"It's all right, Dasher," said Gordon to the officer, "We'll have another child for the part. Tou can destroy this application." He turned to the astonished company, dismissed rehearral, and, with "Mith in his lap, drove as fast as a cab could go to the dingy tenement where, for long weeks, the woman he loved had lain ill and in want of everything save such small help as the neighbors could give.

And after she had sobbed out her story

And after she had sobbed out her story Gordon told her of his love and gained the right to keep her from want.

The only person not satisfied was the dramatic agent, who had to find another child, and though there was a "Baby Edith" on the program it was not Gordon's debutante.

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SUPREME COURT IN CAMDEN

State's Highest Tribunal Sits There

The Supreme Court of New Jersey will all in Camden for the first time in history Monday. It will try the case of Matthew Jefferson, Prosecutor of Pleas of Cape May County. If Jefferson cannot explain his conduct satisfactorily to the Court he will be removed from office and

disbarred from legal practice in the

Philadelphians Sail for Europe

Among the Philadelphians sailing on the steamship New Amsterdam for Rof-

Philadelphians sailing on the New York rom New York to Liverpool are: Miss Catharine E. Haddock, Miss Mar-

tha Savage, William D. Read, Mrs. N. Carrigan, Miss Anna Rowe, Miss Ruth

MRS. WESCOTT'S FUNERAL

Mother of New Jersey Attorney Gen-

eral Will Be Buried on Monday.

The funeral of Mrs. Catherine O. Wes-cott, mother of Attorney General John W. Wescott, will be held from her home in Berlin, N. J., on Monday afternoon at 2 o'clock. Mrs. Wescott died on Thurs-

day night as her son was rushing across

the continent to her bedside.

Many State officials and members of the Supreme Court, friends of Mr. Wes-

cott, will attend the burial, which will

The pallbrearers will be Attorney Gen-

eral John W. Wescott, Dr. William T. Wescott, another son, and the four grandsons, Harry Wescott, Ethan Wes-

cott, Ralph Wescott and Herbert Fisher.

Vacation Day Precautions

It's a great annoyance to find yourself

far from home and unable to obtain your favorite newspaper. Before you go away

notify the Evening Ledger to have you sent to you. Specify the edition

Deaths

JACOBS.—On July 23, 1915, at his late residence, 912 N. 68d st., Dr. WILLIAM C. JACOBS. Due notice of funeral will be given.

MacFATE. On Friday, July 23, 1915, at 5:10 p. m., SAMUEL MacFate Funeral services at his late residence, 1924 Poplar st., on Monday, at 5 p. m. Relatives and friends in-vited to attend. Private interment.

SIMON.—On July 21, 1915, FREDERICK J.
EIMON, in his 74th year. Relatives and
friends are invited to attend the funeral, on
Simday, at 2 p. m., from his late residence,
1810 West Passyunk ave. Bervices at the
Evangelical Lutheran Church of the Trinity.
Interment is church ground.
WESCOTT.—On July 22, 1915, at Berlin, N.

MESCOTT.—On July 22, 1915, at Berlin, N. J. CATHERINE O. WESCOTT, widow of the late John Wescott, in her first year. Relatives and friends are invited to attend the funeral services on Monday afternoon at 2.30 o'clock, at her late residence, Washington ave., Berlin, N. J. Train leaves Market st. ferry, 12:25. Interment at Berlin Cemetery.

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for First Time in History.

THE RETURN OF TARZAN

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

AUTHOR OF "TARZAN OF THE APES"

Copyright, 1915, by A. C. McClurg & Co JEAN THESEN, SAILING from America to France, saves the Count de Coude from a zap set by two Russian spies, Nikola lokoff and Passitch, and rescues the Jointeen Olga de Unude from the same coundrels. In Paris the Counties Kellarian that Rokoff is her brother. Shoulded the the set of the

TREAD retuees to shoot and magnatisously confesses to greater guilt than is
us, so that the Count de Coude becomes
its fast riend and seniors him in getting a
osition with the foreign department of the
reach Genermment. He is sent to Northri Africa to discover whether a certain
desterant Gernois to or is not a spy. Taran sees a suspicious character, whom he
sticius he recognizes, in conversation with
in auspected officer, and later is shadowed
y the same fines while he is watching some
rab dancers.

CHAPTER VII-(Continued)).

WHEN it came again the girl's turn to dance she hovered close to Targan, and for the ape-man alone were her aweetest smiles. Many an ugly scowl was cast upon the tall European by swarthy, dark-eyed sons of the desert, but neither smiles nor scowls produced any outwardly visible effect upon him. Again the girl east her handkerchief upon his shoulder, and again was she rewarded with a franc piece. As she was sticking it upon her forehead, after the custom of her kind, she bent low toward Tarzan, whispering a quick word in his ear.

"There are two without in the court," she said quickly, in broken French, "who would harm m'sieur. At first I promised to lure you to them, but you have been kind, and I cannot do it. Go quickly, before they find that I have falled them. I think that they are very bad men."

Tarsan thanked the girl, assuring her that he would be careful, and, having finished her dance, she crossed to the little doorway and went out into the court. But Tarsan did not leave the cafe as she had

For another half hour nothing unusual For another half hour nothing unusual occurred, then a surly looking Arab entered the cafe from the street. He stood near Tarzan, where he deliberately made insulting remarks about the European, but as they were in his native tongue Tarzan was entirely innocent of their purport until Abdul took it upon himself to enlighten him.

"This fellow is looking for trouble," warned Abdul. "He is not alone. In fact, in case of a disturbance, nearly every man here would be against you. It would be better to leave quietly, master.'

"Ask the fellow what he wants," com-manded Tarzan.
"He says that 'the dog of a Christian' insulted the Ouled-Nail, who belongs to him. He means trouble, m'sieur."

"Tell him that I did not insuit his or any other Guied-Nail, that I wish him to go away and leave me alone. That I have no quarrel with him, nor has he any with

"He says," replied Abdul, after deliver-ing this message to the Arab, "that be-sides being a dog yourself that you are the aon of one, and that your grand-mother was a hyena. Incidentally you the attention of those near by had now

The attention of those literation, and been attracted by the alternation, and the sneering laughs that followed this torrent of invective easily indicated the trend of the sympathies of the majority trend of the sympathies of the majority

m by the Arab, but he showed to superanger as he arcse from his seat upon
anger as he arcse from his seat upon
a bench. A half smile played about his
be, but of a sudden a mighty fist shot
to the face of the scowling Arab, and
to the face of the scowling Arab, and
the face of the scowling Arab, and the face of the scowling Arab, and the face of the scowling Arab, and the face of the scowling Arab, and the face of the scowling Arab, and the face of the scowling Arab, and the face of the scowling Arab, and the face of the scowling Arab, and the face of the scowling Arab, and the face of the scowling Arab, and the face of the scowling Arab, and the face of the scowling Arab, and the face of the scowling Arab, and the face of the scowling Arab, and the face of the scowling Arab, and the scowli ck of it were the terrible muscles of

dozen fierce plainsmen sprang into the room from where they had apparently been waiting for their cue in the street hefore the cafe With cries of "Kill the unbeliever!" and "Down with the dog of a Christian!" they made straight for number of the younger Arabs in the

audience sprang to their feet to join in the assault upon the unarmed white man. Tarkan and Abdul were rushed back toward the end of the room by the very force of numbers opposing them. The young Arab remained loyal to his master, and with drawn knife fought at his side. With tremendous blows the ape-man felled all who came within reach of his powerful hands. He fought quietly and without a word, upon his lips the same half smile they had worn as he rose to strike down the man who had insulted him. It seemed impossible that either he or Abdul could survive the sea of wickedor Abdul could survive the sea of wickedlooking awords and knives that surrounded them, but the very numbers of
their assailants proved the best bulwark
of their safety. So closely packed was
the howling, cursing mob that no weapon
could be wielded to advantage, and none
of the Arabs dared use a firearm for fear

of wounding one of his compatriots.

Finally Tarsan succeeded in seizing one of the most persistent of his attackers. With a quick wrench he disarmed the fellow, and then, holding him before them as a shield, he backed slowly beside inding one of his compatriots. as a shield, he backed slowly beside Abdul toward the little door which led into the inner courtyard. At the threabold he paused for an instant, and, lifting the struggling Arab above his head, hurled him, as though from a cataput, full in the faces of his onpressing fel-

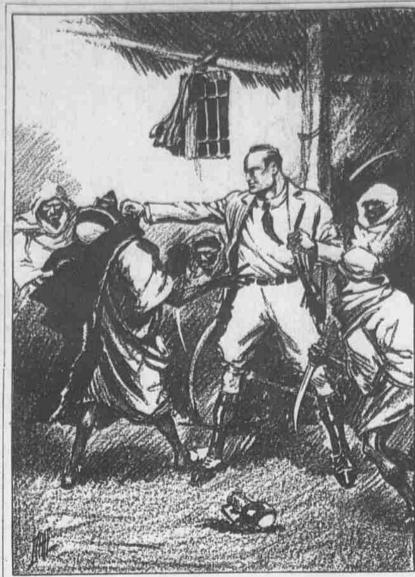
Then Tarzan and Abdul stepped into the semidarkness of the court. The frightened Ouled-Nails were crouching at the tops of the stairs which led to their respective rooms, the only light in the courtyard coming from the sickly candles which each girl had stuck with its own grease to the woodwork of her door-frame the better to display her charms to those who might happen to traverse

Scarcely had Tursan and Abdul emerged from the room ere a revolver spoke close at their backs from the shadows beneath one of the stairways, and as they turned to meet this new antagonist, two muffied figures sprans toward them, firing as they came. Tarzan leaped to meet these two new assallants. The foremest these two new assaliants. The fore-most lay, a second later, in the trampled dire of the court, disarmed and grouning from a broken wrist. Abdul's knife found the vitals of the second in the instant that the fellow's revolver missed fire as he held it to the faithful Arab's forehead. The maddened borde within the cafe

were now rushing out in pursuit of their craryy. The Cuised Nails had extin-gulahed their candles at the cry from one of their number, and the only light within of their number, and the only light within be purk dama feebly from the open and att-blocked door of the cafe. Turnened seized a gward from the man who ad fallen before Abeut's hifts, and may atood waiting for the rush of the menhal was coming in swarch of them in according to awarch of them in

presently inose in the building gave up the same coming in search of them in the derivation of them in the structure to the cafe. A few remained in the struct below, amaking her for the sarrings who had made for him a total stranger.

"I liked you," she said simply. "You were no tile words. It was decided that although three of them would have to ride after practically no sleep, it would be best to make an early start in the morning, and attempt to ride all the way to flow came. "I liked you was not although you align the relation of the manner in which you saye me included the strings and site of the manner in which you saye me included the strings and site of the sarring to the cafe. You cannot return to the cafe. You cannot return to the cafe. "What shall you do after tonight?" "What shall you do after tonight? he was strengthen are long to the cafe. To cannot return to the cafe. The care that dependent from the first to predict the string the area of the care that t



A mighty fist shot into the face of the scowling Arab.

pered the warning in his ear earlier in the evening.

As they reached the top of the stairs hey could hear the angry crowd search-ng the yard beneath.

"Soon they will search here," whis-sered the girl. "They must not find you, for, though you fight with the strength of many men, they will kill you in the end. Hasten; you can drop from the farther window of my room to the street beyond. Before they discover that you are no longer in the court of the build-ings you will be safe within the hotel."

started up the stairway at the head of which they stood. There was a sudden cry from one of the searchers. They had been discovered. Quickly the crowd rushed for the stairway. The foremost assailant leaped quickly upward, but at the top he met the sudden sword that he had not expected—the quarry had been unarmed before. With a cry, the man toppled back upon

hose behind him. Like tenpins rolled down the stairs. The ancient and rickety structure could not withstand the strain of this unwonted weight and jarring. With a creaking and rending of of the audience.

Tarzan did not like being laughed at, neither did he relish the terms applied to him by the Arab, but he showed no sign top.

he spe-man.

At the instant that the man fell a half tozen fierce plainsmen sprang into the coom from where they had apparently the street and cut off escape from that

"We are lost now," said the girl simply. "We?" questioned Targan.

"Yes, m'sieur," she responded; "they will kill me as well. Have I not sided

This put a different aspect on the matter. Targan had rather been enjoying the excitement and danger of the encounter. He had not for an instant supposed that either Abdul or the girl could suffer ex-cept through accident, and he had only retreated just enough to keep from being killed himself. He had had no intention of running away until he saw that he was hopelessly lost were he to remain.

He crossed to the window which overlooked the street. In a minute there would be enamies below. Already he could bear the mob clambering the stairway to the next quarters—they would be at the door beside him in another instant. He put a foot upon the sill and leaned out, but he did not look down. Above him, within arm's reach, was the low roof of the building. He called to the girl. She came and stood beside him. He put a great arm about her and lifted her across

his shoulder.

"Wait here until I reach down for you from above," he said to Abdul. "In the meantime shove everything in the room against that door—it may delay them long enough." Then he stepped to the sill of the narrow window with the girl upon his shoulders. "Hold tight," he cautioned her. A moment later he had clambered to the roof above with the ease and dexterity of an ape. Setting the girl down, he leaned far over the roof's edge, calling softly to Abdul. The youth ran to the window.

"Your hand," whispered Targan. The men in the room beyond were battering at the door. With a sudden crash it fell splintering in, and at the same instant Abdul felt himself lifted like a feather on to the roof above. They were not a moment too soon, for as the men broke into the room which they had just quit-ted a dozen more rounded the corner in the street below and came running to a apot beneath the girl's window.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE FIGHT IN THE DESERT. As the three squatted upon the roof above the quarters of the Ouled-Nails they heard the angry cursing of the Arabs in the room beneath. Abdultranslated from time to time to Tarsan. They are berating those in the street below now," said Abdul, "for permitting us to escape so easily. Those in the street say that we did not come that way that we are still within the building and that those above, being too cowardly to attack us are attempting to deserve them into believing that we have escaped. In a moment they will have fighting of their own to attend to if they continue their brawling."

hat she was the same who had whis- this or another cafe. I have not rea prisoner. "A prisoner!" ejaculated Targan, in-

"A slave would be the better word,"

she answered. "I was stolen in the night from my father's douar by a band of marauders. They brought me here and sold me to the Arab who keeps this cafe. It has been nearly two years now since I saw the last of mine own people. are very far to the south. They never came to Sidi Alssa."

"You would like to return to your peo ple?" asked Targan. romise to see you safely so far as Bou sada at least. There we can doubtless arrange with the commandant to send ou the rest of the way.'

"Oh, m'sieur," she cried, "how can 1 ever repay you! You cannot really mean that you will do so much for a poor Ouled-Nail. But my father can re you, and he will, for is he not a great sheik? He is Kadour ben Saden. "Kadour ben Saden!" elaculated Tar-

Alssa this very night. He dined with me but a few hours since. "My father in Sidi Aissa?" cried the amazed girl. "Allah be praised then, for I am indeed saved."

"Hash!" cautioned Abdul. "Listen." From below came the sound of voices,

quite distinguishable upon the still night air. Tarzan could not understand the words, but Abdul and the girl translated. "They have gone now," said the latter. "It is you they want, m'sieur. One of them said that the stranger who had f. Inertia offered money for your slaying lay in the house of Akmed din Soulef with a broken wrist, but that he had offered a still greater reward if some would lay in wait for you upon the road to Bou Sanda and kill you."

"It is he who followed m'sieur about the market today," exclaimed Abdul. "I saw him again within the cafe—him and another; and the two went out into the inner court after talking with this girl here. It was they who attacked and fired upon us as we came out of the cafe. Why do they wish to kill you, m'sieur?" If do not know," reguled Targan and "I do not know," replied Tarzan, and then, after a pause, "Unless—" But he dld not finish, for the thought that had come to his mind, while it seemed the only reasonable solution of the mystery, appeared at the same time quite improbable.

Presently the men in the street went away. The courtyard and the cafe were deserted. Cautiously Tarsan lowered himself to the sill of the girl's window. The room was empty. He returned to the roof and let Abdul down, then he lowered the girl to the arms of the waiting Arab. From the window Abdul dropped the

From the window Abdul dropped the short distance to the street below, while Tarzan took the girl in his arms and leaped down as he had done on so many other occasions in his own forest with a burden in his arms. A little cry of alarm was startled from the girl's lips, but Tarzan landed in the street with but an improvemental startle and lowered her in safety. perceptible jar, and lowered her in safety to her feet.

She clong to him for a moment.

"How strong m'sleur is, and how active," she cried. "El adrea, the black lion,

tive," she cried. "El adrea, the black lion, himself is not more so."
Without further mishap they reached the hotel. The sleepy landlord objected strenuously to instituting a search for Kadour ben Saden until the following morning, but a piece of gold put a different aspect on the matter, so that a few moments later 2 servant had started to make the rounds of the lesser native hostelries, where it might be expected that a desert shelk would find congenial aspeciations. Tarsan had felt it necessary sociations. Tarsan had felt it necessary to find the girl's father that night, for fear he might start on his homeward journey too early in the morning to be

They had waited perhaps half an hour when the messenger returned with Kadour ben Saden. The old shelk entered

dour ben Saden. The oid shelk entered
the room with a questioning expression
upon his proud face.

"Monsieur has done me the henor to
—" he commenced, and them his eyes
fell upon the girl. With outstretched
arms he crossed the room to meet her.
"My daughtes?" he cried. "Allah is merciful" and tears dimmed the martial eyes
of the old warriag.

of the old warrior.

When the story of her abduction and her final rescue had been told to Kadour ben Saden he extended his hand to Tar-

The Daily Story

Gordon's Debutante

She was such a tiny mite of a child hat when Gordon, the big stage manmat when Gordon, the big stage manager, came to the door to speak to her he involuntarily leaned over as if afraid that his voice would not reach down to her unless he did so.

"So your name"

her unless he did so.
"So your name's Edith?" he said,
cheerity, as he glanced at the card from
the dramatic agency. "Where's your "Please," the child answered com-

"Please," the child answered com-posedly, "my mamma's sick and she can't come."
"That's bad," he muttered to Harkins, the manager, who had just come out of his office; "can't have a little tyke like that about the shop and no one to look after her."

that about the shop and no one to lock after her."
The child's sharp ears caught the speech, and she tugged at Gordon's coat to command his attention. "Please," she urged, "Neille can come with me in the evenings. Neille works in a shop day-times, but I'll be awfully good at the matiness and it won't matter. We need the money so much."
Gordon's face softened. He was a good-hearted fellow, rough at rehearsale, but as gentle as a woman at other times. Something in the anxious, pleading face touched him, and he patted the little cheek.

"We can fix it about the matinees," he said kindly, "You come for rehearsal at 10 in the morning."

disbarred from legal practice in the State
Jefferson was appointed two years ago by Governor Fielder. Since then he has been convicted of receiving bribes from Camden hotel proprietors. He was sentenced to two years in the New Jersey State Prison, but made an appeal which deferred sentence. Monday's proceedings are designed to remove him from the bar forever. 10 in the morning."

"Will it be very long before the pay begins?" she asked engerly. She had heard that there were weeks of rehearmal when the actors were not paid.

"About four weeks before the piece goes on," he said carelessly, "but you get paid for rehearsing," he continued unable to face the mute dismay in the utile face, and deciding that he would

unable to face the mute dismay in the little face, and deciding that he would be the treasurer for the time being.
"I'm so glad," she cried, her face lighting up, "I'll be here temerrow." And she ran out of the gloomy entrance. Gordon faced Harking quizzical look terdam today are Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Edwards, Miss L. D. Wheeler, Mrs. Wil-liam G. Cockran and John E. Talley. defiantly. "You don't have to pay her till the show starts," he said, as he saw that the other would speak. "I'll stand that." And he went back on the stage, leaving Harking too astolated. Johnston, Miss G. Glyn, Alfred Hare, Miss Elizabeth Price, Tracey Vil-lange, Mrs. Tracey Villange, Miss Cath-erine Rutherford, Mrs. J. S. Frisble, A. B. Church, Walter E. Pegler. leaving Harkins too astonished to com

Gordon was a good-hearted chap, he Gordon was a good-hearted chap, he knew, but even that did not account for this generous promise that the child would be paid for rehearsal. He could not know that in the secret chambers of Gordon's heart an old wound was bleeding afresh, and that it was a child's face that had evoked the buried memory of the woman he had loved and would love that had evoked the buried member of the woman he had loved and would love till death. The little girl was the image of Alice Standiah, who had been in the first company in which he had ever played, and who had given up a strons man's love for the graceful wiles of the man's love for the graceful wises of the leading man, whose passion for his pretty wife had turned to distaste before they had been married two years. Franklyn, used to the homage of hun-

Franklyn, used to the homage of hundreds of hero worshipers, was not content with the unselfish love of one woman; there had been a divorce, and Alice had dropped from the little world of the stage. It was whispered that she had gone to her home, but where that was none knew, and Gordon had only the memory of his love.

All through that day the face of Alice

All through that day the face of Alice Standish was before him, and, even in his dreams that he lived again, that old memory of days before Franklyn joined the company. In the morning Baby Edith's face reminded him so strongly of his lost love that he asked her if her mother's name was not Alice Standish

Franktyn Franklyn.

His heart sank as the child gravely shook her head. "My mamma's name is Ashley." she said, and Gordon turned away. Somehow he had hoped that this was her child. He took down the name or the application for a Children's Socity permit allowing the child to appear on the stage, and turned it over to Harkins. Then he put from him the hope which had led him these will-o'-the-wisp fancies, and found at least temporary orgetfulness in the work of directing the

rehearsul. For two days he was depressed and not nimself when he was away from his work, and the actors complained at the leverish energy with which he conducted It was on the fourth day that rehearsal

was interrupted by the appearance of an officer of the Children's Society on the stage. "Say," scolded that wrought-up official,

what do you people me on a wild goose chase? That Mrs. Ashley says she hasn't any child on the stage. She says the kid's going to school, and Gordon called Edith. "Didn't you say

your mamma's name was Ashley? asked sharply. "This gentleman says she only has a little girl going to school." The child caught a glimpse of the badge on the officer's coat and threw herself into Gordon's arms with a frightened cry. "Don't let him arrest me! Don't let

him arrest me!" she wailed.
"Why should he arrest you?" asked fordon, trying to soothe her "I told a story," she sobbed. "I said was Effle Ashley so mamma wouldn't know I was going to be an actress. You see, mamma was so sick and needed money so much, and when a lady asked

me on the street if I wanted to go on the stage mamma cried and said I mustn't ever, but she had to have money. and I went to the lady myself and she sent me here."
"What is your mamma's name?" asked

Gordon, gently. "It is Franklyn," wailed the child "just like you said it was. I was so afraid you knew, an you did. Oh, now mamma will know, and she'll cry just like she did when the lady came."

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Philadelphians "Enlist" for War Department Camp

Granting that we can mushroom together a miscellaneously armed, partly efficient, vast body of citizen soldiers, who's going to do the organizing? Where can we look for officers? The War Department's training camp at Plattsburg, N. Y., may be the solution in miniature. Here, college and professional men receive instruction that fits them for officership in times of national peril. Philadelphians view the scheme so favorably that the story of their early "enlistments" and an outline of the Plattsburg idea is most interesting and timely.

Our City First in Relief for Wounded at Neuilly

By Fullerton L. Waldo

Philadelphia's part in the labors of the American ambulance at Neuilly has created much favorable comment in France for its valuable assistance in nursing the wounded of the Allies back to fighting trim. Fullerton L. Waldo finds that the material provided by Philadelphia donors far surpasses in quality and quantity the contributions of any other American community.

U.S. is First in Naval Units

Even if our navy doesn't measure up to the fighting numbers of England and Germany, we're proud of what we have. American inventive genius has produced some of the most notable of fighting craft and methods of sea warfare. An expert tells us that we are first in advanced naval affairs.

Chicago's Wedding De Luxe

The coming wedding of Miss Barker, \$30,000,000 heiress, to Mr. Howard Spaulding, a clerk, has aroused favorable comment throughout the country. Sunday's Public Ledger publishes the remarkable story of this romantic courtship, engagement and the elaborate preparations for Chicago's big wedding.

A Scheme to Divorce **Tariff From Politics**

Prominent men are back of a na tional campaign to separate all tariff from the influence of politics. The idea, long advocated, now finds a method for concrete realization. In the proposal afoot for a permanent Non-Partisan Tariff Commission we have an intelligent theory for sharply di-viding party lines and tariff into two distinct fields with greater efficiency in each.

The Saintsbury Affair

By Roman Doubleday

Are you reading this delightful novel? If you're not following this great detective adventure, begin it tomorrow. You'll find a complete synopsis with the story. "The Saintsbury Affair" is possibly the most baffling mystery ever developed by an American novelist. Thrilling, romantic, absorbing, its great plot is never intimated until the last chapter clears up everything.

How the Body Fights Death Germs By Woods Hutchinson, A. M., M. D.

The president of the American Academy of Medicine tells us how our bodies acquire immunity against infectious diseases. Of course, "medicos" know it, but most of us can't absorb their strange talk. So Woods Hutchinson gives us a highly under-standable and interesting gist of the subject in the language of ordinary man. Doctor Hutchin-son's article is both instructive and entertaining. It's well worth your reading.

London Life As Seen in Wartime

T. Walter Gilkyson, of the Philadelphia bar, contributes a very interesting article on the political, social and business phases of the English metropolis as they present themselves to an American. Mr. Gilkyson is one of the nearly extinct American tourists to the British Isles, who left Philadelphia bent on exciting

pleasure, with information-gathering as a big side line. Material for his article is obtained from

first hand impressions and au-

SPORTS MAGAZINE

"Is There Such a Thing As a Curved Ball?" by Grover Cleveland Alexander. The invincible Alex makes a challenge and reply to scientists who say that a baseball's curve is an optical illusion. "How New York Fans Outwitted Jess Willard's Manager," by William H. Rocap, who scents "inside" work in choosing the champion's

first opponent. "Scientific Diving Instructions for Women Swimmers," by Katharya "Molla Bjurstedt, Winner of Three National Tennis Titles, Views

"Mola Burstedt, Winner of Three National Tennis Titles, Views American Women," by Paul W. Gibbons.
"Obstacles that Confront a Baseball Manager." Miller Huggins tells H. Perry Lewis of the ball pilot's hardships.
"American Athletes to Assail World's Records at the Exposition Games," by E. R. Bushnell. "My Early Experiences on the Diamond," told by John Henry (Honus)

Wagner.
"How Architects Are Being Drawn Into the Golf Game," by William H. Evans.

Women's Interest Section

"The Proper Grouping of Trees," by Jane Leslie Kift; "How to Choose the Ice Cream Freezer," by Mrs. Christine Frederick; "The August Furniture Sale," by Virginia Earle; "A National Congress for Framing Uniform Bridge Laws," by Florence Irwin; "The Right Summer Food for Children," by Louise Hogan; Peggy Shippen's weekly review of society gossip and news of Philadelphians asummering; and the Children's Page, by Ruth Plumly Thompson—the Perhappsy Chaps, Oliver Elephant, Paws and Claws Club, Dolls' Ledger, rhymes, puzzles and pictures.

In the Intaglio—

Pennsylvania Militiamen at Mt. Gretna, surf youngsters, prominent folk in the news, war lords at the European front, action photos of the war, rare garden suggestions, househoat interiors and marine

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