THE RETURN OF TARZAN

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

AUTHOR OF "TARZAN OF THE APES"

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SYNOPSIS:

Jean Tarzan, after he has given up Jane Porter, returns to Europe. On his way and in Paris he befriends the Count and Countess de Coude, and so earns the enmity of two Russian spies, Rokoff and Paulvitch, the former being brother of the Countess.

Tarzan joins the Foreign Office of the French Government and is sent to Africa to watch a certain Lieutenant Gernois. During an attempt upon his life Tarzan saves an Arab girl, restores her to her father and travels with the latter into the desert, following Gernois. The latter is frequently met by suspicious persons, and Tarzan has reasons for believing that those who seek his life are friends of Gernois. In the desert Tarzan is left behind, fights and kills an enormous lion, and is then shot from ambush. He is captured and taken into an Arab village.

Rokoff, disguised as an Arab, comes to taunt him, and threatens death on the morrow. But that night the girl whom Tarzan has saved, whom he knows as the Quiet-Nail of Bidi Alisa, sets him free. Together they leave the village and in the desert places meet a lion. Tarzan kills the lion and, after they recover their horses, the two set off for the girl's father's home.

Tarzan, after restoring the girl, goes back to the town where Rokoff and Gernois are staying. He discovers proofs of their perfidy, frightens Rokoff almost out of his wits, rescues certain valuable papers and departs. Gernois commits suicide. Tarzan, under the assumed name of Caldwell, takes ship for Cape Town. On board two men act strangely. Tarzan meets Hazel Strong, best friend of Jane Porter.

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

After Tarzan had bade good-by to Jane, Clayton discovered that Tarzan was the real Lord Greystoke. But he did not tell Jane, and their marriage was arranged, but postponed by Jane. They all go to London and thence for a trip around the world.

On board the steamer with Tarzan, which passes through Gibraltar at the same time as the yacht, is Rokoff, disguised as a M. Thurian. He steals important documents from Tarzan and throws him overboard. Hazel Strong starts a search for him.

After Tarzan has bade Jane good-by, Clayton discovered the telegram from D'Arnot, assuring Tarzan that he, and not Clayton, was Lord Greystoke. Clayton persuaded himself that he ought not to tell Jane about this. Then Jane put off the marriage until they had reached England. A friend suggests a yachting tour around Africa and this is accepted.

By chance the yacht with Jane on board and the ship bearing Tarzan and Hazel Strong pass Gibraltar at the same time. Hazel and Tarzan are much together. She tells him that Jane is in love with an ape-man, but she does not know that Tarzan is the man. Rokoff appears on board and after stealing certain papers from Tarzan throws him overboard. After a day Miss Strong send a steward to bring Tarzan.

The loss of Tarzan is discovered. Rokoff sympathizes with Miss Strong, and becomes quite attached to the idea of marrying her for her money. In Cape Town Miss Strong meets Jane Porter. She shows Jane the picture of the man who was thrown overboard, and Jane thinks as she recognizes Tarzan. The party goes off on the yacht again, but ill-luck attends them and finally the yacht is wrecked.

CHAPTER XIII—(Continued).

INSTANTLY the men rushed upon deck, followed closely by the women. Though the night was cloudy, there was little wind or sea, nor was it so dark but that just off the port bow a black mass could be discerned floating low in the water.

"A derelict," was the terse explanation of the officer of the watch.

Presently the engineer hurried on deck in search of the captain.

"That patch we put on the cylinder head's blown out, sir," he reported, "and she's makin' water fast for'ard on the port bow."

An instant later a seaman rushed up from below.

"My Gawd!" he cried. "Her whole bleedin' bottom's ripped out. She can't float 20 minutes."

"Shut up!" roared Tennington. "Ladies, go below and get some of your things together. It may not be so bad as that, but we may have to take to the boats. It will be safer to be prepared. Go at once, please. And, Captain Jerrold, send some competent man below, please, to ascertain the exact extent of the damage. In the meantime I might suggest that you have the boats provisioned."

The calm, low voice of the owner did much to reassure the entire party, and a moment later all were occupied with the duties he had suggested. By the time the ladies had returned to the deck the rapid provisioning of the boats had been about completed, and a moment later the officer who had gone below had returned to report. But his opinion was scarcely needed to assure the huddled group of men and women that the end of the Lady Alice was at hand.

"Well, sir?" said the captain, as his officer hesitated.

"I dislike to frighten the ladies, sir," he said, "but she can't float a dozen minutes, in my opinion. There's a hole in her you could drive a bally cow through, sir."

For five minutes the Lady Alice had been settling rapidly by the bow. Already her stern loomed high in the air, and foothold on the deck was of the most precarious nature. She carried four boats, and these were all filled and lowered away in safety. As they pulled rapidly from the stricken little vessel Jane Porter turned to have one last look at her. Just then there came a loud crash and an ominous rumbling and pounding from the heart of the ship—her machinery had broken loose, and was dashing its way toward the bow, tearing out partitions and bulkheads as it went—the stern rose rapidly high above them; for a moment she seemed to pause there—a vertical shaft protruding from the bosom of the ocean, and then swiftly she dove headforemost beneath the waves.

In one of the boats the brave Lord Tennington wiped a tear from his eye—he had not seen a fortune in money go down forever into the sea, but a dear, beautiful friend whom he had loved.

At last the long night broke, and a tropical sun smote down upon the rolling water. Jane Porter had dropped into a fitful slumber—the fierce light of the sun upon her upturned face awoke her. She looked about her. In the boat with her were three sailors, Clayton and Monsieur Thuran. Then she looked for the other boats, but as far as the eye could reach there was nothing to break the fearful monotony of that waste of waters—they were alone in a small boat upon the broad Atlantic.

CHAPTER XIV.

BACK TO THE PRIMITIVE.

AS TARZAN struck the water, his first impulse was to swim clear of the ship and possible danger from her propellers. He knew whom to thank for his present predicament, and as he lay in the sea, just supporting himself by a gentle movement of his hands, his chief emotion was one of chagrin that he had been so easily bested by Rokoff.

He lay thus for some time, watching the receding and rapidly-diminishing lights of the steamer, without it ever once occurring to him to call for help. He never had called for help in his life, and so it is not strange that he did not think of it now. Always had he depended upon his own prowess and resourcefulness, nor had there ever been, since the days of Kala, any to answer an appeal for succor. When it did occur to him it was too late.

There was, thought Tarzan, a possible one chance in a hundred thousand that he might be picked up, and an even smaller chance that he would reach land, so he determined that to combine what slight chances there were, he would swim slowly in the direction of the coast—the ship might have been closer in than he had known.

His strokes were long and easy—it would be many hours before those giant muscles would commence to feel fatigue. As he swam, guided toward the east by the stars, he noticed that he felt the weight of his shoes, and so he removed them. His trousers went next, and he would have removed his coat at the same time but for the precious papers in its pocket. To reassure himself that he still had them, he slipped his hand in to feel, but, to his consternation, they were gone.

Now he knew that something more than revenge had prompted Rokoff to pitch him overboard—the Russian had managed to obtain possession of the papers Tarzan had wrestled from him at Bou Saada. The ape-man swore softly, and let his coat and shirt sink into the Atlantic. Before many hours he had divested himself of his remaining garments, and was swimming easily and unencumbered toward the east.

The first faint evidence of dawn was paling the stars ahead of him, when the dim outlines of a low-lying black mass loomed up directly in his track. A few strong strokes brought him to its side—it was the bottom of a wave-washed derelict. Tarzan clambered upon it—he would rest there until daylight at least. He had no intention to remain there inactive—a prey to hunger and thirst. If he must die he preferred dying in action making some semblance of an attempt to save himself.

The sea was quiet, so that the wreck had only a gently undulating motion that was soothing to the swimmer who had had no sleep for 20 hours. Tarzan of the Apes curled up upon the slimy timbers and was soon asleep.

The heat of the sun awoke him early in the forenoon. His first conscious sensation was of thirst, which grew almost to the proportions of suffering with full returning consciousness; but a moment later it was forgotten in the joy of two almost simultaneous discoveries. The first was a mass of wreckage floating beside the derelict in the midst of which, bottom up, rose and fell an overturned lifeboat; the other was the faint, dim line of a far-distant shore showing on the horizon in the east.

Tarzan dove into the water and swam around the wreck to the lifeboat. The cool ocean refreshed him almost as much as would a draft of water, so that it was with renewed vigor that he brought the smaller boat alongside the derelict, and, after many herculean efforts, succeeded in dragging it onto the slimy ship's bottom. There he righted and examined it—the boat was quite sound, and a moment later floated upright alongside the wreck. Then Tarzan selected several pieces of wreckage that might answer him as paddles, and presently was making good headway toward the far-off shore.

It was late in the afternoon by the time he came close enough to distinguish objects on land, or to make out the contour of the shore line. Before him lay what appeared to be the entrance to a little, land-locked harbor. The wooded point to the north was strangely familiar. Could it be possible that fate had thrown him up at the very threshold of his own beloved jungle! But as the bow of his boat entered the mouth of the harbor the last shred of doubt was cleared away, for there before him upon the farther shore, under the shadows of his primeval forest, stood his own cabin—built before his birth by the hand of his long-dead father, John Clayton, Lord Greystroke.

With long sweeps of his giant muscles Tarzan sent the little craft speeding toward the beach. Its prow had scarcely touched when the ape-man leaped to shore—his heart beat fast in joy and exultation as each long-familiar object came beneath his roving eyes—the cabin, the beach, the little brook, the dense jungle, the black, impenetrable forest. The myriad birds in their brilliant plumage—the gorgeous tropical blooms upon the festooned creepers falling in great loops from the giant trees.

Tarzan of the Apes had come into his own again, and that all the world might know it he threw back his young head and gave voice to the fierce, wild challenge of his tribe. For a moment silence reigned upon the jungle, and then, low and weird, came an answering challenge—it was the deep roar of Numa, the lion; and from a great distance, faintly, the fearsome answering bellow of a bull ape.

Tarzan went to the brook first, and slaked his thirst. Then he approached his cabin. The door was still closed and latched as he and D'Arnot had left it. He raised the latch and entered. Nothing had been disturbed; there were the table, the bed and the little crib built by his father—the shelves and cupboards just as they had stood for over 23 years—just as he had left them nearly two years before.

His eyes satisfied, Tarzan's stomach began to call aloud for attention—the pangs of hunger suggested a search for food. There was nothing in the cabin, nor had he any weapons; but upon a wall hung one of his old grass ropes. It had been many times broken and spliced, so that he had discarded it for a better one long before. Tarzan wished that he had a knife. Well, unless he was mistaken, he should have that and a spear and bows and arrows before another sun had set—the rope would take care of that, and in the meantime it must be made to procure food for him. He coiled it carefully, and, throwing it about his shoulder, went out, closing the door behing him.

Close to the cabin the jungle commenced, and into it Tarzan of the Apes plunged, wary and noiseless—once more a savage beast hunting its food. For a time he kept to the ground, but, finally, discovering no spoor indicative of nearby meat, he took to the trees. With the first dizzy swing from tree to tree all the old joy of living swept over him. Vain regrets and dull heartache were forgotten. Now was he living. Now, indeed, was the true happiness of perfect freedom his. Who would go back to the stifling, wicked cities of civilized man when the mighty reaches of the great jungle offered peace and liberty? Not he.

While it was yet light Tarzan came to a drinking place by the side of a jungle river. There was a ford there, and for countless ages the beasts of the forest had come down to drink at this spot. Here of a night might always be found either Sabor or Numa, crouching in the dense foliage of the surrounding jungle, awaiting an antelope or a water buck for their meal. Here came Horta, the boar, to water, and here came Tarzan of the Apes to make a kill, for he was very empty.

On a low branch he squatted above the trail. For an hour he waited. It was growing dark. A little to one side of the ford in the densest thicket he heard the faint sound of padded feet, and the brushing of a huge body against tall grasses and tangled creepers. None other than Tarzan might have heard it, but the ape-man heard and translated—it was Numa, the lion, on the same errand as himself. Tarzan smiled.

Presently he heard an animal approaching warily along the trail toward the drinking place. A moment more and it came in view—it was Horta, the boar. Here was delicious meat—and Tarzan's mouth watered. The grasses where Numa lay were very still now—ominously still. Horta passed beneath Tarzan—a few more steps and he would be within the radius of Numa's spring. Tarzan could imagine how old Numa's eyes were shining—how he was already sucking in his breath for the awful roar which would freeze his prey for the brief instant between the moment of the spring and the sinking of terrible fangs into splintering bones.

But as Numa gathered himself, a slender rope flew through the air from the low branches of a nearby tree. A noose settled about Horta's neck. There was a frightened grunt, a squeal, and then Numa saw his quarry dragged backward up the trail, and, as he sprang, Horta, the boar, soared upward beyond his clutches into the tree above, and a mocking face looked down and laughed into his own.

Then indeed did Numa roar. Angry, threatening, hungry, he paced back and forth beneath the taunting ape-man. Now he stopped, and, rising on his hind legs against the stem of the tree that held his enemy, sharpened his huge claws upon the bark, tearing out great pieces that laid bare the white wood beneath.

And in the meantime Tarzan had dragged the struggling Horta to the limb beside him. Sinewy fingers completed the work the choking noose had commenced. The ape-man had no knife, but nature had equipped him with the means of tearing his food from the quivering flank of his prey, and gleaming teeth sank into the succulent flesh while the raging lion looked on from below as another enjoyed the dinner that he had thought already his.

It was dark by the time Tarzan had gorged himself. Ah, but it had been delicious! Never had he quite accustomed himself to the ruined flesh that civilized men had served him, and in the bottom of his savage heart there had constantly been the craving for the warm meat of the fresh kill, and the rich, red blood.

He wiped his bloody hands upon a bunch of leaves, slung the remains of his kill across his shoulder, and swung off through the middle terrace of the forest toward his cabin, and at the same instant Jane Porter and William Cecil Clayton arose from a sumptuous dinner upon the Lady Alice, thousands of miles to the east, in the Indian Ocean.

Beneath Tarzan walked Numa, the lion, and when the ape-man deigned to glance downward he caught occasional glimpses of the baleful green eyes following through the darkness. Numa did not roar now—instead, he moved stealthily, like the shadow of a great cat; but yet he took no step that did not reach the sensitive ears of the ape-man.

Tarzan wondered if he would stalk him to his cabin door. He hoped not, for that would mean a night's sleep curled in the crotch of a tree, and he much preferred the bed of grasses within his own abode. But he knew just the tree and the most comfortable crotch, if necessity demanded that he sleep out. A hundred times in the past some great jungle cat had followed him home, and compelled him to seek shelter in this same tree, until another mood or the rising sun had sent his enemy away.

But presently Numa gave up the chase and, with a series of blood-curdling moans and roars, turned angrily back in search of another and an easier dinner. So Tarzan came to his cabin unattended, and a few moments later was curled up in the mildewed remnants of what had once been a bed of grasses. Thus easily did Monsieur Jean C. Tarzan slough the thin skin of his artificial civilization, and sink happy and contented into the deep sleep of the wild beast that has fed to repletion. Yet a woman's "yes" would have bound him to that other life forever, and made the thought of this savage existence repulsive.

Tarzan slept late into the following forenoon, for he had been very tired from the labors and exertion of the long night and day upon the ocean, and the jungle jaunt that had brought into play muscles that he had scarce used for nearly two years. When he awoke he ran to the brook first to drink. Then he took a plunge into the sea, swimming about for a quarter of an hour. Afterward he returned to his cabin, and breakfasted off the flesh of Horta. This done, he buried the balance of the carcass in the soft earth outside the cabin for his evening meal.

Once more he took his rope and vanished into the jungle. This time he hunted nobler quarry—man; although had you asked him his own opinion he could have named a dozen other denizens of the jungle which he considered far the superiors in nobility of the men he hunted. Today Tarzan was in quest of weapons. He wondered if the women and children had remained in Mbonga's village after the punitive expedition from the French cruiser had massacred all the warriors in revenge for D'Arnot's supposed death. He hoped that he should find warriors there, for he knew not how long a quest he should have to make were the village deserted.

The ape-man traveled swiftly through the forest, and about noon came to the site of the village, but to his disappointment found that the jungle had overgrown the plantain fields and that the thatched huts had fallen in decay. There was no sign of man. He clambered about among the ruins for half an hour, hoping that he might discover some forgotten weapon, but his search was without fruit, and so he took up his quest once more, following up the stream, which flowed from a southeasterly direction. He knew that near fresh water he would be most likely to find another settlement.

As he traveled he hunted as he had hunted with his ape people in the past, as Kala had taught him to hunt, turning over rotted logs to find some toothsome vermin, running high into the trees to rob a bird's nest, or pouncing upon a tiny rodent with the quickness of a cat. There were other things that he ate, too, but the less detailed the account of an ape's diet the better—and Tarzan was again the ape, the same fierce, brutal anthropoid that Kala had taught him to be, and that he had been for the first 20 years of his life.

Occasionally he smiled as he recalled some friend who might even at the moment be sitting placid and immaculate within the precincts of his select Parisian club—just as Tarzan had sat but a few months before; and then he would stop, as though turned suddenly to stone as the gentle breeze carried to his trained nostrils the scent of some new prey or a formidable enemy.

That night he slept far inland from his cabin, securely wedged into the crotch of a giant tree, swaying a hundred feet above the ground. He had eaten heartily again—this time from the flesh of Bara, the deer, who had fallen prey to his quick noose.

Early the next morning he resumed his journey, always following the course of the stream. For three days he continued his quest, until he had come to a part of the jungle in which he never before had been. Occasionally upon the higher ground the forest was much thinner, and in the far distance through the trees he could see ranges of mighty mountains, with wide plains in the foreground. Here, in the open spaces, were new game—countless antelope and vast herds of zebra. Tarzan was entranced—he would make a long visit to this new world.

(CONTINUED TOMORROW.)

Police Court Chronicles

Argument about the war was indulged in by John Omiljamikis and Tony Walinezokikoff. The former favored the Russians and the latter the Turks. Words soon became useless and finally Walinezokikoff said he would have revenge upon Omiljamikis. Then the debaters separated, and a few minutes later Omiljamikis passed the house of Walinezokikoff in a new suit just to show his defiance. It was a white suit and he wore a white hat and shoes to boot.

When Walinezokikoff came to the window of his home at 245 Cameron street, Omiljamikis looked up and sneered. A small white object sailed through the air.

It struck Omiljamikis on the suit. Then the missile broke and a powder sprayed over him from head to foot. It was roach powder and yellow.

Omiljamikis gasped for the police. Everett, the cop, heard the gasp and came.

Magistrate Belcher listened to the details amid fountains of perspiration. The combatants were not half way through the recital of the war argument when the Judge saw that further neutrality was useless. He banged his gavel on the desk and fined Walinezokikoff $5 and costs.

Omiljamikis and Walinezikikoff were in peaceful frame of mind when they reached the street because each had suffered.

"Have a cigar," said Omiljamikis.

"No, you have a cigar," said Walinezikikoff.

And so to show that peace once more had reigned, they smoked "on each other." A cop supplied the matches.

Suicide Pact Suspected

A theory that he may have entered into a suicide pact with a woman, is the latest development in the mystery surrounding the drowning of Policeman Anthony Kolb, of the 2d and Christian streets police station, last week. According to the police, a light-haired woman was seen with Kolb shortly before the drowning. With this clue to work upon, patrolmen attached to the 2d and Christian streets station are dragging the Delaware River off Pier 34, South Wharves, in an effort to locate her body.

SHE RECOGNIZED SNAKE

Actress at Zoo Demanded Old Coworker, "Gladys," in Vain.

Several hundred persons were afforded a mild sensation at the Zoo yesterday by the spectacle of a well-dressed woman beating frantically against the case containing the boa constrictors and crying "Oh, Sacre-r-r! My Gladys."

When keepers finally persuaded her to leave the building and took her to the Superintendent's office, it developed that she was Daisy De Mare, of the "Trotters of Tomorrow" company, which recently disbanded in San Francisco, and that the reptile had been a feature of her act.

"I was playing in Globe, Arizona," she said, "when a Mexican stole my snake Gladys. Since then I have not seen it. It was chance that led me to come here on my way to New York." She demanded the return of the reptile in most strenuous terms, according to Superintendent Carson, but he refused to give it up.

Mr. Carson said the boa constrictor had been presented to the Zoo by a traveling salesman who had a fondness for such creatures.

OBITUARIES

JOHN K. SHRYOCK

Paper Manufacturer, Lutheran Publisher, and Prominent Mason, Died at Home.

Death has claimed one of the oldest paper manufacturers in this city and one of the leading officials of the Lutheran Church in the country, in the person of John K. Shryock. The aged manufacturer and churchman died yesterday at his home, 1414 North Bouvier street, at the age of 89 years. He was for many years superintendent of the Lutheran Publication Society, during which time he edited and published many volumes, including the famous "Fatherland Series," which he translated from the German for children.

Mr. Shryock was a native of Chambersburg, Pa., where his father was one of the pioneer paper manufacturers. He was educated in the public schools of that city and the Chambersburg Academy. Early in life he entered the business of his father. For more than 30 years, in partnership with his brother, Samuel S. Shryock, he conducted the Papyrus Mills, Middle Spring, Pa.

In 1898 these mills were destroyed by fire, and since that time Mr. Shryock had been engaged in the paper board business in this city. Although blind during the last 14 years, he had kept in close touch with his business. Mr. Shryock was a life member of Washington Lodge of Masons, in Chambersburg, and one of the oldest members of the order in Pennsylvania.

Surviving are two daughters, Mrs. James N. Dyson, of this city, and Mrs. Thomas H. Wilson, of Haddonfield, N. J. Burial will be in Chambersburg, Wednesday.

MRS. MARY E. WILLIAMSON

Mother of Mrs. J. Whitaker Thompson Stricken While Visiting Daughter.

Mrs. Mary E. Williamson, stricken with apoplexy, following a visit to the home of her daughter, Mrs. Thompson, the wife of Judge J. Whitaker Thompson, of the United States District Court, at Mont Clare, Pa., died in her home in Pottstown yesterday. This is the second bereavement to strike Judge Thompson's home in two days. The Judge's sister, Mrs. Grace Thompson Hunter, died at his home on Saturday.

Mrs. Williamson was the widow of William L. Williamson, a Pottstown banker and a cousin of ex-Governor Pennypacker. She will be buried at Pottstown Wednesday.

Mrs. Hunter was the wife of Charles Field Hunter. She will be buried from the Judge's home tomorrow.

James S. Wilson

James S. Wilson, 63 years old, a manufacturer of tapes and bindings, died Saturday night at his home, 3504 North 23d street, after about two weeks' illness following a stroke of paralysis. He was a native of this city and had been in the manufacturing business since his early manhood, when he entered business with his grandfather. He was associated until his death with the firm of James Wilson & Sons, 1133 North 4th street.

For many years Mr. Wilson was an active member of the Cohocksink Presbyterian Church. He is survived by a widow and one son and one daughter, Jay Whitney Wilson and Mrs. R. I. Lochlan. Funeral services will be conducted at 11 o'clock Wednesday morning by the Rev. Dr. R. E. Johnson, pastor of the Seventh Street Methodist Episcopal Church. Burial will be private in West Laurel Hill Cemetery. Employes of the firm of James Wilson & Sons may view the body at the home tomorrow evening.

Robert Briggs

Robert Briggs, 63 years old, president of the Robert Briggs Real Estate Company, died yesterday at his home at 1700 South 13th street, from uremia. Mr. Briggs was a son of William Briggs, for years a well-known Philadelphia contractor, and a nephew of Magistrate Briggs. He was a golf enthusiast and a member of the Bucks County Country Club. Active in fraternal organizations, he was prominent as a member of Philo Lodge, F. & A. M.; Oriental Chapel, Kadosh Commandery and Lu Lu Temple. He is survived by a widow.

Nathan Rickard

Nathan Rickard, for years proprietor of a Butcher business in the 40th Street Market, died yesterday at his residence at 404 North Wilton street. He was 83 years old, and a member of West Philadelphia Lodge No. 372, I. O. O. F.; Temple Encampment No. 100, I. O. O. F., and Union Lodge No. 14, K. P. Funeral services will be conducted at 2 o'clock Wednesday at his late residence. Burial will be in the Fernwood Cemetery.

John E. Halleran

WILMINGTON, Del., Aug. 2.—John E. Halloran, proprietor of the Hotel Barnum, at 5th and Orange streets, for 15 years, died last night. He leaves a widow and one child. He was born in Yorklyn and one child. He was born in Yorklyn and in this State and was 43 years old.

MARRIED

SHARP—MORRIS.—On July 31, 1915, at Philadelphia, ALLISON SHARP and Mrs. WALTER B. MORRIS (nee E. Lillie Begley).

Deaths

ALSFELT.—On August 1, 1915, WILLIAM H., son of the late William H. and Fietta Alsfelt and husband of Mary E. Alsfelt. Relatives and friends, also Parkside Republican Club, are invited to attend funeral services, on Tuesday evening at 8 o'clock, at his late residence, 4031 Poplar st. Interment at West Laurel Hill on Wednesday, 10 a. m., at convenience of family.

ARMSTRONG.—At Ocean City, Md., on July 31, 1915, HARRY J., husband of Sadie Armstrong. Relatives and friends are invited to attend the funeral services, on Tuesday, at 2 p. m., at the residence of his sister, Mrs. Stanley D. Subers, 5028 Ellsworth st. Interment private.

BATTIN.—On July 31, 1915, MARGARET ARMSTRONG, wife of Horace K. Battin. Relatives and friends, also members of Bethel Presbyterian Church, are invited to attend funeral services, at the residence of her daughter, 2130 N. Uber st., on Tuesday, at 2 p. m. Interment private.

BERGSTRESSER.—On August 1, 1915, SAMUEL, husband of Sarah P. Bergstresser, in his 78th year. Relatives and friends are invited to attend the funeral services, on Wednesday afternoon, at 2 o'clock precisely, at his late residence, 1606 Erie ave. Interment private.

BRIGGS.—On August 1, 1915, ROBERT, husband of Rena S. Briggs. Relatives and friends are invited to attend the funeral services, on Tuesday, August 3, at 2 o'clock precisely, at his late residence, No. 1700 South 13th st. Interment private.

BURT.—At Guttenberg, N. J., on August 1, FRANK, beloved husband of Florence Shewrick Burt, of 313 Redman st., Haddonfield, N. J. Due notice of the funeral will be given.

CAHILL.—On August 1, 1915, JAMES, son of Ellen and the late Daniel Cahill (nee Falley), aged 7 years and 8 months. Relatives and friends are invited to attend funeral, on Wednesday, at 8:30 a. m., from his uncle's residence, Edward Cahill, 3051 Frankford ave. Mass at the Church of the Visitation, at 9 a. m. Interment Holy Sepulchre Cemetery.

CAMPION.—On Seventh Month 31st, 1915, ANNA MARIA WILLITS, wife of Harrison Campion and daughter of the late John H. and Edith W. Willits. Funeral on Third-day, Eighth Month 3d, at 11 a. m., from her late residence, 1405 North 18th st. Interment private.

CHALLENGER.—On August 1, 1915, MARY P., wife of Edward Challenger. Relatives and friends are invited to attend funeral services, at the New Castle M. E. Church, Wednesday morning, August 4, at 10 o'clock.

CHAMBERS.—On July 31, 1915, ANNIE, wife of John G. Chambers (nee Heller), aged 42 years. Relatives and friends are invited to attend funeral, on Wednesday morning, at 8:30 o'clock, from her late residence, 1232 South 23d st. High Mass at St. Aloysius' Church, at 10 a. m.

CROCK.—On August 1, 1915 SUSANNA H., widow of John C. Crock and daughter of the late William and Elizabeth Bowers. Relatives and friends, also Fairview Council, No. 89, D. of L.; Lincoln Lodge, No. 51, Shepherds of Bethlehem, and members of the Belmont Baptist Church, are invited to attend funeral services, on Wednesday, at 2 p. m., at her late residence, 4325 Lancaster ave. Interment at Westminster Cemetery. Remains may be viewed Tuesday evening, after 7:30 o'clock.

CUNNINGHAM.—On July 31, 1915, MARY, daughter of the late William and Mary Cunningham, formerly of 1636 Church st., Frankford. Relatives and friends are invited to attend funeral, on Tuesday, at 8:30 a. m., from the residence of William W. Hutchinson, 4681 Tackawanna st., Frankford. Requiem High Mass at St. Joachim's Church at 10 a. m.

DAVIS.—On July 30, 1915, LEWIS DAVIS. Relatives and friends are invited to attend the funeral services, on Tuesday afternoon, at 2 o'clock precisely, at his late residence, 1440 North 17th st. Interment private, at Woodlands Cemetery.

DELANY.—On July 31, 1915, ELIZA H., widow of Linford Delany. Relatives and friends of the family are invited to attend the funeral services, Wednesday morning, at 10:30 o'clock precisely, at her late residence, 308 Summit ave., Jenkintown. Interment at convenience of the family.

DYER.—At 2232 Bonaffon terrace, on July 31, 1915, RAY L., wife of David T. Dyer, aged 35 years. Relatives and friends are invited to attend the funeral services, Wednesday, at 2 p. m., at the Woodland Ave. Baptist Church, 64th and Woodland ave. Interment private at Mt. Moriah Cemetery. Friends may view remains Tuesday evening from 6 to 10 o'clock.

EISELE.—On August 1, 1915, MAGDALENE, widow of Sebastian Eisele (nee Stock), in her 78th year. Relatives and friends, also Women of Holy Family, Altar and Rosary Societies of St. Bonifacius' Church and members of Third Order of St. Francis, are invited to attend funeral, Wednesday, at 7:30 a. m., from her late residence, 2102 N. 2d st. Requiem Mass at St. Bonifacius' Church at 9 a. m. Interment Mount Holy Redeemer Cemetery.

GREEN.—On August 1, 1915, JOHN S. GREEN, aged 82 years. Due notice of the funeral will be given, from his late residence, 688 North 45th st.

HANRATTY.—On August 1, 1915, TERESA E., daughter of the late Felix and Sarah Hanratty, of County Armagh, Ireland. Due notice of the funeral will be given, from the residence of her brother, Michael Hanratty, 2583 Meredith st.

HARTRANFT.—At "The Woods," on July 30, 1915, ANNIE, daughter of the late Gen. John F. and Sallie D. Hartranft. The relatives and friends are invited to attend the funeral services, at her late residence, "The Woods," West Main st., Norristown, Pa., on Tuesday, August 3, at 4 p. m. Interment private.

HAVERSTICK.—August 1, 1915, CHARLES A., husband of Ella N. Haverstick. Due notice of the funeral will be given, from his late residence, 1449 North 60th st.

HENKEL.—On July 31, 1915, MARTHA, wife of Paul Henkel, 641 North 10th street. Friends are invited to view remains, Monday, from 7 to 9 p. m. Funeral strictly private, Tuesday, 10 a. m.

HICKEY.—On July 31, 1915, TIMOTHY, husband of the late Isabella Hickey, aged 85 years. Relatives and friends of the family are respectfully invited to attend funeral, on Tuesday, at 8:30 o'clock, from the residence of his son-in-law, John K. Starr, 1213 West Butler street. Solemn Requiem High Mass at St. Stephen's Church, at 10 a. m. Interment at New Cathedral Cemetery.

HUMMEL.—On July 31, 1915, MARGARET T., daughter of Peter G. and Margaret T. Hummel (nee Schabielin), aged 10 years. Relatives and friends are invited to attend funeral, on Tuesday, at 7:30 a. m., from her parents' residence, 1546 North 27th st. Requiem Mass at St. Ludwig's Church, at 9 a. m. Interment Holy Cross Cemetery.

HUNTER.—On July 31, 1915, GRACE THOMPSON, wife of Charles Field Hunter. Services at the residence of J. Whitaker Thompson, Mont Clare, Montgomery Co., Pa., on Tuesday, August 3, at 4 p. m. Interment private. Train leaves Broad Street Station at 2:52.

JACOBS.—On August 1, 1915, MINNIE, wife of Lesser Jacobs, aged 49 years. Relatives and friends, also Daughters of Beth Israel, Alpha Lodge, No. 1, Fraternal Brotherhood, are invited to attend the funeral services, on Tuesday afternoon, at 2 o'clock precisely, at her late residence, 814d Euclid ave. Interment at Mt. Carmel Cemetery.

LABRUM.—On August 1, 1915, EDWARD J. LABRUM, husband of the late Mary Labrum (nee Holeran). Relatives and friends of the family, also Division 21, A. O. H., Shamrock, No. 18, K. of A., 1815 Wards End Democratic Club, Lodge No. 84, I. O. M.; Bartenders' Union, No. 115, are invited to attend funeral, Thursday morning, at 9 o'clock, from his late residence, 2021 Belmont st. Solemn Requiem Mass at St. Church, at 10 a. m. Interment New Cathedral Cemetery.

LAWLER.—On July 31, 1915, EDWARD, husband of Mary E. Lawler, aged 52 years. Relatives and friends, also employes of P. T. Co., Putnam Division, are invited to attend funeral, on Tuesday morning, at 9 o'clock, from his late residence, 138 Rittenhouse street, Germantown. High Mass at St. Vincent de Paul's Church, at 9 a. m. Interment private at New Cathedral Cemetery.

LENNOX.—On August 1, 1915, AUGUSTUS C., son of the late Augustus and Susan Lennox (nee Mallon). Relatives and friends are invited to attend funeral, on Tuesday morning, at 8:30 o'clock, from his late residence, 2346 Daughters st. Solemn Requiem High Mass at the Church of the Visitation, at 9 a. m. Interment at Holy Sepulchre Cemetery.

LEWIN.—On July 31, 1915, MARIAN LOUISE LEWIN. Relatives and friends are invited to attend the funeral services, on Tuesday, August 3, at 2 o'clock, from 1011 Spruce st. Interment at Woodlands Cemetery.

MAYER.—On August 1, 1915, WILLIAM, son of Christine Matt and the late John Mayer, aged 21 years. Relatives and friends are invited to attend funeral, on Wednesday, at 1:30 p. m., from the residence of his mother, Mrs. Littell, 3511 Frankford ave. Interment Northwood Cemetery. Remains may be viewed on Tuesday evening.

McANESPIE.—On July 31, 1915, ELIZABETH H., wife of Arthur McAnespie, aged 47 years. Relatives and friends, also Mary Washington Temple, No. 22, K. of G. E., Daughters of St. George, Ladies' Guild of the Rectory Fund Association of St. George's Church, are invited to attend funeral, on Tuesday, at 9:30 a. m., from her late residence, 6107 Cedar avenue. Services at St. George's Episcopal Church, at 10:30 o'clock. Interment Fernwood Cemetery.

McCLARNON.—On August 1, 1915, PATRICK McCLARNON, husband of Ellen and son of the late James and Sarah McClarnon. Relatives and friends of the family are respectfully invited to attend funeral on Thursday morning, at 8:30 o'clock, from his late residence, 2344 North 3d st. Solemn High Mass at St. Edward's Church, at 9 o'clock. Interment at Holy Sepulchre Cemetery.

McGEE.—July 31, 1915, HANNAH, daughter of Rodger and Hannah McGee. Relatives and friends, also B. V. M. Sodality and Society of the Visitation Church, are invited to attend funeral, Wednesday morning, at 8:30 o'clock, from her parents' residence, 2227 Mascher street. Solemn Mass of Requiem at the Church of Our Lady of the Visitation at 10 o'clock. Interment St. Mark's Cemetery, Bristol, Pa.

McGINNIS.—On July 31, 1915, MARY, wife of the late Joseph McGinnis. Relatives and friends are invited to attend funeral, on Wednesday morning, at 8:30 o'clock, from her late residence, 1527 North 2d street. Solemn Requiem Mass at St. Michael's Church, at 10 a. m. precisely. Interment Holy Cross Cemetery.

McKINNEY.—Suddenly, on August 1, 1915, WILLIAM, husband of the late Ellen McKinney. Relatives and friends are invited to attend the funeral, on Wednesday, August 4, at 2 o'clock precisely, from his late residence, No. 624 South 21st st. Interment at Mount Moriah Cemetery.

McLAUGHLIN.—On July 31, 1915, HUGH E., son of the late Hugh and Ann McLaughlin. Relatives and friends, also St. Paul's B. V. M. Sodality, are invited to attend funeral Tuesday morning, at 8:30 o'clock, from the residence of his brother, Joseph A. McLaughlin, 1322 Mifflin st. Solemn Requiem Mass at St. Paul's Church, at 10 a. m. Interment at Cathedral Cemetery.

MILLER.—On August 1, 1915, WILLIAM A., husband of Mary Miller, aged 59 years. Relatives and friends, also Pleasantville Council, No. 35, Jr. O. U. A. M.; Pleasantville B. & B. Bottlers' Union, Local 183, are respectfully invited to attend funeral services, on Wednesday, at 1 o'clock, at his late residence, 2014 North Lawrence st. Interment private. Remains may be viewed on Tuesday evening, after 7 o'clock.

O'KANE.—On July 29, 1915, EDWARD DANIEL O'KANE, beloved husband of Katharine O'Kane (nee Crowne), son of the late Daniel and Nora O'Kane, a member of the Knights of Columbus. Relatives and friends are invited to attend the funeral, on Tuesday morning, at 8:30 o'clock, from his late residence, 428 South 45th st. Solemn Requiem Mass at St. Francis de Sales' Church, at 10 o'clock. Interment at New Cathedral Cemetery.

REICHARDT.—On August 1, 1915, MELIA H., daughter of Elizabeth E. and the late Emil Reichardt (nee Stall), aged 6 years. Relatives and friends are invited to attend funeral services, on Wednesday, at 3 p. m., at the residence of her grandparents, Mr. E. Cumberland st. Interment private at Green Mount Cemetery.

RICKARD.—On August 1, 1915, NATHAN H., husband of Margaret Rickard (nee Russell), in his 83d year. Relatives and friends, also West Philadelphia Lodge, No. 372, I. O. O. F.; Temple Encampment, No. 100, I. O. O. F.; Union Lodge, No. 14, K. of P., and butchers of the 24th Ward Market, are invited to attend funeral services, Wednesday, at 2 p. m., at his late residence, 404 North Wilton st. Interment Fernwood Cemetery. Remains may be viewed on Tuesday evening.

ROSS.—On July