D'Arnot had scarcely slept at all during the night. He was nervous, and therefore inclined to be irritable. presume you slept like a baby all

"I presume you slept like a baby all night," he said. Tarsan laughed, "From your tone, Paul, I infer that you harbor the fact against me. I could not help it, really." "No, Jean; it is not that," replied D'Arnot, himself smiling. "But you take the entire matter with such infernal in-difference. It is accomparing. One would

ifference-it is exasperating. One would think you were going out to shoot at a target, rather than to face one of the best shots in France."

Tarzan shrugged his shoulders. "I am



This photograph is a reproduction from the cover page of Caras This photograph is a reproduction from the cover page of Garas's Caretas, an illustrated monthly magazine of Buenos Aires. At his desk may be seen President Wilson. The rather grotesque figure to the left represents his valet. Behind on the wall may be seen a photograph of George Washington. A translation of the legend beneath reads as follows:

### DANGEROUS DIPLOMACY

"Sir! The German Minister is below waiting the note from your excellency. Shall I prepare your frock coat or your swallow tail?" "No! Bring me a helmet and sword."

This drawing created considerable comment in Argentina and its reproduction now is especially timely to us.

#### They could understand one another, and each could be proud of the friendship of the other.

Tarzan of the Apes was wrapped in thoughts of the past; pleasant memories of the happler occasions of his lost jungle life. He recalled the countless boyhood hours that he had spent cross-legged upon the table in his dead father's cabin, his little brown hody bent over one of the fascinating picture books from which. unaided, he had gleaned the secret of the printed language long before the sounds of human speech fell upon his cars. A mile of contentment softened his strong face as he thought of that day of days that he had had alone with Jane Porter in the heart of his primeval forest.

In the heart of his primeval forest. Presently his reminiscences were broken in upon by the stopping of the car-they were at their destination. Tarzan's mind returned to the affairs of the moment. He knew that he was about to die, but there was no fear of death in him. To a denizen of the cruel jungle death is a commonlace. The first law of nature commonplace. The first law of nature compels them to cling tenaclously to life -to fight for it, but it does not teach them to fear death.

them to rear death. D'Arnot and Tarzan were first upon the field of honor. A moment later De Couds, Monsieur Flaubert and a third gentleman arrived. The last was introduced to D'Arnot and Tarzan; he was a physician. D'Arnot and Monsieur Flaubert spoke together in whispers for a brief time. The who got his foot wedged in the frog of a railroad track, and had been held there Count de Coude and Tarsan stood apart at opposite sides of the field. Presently the seconds summoned them. D'Arnot and Monsteur Flaubert had examined

Jones and Two Others Miss Dorothy Evans had written a love Miss Dorothy was the daughter story. of Judge Evans, and for several years her fond father had insisted that she had literary talent and should develop it. She didn't believe she had, and she had been four years getting around to that story. She had made about 40 plots and plans and beginnings and abandoned them. Somehow or other she couldn't bring about a first meeting between hero and heroine in a natural manner. "You don't want to," replied the father

The Daily Story

"But-but what about?" she asked as she turned away her face. "We must prevent you from adopting a literary career, and the only way I know is to-to-" Miss Dorothy adopted another career several months are when she gave that as an excuse. "Egad, that is just the thing you don't want to do. You want to make your story unique Have the heroine up a tree-on a hay-stack-stuck fast in an elevator. Or several months ago. (Copyright, 1915, by the McClurs Newspaper Syndicate.)

have the hero about to be sawed in two in a sawmill-being carried around on the arms of a windmill at the rate of 190 miles an hour-caught by the leg MUST GET RID OF "ICED" EGGS o a bear trap-up to his neck in a Hunt for the unique and unsual, my dear.

Dealers Have Until January 1 to Dis-At length one day that long-talked-of pose of 50,000,000 in Cold Storage. story was started afresh. It had a hero

father.

Philadelphia wholesale and commission dealers who laid in a supply of more than 50,000,000 cold-storage eggs. counting on the repeal of the present cold-storage law, must now get rid of the entire num ber before January 1 or be confronted with a total loss on the investment, according to a statement made by Harry P. Cassidy, former special agent of the State Dairy and Food Commission. The present law places a time limit on the sale of eggs at nine months. The eggs were bought in April and May for the most part. If the law had been repealed, they could have been dispused of next January and February when the prices go soaring, but the Governor vetoed the Mr. Cassidy lost his position epealer. with the State two years ago after a controveray with Governor Tener. He is now in this city as purchasing agent for food supplies for the British Government.

and has come in to see about it. It's the worst ever. I've not better manuscripts from cooks and laundresses. I've got to turn it down, but being she's a Judge's daughter I'd like to soften the blow. Help me out, won't you I' "How?" "Here's the manuscript. See her in the reception room and tell her we are over-crowded just now. Tell her that other magazines pay mote for her particular style than we do. In fact, tell her any-thing to let her down easy."

and has come in to see about it. It's the

"Not much!" was the laughing reply. "Thats what you are paid for. What's the matter with the story?"

"Has the hero held fast in a frog on the railroad track for three days,"

"The trains must have jumped over him as they came along."

"The heroine holds a pistol to the ear of, chauffeur and demands the use of the vahicle

'Good!" "Oh, say, go in and talk to her, Shouldn't wonder if she were a good-looking girl."

looking girl." "Haven't time. By-by, Jones." "Haven't time. By-by, Jones." The one called Frank passed out, and ten minutes later Jones entered the recep-tion room with the rejected story in hand and a look of benevolence on his face. No Miss Dorothy Evans. She had fied with burning checks and tears of humiliation is her even

In her eves.

"Narrow escape for me," said Jones, "Narrow escape for me," said Jones, with a sigh of relief, as he returned to his den to send the story back by mail with the usual inclosure of thanks. A month passed. Judge Evans was very busy and he had forgotten all about the literary career of his daughter. Bu hadn't, however. Every time she thought of Jones she wanted to slaughter him. As to the one called Frank, she didn't know. He had a pleasant voice, was evi-dently a young man, and he had not made fun of her story. One summer's day Miss Dorothy same

One summer's day Miss Dorothy sum tered down the highway toward the of tered down the highway toward the old stone quarry. She had given the road to a man coming toward her in an auto when her foot struck a stone and her ankle turned, and there she was, slitting down in the dust. Only for a moment, though. The suto stopped, the man got out, and in a trice he had her seated on a stone way way her her seated on out, and in a trice he had her seated on a rock and was saying how sorry he was and hoping it was not a bad accident. The instant he spoke the girl recognized the voice of Frank. Yes: he was the young man, and a gentleman, and he had a kind heart. He was asking if sha lived on the hill, when Miss Dorothy, who didn't think the sprain amounted to much, remarked:

much, remarked: "But I am Judge Evans' daughter." "Yes?

"And I wrote a story and sent it to Jones, of the Blank Magazine." 'Yes?

"And the hero was caught in a frog f a railroad track and held for three

days." "I-I don't quite understand!" stammered the young man. "But you said to Jones that day that the trains must have jumped over him.

But you said to Jones that day that the trains must have jumped over him as they came along." "I-I— Was it about a month ago, and in the office of the magazine?" "The same, sir. I was in the reception room and heard through the partition." Mr. Frank Denison did not deny his words. He said that the first thing was to get Miss Dorothy home, which took only about three minutes, and then he advised her to use alcohol and a band-age, and took it upon himself to say that he world call next day. He did call, and he called again. He called to talk with the Judge, and with the Judge's daugh-ter, and to make himself very agreeable and very much at home. He often asked for the story to read and pass judgment upon, but it was four or five months be-fore it was honded him. He read it is the last line and then rose up and askit "Wise Dorothy I must smake to your

the last line and then rose up and said

'Miss Dorothy, I must speak to your

storing explosives even if one were sought.

The injured man was John Harkness, of 5019 Parrish street. He was at work on an empty shell when it was struck by a piece of metal on the machine re-volving at high speed. The casing burst and Harkness was struck by a fragment. He was explaining how it happened at the Medico-Chirurgical Hospital when an-other man, apparently a foreman at the works, allenced him and declined to give out any information. Harkness is in serious condition.

#### MICHAELSEN A SUICIDE

Discovery of Letters Discredits Murder Theory.

Friends of Frederick C. Michaelmen, the contractor, whose body was found in Cobb's Creek, said today they were at loss to account for his suicide, in view of the fact that his assets were far greater than his liabilities. The finding of the contractor's coat, collar and tie, together with a packet of letters, has dispelled all suspicion that the man was

These articles were found by two boys who were wandering slong the creek some distance from where the body was found among the papers was a letter addressed to Wardinand Michaelsen, in which Fred-arick stated that he intended ending his life because of worry over financial matters and ill health.

There were also numerous other papers concerning business negotiations.

#### Police Court Chronicles

There's too much foliage in the city, in the opinion of Edward Tols, and he con-tends that it is an obstacle to progressappecially his progress. Drooping branches mong the sidewalks in the northeastern section caused Tols to walk with bowed head to protect his face. He decided to shange conditions and uproot every tree he came in coutact with. Of course, he affined his attention to applings. Peeling off his coat he started in on Girard ave-nue and pulled up three trees in one block. A few idlers, who were overloyed at the sight of a man working, cheered him; but several housewives denounced Tole for his destructive work.



Trees belong in the country," Tole growied. "They're out of place in the city." He was about to tachte an inne-cast reams positar when Potterner Balkie and Every happened along and objected. may made the strong man replant the sea he had pulled up and then took him the Front and Master Streats station. When the prismer fuld Magistrate Boott

When the printmer told Ministrate Scott of his general opposition to trees, the hadre became fordgrankit. "I have no time for a man who is opposed to the beautiful minist of mature." he sold. "Fit take the pledge." doctared Tole. "This will set charge your discontion." ins there solled. "and if you securize to disco the trees is grow unmolected FU let over if with a hight sected."

phile agreed and when sent to the

body of her husband, and prayed. Slowly the red mist faded from before Tarzan's eyes. Things began to take form-he was regaining the perspective of civilized man. His eyes fell upon the source of the kneeling woman. "Olga," or civilized man. His eyes fell upon the figure of the kneeling woman. "Olga." he whispered. She looked up, expecting to see the maniacal light of murder in the eyes above her. Instead, she saw sorrow and contrition.

eyes above ner. Instead, and saw solidow and contrition. "Oh. Jean!" she cried. "See what you have done. He was my husband. I loved him, and you have killed him." Very gently Tarzan raised the limp form of the Count de Coude and bore it to a couch. Then he put his ear to the man's becaut

man's breast. "Some brandy, Olga," he said. She brought it, and together they forced it between his lips. Presently a faint gasp came from the white lips. The head turned, and De Coude groaned. "He will not die" said Trans. "He will not die," said Tarzan. "Thank

"He will hor die, sond watch. Thema God!" "Why did you do it, Jean?" she asked. "I do not know. He struck me, and I went mad. I have seen the apes of my tribe do the same thing. I have never told you my story, Olga. It would have been better had you known it-this might not have happened. I never saw my father. The only mother I ever knew was a feroclous she-spe. Until I was 15 I had never seen a human being. I was 20 before I saw a white man. A little more than a year ago I was a naked beast of prey in an African jungle. "Do not judge me too harshiy. Two years is too short a time in which to attempt to work the change in an indi-God!"

attempt to work the change in an indi-vidual that it has taken countieus ages to accompliah in the white race." "I do not judge you at all, Jean. The

fault is mine. You must go now-he must not find you here when he regains con-sciousness. Good-by."

sciousness. Good-by." It was a sorrowful Tarzan who walked with bowed head from the palace of the Count de Coude. Once outside his thoughts took definite

shape, to the end that 20 minutes later he entered a police station not far from the Rue Maule. Here he scon found one of the officers with whom he had had the of the officers with whom he had had the encounter several weeks previous. The policeman was genuinely giad to see again the man who had so roughly handled him. After a moment of conver-sation Tarzan asked if he had ever heard of Nikolas Rokoff or Alexis Paulyitch.

"Very often, indeed, monsieur. Each has a police record, and while there is nothing charged against them now, we make it a point to know pretty well where they may be found should the occasion demand. It is only the same precaution that we take with every known criminal. Why does monsieur ask?"

"They are known to ma," replied Tar-man. "I wish to see Monsieur Rokoff on a little matter of bushness. If you can direct me to his lodgings I shall appre-clats it."

A few minutes later he hade the police-A rew minutes later he sade the police-man adieu, and, with a alip of paper in his pocket bearing a certain address in a semirespectable quarter, he walked brinkly toward the nearest taxi stand.

Rokoff and Paulvitch had returned to Rokoff and Paulville has returned to their roots, and were sitting taiking over the probable outcome of the overling's events. They had telephoned to the off-cas of two of the morning papers from which they momentarily expected repre-sentatives to bear the first report of the mondal that was to stir ancial Pasis on the morrow.

A heavy rice sounded on the stair-way "Ah but these newspaper men are prompt," exclusion Rehoff, and as a knew feel upon the lots of their rooms.



"Oh Jean," she cried, "See what you have done! He was my husband, I loved him and you have killed him."

murdering the count. I have cant a stigma on the name of a good woman It is very probable that I have broken up a happy home. "Do you love Oiga de Coude?" asked

D'Arnot. "Were I not positive that she does not

"Were I not positive that she does not love me I could not answer your ques-tion, Paul; but without disloyalty to her I tell you that I do not love her, nor does she love me. For an instant we wase the victims of a sudden mailman-it was not love-and it would have left us, unharmed, as suddenly is it, had come upon us even though be Could had not returned. As you know, I have had little experience of women. Olga de Coulde is very brantiful; that, and the dim light and the seductive surroundings, and the appeal of the definishest for pro-inction, might have been reslated by a

faction, might have been restated by a many civilized man, but my civilization is not even skin deep-it does not go

is hot even such any clothes. "Parts is no place for me. I will but "Parts to attain into more and more sectors pitfalls. The man-made restric-tions are piterine. I feel always that 1 am a prisent. I meaned and the first any

going out to explate a great wrong, Paul. A very necessary feature of the explation is the marksmanship of my opponent. Wherefore, then, should i be dissatisfied?

The markemaniship of my opponent. Wherefore, then, should I be dissatisfied that you was a spleadid markeman?" "You mean that you hope to be killed?" "You mean that you hope to be killed?" "To annot say I hope to be; but you hope to be; but him you hope the same himb home two wide; different has be hope hime how home hope hime how home how hope hime how home how hope hime how home how home himb home, it was hope how home whole withe same himb home, it was hope how home how

both pistois. The two men who were to face each other a moment later stood silently while Monsieur Flaubert recited allently while atomsetr Findert term the conditions they were to observe. They were to stand back to back. At a signal from Monsieur Finubert they were to walk in opposite directions, their term term is the states. were to wait in opposite alrections, then pistols hanging by their sides. When each had proceeded 10 paces D'Arnot was to give the final signal-then they were to turn and fire at will until one fell, or each had expended the three shots al-lowed. (CONTINUED TOMORROW.)

### SENDS ROCKEFELLER, "POOR DEVIL," A DYSPEPSIA CURE

Bloomsburg Painter Pities Oil Magnate in His Affliction.

BLOOMSBURG, Pa., July 22 .- James Goss, painter by trade and philanthropist by nature, has just sent a dyspepsia cure to John D. Rockefeller. "I send the remedy," said Goss in his letter, "only because I think that it will do you good. I don't want any reward, because if you are a sufferer from indigestion you are a poor devil like the rest of us, and money doesn't count."

The cure suggested is made from chicken gizzard, which, as he explained in his communication, contains "more pepsin than any living organism," a cira chicken with to get away "with corn and other rations that daily fail to its meals

meals." "Just skin a gizzard from a healthy chicken." Goas explains, "and dry it in an oven, afterward flavoring it with peppermint or other ingredient to suit the taste. When distressed eat a pinch as often as you like and I will promise that in a short time you will be able to digest an old-fashioned country dinner, even to sauer kraut and mince pie."

### PARK ORDINANCE SIGNED

Mayor Sanctions Improvement of Squares and Recreation Centres.

An ordinance providing for the im-rovement of a number of squares and workation centres by the Department of Public Works has been signed by Mayor

Biankenburg. The ordinance, which was passed by Councils at the last session, provides for the financing of the work from loan funds. The appropriations, aggregating \$53,000, are as follows:

Westmoreland Fark	B-11, 22, 22
Diaston Park	3,000
Clarence H. Clark Park	
Pleasant Hill Park	400
Susan Gorgan Park statesteresteresteres	
John E. Reyburn Park	1,500

#### K. of C. Delegates Leave City

K. of C. Delegates Leave City The advance guard of the Fernsylvania delagation to the sandual convention of the Nulphts of Columbus, to be held in Seattle, beginning August 2 left this oily for Chicage this morning. The party in-clucied J. J. Rability, State deputy, who heads the Pennstlvania group; Danied Wade, Genuge Phillips and shool twenty other knights, who will satened unofficially. There will also be large delayed investigations from There will also to large delegations from



"But I am Judge Evans' daughter."

for three days, and was about to be run down by a cattle train, when the heroine appeared with a stick of dynamite and blew up 19 rods of track and released him. She then held a pistol to the head of a chauffeur and made him convey the rescued man to her home, where she nursed him back to health and married him. He had a clubfoot when he got well, but she didn't mind that.

The story, when finished after a month's hard work, didn't suit Miss Doro-thy at all. She felt sure she had made a failure of it, and carried it to her father

failure of it, and carried it to her father with tears in her eyes. "Splendid! Superb! Glorious!" was his verdict. "You have got a story like none I have ever read. You have only to send it to any magazine to have it accepted. In sending it you had better inclose a little note to the effect that you are my daughter. They may want to write you up as the coming story writer." Miss Dorothy delayed the sending away of the story three weeks and then was simost commanded to. It had been gone only two days when the judge began looking for an answer of acceptance. He

looking for an answer of acceptance. He continued to look for two weeks and then said:

continued to look for two weeks and then said:
"Durothy, you are going to town to-day. Drop into the publication office of that magazine and ask about your manuscript. It is rather impudent on their part to hold a story so long."
"But, daddy. I don't know the settor nor what to say to him," she protested. "Je may not have had time to look at my story."
"Pints of time, my dear. It would strike him as something out of the usual roat to the last line. He just wants poking up a bit. Duar ms, but I am so pleased that you have made a literary start. I don't belave thare is one person in 10,000 who would have thought of discovering the hero in such a situation."
"Poor little Dorothy, with palpitating heart, sought the office of the Blank Magazine and was shown into a reception roam to await an interview with the editor, whose name was Jones. She had a chair close to a partition, and the partition was thin. Freemily ahe hard Jones roar out to some one in the room with him:

himi: Say, Frank, do you know Judge Evana down your way'' "I know of him," was the reply. "Got a daughter, hear's he?" "I hallove at." "Well, sho's sent to a climan of a clovy.

## Auto Road Maps Free

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