driven away.

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FOR THEIR AMBITION

Chairman Says "Bill's" Fit-

Sympathy for the Vares in their ambi-

tion to seize the government of Phila-

delphia is expressed by P. Gray Meek,

former Democratic State chairman, In his newspaper, the Democratic Watch-

man. Up in Bellefonte, Pa., where the

metn of Mr. Meek caused much comment,

and the consensus of opinion seemed to

After reminding the people that "Ed" and "Bill" had managed to draw several millions of dollars out of the municipal treasury and hold office almost continuously for many years, the Watchman dwells upon the statement made by Brother Ed," in which he declared that there were brownedge of contracts and

thorough knowledge of contracts and contractors was one of the qualifications for the office of Mayor.

Regarding this announcement of the Senator, the Watchman says: "That is candid, to say the least, and possibly it may be true, also, And in that event Bill's bank account is proof of fitness."

Police Court Chronicles

A report that there was a spy in their

midst caused the police to move cautious-

ly in Kensington. They spoke in sup-

pressed tones and tried to appear uncon-

cerned, which any one will admit is a

there was a spy at large was generally admitted, but, who or what kind of a spy he was no one knew definitely. The

fact that he was a spy and wandering

around loose was enough.

The Germans declared he was an Eng-

ish spy and the Englishmen said he was

German, and when some of them met in compromising attitude on the subject they decided he was a Mexican. Rumors had

reached a rather serious stage when sud-denly the spy himself was discovered. He was armed with a "disappearing" cam-

line on the number of trolleys in order to report to the jitney generals. These suspicions became somewhat con-

fused when the photographer "snapped"

several large mills. "I see," the cop fig-ured, "he's taking places that'll make good garages." As the spy wore a long black duster which looked as though it might have concealed a couple of bombs,

McDougall approached him from the rear and ordered "hands up!" The man' muttered something which sounded like a Russian curse, and shuffled along some-

a Russian curse, and shuffled along somewhat mutinously with the cop.

When commanded by Magistrate Scott to open the camera, the prisoner did so reluctantly and disclosed a flat-looking glass object of brownish hue. It bore the letters "PURE RYE."

The apy admitted that his name was George Adolphus Jones and said that he could prove by the assessors' lists that he was an American. "I found the camera out in the park," he said, "and I ecided to make some money taking pic-

discharged.

difficult task for a normal cop. That

ness for Mayor Proven.

# THE RETURN OF TARZAN

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

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BENOPSIS:

Jean Tarzan, after he has given up Jane
Porter, returns to Europe. On his way and
fir Paris he befriends the Count and Countees de Coude, and so sarrie the country of
two Resolan spices. Rokert and Paulwitch,
the former being brother of the Countees.

Tarzan ioins the Foreign Office of the
Prapie Covernment and is sent to Africa
in which a certain Limitenant Gernola.

Diffice an aftempt upon his life Tarzan
saves an Arab girl, restores her to her
Cather and travals with the latter into the
desset, following Gernola. The latter is frequently met by suspicious persons, and
Tarzan has reasons for believing that these
who seek his life are friends of Gernola.
In the desset Tarzan is left behind, fights
and kills an enormous lon, and is then
shot from embush. He is captured and
taken linto an Arab village.

Acked, disguised as an Arab, comes to
faunt him, and threatens death on the
morrow. But that night the girl whom
Tarzan has saved, whom he knows as the
Outed Nail of Shil Alsan, sets him, free,
Together they leave the village shid fit
in dissert places meet a lion. Tarzan
kills the lion and, after the girl's father's
home.

Tarzan, after restoring the girl, goes

home.

Theran, after restoring the girl, goes hack to the town where Rokoff and Germeis are staying. He discovers proofs of their period, frightens Rokoff almost out of his wits, rescues cortain valuable papers and departs. Germeis commits suicide. Tarsen, under the assumed name of Caldwell, takes ship for Cape Town. On board two men not strangely. Tarzan meets Hazel Strong, best friend of Jans Porter.

The scene shifts back to the time when Tarzan bade Jans good-by in America.

CHAPTER XII-(Continued). "FIHERE is no danger of that, dear," I he answered: "I wish to heaven that I

might forget. It would be so much easier to go through life always remembering what might have been. You will be happy, though; I am sure you shall-you must be. You may tell the others of my decision to drive my car on to New York-I don't feel equal to bidding Clayton goodbye. I want always to remember him kindly, but I fear that I am too much of a wild beast yet to be trusted too long with the man who stands between me and the one person in the world I want."

As Clayton stooped to pick up his coat in the waiting room his eyes fell on a telegraph blank lying face down upon the floor. He stooped to pick it up, thinking it might be a message of importance which some one had dropped. He glanced the manual them suddenly be forced. which some one had dropped. He glanced at it hastily, and then suddenly he forgot his coat, the approaching train-everything but that terrible little piece of yellow paper in his hand. He read it twice before he could fully grasp the terrific weight of meaning that it bore to him.

When he had picked it up he had been n English nobleman, the proud and wealthy possessor of vast estates-a moment later he had read it, and he knew that he was an untitled and penniless beggar. It was D'Arnot's cablegram to Taran, and it read:

Finger prints prove you Greystoke. Congratulations. D'ARNOT.

He staggered as though he had received He staggered as though he had received a mortal blow. Just then he heard the others calling to him to hurry—the train was comming to a stop at the little platform. Like a man dazed he gathered up his ulster. He would tell them about the cablegram when they were all on board the train. Then he ran out upon the platform just as the engine whistled twice in the final warning that precedes the first rumbling jerk of the coupling pins. The others were on board, leaning pins. The others were on board, leaning out from the platform of a Pullman, crying to him to hurry. Quite five minutes elapsed before they were settled in their seats, nor was it until then that Clayton discovered that Tarzan was not with them.

Where is Tarsan?" he asked Jane ster. In another car?" "No," she replied; "at the last minute he determined to drive his machine back

New York. He is anxious to see more America than is possible from a car ndow. He is returning to France, you

Clayton did not reply. He was trying to find the right words to explain to Jane Porter the calamity that had befallen him and her. He wondered just what the effect of this knowledge would be on her. Would she still wish to marry him—to be plain Mrs. Clayton? Suddenly the aw-ful sacrifice which one of them must make loomed large before his imagination. make foomed large before his imagination.
Then came the question: Will Tarzan claim his own? The ape-man had known the contents of the message before he calmly denied knowledge of his parentage. He had admitted that Kala, the ape, was his mother! Could it have been for the love of Jane Porter?

There was no other explanation which seemed reasonable. Then, having ignored the evidence of the message, was it not reasonable to assume that he meant never to claim his birthright? If this were so, what right had he, William Cecil Clayton, to theart the wishes, to balk the self-sacrifice of this strange man? If Tarzan of the Apes could do this thing to save Jane Porter from unhappiness, why should he, to whose care she was in-trusting her whole future, do aught to jeonardize her interests?

And so he reasoned until the first generous impulse to proclaim the truth and relinquish his titles and his estates to their rightful owner was forgotten beneath the main of sophistries which self-interest had advanced. But during the balance of the trip, and for many days thereof the trip, and for many days thereafter, he was moody and distraught. Occasionally the thought obtruded itself
that possibly at some later day Tarzan
would regret his magnanimity, and claim
his rights.

Several days after they reached Haltimore Clayton broached the subject of
an early marriage to Jane.

an early marriage to Jane.

What do you mean by early?" she ask-

"Within the next few days. I must return to England at once-I want you to return with me, dear."

"I can't get ready so soon as that." replied Jane. It will take a whole month,

She was glad, for she hoped that what-sver called him to England might still further delay the wedding. She had made a bad bargain, but she intended carrying her part loyally to the bitter end-if she could manage to secure a temporary re-prieve, though she felt that she was war-ranted in doing so. His reply disconcert-ed her.

"Very well, Jane," he said, "I am disappointed, but I shall let my trip to England wait a month; then we can go back

But when the menth was frawing to a class she found still another excuse upon which to hang a postponement, until at last, discouraged and doubting. Clayton was furced to go back to Eugland alone. The several letters that passed between them brought Clayton no nearer to a communication of his hopes than he had been before, and so it was that he wrote directly to Professor Porter, and enlisted his services. The old man had atways favored the match. He liked Clayton, and being of an old Southern family, he put rather an enaggerated value on the advantages of a title, which meant little or matching to his daughter. Clayton urged that the professor scrept

or nuthing to his daughter.
Clayton urged that the professor accept
his lowitation to be his guest in London,
an invitation which included the profesgor's entire family—Mr. Philander, Eameralds, and all. The Englishman argued
that once Jane was there, and home thes
and been broken, she would not so desail
the step which she had so long healtated
to false.

the evening that he received Chay-letter Professor Porter amounted they would leave for Lendon the fot-

consume a year at least, for they were to stop for indefinite periods at various points of interest. Clayton mentally anathematized Tennington for ever sug-setting such a ridiculous trip.

It was Lord Tennington's plan to cruise through the Mediterranean and the Red Sea to the Indian Ocean, and thus down the East Coast, putting in at every port that was worth the seeing.

And so it happened that on a certain day two vessels passed in the Strait of Gibraitar. The smaller, a trim white yacht, was speeding toward the east, and on her deck sat a young woman who razed with sad eyes upon a diamond-stud-ded locket which she idly fingered. Her thoughts were far away, in the dim, leafy fastness of a tropical jungle—and her heart was with her thoughts.

She wondered if the man who had given her the beautiful baoble, that had meant so much more to bim than the the intrin-sic value which he had not even known could ever have meant to him, was back in his savage forest.

And upon the deck of the larger vessel, a passenger steamer passing toward the east, the man sat with another young woman, and the two idly speculated upon the identity of the dainty craft gliding so gracefully through the gentle swell of the lary see.

When the yacht had passed the man resumed the conversation that her appear ance had broken off.

"Yes," he said, "I like America very mush, and that means, of course, that I like Americans, for a country is only what its people make it. I met some very delightful people while I was there. I recall one family from your own city. Miss Strong, whom I liked particularly— Professor Porter and his daughter."

"Jane Porter!" exclaimed the girl. "Do you mean to tell me that you know Jane Porter? Why she is the very best friend I have in the world. We were little children together-we have known each other

for ages."
"Indeed!" he answered, smiling. "You would have difficulty in persuading any one of the fact who had seen either of

"I'll qualify the statement, then," she snawered, with a laugh. "We have known each other for two ages-hers and mine. But seriously we are as dear to each other as sisters, and now that I am going to lose her I am almost heartbroken."

"Going to lose her?" exclaimed Tarsan.
"Why what do you mean? Oh, yes, I

"Going to lose her?" exclaimed Tarzan.
"Why, what do you mean? Oh, yes, I
understand. You mean that now that she
is married and living in England, you
will seldom if ever see her."
"Yes," replied she: "and the saddest
part of it ail is that she is not marrying
the man she loves. Oh, it is terrible.
Marrying from a sense of duty! I think
it is perfectly wicked, and I told her so.
I have felt so strongly on the subject
that, although I was the only person outside of blood relations who was to have
been asked to the wedding, I would not
let her invite me, for I should not have
gone to witness the terrible mockery. But gone to witness the terrible mockery. But Jane Porter is peculiarly positive. She has convinced herself that she is doing the only honorable thing that she can do, and nothing in the world will ever prevent her from marrying Lord Greystoke except Greystoke himself, or death."

"I am sorry for her." and Terri

"I am sorry for her," said Tarzan.
"And I am sorry for the man she loves,"
said the girl, "for he loves her. I never
met him, but from what Jane tells me met him, but from what Jane tells me he must be a very wonderful person. It seems that he was born in an African jungle, and brought up by fierce, anthropoid apes. He had never seen a white man or woman until Professor Porter and his party were marconed on the coast right at the threshold of his tiny cabin. He saved them from all manner of terrible beasts, and accomplished the most wonderful feats imaginable, and then to cap the climax he fell in love with Jane. cap the climax he fell in love with Jane and she with him, though she never really knew it for sure until she had promised herself to Lord Greyatoke."

"Most remarkable," murmured Tarzan, cudgeling his brain for some pretext upon which to turn the subject. He delighted in hearing Hazel Strong talk of Jane, but when he was the subject of the conversawhen he was the subject of the conversa-tion he was bored and embarrassed. But he was soon given a respite, for the girl's mother joined them, and the talk became

The next few days passed uneventfully. The next few days passed uneventfully. The sea was quiet. The sky was clear. The steamer plowed steadily on toward the south without pause. Tarzan spent quite a little time with Miss Strong and her mother. They whiled away their hours on deck reading, talking, or taking pictures with Miss Strong's camera. When the sun had set they walked.

One day Tarzan found Miss Strong in conversation with a stranger, a man he had not seen on board before. As he approached the couple the man bowed to the girl and turned to walk away.

proached the couple the man bowed to the siri and turned to walk away.
"Wait, Monsieur Thuran," said Miss Strong: "you must meet Mr. Caldwell. We are all fellow passengers, and should be acquainted."
The two men shock hands. As Tarzan looked into the even of Monsieur Thuran looked into the syes of Monsieur Thuran he was struck by the strange familiarity

of their expression.

"I have had the honor of monsieur's acquaintance in the past, I am sure." said Tarsan. "though I cannot recall the circumstances."

Monsieur Thuran appeared ill at ease.

"I cannot say, monsieur," he replied.
"It may be so. I have had that identical sensation myself when meeting a

stranger."
"Monsieur Thuran has been explaining some of the mysteries of navigation to me," explained the girl.
Tarsan paid little heed to the conversation that ensued—he was attempting to recail where he had met Monsieur Thuran before. That it had been under peculiar circumstances he was resilive. ran before. That it had been under peculiar circumstances he was positive. Presently the sun reached them, and the girl saked Monsieur Thuran to move her chair farther back into the shade. Tarsan happened to be watching the man at the time, and noticed the awkward manner in which he handled the chair-his left wrist was stiff. That clue was sufficient—a sudden train of associated ideas did the rest.

Monsieur Thuran had been trying to find an excuse to make a graceful departure. The hill in the conversation following the moving of their position gave him an opportunity to make his excuses. Howing low to Miss Strong, and inclining his head to Tarsan, he turned to leave them.

leave them.
"Just a minute," said Tarzan. "If Miss
Strong will pardon me I will accompany
you. I shall return in a moment, Miss
Strong."

Monsieur Thuran looked uncomfortable. When the two men had passed out of the girl's sight, Tarsan stopped, laying a heavy hand on the other's shoulder. "What is your game now, Rokoff?" he

with Paulvitch he fumed and awore threatening the most terrible of revenges "I would throw him overboard tonight," e cried, "were I sure those papers are not on his person. I cannot chance nitching them into the ocean with him. If you were not such a stupid coward, Alexia, you would find a way to enter his state-room and search for the documents."

Paulvitch smiled. "You are supposed to be the brains of this partnership, my dear Nikolas," be replied. "Why do you not find the means to search Monsieur Caldwell's stateroom-eh?"

Two hours later fate was kind to them.

for Faulvitch, who was ever on the watch, saw Tarsan leave his room with-out locking the door. Five minutes later Rokoff was stationed where he could give the slarm in case Targan returned, and Paulvitch was deftly searching the contents of the ape-man's luggage.

He was about to give up in despair when he saw a coat which Tarsan had just removed. A moment later he grasped an official envelope in his hand. A quick glance at its contents brought a broad smile to the Russian's face.

When he left the stateroom Tarsan himseif could not have told that an article in it had been touched since he jeft it-Paulvitch was a master in his chosen field. When he handed the packet to Rokoff in the sectusion of their stateroom the larger man rang for a steward, and ordered a pint of champagne. "We must celebrate, my dear Alexis."

"It was luck, Nikolas," explained Paul-

"It was luck, Nikolas," explained Paulvitch. "It is evident he carries these papers always upon his person—just by chance he neglected to transfer them when he changed his clothes a few minutes since. But there will be the deuce to pay when he discovers his loss. I am afraid that he will immediately connect you with it. Now that he knows that you are on board he will suspect you at once."

"It will make no difference whom he suspect—after tenight," and Rokoff, with auspects-after tonight," said Rokoff, with nasty grin.
After Miss Strong had gone below that

night Tarsan stood leaning over the rail looking far out to sea. Every night he had done this since he had come on board -sometimes he stood thus for an hour.
And the eyes that had been watching his every movement since he had boarded the ship at Algiers knew that this was his

Even as he stood there this night those eyes were on him. Presently the last straggler had left the deck. It was a clear night, but there was no moon-ob-jects on deck were barely discernible.

From the shadows of the cabin two figures crept stealthily upon the ape-man from behind. The lapping of the waves against the ship's sides, the whirring of the propeller, the throbbing of the en-gines, drowned the almost soundless ap-proach of the two.

They were quite close to him now, and crouching low, like tacklers on a gridiron. One of them raised his hand and lowered it, as though counting off seconds—one—two—three! As one man the two leaped for their victim. Each grasped a leg, and before Tarzan of the Apes, lightning though he was, could turn to save himself he had been pitched over a low rail and was falling into the Atlantic. was falling into the Atlantic,

Hazel strong was looking from her darkened port across the dark sea. Suddenly a body shot past her eyes from the deck above. It dropped so quickly into the dark waters below that she could not be sure of what it was—it might have been a man, she could not say. She listened for some outcry from above—for the always-fearsome call, "Man Overboard!" but it did not come. All was silence on the ship above—all was silence in the sea

The girl decided that she had but seen a bundle of refuse thrown overboard by one of the ship's crew, and a moment later sought her berth.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE WRECK OF THE LADY ALICE. THE next morning at breakfast Tar-I zan's place was vacant. Miss Strong was mildly curious, for Mr. Caldwell had always made it a point to wait that he might breakfast with her and her mother As she was sitting on the deck later Monsleur Thuran paused to exchange a half dozen pleasant words with her. He seemed in most excellent spirits—his manner was the extreme of affability. As he passed on Miss Strong thought what a very delightful man was Monsieur

Thuran.

The day dragged heavily. She missed the quiet companionship of Mr. Caldwell—there had been something about him that made the girl like him from the first; he had talked so entertainingly of the places he had seen—the peoples and their customs—the wild beasts; and he had always had a droil way of drawing striking comparisons between spinels and civil comparisons between animals and civi-lized men that showed a considerable knowledge of the former, and a keen, though somewhat cynical, estimate of

the latter.

When Monsieur Thuran stopped again to chat with her in the afternoon she welcomed the break in the day's monotony. But she had begun to become seriously concerned in Mr. Caldwell's absence; somehow she constantly associated it with the start she had had the night before when the dark chart she had had the night before when the fore, when the dark object fell past her port into the sea. Presently she broached the subject to Monsieur Thuran. Had he seen Mr. Caldwell today? He had not. Why?

"He was not at breakfast as usual, nor have I seen him once since yesterday," explained the girl.

Monsieur Thuran was extremely solici-

"I did not have the pleasure of intimate acquaintance with Mr. Caldwell," he said.

acquaintance with Mr. Caldwell," he said.
"He seemed a most estimable gentleman, however. Can it he that he is indisposed, and has remained in his stateroom? It would not be strange."
"No," repiled the girl, "It would not be strange, of course; but for some inexplicable reason I have one of those foolish feminine presentiments that all is not right with Mr. Caldwell. It is the strangest feeling—it is as though I knew that he was not on board the ship."
Monsieur Thuran laughed pleasantly. "Mercy, my dear Miss Strong," he said: "where in the world could he be then? We have not been within sight of land for days."

"Of course, it is ridiculous of me," she admitted. And then: "But I am not going to worry about it any longer: I am going to that out where Mr. Caldwell is," and she motioned a passing steward.

"That may be more difficult than you imagine, my dear girl," thought Monsieur. Thuran, but aloud he said: "By all means."

means."
"Find Mr. Caldwell, please," she said to the steward, "and tell him his friends are warried by his continued absence."
"You are very fend of Mr. Caldwell?" suggested Monsieur Thuran.
"I think he is splendid," replied the girl. "And mamma is perfectly infatuated with him. He is the sort of a man with whom one has a feeling of perfect security—no one could help but have confidence in Mr. Caldwell."

(CONTINUED TOMORROW.)

(CONTINUED TOMORROW.)

MUSIC ON CITY HALL PLAZA Philadelphia Band Will Play There Tonight.

The Philadelphia Band will play on City Hall plans toright. The program: A Company of the Comp

## "WORK UNTIL YOU'RE THROUGH," IS SLOGAN OF SUCCESSFUL MAN

By Following It Frank B. Rutherford Has Risen to Be Secretary of Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.



FRANK B. RUTHERFORD

"You will have to start at 8 o'clock every day and work until you're through."

This was the instruction given a boy who applied for a position at the office of the Pennsylvania Society for the Pre-vention of Cruelty to Animals, 1827 Chestnut street. The youngster never flinched. He said he was ready to start

After he had hung up his hat and coat he saw there were lots of things to be straightened out around the office, and he

straightened out around the office, and he waded into this work without orders.

"I guess you'll do," said the boss. That was 25 years ago. The boy has been there ever since. He paid attention to details, and the boss, who was the late Martin V. B. Davis, paid attention to him. That's why Frank B. Rutherford is now secretary of the society and its work has increased to such an extent that 18 agents and two clerks are required to keep pace with it. Mr. Rutherquired to keep pace with it. Mr. Rutherford was elected secretary of the society in 1905 after the death of Mr. Davis.

ON JOB EARLY AND LATE. You will have to work until you're through." This sentence has been im-bedded in the secretary's mind ever since he applied for the job as office boy, way been in 1889. Long ago he gave up the idea of working a certain number of hours a day. He starts early and works late, just as conditions warrant. The of-fice is open day and night, Sunday in-cluded, and every agent is siways in

touch with the secretary. It was largely through the efforts of Mr. Rutherford that "union" hours were established for horses. He contended that all night. The freight had gone up in the forence should be worked longer than 15 hours in 24 and not more than 90 hours in any week. There now is an animal labor law to that effect. Proof that he is a friend of animals at heart is shown by his constant activity to better their condition. He was instrumental in obtaining the passage of an act which prodition. He was instrumental in obtaining the passage of an act which prohibits the sale or offering for sale of horses which cannot be worked because of physical disability.

ECONOMIC SIDE OF KINDNESS.

In the course of anti-cruelty cam-paigns throughout the State he has shown the economic side of kindness to animals. A horse treated well will work harder, and he contends that a man should be as diplomatic in the treatment of his horse as in other things posterior of his horse as in other things pertain

of his horse as in other things pertaining to his husiness.

The dog which is down and out and kicked about from pillar to post has a true friend in Mr. Rutherford. To arouse sympathy in the "stray's" behalf, the secretary started a "Plain Dog Show." It was held in Horticultural Hall, and prizes were given for the very started as "I have given before the property of the secretary started as "Plain to the secretary started as "Plain Dog Show." prizes were given for the very worst dogs of all species. Fancy society dogs, which dweit amid marble halls and velvet car-pets, were not admitted. Other cities sub-

sequently held similar shows. Some time ago the secretary wrote a catechism concerning the disposition of cruelty cases and a copy was given to every policeman in the city. In addition to explaining first-aid treatment for suffering horses, the book tells what to do

n cases of cruelty.

Mr. Rutherford also addresses the pocemen at their training school from time to time regarding cruelty preven-

## MUSIC IN THE PARK

Band Plays at Strawberry Mansion This Afternoon and Tonight

The Fairmount Park Band will play at Strawberry Mansion this afternoon and tonight. The program;

PART I-APTERNOON, 4 TO 6 O'CLOCK Coverture, Orighaus" Offenbach
"Souvenic de Wagner" Moses
(a) "La Palonus" Yradier
(a) "Trot de Cavaleris" Rubinatein
Muodies Howard
From Time, Piace and the filit"
Buits, "From Foreign Lande" Moszkowski
(a) Russia (b) Germany, (c) Spain,
Valus de Concart Birauss
"Tales from the Vienna Woods."
"Dance of the Serpents" Buralari
Alia from The Little Cafe" Caryll
PART II—EVENING, 8 TO 10 OCLLOCK PART II-EVENING, & TO 10 O'CLOCK. PART II—EVENING, 8 TO 10 O'CLOCK.

1. Overture. "Die Fiedermans"... Straues

2. (a) "Les Pirouette"... Funckle
(b) "Ciribiribin"... Pestalorna

3. Meiodies from "Paust"... Counce

4. Dumeriptive Funtasie... Levenberg

"The Advant of Spring"

5. "Siawonie Shapsody"... Friedman

6. Xiyophono Sein, "The Jolly Robhers". Suppe

Bolofet, Peter Lewin...

7. Airs from "The Clin from Utah"... Rubena

8. "Grand American Faritanie"... Herbers

"Slac-opangiod Banner."

REAL ESTATE-SALE OR RENT GERMANTOWN



PELHAM, GERMANTOWN

### The Daily Story Their Branch Line to

Paradise The porter smiled pitringly at Lambert's ignorance. "Dinin' kyar?" he echoed. "Why, boss, 'tain't been a year since dey put on his hyer parlor kyar on de line. Whaffor de put a dinin' kyar on?"

Lambert looked at the car occupied only Lambert looked at the car occupied enly by himself and Miss Fulton and agreed. A diner would have been a useless luxury. It was only a 100-mile branch and they were supposed to do it in five hours. He went into the forward cars, crowded with a miscellaneous assortment of men and women, but most of them had lunch baskets that had been emptied soon after the stop, and he could not find so much as a sandwich. MEEK CHIDES VARES as a sandwich.

Former Democratic State The conductor was on the steps, puffing at a cigar, and Lambert sat down beside

"How far are we to the next station?" he demanded.

"We're in a station now," explained the conductor. "It's on the other side of the train." Lambert smiled grimly as he surveyed the waste tracts where the station became apparent. It was a rough box of a place, smaller than the average woodshed. It was dark and deserted, but just across the sandy road a light burned feelly in a low building. paper is published, the sympathetic state-

"Do you suppose I could get something to eat over there?" he asked. "It's a store," was the noncommittal anbe that he was right.

swer. "I remember we put off a box of crackers last week." Lambert dropped to the dusty roadbed and strode across the strip of sand. The store was closed and dark, but the light shone from the kitchen in the rear and grumblingly the proprietor consented to

accommodate the stranger.

The stock was small and uninviting.
"Hog and hominy," the staple foods, were produced locally. A barrel of flour, a small cheese and a limited stock of canned goods constituted the grocery department, but search discovered a can of Vienna sausages, some canned peaches, some soda crackers and cheese, and the storekeeper's wife promised a pot of cof-

In order that the voters may not forget the progress made by the Vares, the Watchman then goes on to say:

"Four years ago the 'vaulting ambition' of the Vares to seize the government was revealed when Senator Vare. Lambert sat on the steps and smoked while he waited for the coffee and pondered the situation. All winter he had tion' of the Vares to seize the government was revealed when Senator Vare, which is Ed, announced that then Register of Wills and since Congressman Vare, who is Bill, would take the Republican nomination for Mayor. In justification of his claim upon the party, brother Ed recalled the fact that Governor Tener was elected and the party saved from everlasting smash by the fraudulent vote cast for the candidates in South Philadelphia at the election of 1810."



The porter promised to get me something,

she protested. cought an introduction to the girl who was his one fellow passenger in the par-lor car. He knew that her name was Jessie Fulton and that she lived down South. Beyond that his information did not go. A dozen times he had run across her in the city, but the opportunity for an introduction never came.

was armed with a "disappearing cam-era, according to reports, and was seen photographing trolley cars and large buildings. When Policeman McDougall was put on the trail he brought forth brand new deductions. On seeing the aus-pect photograph trolley cars he concluded that he was a spy for the "jitneyites" and figured that the stranger was getting a Here they were, joint occupants of the parlor car and blocked by a wreck that promised to held them for hours, if not all night. The freight had gone up in the

"I'll give you the dollar," he promised. "You go back and rig up a table. I'll be right there." The girl looked expectantly as Lambert entered bearing aloft his plunder. With your permission," he said with a bow, "we will have supper as it is."

bow, "we will have supper as it is."
"The porter promised to get me something," she protested.
"I have cornered the food supply of the
town," he explained. "If my company

"Not at all," she hastened to protest. "Not at all," she hastened to proceed.
"It will be more pleasant this way."

Lambert laid out the food together with
the knives and forks he had borrowed,
the knives and forks he had borrowed. and opened his various cans. Hunger gave them appetites even for the coarse fare and the girl was soon chatting mer-

"Your face seems familiar," she said, the faint color mounting to her cheeks.
"I worked in the building where you used to call on your lawyer," he explained readily. "I have seen you in the elevator more than once."

"It seems almost like knowing you to meet down here in Georgia," she said smillingly. Lambert beamed. To think that after seeking her all winter he should find her down here and under circumstances that made for success seemed too good to be true.

He sent the porter back with the dishes and settled down to entertain the girl. It was almost midnight before they realized how time had been flying, and he arranged with the porter for a makeshift

arranged with the porter for a makeshift bed for Miss Fulton in the drawing room while he occupied the smoking room. They were just drawing into the ter-minal station when they met in the mor-

"It seems that we are out of trouble at last," he said in greeting "The

"It seems that we are out of trouble at last," he said in greeting. "The track was cleared about 5 o'clock."

"I am rather sorry for it," he said earnestly. "Perhaps we may arrange another picnic here before I go back North. I have a title to look up. It may take a week. I rather think it will."

"I shall not wait for the picnic," she maisted. "I am going to have you at our house to breakfast, if you will come."

"If I will come?" he repeated with a happy laugh. "Why, Miss Fulton, nothing

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE AUDUBON, N. J.

# Audubon Auction Sale

Buy at Your Price On Saturday next it begins— and continues on Monday. There-day and Wednesday, from 2 to 6 P. M. Not one lot reserved— nold at the prices bid—and only 10% down, belance in I years and \$1500 worth of Pressure— whather you buy or not.

Coly a short yide a Scent fave from Market B. Parry. Take Clementon or Maddan Heights out; get off at filey illabout, right at the property. The distribut Circuits fells you gracything. Sand for H.

Dykman-Norris Co. 1011 Chesteat Street

AUTOIST HAS HARD LUCK could hold me back. Do you know that all last winter I tried to meet you? Now that I do know you, I'm not going to be

Arrested for Driving Without License 'Did you notice me, too," she asked Then Car Is Broken.

"Did you notice me, too," she asked quickly.

Lambert emiled at the significance of the word "loo."

"May heaven bless this tumble-down branch line," he said irrelevantly. "It runs from Misery to Paradise without change of cars."

Jesus Fulton nodded as though she agreed with him and they went out on the platform to greet her mother.

Note the Misery to Paradise without the platform to greet her mother.

Today's Marriage Licenses

Albert Vandsgrift, 3128 D st., and Clara,
Berger, 1453 N. American at.
Howard F. Brintse, 1868 Locust st., and in
Balleu, Beigravia Apartments,
Samuel Friedman, 1514 S. 2d st., and Sari Ludwig, 1514 S. 2d st.
Peter Moriensen, 2743 N. Gratz st., and Gu
dine Svendsen, 2743 N. Gratz st., and Gu
dine Svendsen, 2455 S. Mole at,
George W. C. Weinsgerber, 1823 W. Venan,
st., and Both A. Cassel, 2163 N. Cames,
Plotr Hoctayan, 1005 N. American at., as
Marya Pressiuk, 818 N. 2d st.
James Ridge, 2575 E. Letterly st., and Ans
W. Ellbott, 4630 Penn st.
John Wolcik, Latroba, Pa., and Zotya Waru
John Wolcik, Latroba, Pa., and Zotya Waru
Jakab Mitnick, 1811 Callowhill st.,
Marian Petroski, 306 N. 3d st., and Mar
Lysswska, 606 N. 3d st.
Jakob Mitnick, 1811 Callowhill st.,
Anthony Sacos, 1540 Morris st., and Mar
Lo Furno 2107 R. Pergy st.
Harry Cicaniewicz, 426 S. American st., an
Dombrowska, 426 S. American st., an
Dombrowska, 426 S. American st.
Le Roy Hoegerle, 5044 Pine st., and Sarah 1
Mark, 30 N., 50d st.

### **OBITUARIES**

Wife of Prominent Newspaper Ma

Mrs. Arthur St. corge Joyce, wife Arthur St. George Joyce, a prominer newspaper man, died in Howard Hospita early today following an operation. Mr Joyce had been ill fo: 14 weeks in the hospital, but up to a late hour it wa thought she would recover.

work, being a member of the St. Monie Catholic Church, 17th and Ritner street She also was a member of the Rosar Society and of the Blessed Virgin &

years ago and was married when years old. The funeral will be held fro the Joyce home at 6049 Spruce street. N definite arrangements have been made Mrs. Anna B. Hamilton

who was a commercial traveler. She survived by five daughters. Mrs. George F. Gage HUNTINGDON, Pa., July 30.—Mr George F. Gage, mother of Carl M. Gag president of the Huntingdon and Broa Top Rallroad, died at her home here lat last night. She was 80 years old and ha

BULL DU MOULIN.—At St. Stephen's, Ne York, by the Rev. Nathan A. Seegle, D. D. July 28, 1915, LOUISE CRANFORD D. MOULIN to WILLIAM RUTLEDGE BULL of Bridgeport, Conn.

of Briogepore, Conn.

MADEIRA-CRESSWELL. — On Wednesda:
July 28, 1015, at Wayne, Pa., by the Rev. W
A Patton, D.D., PERCY C. MADEIRA AN
ELISE DONALOSON CRESSWELL, daughter of the late Jacob P. Donaldson. IN MEMORIAM

Deaths

street, on July 30, 1915, ANNA BARBAR HAMILTON, widow of Alpheus A, Hamble Purtiler notice of the funeral will be given

Furtifier notice of the funeral will be given MARTIN.—On July 28, 1915, FRUDENC widow of Samuel Martin. Relatives as friends are invited to attend the funeral series. Saturday afternoon, at 2 o'clock, at hists residence, 204 Sylvan ave., Rutleds Ps. Interment private.

ROBERTS.—On July 28, 1915, JOSEPH ROBERTS. aged 15 years. Relatives striends are invited to attend the funeral set ices, on Saturday afternoon, July 31, at o'clock, at his integresidence, 401 Broadwa Camden, N. J. Informent private.

SPRUANCE. — At Wilmington Del. on Ju 28, 1915, SARAH CORBIT SPRUANCE, ag 77 years. Funeral services at her late res dence, 800 Broome at., Wilmington, Del. s Saturday, July 31, 3 o'clock p. m. Internet

## 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 LEDGER

Today's Marriage Licenses

MRS. A. ST. GEORGE JOYCE

and Prominent in Church Work.

Mrs. Joyce was very active in church

Mrs. Joyce was born in Philadelphia

old, of 4038 Baring street, died today a stomach trouble. She had been ill fo about two months. Mrs. Hamilton we

Mrs. Anna Barbara Hamilton, 75 year

been ill for several months.

McDONALD.—In sad and loving memory of my dear son, SOMMERS SMITH McDON ALD, who departed this life July 28, 1908 age 15 years and 4 months. Sadly missed. MOTHER.

ly omit flowers.

ILISON.—At Linden Shade Farm, Bri
Mawr, on July 28, 1915, HANNAH N., wi
of the late Rodman B. Ellison. Services
her late residence, on Saturday moraing,
10:30 o'clock. Carriages will meet 9:
train from Broad St. Station. Interme

RUNYON.—On July 28, 1915, IDA T., wide of John T. Runyon. Funeral services ar interment private.

private.

TILDEN.—On July 29, 1915, WILLIA:

TATEM TILDEN, aged 60 years. Funer
service on Monday, August 2, at 3 p. m., c
his late residence, "Overleigh," McKean ave
Germantown, Interment private Klad
omit flowers.

decided to make some money taking pic-tures. I was practicing a little when the cop squeiched me." omit flowers.

WALKER.—At Plymouth, Mass., on July 29
1915. ANNIE T., daughter of the late D.
Mahlon M. and Mary T. Walker. Relative
and friends are invited to attend the funers
service, on Saturday afternoon, at 4 o'clock
, at the chapel of Kirk & Nice. 6301 Main at
Germantown. Interment private. 'Such ambition should not be arrested," said the Judge. On promising to practice photography in another district Jones was