

GET-RICH-QUICK-WALSINGFORD

YO' DONE LOOSE ER MU-EL? KINDLY SPLAIN WHAT HE LOOK LIKE

HE GOT DE REGLAR LOWENCE OB FO LAIQS, AN DE LONG EARS, AN ER KINDER SAD SPRESSION TO DE FACE.

WHEN HE QWINE TER KICK HE DONE TURN AROUN AN SMILE OUTER DE CORNER OB DE EYE AN' DEN

HE JES LET FLY WIF HES OFF HINE LAIQ- 'DIS AWAY

I' SE MUCH OBLIGE - AH FINK AH UN'ERSTAN. PUFFECTLY.

YO' GET DE IDEE?

THE RETURN OF TARZAN

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

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CHAPTER XXII.—(Continued) FINALLY it occurred to him to look up, and there above him he saw through a round opening a tiny circular patch of starry sky.

As he sat speculating on the nature and uses of this strange passage and its terminal shaft, the moon topped the opening above, letting a flood of silver light into the shadowy place.

As the moon crossed the opening of the shaft its light flooded the whole interior, and then Tarzan saw directly across from him another opening in the opposite wall.

He was startled, for he had just noticed a passage leading to possible escape. It was a fact which he had determined to do.

Quickly returning to the wall he had demolished to explore what lay beyond it, he carried the stones into the passageway and replaced them on that side.

The wall receded, Tarzan turned to the shaft, which was some fifteen feet wide at this point.

He had advanced some hundred feet when he came to a flight of steps leading downward into Stygian gloom.

When Tarzan had related his adventures and told of the yellow metal he had found, not one demurred when he outlined a plan to return by night and bring away the metal.

By midnight the entire party stood once more at the foot of the boulder, and with their heavy loads it was mid-forenoon when they reached the summit of the cliffs.

From there on the homeward journey was slow, but the thought of the fabulous wealth these thousands of pounds of metal would have represented were they in reality gold, almost convinced him that they must be some baser metal.

At the far end of the chamber he discovered another barred door, and again the bars upon the inside renewed the hope that he was traversing an ancient and forgotten passageway to liberty.

Behind the door the passage ran straight as a war spear, and it soon became evident to the ape-man that it had already led him beyond the outer wall of the temple.

When they had gone Tarzan gathered up two of the logs and, springing into the air, he leaped above the tangled and impenetrable mass of undergrowth for a couple of hundred yards.

As he advanced he felt as if he were treading upon a circular clearing about which the giants of the jungle forest towered like a guardian host.

He had discovered the tunnel, but he had not discovered the treasure. He had only discovered the entrance to the treasure vault.

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his face toward the guardian cliffs, and at a rapid trot set off across the valley.

The sun was just rising as he gained the summit of the first mountain at the valley's western boundary.

Striking the forest's edge about a quarter of a mile from the point at which the slender column arose into the still air, he took to the trees.

He was not a second to spare. Tarzan could not even unslung his bow and fit an arrow in time to send one of his deadly poisoned shafts into the yellow hide.

There was a terrible expression upon his savage face as he fitted a poisoned shaft to his bow.

When Tarzan had related his adventures and told of the yellow metal he had found, not one demurred when he outlined a plan to return by night and bring away the metal.

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cent that sets the whole savage jungle a-quake—Tarzan smelled man.

The wind was blowing off the ocean, so Tarzan knew that the authors of the scent were west of him.

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about the open beach for indications of the presence of others than herself. Presently another head appeared, and then another. The man in the shelter commenced to rave again, and the heads disappeared as silently and as suddenly as they had come.

One by one grotesque forms emerged from the jungle to creep stealthily upon the unsuspecting woman. A faint rustling of the grasses attracted her attention, she turned and saw the slight that confronted her she staggered to her feet with a little shriek of fear.

When she regained her senses she found herself in the thick of the primeval forest. It was night. A huge fire burned brightly in the distance, and the air was filled with the sound of a hundred voices.

When they discovered that their captive had regained consciousness, a piece of this repulsive stew was tossed to her from the hand of a nearby feaster.

For many days they traveled through the dense forest. The girl, furtive and exhausted, was half dragged, half pushed through the long, hot, tedious days.

Occasionally, when she would stumble and fall, she was cuffed and kicked by the nearest of the frightful men.

They reached their journey's end her shoes had been discarded—the soles entirely gone. Her clothes were torn to shreds and tatters, and through the pitiful rags her once white and tender skin showed raw and bleeding from contact with the thousand thistles, thorns and brambles through which she had been dragged.

ELKS ON THE BRANDYWINE Three Thousand Persons Attend Picnic at Lenape Park

WEST CHESTER, Pa., Aug. 12.—At least 3,000 persons are crowding Lenape Park on the Brandywine today enjoying the annual picnic.

CHAPTER XXIII. THE FIFTY FRIGHTFUL MEN For several long minutes Jane Porter and William Cecil Clayton stood silently at the dead body of the beast whose prey they so narrowly escaped becoming.

The girl was the first to speak again after her outbreak of impulsive avowal. "Who could it have been?" she whispered.

"God knows!" was the man's only reply. "If it is a friend, why does he not show himself?" continued Jane. "Wouldn't it be well to call out to him, and at least thank him?"

Mechanically Clayton did her bidding, but there was no response. Jane Porter shuddered. "The mysterious figure," she murmured, "is the terrible thing that lurks in the shadows of the jungle. It renders even the manifestations of friendship terrifying."

"We had best return to the shelter," said Clayton. "You will be at least a little safer there than in this protection whatever," he added bitterly.

"Do not say that, William," she hastened to urge, "acutely sorry for the wound her words had caused, great anxiety to do the best you could. You have been no coward and self-sacrificing, and brave. It is no fault of yours that you are not a superman."

There is only one other man I have ever known who could have done more than you. My words were all chosen in the excitement of the moment, and I did not wish to wound you. All that I wish to say is that we may both understand one another and for all that I can never marry you—that such a marriage would be wicked.

"I think I understand," he replied. "Let us not speak of it again—or at least until we are back in civilization."

Tarzan was worse. Almost constantly he was in a state of delirium. They could do nothing to relieve him, nor was Clayton overzealous to attempt anything. On the girl's account he feared the Hunter in the bottom of his heart he hoped the man would die. The thought that something might befall him that would leave her entirely at the mercy of the beast caused him great anxiety, and the probability that almost certain death awaited her should be left entirely upon the outskirts of the forest.

The Englishman had extracted the heavy spear from the body of the lion, so that when he went into the forest to hunt that night he had a feeling of much greater security than at any time since they had been cast upon the savage shore. The result was that he penetrated farther than he had ever before.

George Kelly's Funeral Today The funeral of George Kelly, a business man, who died last Monday at his seasonal home in West End, Long Branch, N. J., was held this morning at St. Michael's Church, West End. Burial will be in Old Cathedral Cemetery. The body will reach this city on a special train, due at West Philadelphia at 12:35 o'clock. Mr. Kelly was 71 years old. He is survived by eight children.

Mrs. Marie S. Eddy Mrs. Marie Stafford Eddy, wife of Roswell M. Eddy, a well-known druggist, died at her home, 18th and Lombard streets, yesterday. Her husband is the son of the late Dr. Henry C. Eddy, who had been established at the 18th street address as a druggist for 53 years. This is the fourth death in the family in a year. The elder Mr. Eddy died last August. His widow, Mrs. Eddy, died in 1914. A baby son died yesterday with Mrs. Eddy. She was married in 1907, and is survived by her husband and a 5-year-old son. The funeral will be held on Saturday afternoon from the apartment of Oliver H. Blair, 125 Chestnut street. Interment will be made at Woodland Cemetery.

Mrs. Alexander Cameron Announcement has been received in this city and by leaders in society circles along the Main Line of the death of Mrs. Alexander Cameron, at Cameron Lodge, Orange County, Va. Mrs. Cameron, whose home is in Richmond, Va., died on Monday following an illness of several weeks' duration. She was, before her marriage, Miss Mary Park Haxall, and was well-known in Philadelphia and the vicinity. Among her relatives here are Mrs. Sidney Biddle, Mrs. Charles Chauncey and Mrs. Mary Boyer, all cousins.

Frank Bramley LONDON, Aug. 12.—Frank Bramley, the famous English artist, died today. He was 83 years old.

Deaths ASHBEY.—Suddenly, on August 9, 1915, JESSIE BROWN, daughter of Winfield Scott and Jessie Brown Ashbey, aged 30 years. Funeral at 2 p. m. at St. Ann's Church, 14th and Chestnut streets. Interment at St. Ann's Cemetery, Frankford, Philadelphia, Pa.

BAGGLEY.—CLARENCE A. BAGGLEY, son of Mrs. Anna Baggley, aged 15 years. Residence, 1452 Newmarket st., Solemn High School, at St. Patrick's Church, Saturday, August 14, 10 a. m. Interment at St. Ann's Cemetery, Frankford, Philadelphia, Pa.

BEZEL.—On August 10, 1915, ATILIA, wife of Robert E. Jackson, aged 48 years. Residence, 1452 Newmarket st., Solemn High School, at St. Patrick's Church, Saturday, August 14, 10 a. m. Interment at St. Ann's Cemetery, Frankford, Philadelphia, Pa.

BYRNE.—On August 11, 1915, MICHAEL, son of Philip and Mary Byrne, aged 10 years. Residence, 1452 Newmarket st., Solemn High School, at St. Patrick's Church, Saturday, August 14, 10 a. m. Interment at St. Ann's Cemetery, Frankford, Philadelphia, Pa.

CLARE.—On August 10, 1915, CHARLES, son of William Campbell, aged 75 years. Residence, 1452 Newmarket st., Solemn High School, at St. Patrick's Church, Saturday, August 14, 10 a. m. Interment at St. Ann's Cemetery, Frankford, Philadelphia, Pa.

CROSBY.—On August 11, 1915, JOHN W. CROSBY, son of John and Mary Crosby, aged 10 years. Residence, 1452 Newmarket st., Solemn High School, at St. Patrick's Church, Saturday, August 14, 10 a. m. Interment at St. Ann's Cemetery, Frankford, Philadelphia, Pa.

DEAN.—On August 11, 1915, BRIDGET, wife of James Dean, aged 75 years. Residence, 1452 Newmarket st., Solemn High School, at St. Patrick's Church, Saturday, August 14, 10 a. m. Interment at St. Ann's Cemetery, Frankford, Philadelphia, Pa.

EDDY.—On August 11, 1915, MARGARET, wife of Robert E. Eddy, aged 75 years. Residence, 1452 Newmarket st., Solemn High School, at St. Patrick's Church, Saturday, August 14, 10 a. m. Interment at St. Ann's Cemetery, Frankford, Philadelphia, Pa.

FAY.—On August 11, 1915, JOHN J. FAY, son of John and Mary Fay, aged 10 years. Residence, 1452 Newmarket st., Solemn High School, at St. Patrick's Church, Saturday, August 14, 10 a. m. Interment at St. Ann's Cemetery, Frankford, Philadelphia, Pa.

GOLDSMITH.—On August 11, 1915, HANCOCK, son of William and Mary Goldsmith, aged 10 years. Residence, 1452 Newmarket st., Solemn High School, at St. Patrick's Church, Saturday, August 14, 10 a. m. Interment at St. Ann's Cemetery, Frankford, Philadelphia, Pa.

HARRINGTON.—On August 10, 1915, JAMES L. HARRINGTON, husband of Maria Harrington, formerly of Chelmsford, Essex, England. Residence, 1452 Newmarket st., Solemn High School, at St. Patrick's Church, Saturday, August 14, 10 a. m. Interment at St. Ann's Cemetery, Frankford, Philadelphia, Pa.

HOLLAND.—On August 10, 1915, MARY A. HOLLAND, wife of Joseph J. Holland, aged 75 years. Residence, 1452 Newmarket st., Solemn High School, at St. Patrick's Church, Saturday, August 14, 10 a. m. Interment at St. Ann's Cemetery, Frankford, Philadelphia, Pa.

DEATHS Tallish, Hillmuth, County Mayo, Ireland. Relatives and friends are invited to attend the funeral, on Saturday, at 8 a. m., from the residence of the deceased, John Tallish, 1232 South 24th st., Solemn Requiem Mass at St. Anthony's Church at 9:30 a. m. Interment at St. Ann's Cemetery.

MCARDY.—On August 11, 1915, THOMAS O'BRIEN, husband of Ella McCardy, aged 75 years. Residence, 1452 Newmarket st., Solemn High School, at St. Patrick's Church, Saturday, August 14, 10 a. m. Interment at St. Ann's Cemetery, Frankford, Philadelphia, Pa.

MERRIAM.—On August 11, 1915, S. KATE, wife of Dr. Franklin E. Merriam (nee Taylor), aged 75 years. Residence, 1452 Newmarket st., Solemn High School, at St. Patrick's Church, Saturday, August 14, 10 a. m. Interment at St. Ann's Cemetery, Frankford, Philadelphia, Pa.

MOZER.—Suddenly, on August 10, 1915, JOHN son of Anna Gallagher (nee Steinhauser) and John Mozer, aged 75 years. Residence, 1452 Newmarket st., Solemn High School, at St. Patrick's Church, Saturday, August 14, 10 a. m. Interment at St. Ann's Cemetery, Frankford, Philadelphia, Pa.

RIDGWAY.—On August 10, 1915, ANDREW RIDGWAY, son of John and Mary Ridgway, aged 50 years. Residence, 1452 Newmarket st., Solemn High School, at St. Patrick's Church, Saturday, August 14, 10 a. m. Interment at St. Ann's Cemetery, Frankford, Philadelphia, Pa.

RUSSELL.—Suddenly, on August 10, 1915, RUSSELL, son of John and Mary Russell, aged 75 years. Residence, 1452 Newmarket st., Solemn High School, at St. Patrick's Church, Saturday, August 14, 10 a. m. Interment at St. Ann's Cemetery, Frankford, Philadelphia, Pa.

SANVILLE.—On August 10, 1915, CHARLES SANVILLE, son of John and Mary Sanville, aged 75 years. Residence, 1452 Newmarket st., Solemn High School, at St. Patrick's Church, Saturday, August 14, 10 a. m. Interment at St. Ann's Cemetery, Frankford, Philadelphia, Pa.

SCHWEIZER.—At his residence, 1533 North 22nd st., on August 11, 1915, HENRY SCHWEIZER, aged 75 years. Residence, 1452 Newmarket st., Solemn High School, at St. Patrick's Church, Saturday, August 14, 10 a. m. Interment at St. Ann's Cemetery, Frankford, Philadelphia, Pa.

SHALLCROSS.—On August 10, 1915, GILES L. SHALLCROSS, son of John and Mary Shallcross, aged 75 years. Residence, 1452 Newmarket st., Solemn High School, at St. Patrick's Church, Saturday, August 14, 10 a. m. Interment at St. Ann's Cemetery, Frankford, Philadelphia, Pa.

SHEAFFER.—At his home (Highland), Fort Mifflin, Pa., on August 11, 1915, JOHN SHEAFFER, son of John and Mary Sheaffer, aged 75 years. Residence, 1452 Newmarket st., Solemn High School, at St. Patrick's Church, Saturday, August 14, 10 a. m. Interment at St. Ann's Cemetery, Frankford, Philadelphia, Pa.

SMITH.—On August 10, 1915, WILLIAM D. SMITH, husband of Christine W. Smith (nee Brown), aged 75 years. Residence, 1452 Newmarket st., Solemn High School, at St. Patrick's Church, Saturday, August 14, 10 a. m. Interment at St. Ann's Cemetery, Frankford, Philadelphia, Pa.

STALEY.—On August 10, 1915, CAROLINE STALEY, daughter of John and Mary Staley, aged 75 years. Residence, 1452 Newmarket st., Solemn High School, at St. Patrick's Church, Saturday, August 14, 10 a. m. Interment at St. Ann's Cemetery, Frankford, Philadelphia, Pa.

STAYTON.—On August 10, 1915, LILLIAN STAYTON, wife of J. W. Stayton, aged 75 years. Residence, 1452 Newmarket st., Solemn High School, at St. Patrick's Church, Saturday, August 14, 10 a. m. Interment at St. Ann's Cemetery, Frankford, Philadelphia, Pa.

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MAFFREY.—On August 10, 1915, JAMES MAFFREY, son of John and Mary Maffrey, aged 75 years. Residence, 1452 Newmarket st., Solemn High School, at St. Patrick's Church, Saturday, August 14, 10 a. m. Interment at St. Ann's Cemetery, Frankford, Philadelphia, Pa.

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Why Cats and Dogs Have No Place in City Life By Woods Hutchinson, A. M., M. D. With the resources of relentless science to back him, Doctor Hutchinson says that dogs and cats must go! Indeed, his arguments quell even the appeals of the sentimentalists, for it is shown that the conditions of city life are such that four-fifths of the dogs and cats themselves are insufficiently fed and washed, a prey to disease and starvation, and in such a physical state that it is an act of mercy when the "catchers" get them and put them out of their misery in the "gas chamber." There is much of interest and instruction to be gleaned from this article—and it is treated in the delightful vein that makes all this famous physician's productions so readable. Be sure YOU see it— Sunday, August 15 PUBLIC LEDGER