Leave for Mission Field Next Mont

LANCASTER, Pa. Aug. 8 -- Mice A.

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

CHAPTER XX.

NOR a moment Tarran thought that by some strange freak of fate a miracle had saved bim, but when he realized the case with which the girl had, singlehanded, beaten off 30 gorilla-like males. and an instant later, as he saw them sgain take up their dance about him while she addressed them in a singsong monetone, which bore every syldence of rate. He came to the conclusion that it was all but a part of the ceremony of which he was the central figure.

After a moment or two the girl draw a hnife from her girdle, and leaning over Tarnan cut the bonds from his legs. Then, as the men stopped their dance and approached, she motioned to him to rise.

There was a sudden commotion in the direction of the disputants, and Tarsan rolled his head in their direction in time to another him here. the courtyard, the men following in twos.

Through winding corridors she led, forther and farther into the remoter predicts of the temple, until they came to a great chamber in the centre of which steed an altar. Then it was that Tarzan translated the strange cerementy that had preceded his introduction into this holy of holies.

hely of holles.

He had fallen into the hands of descendants of the ancient sun worshippers. His seeming rescue by a votaress of the high priestess of the sun had been but a part of the mimicry of their heathen coremony—the sun looking down upon him through the opening at the top of the court had claimed him had his own, and the priestess had come from the inner temple to save him from the poliuting hands of worldlings—to save him as a human offering to their flaming deity.

And had he needed further assurance

And had he needed further assurance as to the correctness of his theory he had only to cast his eyes upon the brownish-red stains that caked the stone altar and covered the floor in its immediate vicinity, or to the human skulls which grinned from countiess niches in the towering walls.

The priestess led the victim to the altar steps. Again the galleries above filled with watchers, while from an arched doorway at the east end of the chamber a procession of females filed slowly into the room. They wore, like the men, only skins of wild animals caught about their walsts with rawhide belts or chains of gold; but the black masses of their hair were incrusted with golden headgear to form a metal cap from which determines of ovai pieces falling to the walst.

The females were more symmetrically

The females were more symmetrically

The females were more symmetrically proportioned than the males, their features were much more perfect, the shapes of their heads and their large, soft, black eyes denoting far greater intelligence and humanity than was possessed by their lords and masters.

Each priestess bore two golden cups, and as they formed in line along one side of the altar the men formed opposite them, advancing and taking each a cup from the female opposite. Then the chant began once more, and presently from a dark passageway beyond the altar another female emerged from the cavernous depths beneath the chamber. The high priestess, thought Tarsan. She was a young woman with a rather intelligent and shapely face. Her ornaments were similar to those worn by her votaries, but much more elaborate, many being set with diamonds. Her bare arms and legs were almost concealed by the massive, bejeweled ornaments which covered them, while her single leopard skin massive, bejeweled ornaments which covered them, while her single leopard skin was supported by a close-fitting girdle of golden rings set in strange designs with innumerable small diamonds. In the girdle she carried a long, jeweled knife, and in her hand a slender wand in lieu of a bludgeon.

As she advanced to the opposite side of the altar she halted, and the chanting caused. The priests and priestsess knit.

ceased. The priests and priestesses knelt before her, while with wand extended above them she recited a long and tiresearch—the mad brute and the gard upon search—the mad brute and the gard upon steal. Tarsan could scarce realize that its possessor in a moment more would be transformed by the fanatical ecaisay of religious zeal into a wild-eyed and blood-thirsty executioner, who, with drippins knife, would be the first to drink her victim's red, warm blood from the little scales out that stood upon the sitar.

Search—the mad brute and brute and brute for the gorilla-like fingers were clutching frantically at her throat as she struggled to escape the futy of the awful thing upon her.

As Tarsan's heavy hand fell upon his shoulder the priest dropped his victim, and turned upon her would-be rescuer. With foam-fecked lips and bared fangs were that stood upon the sitar. golden cup that stood upon the altar.

As she finished her prayer she let her eyes rest for the first time upon Tarsan-With every indication of considerable curiosity she examined him from head to

rumhling as he went slowly to the inferior

Then the priestess, standing above himberan reciting what Tarsan took to be an invocation, the while she slowly raised her thin, sharp knife aloft. It seemed ages to the ape-man before her arm ceased its upward progress and the knife halled high above his unprotected breast.

halied high above his unprotected breast.

Then it started downward, slowly at first, but as the incantation increased in rapidity, with greater speed. At the end of the line Tarzan could hear the grumbling of the diagrantied priest. The man's voice rose louder and louder. A priestess near him spoke in sharp tones of rebuke. The knife was quite near to Tarzan's breast now, but it halted for an instant as the high priestess raised her eyes to shoot her swift displeasure at the instigator of this sacrilegious interuption.

There was a sudden commotion in the

rolled his head in their direction in time to see the burly brute of a priest leap upon the woman opposite him, dashing out her brains with a single blow of his heavy cudgel. Then that happened which Tarsan had witnessed a hundred times before among the wild denixens of his own savage jungle. He had seen the thing fall upon Kerchak, and Tubiat and Terkox; upon a dozen of the other mighty bull apos of his tribe; and upon Tantor, the elephant; there was scarce any of the males of the forest that did not at times fall prey to it. The priest went mad, and with his heavy bludgeon ran amuck among his fellows.

His screams of rage were frightful as he

among his fellows.

His screams of rage were frightful as he dashed hither and thither, dealing terrific hlows with his giant weapon, or sinking his yellow fangs into the fiesh of some luckless victim. And during it the priestess stood with poised knife above Tarzan, her eyes fixed in horror upon the maniacal thing that was dealing out death and destruction to her votation. struction to her votaries.

toward her around the end of the altar.

Tarzan strained at the bonds which
held his arms pinioned behind him. The
woman did not see—she had forgotten her prey in the horror of the danger that threatened herself. As the brute leaped past Tarsan to clutch his victim, the ape-man gave one superhuman wrench at spe-man gave one superhuman wrench at the thongs that held him. The effort sent him rolling from the altar to the stone floor on the opposite side from that on which the priestess stood; but as he sprang to his feet the thongs dropped from his freed arms, and at the same time he realized that he was alone in the inner temple—the high priestess and the mad priest had disappeared.

And then a muffled scream came from

the mad priest had disappeared.

And then a muffled scream came from
the cavernous mouth of the dark hole
beyond the sacrificial altar through which
the priestess had entered the temple.
Without even a thought for his own
safety, or the possibility for escape which
this rapid series of fortuitous circumstances had thrust upon him, Tarsan of
the Apea answered the call of the woman
to dancer. With a lithe bound he was the Apes answered the call of the woman in danger. With a little bound he was at the gaping entrance to the subterranean chamber, and a moment later was running down a flight of age-old concrete steps that led he knew not where. The faint light that filtered in from above showed him a large, low-celled vault from which several doorways led off into inky darkness, but there was no need to thread an unknown way, for there before him lay the objects of his search—the mad brute had the girl upon

the mad sun-worshipper battled with the tenfold power of the maniac. In the blood fust of his fury the creature had undergone a sudden reversion to type, which left him a wild beast, forgetful of

curiosity she examined him from head to foot. Then she addressed him, and when she had finished she stood walling, as though she expected a reply.

"I do not speak your language," said Tarsan. "Possibly we may speak together in another tongue?" But she could not understand him, though he tried Prench, English, Arab, wastri, and, as a last resort, the mongrel tongue of the West Coast.

The shooic her head, and it seemed that there was a note of weariness in her voice as she motioned to the priests to continue with the rites. These now circled in a sign the rite. These now circled in a sign that the rites and rending a snapping beasts at her feet.

quick leap he was at her side, and a re-straining hand was laid upon her arm. "Walt!" said Tarsan of the Apes, in the language of the tribe of Kerchak.

The girl looked at him in astoniahment "Who are you," she whispered, "who speaks the language of the first man?" "I am Tarsan of the Apea," he an-

"What do you want of me?" she con-tinued. "For what purpose did you save me from Tha?"

"I could not see a woman murdered?"
It was a half question that answered "But what do you intend to do with me

"Nothing," he replied, "but you can do something for me-you can lead me out of this place to freedom." He made the suggestion without the slightest thought that she would accede. He felt quite sure that the sacrifice would go on from the social where it had been interrupted the point where it had been interripted if the high priestess had her way, though he was equally positive that they would find Tarzan of the Apes unbound and with a long dagger in his hand a much less tractable victim than Tarzan distance and bound. armed and bound.

The girl stood looking at him for long moment before she spoke.

long moment before she speke.

"You are a wonderful man," she said.
"You are such a man as I have seen in my daydreams ever since I was a little girl. You are such a man as I imagine the forebeam of my people must have been—the great race of people who built this mighty city in the heart of a savage world that they might wrest from the bowels of the earth the fabulous wealth for which they had sacrificed their farfor which they had sacrificed their far-

"I cannot understand why you came to "I cannot understand why you came to my rescue in the first place, and now I can't understand why, having me within your power, you do not wish to be re-venged upon me for having sentenced you to death—for having almost having put ou to death with my own hand.

"I presume," replied the ape-man, "that you but follow the teachings of your re-ligion. I cannot blame you for that, no matter what I may think of your creed. But who are you—what people have I fallen among?"

"I am La, high priestess of the Temple "I am La, high priestess of the Temple of the Sun, in the city of Opar. We are descendants of a people who came to this savage world more than ten thousand years ago in seach of gold. Their cities stretched from a great sea under the rising sun to a great sea into which the sun descends at night to cool his flaming them. They were very rich and very prow. They were very rich and very powerful, but they lived only a few months of the year in their magnificent palaces here; the rest of their time they spent in their native land, far, far to the north.

"Many ships went back and forth be-tween this new world and the old. Dur-ing the rainy season there were but few inhabitants remained here, only those who superintend the working of the mines by the black slaves, and the merchants who had to stay to supply their wants, and the soldiers who guarded the cities and the mines.

"It was at one of these times that the great calamity occured. When the time came for the teeming thousands to return came for the teeming thousands to return none came. For weeks the people waited. Then they sent out a great galley to learn why no one came from the mother coun-try, but though they sailed about for many months, they were unable to find any trace of the mighty land that had for ages borne their civilization—it had sunk into the sea.

"From that day dated the downfall of "From that day dated the downfall of my people. Disheartened and unhappy, they soon became a prey to the black hordes of the north and the black hordes of the south. One by one the cities were deserted or overcome. The last remnant was finally forced to take shelter within this mighty mountain fortress. Slowly we have dwindled in power, in civilization, in intellect, in numbers, until now we are no more than a small tribe of savage ages.

"In fact, the apes live with us, and have "In fact, the apes live with us, and have for many ages. We call them the first men—we speak their language quite as much as we do our own; only in the rituals of the temple do we make any attempt to retain our mother tongue. In time it will be forgotten, and we will speak only the language of the apes; in time we will no longer banish those of our people who mate with apes, and so in time we shall descend to the very beasts for which ages ago our probeasts for which ages ago our progenitors may have sprung,"

"But why are you more human than he others?" asked the man. (CONTINUED TOMORROW.)

OFFICIAL RAKES RAILROADS

Port Director Attacks Discrimination in Favor of Ship Companies.

Most Cosst.

She shook her head, and it seemed that there was a note of weariness in her voice as she motioned to the priests to continue with the ritus. These now circled in a repetition of their filotic dance, which was terminated finally at a command from the priestess, who had stood throughout, still looking intently upon Tarzan.

At her signal the priests rushed upon the speciman, and, lifting him bedily, laid him upon his back across the altan, head far back, rain blow after blow and hanging over one edge, his legs over the opposite. Then they sand the priests and the priests and the priests are of the victim's lifeblood after the sacrificial knife had accomplished its work.

In the line of priests an altercation arose as to who should have first place. A burly brite with all the refined intelligence of a groulfs, stamped upon his heatist face was attempting to punh as maller man to second place, but the smaller one appealed to the high priestess, who, in a cold, peremptory voles sent the larger to the extreme end of the line arms of castages. The black mouth of a smaller care the care and of the line and the priest can be appealed to the high priestess.

A concerted protest against the action the wall, watching with wide, fear-fascinated eyes the scrowing, snapping of railroads giving steamship companies free wharfage in Baltimore, Boston and Philadelphia is urged by Edward F. Sweeney, chalrman of the Boston Port Directors, in a letter to Buston Port Directors, in a letter to Buston Port Directors, in a letter to Directors, in a letter to Directors, in a letter to Mayor Blanken-burg, Mr. Sweeney said it is "an iniquition proposite. Then they said the priest against the wall, watching with wide, fear-fascinated eyes the stranger close one stanger in Baltimore, Boston and Philadelphia is urged by Edward F. Sweeney, chalrman of the Boston Port Directors, the later to Mayor Blanken-burg and which the surger limits and the priest against the wall had a care the feet.

A concern take the section of his face th

The Daily Story

White Roses

The room was bright with the soft light of the shaded immps and the red glow of an open fire and redolent of the spicy breath of roses. On a little spindle-legged table the blossoms were glowing in a mass of despest crimson. Their heavy fragrance made Marguet's head throb and she pressed her hands to her eyes wearly.

wearily.

In her ears the applause was still ringing. From pit to gallery the storm had
swept and again and again she had been
recalled. When she had, with difficulty,
cluded the black-coated throng about the
stage entrance, she had sunk back in the
cushioned depths of the barouche, too
weary to do more than smile faintly in
appreciation of her manager's extravagant praises.

weary to do more than smile faintly in appreciation of her manager's extravagant praises.

She still wore her costume of pink and gold brocade and kept her opera closk about her shoulders, for her gown was low cut and sleeveless. She had drawn off her long gloves and was crumpling them absently between her fingers.

Only the Insisent ticking of the little Dresden clock broke the silence of the room, but from the streets below a dull, muffled roar came to her. She crossed the room and looked out on the busy lighted streets.

How the people jostled and elbowed! A good natured crowd it was. She, in all the wide city, seemed in he alone.

From the little church on the corner came to her the hymning of the choristers, practicing the Sunday music, their fresh, glad voices rising exultantly. She put her hands to her ears, as if to shut out the sound, and then, crossing the room, seated herself at the plano, touching the keys softly. At first her fingers wandered idly, caressingly, but after awhile they evoked a plaintive little air, and she sang, her slorious voice filling the room with melody.

She broke off with a little discordant note and leaned her head against the music rest, like a tired child.

Presently she rose and stood regarding herself in a long glass. Her cloak had fallen to the floor and she stood revelead in all the magnificence of her stage gown, gilttering with Jeweled trimmings and billowy with costly lace. The coils of her hair were thrust through and through with jeweled pins and about her throat was a necklace of diamonds. She turned her head this way and that, watching the gems flash and sparkle. Then she drew gems flash and sparkle. Then she drew



No longer that of a world-worn woman but of a radiant girl.

from the bosom of her gown a note read the words again that she had read and reread many times, a smile of scorn curving her lips.

He had sent her the note with the diamonds and the roses this morning, and tonight she had promised him an answer. It was much that he offered her-wealth, position and an old, if tranished, name and his love!

sand his love!

She drew the crimson roses from the bowl and then thrust them back with a gesture of loathing. They were too heavy, too sweet, too gorgeous. They reminded her too forcibly of him. They reminded her too forcibly of him. They suggested too strongly the dollars and cents expended on them. She sank into a cents expended on them. She sank into a wronged you, would you have me make my wrong still deeper? My heart is far away in the Southland tonight where carried chair, and taking a photograph from a silver holder on the desk, looked critically at the cynical, world-worn face. As she pushed the picture into the holder As she pushed the picture into the holder a pile of letters met her eye: she remembered that her maid had reminded her of her mail on return from the theatre, but in the crowding thoughts which had submerged her she had forgotton it. She pushed aside the letters contemptiously, She was used to, and weary of the effusions.

But as she pushed them from her little oblong box met her eye, and beside it addressed in the same handwriting, lay a letter. With a smothered exclamation ahe bent nearer, and her face showed oddly white under the rouge. With trembling fingers she tore open the letter and read:

"My little love: You will doubtless be surprised to hear from me. In your new and gorgeous aurroundings the old life must seem to you like a dream; the old friends like people of a dream. But to me you are ever the same Margaret—my little love.

me you are ever the same Margaret—my little love.

"Even in this sleepy village rumors of your great fame come to us. I hear you have the world at your feet. But it has not spoiled you, I know. For with your beautiful voice and your beautiful face. God gave you a beautiful soul. You will grow weary of your gaudy, empty life some day for love must conquer in the some day, for love must conquer in the | that.

end.
"I passed our old trysting place today.
The roses were in bloom all about it. A rush of old memories came to me and I plucked some of the half-opened buds to

From the flowers in her hand she looked Copyright, 1915 by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.

again at the blossoms in her hand; little blossoms they were, looking insignificant and meager builde their regal sisters, but she pressed them to her lips, a rush of tears blinding her. Then she howed her head upon her hands not sobbing only

The noises of the street grew faint and far; instead, the grass was green beneath her feet, the sky was blue overhead, and under a canopy of little white roses she stood, her head upon her lover's breast, listening to the first whispers of love.

The lumbering of some heavy vehicle roused her. With a sudden impetuous movement she unclasped the diamond necklace from about her throat and heaped it in a slittering pile upon the deak, and tossed the photograph upon the glowing coals. Then she rose, white and trembling; the voices of the choristers still hymning in the gray old church, came to her. She atood listening, with the roses crushed to her breast.

After a while she went into the room

After a while she went into the room beyond and kneeling down drew from a drawer an oblong package. She shook out the folds of a white muslin gown and

moothed it caressingly. "You child," she whispered to herself, "you child!" But she went on smoothing out the crumbled folds.

Laughing softly, she slipped out of the heavy, silken gown and donned the simple white one. She let down her heavy hair and braided it in one long plait, washed the rouge from her cheeks, and planed the white rose in the laces at her threat. her throat.

Then she went back to the sitting room and stood before the mirror, regarding with grave eyes the face that looked back at her; no longer that of a world-worn woman, but of a radiant girl. The little maid stared when she entered

with a card, but Margaret was too en grossed to note her surprise.

"I will see him," she said, and there was a hard note in her voice.
She was standing with her back to the door and at first he did not recognize her, but as she turned and addressed him her, but as she turned and addressed him he went forward, dramatically, "Ah, it is you. Mademoiselle? It is a new role, then? It is something that I have not seen before, is it not so? It is not Elsa, nor Marguerite, nor any of those roles, and yet—Ah, Mademoiselle, you are always beautiful, but tonight you are more beautiful, you are—"

She held up her hand, "No," she said, "It is not Elsa nor Marguerite nor any "It is not Elsa nor Marguerite nor any of those roles that you have seen me play so many times. It is an old role which I discarded years ago, but which I have resumed tonight, and which I hope to continue in throughout my life. It is a role which I have played many times, the only requisites of which are simplicity and truth, and the applause, the only applause worth while, the appreciation of true and honest hearts."

She broke off abruntly, and lifted the

She broke off abruptly, and lifted the glittering necklace from the desk. "When I came to the city," she went on, "this great throbbing city, with its heautiful, and, wicked life, I was a young girl, untutored in the hard lessons of the world. I had lived among people whose women were good and men honest, and I thought all men and women, good and honest. When I think of the simple, untried girl I was and the dangers that menaced me. I shudder even now. menaced me, I shudder even now.

"But the world was good to me. My voice and the beauty men say I possess stood me in good stead. The world of-fered me its poor best, and I was daxaled with its glitter and gleam. I was like a fly, caught in a golden web, fas-cinated and yet afraid.

"Today, Monsieur, you asked me-you did me the honor to ask me to become your wife; you offered me wealth and

"And my love, Mademoiselle."
"And your love, Tonight I give them back to you with these." She held out the great string of diamonds. "You did me a great honor, and I thank you for it, but tonight an influence that has exerted itself throughout my life has has exerted itself throughout my life has spoken to my heart in a voice which cannot be silenced. And so I am going away. I am going back to the old role again, the role of the simple, happy, quiet life. I shall marry a man who is not great, perhaps, as the world counts greatness, but who—""But Mademoiselle, what of me? Do I deserve no consideration? Am I to be thrust aside so? Surely—""You cannot say anything of me—you cannot accuse me more mercilessly than I accuse myself. But because I have wronged you, would you have me make

She touched with gentle fingers the roses on her breast. The Frenchman stood with bowed head

For the first time it came to her that it was given, even to this worldling, to love sincerely. A great pity, born of the new beauty and light in her own life, stirred within her heart. She laid her hand for a moment on his.

"Forgive me," she said. He raised her hand and kissed it, rev-"Mademoiselle." he said, earnestly, "do

you know what you are relinquishing? Are you prepared to forego all the lux-ury, the pleasure, the splendor of your present life—to give up that which has become almost a part of your being—to give up all this for a life narrow and petty—a life dull, and, perhaps, even sordid?"

She raised her head proudly, and he she raised her head proudy, and he thought he had never seen her more beautiful than when she answered him.

"No." she said, "it is not sordid, and it will not be dull. Monsieur, it will be glorified by love."

For a moment he stood in silence. Then he raised his head and looked into the class exest.

clear eyes:
"Ah, Mademoiselle, it is worth an eternity of misery—one hour of love such as

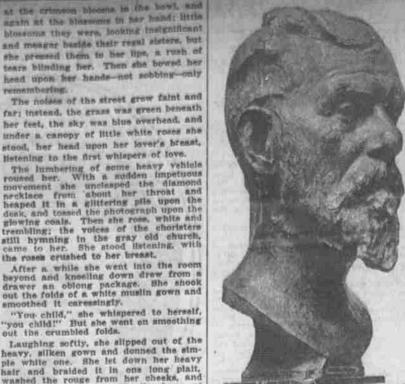
end.

"I passed our old trysting place today.
The roses were in bloom all about it. A rush of old memories came to me and I plucked some of the half-opened buds to send you.

"Guodby, my dear, my dear. With faith and love.

"Guodby, my dear, my dear. With faith and love.

R."





BUST AND ITS MAKER Above is a portrait bust of James Grafiy, for which Clyde C. Bath-hurst, of 20th and Cherry streets, shown below, has received hon-orable mention at the Panama-Pacific Exposition. Mr. Bath-hurst studied at the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts under Charles Grafiy. He is 29 years old and was born at Mt. Union, Pa.

SHERIFF ARRESTS OPERATORS OF SUNDAY AMUSEMENTS

One Held for Felonious Assault for Attacking Captor With Butcher Knife.

SALEM, N. J., Aug. 9.-Failing to heed warnings given by Prosecutor Daniel V. Summerill, a squd of officers in charge of Sheriff A. Lincoln Fox yesterday visited Fenton Beach, a pleasure resort along the Delaware River, in Upper Penn's Neck township, and closed the merry-go-round, shooting gallery and poolroom, where a flourishing business was being conducted. William Henry, Alonzo Lecates and George Merras, the proprietors, were all arrested, charged with keeping a disorderly house, in that they habitually continued business on Sundays. Each was held in \$200 ball for court.

When Sheriff Fox went to arrest Henry, when Sheriff Fox went to arrest reary, he laughed in his face, and was given in custody of Officer Stackhouse. When the latter allowed him to go to his room for some clothes, he fastened the door and defied the officers to come in. Sheriff Fox attempted to enter, but Henry is alleged to have come at him with a butcher knife, and the Sheriff was com-pelled to pull his revolver and fire before Henry surrendered. A charge of feloni-ous assault has been made against Henry and he is held in \$1000 ball for court.

MORE SUFFRAGE ACTIVITY

Women to Hold Rallies Every Noon and Evening This Week.

Philadelphia suffrage workers have a busy week ahead of them. Open-air rallies are scheduled for every evening and noon will find the organizers addressing factory employes in every section of the city.

Miss Anna McCue will continue her work in the Kensington mill district, where her popularity among the mill hands has gained many supporters for the suffrage cause. The following pro-gram has been arranged by the Equal Franchise Society:

Touight, at 8:30, Germantown and Le-high avenues; tomorrow, at noon, Devlin's foundry, 3d street and Lehigh avenue; Wednesday evening, Marshall street and Girard avenue; Thursday, at noon, Firth & Foster Dye works, Emer-ald and Cumberland streets; Friday, at noon, Magee's carpet mill, Franklin street and Lehigh avenue; Friday eve-ning, Germantown avenue and Diamond street; Saturday evening, City Hall

An extensive program also has been arranged by the Woman Suffrage party, and Miss May Macken, Miss Sarah Fisher and Miss M. C. Engard will address crowds in many sections of the city. A class in suffrage speaking will meet on Tuesday evening at the party headquarters, 1721 Chestnut street.

German Bank Failure Reported PARIS, Aug. 5.—A Lausanne dispatch says that the Mendelssohn-Bartholdy Bank, of Germany, has falled for \$750,000.

Rochrer, of this city, will leave for Lutheran mission fields at Rajahanan India, early in September. She will commissioned by the General Counti-the Lutheran Church at Rock Island. on September 9. on September 2.

Miss Rochrer is a recent graduate must of the Presbyterian Hospital, Philagonia, For the last 10 months sine 2 been head dispensary nurse. Curling Iron Fire Fatal to Women Miss Carrie L. Hall, 42 years old, 1903 Summer street, died in the Germ Hospital from burns received when 2 Hospital from burns received when dress caught fire. She was heating curling from over an open gas jet Saturday when a gust of wind bless curtain against the flame. When tried to best out the flames her clou caught fire. She died inst night, OBITUARIES E, Malin Hoopes WEST CHESTER, Aug. 2.—B. M Hoopes, aged about 84 years, who been in business a longer time than other merchant in this place, dies other merchant in this place, dist Baturday after a short lilness will complication of diseases. In 60 year business as a wholesale and retail me had amassed a fortune estimate he had amassed a tortune estimates, \$100,000. He was a member of the clety of Friends, being a leader in Wachester Meeting. Two daughters sure him, Mrs. Caroline Brinton and Re-

Deaths

ANDERSON. On August 0, 1918, MARY wife of John Anderson. Due notice of a neral will be given, from her late replace 217 N. Camad St. BERRY. On Aug. 7, 1918, MARGART, wife of Alfred Berry. Relatives and free are respectfully invited to attend funeral of the control of the co

Westminster.

BILGER.—On August 7, 1915, SAMUEL,
BILGER, in his 90th year. Relative of
friends are invited to attend the tenservices, on Tuesday, at 11 a. m., at his
residence, 505 North 21st et. Interneur avate, at North Laurel Hill Cemetery. vate at North Laurel Hill Cemetery,
BOARDMAN.—On August 7, 1918, 1918 husband of Mary Broadhurst and son Sarah W, and the late Edward M. Boardman aged 52 years. Relatives and friends as Phila. Council, No. 238, Royal Arcanon, sinvited to attend the funeral services, Tuesday afternoon, at 2 o'clock precisely, his late residence, 163 West Tabor road noy. Automobile services. Interment price at Hillside. Friends may call Monday sining, from 8 to 9 o'clock.

DOYLE.—On August S. 1915. HARRY I DOYLE, son of Mary T. and the late De-S. Doyle, in his 17th year, at his parmy residence, 4929 Fairmount ave. Due notice the funeral will be given. BURTON.—At Langhorne, Pa., on Eign Month 7th, 1915, EMMA RESIECCA, des-ter of the late Edward J. and Margaret in ton. Relatives and friends are tnyited to tend funeral, on Fourth-day. Eighth He 11th, from her late residence.

11th, from her late residence.

BYRNE.—On Aug. 7. 1915, JOBEPH J.
of Joseph and Mary Byrne, aged 12 rePuneral on Tuesday, at 7:30 a. m., from a
residence of his parents, 4038 Hoops a
Mass at Our Mother of Borrows Churs,
p. a. m. Interment at Holy Cross Cemeter,
Relatives and friends, also Our Mother
Sorrows' Cadet T. A. B. Spelety and poof Our Mother of Borrows School, are
vited to attend.

vited to attend.

CAVANAUGH.—On August 7, 1915, Man E., wife of John Cavanaugh and daughte a the late John and Mary Cassey. Relatives of friends, also Sodality of the B. V. M. or Rossry and Altar Societies of St. John the Baptist Church, are invited to attend fuses on Wednesday, at 8:30 a. m., from her or residence, 4303 Main st., Manayunk, Sele-High Mans at St. John the Baptist Church 10 a. m. Interment at Westminster Council CONNELL—Op August 7, 1915. VERCOME.

CONNELL.—On August 7, 1915, VERONI H., daughter of the late John A, and its Connell. Funeral on Tuesday at 8 g., from the residence of her grandparents, 8 Girard ave. High Mass at 8t. Gresse Church at 9:30 a. m. Interment at Cained Cametery. Relatives and friends of far are invited to attend.

GRESHAN.—On August 8, 1915, NEWT FREAS CRESHMAN, in the 62d year of age. Relatives and friends are invited attend the funeral services, on Tuesdevening, precisely at 8 o'clock, at he bresidence, 5420 Cedar ave. Informent pipe residence, been cocar ave. Interment principal DOI GAS.—On August 8, 1916, JULIA (1976), wife of Julius 1, Dilgas, agetyears. Relatives and friends are invited attend the funeral, Thursday, at 2 p. from her late residence, 6032 Palmetto at Pox Chase.

POYLE. On August 8, 1915, HARRY DOYLE, son of Mary T, and the late Dan B. Doyle, in his 17th year, at his parent residence. 4813 Fafrmount ave. Due coll of the funeral will be given. or the funeral with to given.

DEAL.—On August 7, 1015, JOSEPH C, he hand of Louise Deal. Relatives and friesh also employes of Southwark Foundry as 2d Ward Republican Club, are invited to a tend the funeral, on Wednesday, at 1 p. a from his late residence, 1246 Moyamens MARGARET F., wile of William Eck aged St years. Relatives and friends invited to attend the funeral services, Wednesday, at 2 p. m., at her humb residence, 5856 Coral st. Interment at C Mount Cemetery.

Mount Cemetery.

FLANIGAN.—At his residence, 5810 1 rington ave. on August 7, 1018, WILL H., husband of Elizabeth C. Finnigan, 78 years. Relatives and friends are into attend the funeral services, on Tun attendon, at 2 o'clock, at the spartment Oliver H. Hau, 1820 Chestnut st, Intersprivate. FURNESS.—On August 7, 1915, MARGANDE, FURNESS. Due notice of juneral ville

given.

GALLAGHER.—On Aug. 7, 1918, GEOR son of the late James and Mary Gallas (nee Douglesty). Relitives and friends.

8. Farticks A. V. M. didness and friends.

8. Farticks A. V. M. didness and the land of the late of Theorems. P. Cahill. 260 S. 20th st. S. Mass. of Regulem at 8:10 s. m. from the same of Theorems. P. Cahill. 260 S. 20th st. S. Mass. of Regulem at 8t. Patrick's Church 10 s. m. Interment Holy Cross Cometer GAUSS.—On August 5, 1916, at her late dence. 711 North 18th st., GEORGE MARK, widow of William F. Gauss steyears. Due notice of the funeral will given.

given.

GARTLAND, — Suddenly, on Aug. 7.

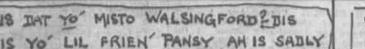
JAMES, husband of Alice Gertland,
tives and friends, also members of Fi
ahlp Liberal Leagus and employes of
delphis Winding Co., are invited to s
the tuneral services. Wednesday after
at 2 o'cleck, at the residence of his
at Caliand Cemetery. Remains no
viewed Tuesday, 8 to 10 p. m.

GERAGHTY.—On Aug. 7, 1916. PE Viswed Tuesday, 5 to 10 p. m.

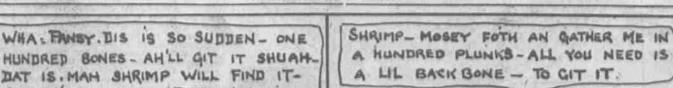
GERAGHTY.—On Aug. 7, 1916. PE
husband of Margaret Geraghty (nes to
gher) and son of the late John and
Geraghty. Relatives and friends,
League of the Sacred Heart and emislo
Lit Brothers (night force) are invitationd the funces). Tuesday, at \$1.50 s

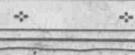
Tom his late residence. 2107 Menuto
hass of Requism at 81. Charles Horre
Church, at 10 a. m. Interment at Net
thesdraft Cemetory.

GET-RICH-QUICK-WALSINGFORD



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AN, AS YO' HAB DE LILLEST BACKBONE





IS DAT YO' MISTO WALSING FORD 2 DIS









IN DIS VICINITY YO' AM DE PROPAH PUSSON TO UNDERTAKE DE CONTRACK-

SHRIMP QUALIFIES FOR A JOB