EVENING LEDGER-PHILADELPHIA, THURSDAY, JULY 29, 1915:

CASH. OR

CHARGE?

THE RETURN OF TARZAN By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS AUTHOR OF "TARZAN OF THE APES"

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CHAPTER XI-(Continued)

O SIGN of pursuit developed and they came in safety about 9 o'clock to their destination. The shelk had but just returned He was frantic with grief at the absence of his daughter, whom he thought had been again abducted by the marauders. With 30 men, he was already mounted to go in search of her when the two rode into the douar. His joy at the safe return of his daugh-ter may only semaled by his gravitude to

His joy at the safe return of his daugher was only equaled by his gratitude to farsan for bringing her asfely to him through the dangers of the night, and his tankfulness that she had been in time to save the man who had once saved her. No honor that Kadour-ben-Saden could heap upon the apernan in schnowledgment of his esteem and friendship was neglected. When the girl had recited the story of the slaying of el adrea Tarzan was surrounded by a mob of worshiping Arabs-li was a sure road to their administion and respect.

and who seemed to understand him. His friendship and liking for the girl were potent factors in urging him toward an affirmative decision. Had she been a man, hé argued, he should not have hesitated, for it would have meant a friend after his own heart, with whom he could ride and hunt at will, but as it was they would be hedged by the conventionalities that are even more strictly observed by the wild nomade of the desert than by their more civilized brothers and sisters. And in a little while she would be married to one of these swarthy warriors, and there would be an end to their friendship. So he de-dided against the shelk's proposal, though he remained a week as his guest. When he left, Kadour-ben-Saden and white-robed warriors rode with him to foo Sada. While they were mounting in the douar of Kadour-ben-Saden the moming of their departure, the girl came to bld farewell to Tarzan. "I have prayed that you would remain with us," she said simply, as he leaned from his saddle to clasp her, hand in farewell, "and now I shall pray that you will return."

return.

There was an expression of wistfulness

In here was an expression of wistrumess in her beautiful eyes, and a pathetic droop at the corners of her mouth. Tar-man was touched. "Who knows?" and then he turned and rode after the departing Arabs. Outside Bou Saada he bade Kadour-ben-Saden and his men good-by, for there were reasons which made him wish to make his entry into the four as scene to make his entry into the town as secret as possible, and when he had explained them to the shelk the latter concurred in them to the sherk the latter concurred in his decision. The Arabs were to enter Bou Saada ahead of him, saying nothing as to his presence with them. Later Tar-man would come in alone, and go di-

rectly to an obscure native inn. Thus, making his entrance after dack, as he did, he was not seen by any one who knew him, and reached the inn un-

"I am paying you by keeping a still tongue in my head," retorted Rokoff. "But let's have done. Will you, or will you not? I give you three minutes to decide. If you are not agreeable I shall seng a note to your commandant tonight that will end in the degradation that Dreyfus suffered—the only difference being that he did not deserve it."

Gid not deserve it." For a moment Gernois sat with bowed head. At length he arose, He drew two please of paper from his blouse. "Here," he said hopelessly. "I had them ready, for I knew that there could be but one outcome." He held them toward the Russian.

Russian.

Russian. Rokoff's cruel face lighted in malignant gloating. He selzed the bits of paper. "You have done well, Gernois," he said. "I chall not trouble you again-unless you have a factorized by the said. happen to accumulate some more money

happen to accumulate some more money or information." and he grinned. "You never shall again, you dog!" hissed Gernols. "The next time I shall kill you. I came near doing it tonight For an hour I sat with these two pieces of paper on my table before me ere I came here-beside them hay my loaded revolver. I was trying to decide which I should bring. Next time the choice shall be easier, for I aiready have decided. You had a close call tonight, Rokoff; do not tempt fate a second time." Then Gernols rose to leave. Targan barely had time to drop to the landing and shrink back into the shadows on the far

shrink back into the shadows on the far side of the door. Even then he scarcely hoped to elude detection. The landing was very small, and though he flattened

Tarzan knew that discovery would be inevitable. Rokoff still stood on the thres-hold a foot from him, but he was looking

in the opposite direction, toward Gernois Then the officer evidently reconsidered his decision, and resumed his downward course. Targan could hear Rokoff's sign of relief. A moment later the Russian went back into the room and closed the

door. Tarzan waited until Gernois had had time to get well out of hearing, then he pushed open the door and stepped into the room. He was on top of Rokoff before the man could rise from the chair where he sat scanning the paper Gernois had given him. As his eyes turned and fell upon the ape-man's face his own went livid.

"You!" he gasped. "I," replied Tarzan.

"You!" he gasped. "I," replied Tarzan. "What do you want?" whispered Ro-koff, for the look in the ape-man's eyes frightened him. "Have you come to kill me? You do not dare. They would guill-lotine you. You do not dare kill me." "I dare kill you, Rököff." replied Tar-man, "for no one knows that you are here or that I am here, and Paulvitch would tell them that it was Gernois. I heard you tell Gernois so. But that would not influence me, Rököff. I would not care who knew that I had killed you; the pleasure of killing you would more than compensate for any punishment they

pleasure of killing you would more than compensate for any punishment they might inflict upon me. You are the most despicable cur of a coward, Rokoff, I have ever heard of. You should be killed. I should love to kill you," and Tarzan approached closer to the man. Rokoff's nerves were keyed to the breaking point. With a shrick he sprang toward an adjoining room, but the ape-man was upon his back while his leap was yet but half completed. Iron fin-gers sought his throat-the great coward

gers sought his throat-the great coward squealed like a stuck pig, until Taraan had shut off his wind. Then the ape-man dragged him to his feet, still chokhigh him. The Russian struggied futilely -he was like a babe in the mighty grasp of Tarzan of the Apes. Tarzan sat him in a chair, and long before there was danger of the man's dying he released his hold upon his throat Whan the Russian's couching miles. throat. When the Russian's coughing spell had abated Tarzan spoke to him throat. again. "I have given you a taste of the suf-fering of death," he said. "But I shall not kill--this time. I am sparing you solely for the sake of a very good woman whose great misfortune it was to have been born of the same woman who gave birth to you. But I shall snare you only been born of the same woman who gave birth to you. But I shall spare you only this once on her account. Should I ever learn that you have again annoyed her or her husband—should you ever annoy me again—should I hear that you have returned to France or to any French pos-session. I shall make it my sole business to hunt you down and complete the chok-ing I comenced tonight." Then he turned to the table, on which the two pleces of paper still lay. As he plcked them up Rokoff gasped in horror. Tarsan examined both the check and the other. He was amaged at the infor-

and you have my word of honor that I is that I am rid of Rokoff. He was commending to annoy me I wonder if I am really becoming so civilized that presently I shall develop a set of nerves. He would for has cont. The information instead of taking both it and money, too." If am paying you by keeping a still forgues in my head, "reiorised Rokoff. "But is any three minutes to decide if you are not agreesible I shall send a noto to your commandant tonight that At dinner that night Targan sat next to a young woman whose place was at the captain's left. The officer introduced Miss Strong! Where had he heard the

Miss Strong! Where had he heard the name before? It was very familiar. And then the girl's mother gave him the clue, for when she addressed her daugh-ter she called her Hazel. Hazel Strong! What memories the name inspired. It had been a letter to this girl, penned by the fair hand of Jane Porter, that had carried him the first message from the woman he loved. How vividly he recalled the night he had stolen it from the deak in the cable of his long-dead he recalled the hight he had attach it for the jeak in the cabin of his long-dead father, where Jane Porter had sat writing it late into the night, while he crouched in the darkness without. How terror-stricken she would have been that night had she known that the wild jungle beast scatted outside her window watching soatted outside her window, watching her every move. And this was Hazel Strong - Jane Porter's best friend!

CHAPTER XII. TET us go back a few months to the I little, wind-swept platform of a rallway station in northern Wisconsin. The smoke of forest fires hangs low over the surrounding landscape. Its aerid fumes smarting the eyes of a little party of six who stand waiting the coming of the train shat is to bear them away toward the south

Professor Archimedes Q. Porter, his hands clasped beneath the tails of his hands clasped beneath the tails of his long coat, paces back and forth under the ever-watchful eye of his faithful scre-tary, Mr. Samuel T. Philander. Twice within the past few minutes he has started absent-mindedly across the tracks in the direction of a nearby swamp, only to be rescued and dragged back by the tireless Mr. Philander.

tireless Mr. Philander. Jane Porter, the professor's daughter, is in strained and lifeless conversation with William Cecil Clayton and Tarzan of the Apes. Within the little waiting room, but a bare moment before, a con-fession of love and a renunciation had taken place that had blighted the lives and happings of two of the nexts but and happiness of two of the party, but William Cecil Clayton, Lord Greyatoke,

was not one of them. Behind Miss Porter hovered the motherly Esmeralda. She, too, was happy, for was she not returning to her beloved Mary-land? Already she could see dimly and not returning to her beloved Mary-land? Already she could see dimly through the fog of smoke the murky headlight of the incoming engine. The men began to gather up the hand bag-gage. Suddenly Clayton exclaimed: "By Jovel I've left my ulster in the waiting room," and he hastened off to fetch it.

"Good-bye, Jane," said Tarzan, extend-ing his hand. "God bless you!" "Good-bye," replied the girl faintly. "Try to forget me-no, not that-I could not bear to think that you had forgotten me."

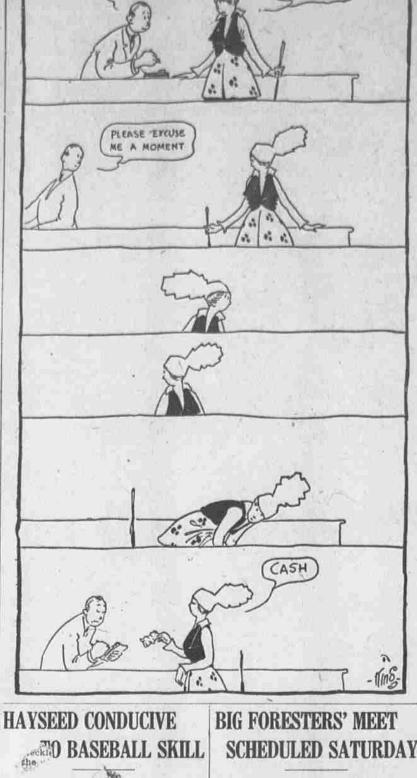
(CONTINUED TOMORROW.)



Philadelphia Craft Leave Maryland City for 368-mile Con-

test-The Entries. BALTIMORE, July 29-The rain this

Α



BREAKING IT GENTLY

AN - ER -

THAT IS, -

Saturday afternoon.

Events have been arranged as follows: 120 and 200 yard dashes, 440, 880 yard and one-mile runs, running high jump and one-mile relay. There is also an open scratch event for sack racers at a dis-

"And if things don't change at once I'll go! I want it decided high here and now." represented at the Panama-Pacific na-tional A. A. U. championships by a team of seven athletes, the class of which is

The Daily Story

Her Domestic Tyrant Some folks wondered at the marriage between Stephen Roberts and Clara Colby, and others admitted that it might be a good thing. Some folks wondered because Stephen was an old bachelor and set in his ways, while the young lady was known to be rather flighty and flirty. Some approved, because they thought an old bachelor was just the husband to

make a frivolous wife settle down.

make a frivolous wife settle down. There was one thing Miss Chara bragged of as a girl, and that was that nobody could manage ber. Whatever she wanted to do she would do. Her marriage wasp't going to make a bit of difference about that. She said so to Stephen. His an-swor is not recorded, but whatever it was he probably did some thinking, and per-haps he made up bis mind to pursue a certain policy.

The was weeks after the wedding before there was a clash. The husband made a suggestion now and then, instead of com-manding or nagging. While they were only suggestions, the young wife found herself following them without opposi-tion, and this pleasant state of affairs wheth have continued but for an syon might have continued but for an even more frivolous wite who dropped in one afternoon to say:

"Clara Roberts, do you know that all the folks are talking about the way you've been humbled since your marriage?" "What-I humbled!" was the exclama-

'Yes. Everybody notices it. You used "Yes. Everybody notices II. You used to have a mind of your own, but now you are as humble as a cat. We all may it's a shame for your humband to lay the law down to you as he does." "But he doesn't. He has never tried to bous me one single time."

"You used to be out every afternoon." "He just thought it was a little too

much "You haven't been to the club in four

weeks. 'Stephen said he'd rather stay home.' "You didn't ride out all last week." "But we haven't a carriage of our own, you know, and the hired ones are very expensive."

expensive." "Just so. Everybody said Stephen Rob-erts would put an end to your extrava-gances. Oh, he's bossing you, all right!" When the visitor had departed Mrs. Roberts sat dewn and reviewed the sit-uation. Was her husband bossing he?? Was he humbling her to the dust? Was he insidiously curtailing her privileges? No! Yes! Come to think of it, he was actually playing the domestic tyrant and wearing a mask while doing it. Other folks had noticed it right along, but she had been foolish and blind. She had given up this and given up that, and

given up this and given up that, and now people were calling her, a humble cat! And did that domestic tyrant of

Stephen Roberts think any more of her for her sacrifices, as she named them? Not a bit. He would simply go on de-manding more. He had asked her to give up hired carriages, but had he given up cigars? He had asked her to eliminate her club, but wasn't he riding the goat at his Masonic lodge one night a week? Mrs. Clara Roberts had three hours to Mrs. Chara Roberts and three hours to think things over before her husband came up to dinner. That was plenty of time to arouse her obstinacy, and when he entered the house she was ready for him. The lovelight had gone out of her

didn't do it she boldly declared: "Stephen, I want to ride out every afternoon next week!"

"You know what my salary is at the bank," he replied. "And I shall go to the club!"

"I hope not." "And I want a new suit at once!"

'Yes?' "I didn't marry you to be ground

"No?"

"Yes?'

"So do I!" Mrs. Robe

"Mother said I could come home to her any time.

OBITUARIES

MRS. ANNA N. ELLISON

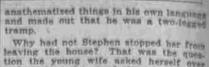
Widow of Rodman B. Ellison Dies at

Her Bryn Mawr Residence.

Mrs. Anna N. Ellison, widow of Rod-

Mrs. Anna N. Ellison, widow of Rod-man B. Ellison, died at her home, Linden Shade Farm, Bryn Mawr, last night at 9:30 o'clock. Her death was due to the infirmities of old age. Mrs. Ellison, who was 75 years old, was before her mariage Miss Anna N. Miller. Her father-in-law was the founder of John B. Ellison & Son, weaken manufacturers of South fit

woolen manufacturers, 24 South 6th



tramp. Why had not Stephen stopped her fram leaving the house? That was the ques-tion the young wife asked herself over and over as she stood there in her sop-ping shoes. Why hadn't he kinned her and tried to make up? She had said she was going home to mother, but he hadn't filed one single objection. Oh, what a heattless brute! That is, she would give a year of her life if he were there will her now! Thunder, lightning rain, dark, ness and an old tramp getting up his courage to attack her!

And even if she lived to reach her mother's house, what sort of a story could she tell? When she first started out she felt she would be received with open arms and that her mother would 88.91

"So you have left that villain for good and sill Good! Come to my arms, child. You have a mother to take your part. I will see that Stephen's neck is broken within a week!"

Now, in that old ruin, with her shows



Why had he not stopped her from leaving

the house? asop and the rain pelting down harder

and harder, she just cried like a baby and called out:

"Mother, I forbid you to break his neck! Stephen is the best husband in all this world!"

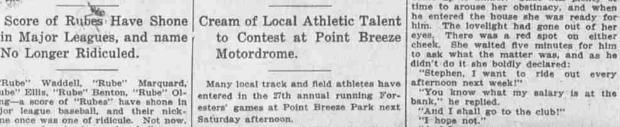
Then a hand clasped one of hers, and an arm stole around her waist. She had not heard any one approach, but she was not startled. She was gently drawn out of the ruin-into the road-along it to her home, and the hog was left to wonder and puzle over the idiosyncrasies of human nature. Not a word was spoken on the way home-not a word for an hour lates. Then the humand could be oblater. Then the husband quietly observed:

"I'll order the carriage for next week. Clara.

"But I don't want you to," she replied. "I'm coming down to the bank every evening to walk home with you!" (Capyright, 1915, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Sunday Regatta at New York

The New York Rowing Association will hold a regatta on the Harlem River Sunday September 12 This will be the first regatta open to all New York clubs that ever has been held on a Sunday. It marks a new epoch in American amateur rowing. Seven events are scheduled. All of the races will be over the one-mile Harlem Speedway course.



lance to be determined on the day of the contests. The New York Athletic Club will be

"Rube" Waddell, "Rube" Marquard, "Rube" Ellis, "Rube" Benton, "Rube" Ol-dring-a score of "Rubes" have shone in major league baseball, and their nick-

mame once was one of ridicule. Not now, Managers of major league baseball teams are looking for "Rubes," and when they say "Rube" they mean not the uncouth or awkward recruit, but the clean-cut, clean-living boy from the farm.

"Cap" Anson was a farmer boy, and worked on the farm near Marshalltown, Ia. "Buck" Ewing, the greatest of all catchers, was raised on a farm near West-

boro, O. Ty Cobb confesses that he worked on a plantation in Georgia before

in Major Leagues, and name No Longer Ridiculed.

served. After dining with Kadour-ber Baden as his guest, he went to his former hotel by a roundabout way, and, coming in by a rear entrance, sought the proprietor, who seemed much surprised to see him alive. Yes, there was mail for monsieur; he

would fetch it. No, he would mention monsieur's return to no one. Presently he returned with a packet of letters. One was an order from his superior to lay off on his present work, and hasten to Cape Town by the first steamer he could get. His further instructions would be awaiting him there in the hands of anawarding him there in the hands of an-other agent whose name and address were given. That was all-brief but explicit. Tarzan arranged to isave Bou Saada early next morning. Then he started for the garrison to see Captain Gerard, whom the hotel man had told him had returned with his datacheept the provided day

with his detachment the previous day. He found the officer in his quarters. He was filled with surprise and pleasure at seeing Targan alive and well.

"When Lieutenant Gernols returned and reported that he had not found you at the spot that you had chosen to re-main while the detachment was scouting, I was filled with alarm. We searched the mountains for days. Then came word that you had been killed and eaten by a that you had been killed and eaten by a lion. As proof your gun was brought to us. Your horse had returned to camp the second day after your disappearance. We could not doubt. Liantenant Gernois was grief-stricken-he took all the blams upon himself. It was he who insisted on carrying on the search himself. It was he who found the Arab with your gun. He will be delighted to know that you are safe."

Doubliess," said Tarzan, with a grim smile

"He is down in the town now, or I should send for him." continued Captain Gerard. "I shall tell him as soon as he

Tarsan let the officer think that he had <text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text> been lost, wandering finally into the douge of Kadeur-ben-Saden, who had es-corted him back to Bou Saada. As soon as possible be bade the good'officer adjeu, and hastened back into town. At the native inn be had learned, through Ka-dour law. Saden a piece of interacting in.

Tarzan examined both the check and the other. He was amazed at the infor-mation the latter contained. Rokoff had partially read it, but Tarzan knew that no one could remember the saliont facts and figures it held which made it of real value to an enemy of France. "These will interest the chief of staff." he said, as he slipped them into his pocket.

Rokoff groaned. He did not dare curse

aloud

aloud. The next morning Tarzan rode north on his way to Bours and Algiers. As he had ridden past the hotel Lieutenant Gernois was standing on the veranda. As his eyes discovered Tarzan he went white as chalk. The spe-man would have been glad had the meeting not occurred, but he could not avoid it. He saluted the officer as he rode past. Mechanicaly Gernois returned the salute, but those terrible, wide eyes followed the horze-man, expressionless except for horzer. It was as though a dead man looked upon a ghost.

boats competing in the Baltimore-to-Camden cruiser contest of 368% nautical

Two of the boats in class B, for boats under 44 feet over-all length, namely the Dora II, owned by Bruno Alresshoff, of the Riverside Yacht Club, and the Eu-genia, owned by Dr. Eugène Swayne, commodore of the Flat Rock Motorboat Club left the anohorses of the Manulerd Club, left the anchorage of the Maryland Motorboat Club at noon. The Jennie S, owned by George Stock, of the Camden Motorboat Club, the third

boat in class B, will holst anchor at # o'clock this afternoon. The Marguerite II, owned by Commo-dore A. B. Carlledge, of the Keystone Yacht Club and president of the Delaware River Yacht-racing Association, under whose auguices the race is being hold will

River factor factor Association, under whose auspices the race is being held, will be the first of class A boats over 44 feet over-all to get going. She will leave at 5 a. m. Friday. The Frances III, owned by Dr. C. S. Steigerwald, of the Keystone Yacht Club, is the other starter in class A class A. The interest of the Baltimore yachts-

The interest of the Baltimore yachts-men is attracted by the entry of the ex-press cruiser Charmeon II, owned by C. Hugh Manley, of the Maryland Motor-boat Club. The craft was built this sea-son and will have her first real try-out when she gets under way at 10 p. m. Fri-day. Mr. Manley expects to make the run in 18 hours or less. The Sue M., owned by Commodore Charlie Morrell, of the Adelphia Yacht Club, was to have heen a starter in class B, but hefore leav-ing Fairmount Dam for the trip to Bal-timore the craft broke a cylinder head.

Police Court Chronicles

To travel at the rate of a mile a min or even faster, is the ambition of the, or even faster, is the ambition of George Gager. For many years he was a bareback rider in numerous circuses. He fell many times, but admits that he was thrown by rum more often than by the horses. In those days George was billed as "The Speed King." for he used to jump from a horse's back to a whissing motor-cycle, which was fidden abreast of the fiving sized.



Young, the wonderful old pitcher, was a farmer always.

He came from a farm near Cleveland, added to it during his 20 years of pitching and went back to it. Del Howard, of the old Chicago Cubs, was a farmer from Kenney, Ill., and transplanted himself in Jacksonville, Ore. Jake Daubert, the Brooklyn first baseman, king of the Na-tional League batters, was a farmer boy in Pennsylvania, as was Jimmy Sheckard, the famous veteran. George Mullin, De-troit's great pitcher, was an Indiana farmer boy, and still owns his lands near

Wawasee. Jimmy Slagle, "The Rabbit," raised and milled buckwheat. Ham Hyatt planted corn on Hominy creek in North Carolina. corn on Hominy creek in North Carolina. Clark Griffith came from a farm in Illi-nois and worked on a ranch in Montana. Miller Huggins, Ward Miller, "Chick" Fraser, Ciyde Milan, Larry Wheat, of Brooklyn; Larry Gardner, of the Boston Red Sox; Joe Jackson, the great Cleve-land slugger; Sam Crawford, Vic Saier, of the Chicago Cubs; "Ducky" Holmes, the veteran of a dozen clubs; Artie Phelan, "Red" Killefer, Fred Clarke manager

"Red" Killefer, Fred Clarke, manager of the Pittaburgh Pirates; Jim Thorpe, the greatest athlete of the modern world; Claude Hendrix, the pitcher who jumped from the Chicago Federals, and the great Walter Johnson all worked on farms and laid the foundations of their strength and speed in farmwork.

Today's Card at Hamilton

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*Appendice allowance claimed. Weather cloudy; track sloppy.

Today's Card at Aqueduct

Today's Card at Aquachiet a race, for 2-year-old maiders, sailing, forman-Nauli, 117. Crivator, 100. Walp har, 100; Miles Philbin, 100; Venitura 100; aren Higer, 100; Maifour 100; Romero, 100; Maifour 100; Romero, 100; Maifour 100; Romero, 100; Maifour 100; Romero, 100; Maifour 100; Carrier, 100; Ella Pryson, 100; G Mi - Mos Hen Quintes, 100; Lady Panchila, - Mos Hen Quintes, 100; Marry Shaw, 100; emath-Quanthese, 100; Marry Shaw, 100; emath-Quanthese, 100; - Marry Shaw, 100; - Marry Sh

S-year-elds and up, handle bithins, 7 furiance description Jury, 119, Hermannutd, 7271 an Maidee, 90; Seathall, 120

Transfer and sin margar the mile first stream, Transfer from Wilson Lot: "Planeter, You! Wilson

States and and

superior to any other team from the East. The men, owing to business condi-tions, will be unable to leave on the trip together.

Today Bernie Wefers, the coach, will leave with Walter Bursch, the hurdler, who is entered in the 220 junior and senior who is entered in the 25 juntor and senior and the 440-yard senior hurdles; Ed Mad-den, the sprinter, who is booked for the juntor and senior 220 yards, and Hugh Homobon, the distance man, entered in the junior five-mile modified and full dis-tance Marathon run.

Tomorrow K. Curtis, the pole vaulter, and J. C. Lincoln, Jr., the winner and record maker in the recent metropolitan championships with the javelin, will leave. Platt Adams, the best all-round jumper in the country, will make the trip alone, leaving here next Sunday forencon. The

leaving bere next Sunday forencon. The seventh man, D. Walker, is already at the coast. He won the national junior high jump in 1915, and will compete in the senior high jump and pole vault. In the national A. A. U. awimming championships which finished at the Panama-Pacific Exposition last Saturday the New York Athletic Club scored more points than any other organization by taking two firsts, two seconds and three third places. third places

third places. Fred W. Rublen, secretary-treasurer of the Amateur Athletic Union, left for the coast yesterday. Charles Hatfield, first lieutenant of the New York A. C., ac-

companied Mr. Rubien on the trip. W. R. Granger, of Dartmouth College and the Irish-American A. C., ran a fine race in the 1000 yards at the engineers' games at Celtic Park last Sunday. Starting from the scratch mark, he had to get through a field of about 60 handlcap men. Entering the home stretch he was 15 yards back of the leading man. By a grand place of running he managed to get into third place at the finish, just two yards behind the winner. The time made by Granger, 2 minutes 151-5 seconds, was very fast, considering the field he had to work his way through and the track he ran-on was none too good.

Willie Gordon, of the New York A. C., started from the back mark with Gran-ger, but looked to be away short of work nd never had a look-in.

> REAL ESTATE FOR SALE AUDUBON, N. J.

Audubon

Auction Sale

Buy at Your Price

-On Baturday nast it haging-and continues on Monday. Tues-day and Wednesday, from 3 to 6 P. M. Not ano lot resorved-widd at the prices bid-and only 10% down, balance in 2 years, and \$1000 worth of presenta-whother you buy or not.

NEAR CAMDEN

Only a short rids-a 5-cani re-from Markat 51. Purry,

Take Clementon of Man Meighus, our and off at HCI Highway, zight at the press The Assistory Chrysler isla aburything. Sand for M.

Dykman-Norvis Co.

"So do I!" Mrs. Roberts left the table and went over to the east window. She changed to the west one. Then she sat down. Then she stood up again. Mr. Roberts refused to be drawn into an argument to spoil his appetite. He refused to say what he would do, and it was for her to. give in or carry out her threats. Give in? Never! She walked upstairs and be-gan to array herself. The distance to her mother's manor house was at mile and a half, and darknesse was at hand. and a half, and darkness was at hand. she would go, however. She would go if the distance were 10 miles. There was a husband to be brought to time. There was a principle at state. People were referring to her as a worm of the dust.

was a principle at state. From of the dust. They should see! All family jars do not bring thunder-storms. This one did, however. The wife who started for mother's with haughty step and hard-set face, leaving a husband behind her at his coffee, had not trailed through the dust more than half a mile when wind, rain, thunder and lightning were upon her. She was thoroughly soaked before she could gain the shelter of an old tumble-down barn. She tried to remain angry, but she was too wert. She was also frightened. Every time it thundered the old ruin wriggled and shook. Every time it lightened the rad-hot thunderbolt made a straight trail for the sagging roof over her head. When othing else was doing a hog that had taken shelter before her moved about and

Why Brothers and Sisters Have **Different Natures**

Here is another typically clever article by

Woods Hutchinson, A.M., M.D.

You'll read it with interest and enjoyment in Sunday's Public Ledger. As usual, Doctor Hutchinson goes direct to the heart of the matter-explains some of the mysteries of heredity-explodes a fallacy or two-and concludes with a declaration which is truly startling.

You'll find "Why Brothers and Sisters Have Different Natures" quite a revelation.

Look for it in the Sunday (August 1st) PUBLIC AND LEDGER

