NURSES IN REBELLION, SCORE PHIPPS WARD AS HEALTH MENACE

One of Expelled Training Class Members Says Head Nurse and Cook Are Tuberculous—Girls Made Sick.

University Hospital Pupils Required to Perform Manual Labor, It Is Charged—Superintendent Calls Contagion Improbable.

"Not only the cook, but many of the other attendants in Phipps are tubercular," she said emphatically. "What is more, out on the porch, where we nurses would have had to sleep, was a head-nurse who has tuberculosis. This meant that we not only worked among tubercular patients, but that we ate food that was cooked by one and we slept near a person infected with it.

DOCTORS ADVISED REFUSAL.

"The action that we took was not high-handed, nor was it premeditated. It was the result of advice given us by doctors on the staff of the hospital and nurses in authority. They all considered it dangerous to work there.

"Personally, I am not afraid to nurse a tubercular patient, nor are any of the other girls, I am sure; but we did what we did because we believed that on account of the run-down condition most of us are in, due to the hard work of nursing and due to the positive menial labor we are required to do in the Phipps institution, that it would not be safe."

Virtually all of the girls, Miss Noel said, that came up from Phipps after their eight weeks' duty there became ill. Many of them, she said, showed a tubercular condition.

The trouble has been brewing a long time, according to reports, and although in the past many of the girls that have been assigned to duty on this ward have gone there under protest, the open break did not come until last Saturday, when Miss Noel, with Miss Grace Dawson, of New Jersey, and Miss Mary Rhodes, of Hollidaysburg, Pa., who were ordered to Phipps for June and July duty, backed by the entire class, refused point blank to go. Moreover, the senior and junior classes promised to uphold them.

CLASS ORDERED TO LEAVE.

According to the girls, when the storm broke the board of managers and Miss Smith, the superintendent of nurses, called a meeting, and after that the entire class was told to leave.

"Miss Smith acted too soon for the carrying out of our plans," said Miss Noel. "All of the seniors and juniors were on duty and we were without their immediate backing. The result was the girls of our class who had promised to stand together lost their nerve. They cannot be blamed. Many of them lived as far away as North Carolina. They had no money, and no time to get any. Miss Smith ordered the entire class to leave. She said if necessary she would get in a policeman. The consequence was that many of the girls asked to be allowed to reconsider.

The girls who have remained "out" in addition to the three who were immediately expelled are Miss Esterbrook, said to be the real instigator; Miss Thompson, of Curwensville, Pa.; Miss Woodruff, of Wilmington, and Miss Laschette, of Philadelphia.

According to Miss Noel, the head nurse, said to be infected with tuberculosis, whose bed was within touching distance of those of some of the girls on duty, has since been assigned to quarters upstairs on the third floor. But this action, she said, was taken after the trouble started.

In a statement issued by Miss Smith, the superintendent, she said that direct contagion between tuberculous patients and healthy adults is highly improbable, if not impossible, in a modern hospital, but many of the girls declared that to apply the term "modern hospital" to the Phipps part of the University Hospital is "simply ridiculous."

In regard to the hard work required of the nurses, Miss Noel stated that scrub-women could not be asked to do more. In the winter it was particularly intolerable, she said, because the place was so cold that the cloths with which they had to wash the wood work froze and the hands of the nurses got in a pitiable condition.

That a city investigation of the Phipps Tuberculosis Institution for the purpose of bettering the condition there will soon be made was the belief of the expelled nurse.

Suffrage Memorial Service

A memorial service was held today over the grave of Grace Anna Lewis, a prominent educator and suffragist of Delaware County, who is buried in the burial ground of Upper Providence Meeting House, near Media. The services were held under the leadership of Mrs. Clara E. Miller, who made the principal address.

GET YOUR GUN, THE TORPEDO BUG IS HERE

It Has Come by the Millions and the Invasion Seems to Be Growing.

AESCHNA HEROS

Large numbers of Aeschna Heros are advancing.

Contrary to the general belief that the above is a report from the Polish battlefields, or is a condition of war in some foreign country, it is the state of affairs that exists right here in Philadelphia. Thousands of them are coming, and other insects are fleeing before their might. To come down to plain English, another invasion of the dragon fly has begun. Droves of them have infested the "Neck," in South Philadelphia, while many have reached the central part of the city, flying in the windows of the tall office buildings.

The insect which entomologists say is very useful to farmers, because it kills other harmful bugs, is also known as the "darning needle," "snake feeder" and "mosquito hawk." Superstitious people and country folk believe the creature to be dangerous because of its poisonous sting, but as a matter of fact it has no sting, and is perfectly harmless. Little boys like to catch them and destroy them, for it is a superstition among them that the slayer of one is not afraid of the devil himself.

The illustration shows the female of the species. She has four wings, her body is long and slender, like a toothpick. Some persons have called her the "toothpick bug." Her eyes are one-half as large as her head.

As for weapons of defense, she is well provided for. Instead of one "stinger," like the bee, wasp and other pugnacious insects, the lady with the scientific name has two protruding from the end of her long slender body. But although this insect has the two facilities for making you feel uncomfortable, it has never been known to sting a human, confining its attacks to bugs only.

Every year this bug appears in the country and especially hovers around the swimming pools and creeks, where it usually scares the swimmers. It has been seen quite frequently this spring around the suburbs, but it has only been lately that the bug has increased to such alarming numbers. Residents in South Philadelphia and in the suburbs say that the insect is appearing by the thousands, and millions are swarming around the lights at night and filling fields and roads during the day. Its home is in the fields and lowlands, and, therefore, the wet weather is probably the cause of it being driven into the city.

Because of the war and its resemblance to a torpedo the insect that has taken this city and suburbs by storm has been presented with a new monger. "The Torpedo Bug" is the latest. Dictionaries and encyclopedias fail to give it this extra name, but then encyclopedias and dictionaries aren't printed every time there is a war or new bug invasion.

SHE NEVER LOVED BEFORE; NOW SHE HAS "WON FOUR"

Celestial Romance Which Began Through Mails Ends in Wedlock.

Over in Canton, Miss Fong Jean Leen never salaamed to the romantic celestrials nor peeped coyly at them over her fan. Yet despite her aloofness to man, she came to this country, her friends say, and "won four." This does not mean a quartet of husbands; it is the name of the happy man, whom she will wed tonight and is officially spelled "Wone Four."

Miss Leen is a graduate of the Woman's Occidental College, and Wone Fore is a Baptist Mission worker in Chinatown. Hip Sing tells confidentially of their romance, thusly:

"Miss Leen, she lib Clanton. Miss Holt, she mission lurker, she tell Miss Leen nice man in Filly delf. Miss Leen she send flotogiaff. Miss Holt show flotogiaff Wone Fore. He like Miss Leen plletre. Len he sen let to Clanton. Miss Leen she clum to Flisco. Len she send lots ob lets to Wone Four. Len he slay you clum here. She dlid."

The bridegroom has been a mission worker in this city for four years and has converted a large number of Chinamen.

The ceremony will be performed at the First Chinese Baptist Church, 1006 Race street, by Lee Hing, pastor.

The chapel has been decorated in colors reminiscent of the Orient, and the general environment will be indicative of sunshine and hope.

MUNICIPAL COURT HAS PLAN FOR RENOVATING THE MAGDALEN HOME

$50,000 Will Be Spent Preparing Building for Temporary Occupancy by Social Service Division.

Ordinance Appropriating Sum Has Been Passed by Councils and Now Awaits Approval or Veto of Mayor Blankenburg.

The Municipal Court has plans prepared for remodeling the Magdalen Home, at 21st and Race streets, at a cost of $50,000, for the temporary occupancy of the structure by the social service divisions of the new court.

The appropriation ordinance carrying the $50,000 for the improvement of Magdalen Home from the $4,325,000 Councilmanic loan has been passed by both legislative branches and now is before Mayor Blankenburg for his aproval or veto before the next session of Councils.

Improvements to the present four-story brick and stone structure include construction of two wings of two stories each, one on each side of the building, and complete rearrangement of the interior of the Home.

It is announced by the Municipal Court authorities that the extensions and improvements will be along lines of "factory construction," and that extravagance will not characterize the alterations. The City Commissioners will advertise for bids for the work as soon as final action on the pending ordinance is taken by the Mayor or Councils.

WILL HOUSE PROBATION DIVISION.

In the remodeled Magdalen Home will be centred all the probation work of the juvenile division of the Municipal Court, including the temporary quartering of dependent children. Judge Gorman's court for delinquent children will remain for the present in the House of Detention, according to the plans. The domestic relations division will be removed from the present congested quarters in Room 578, City Hall, and established in the remodeled Magdalen Home.

John T. Windrim, architect, has drawn the plans for the changes at the court's proposed new quarters. A feature of the changes is the installation of a retiring room for mothers and children, with cribs and toys for the babies and provisions for checking the children while their mothers are appearing in court.

On the first floor in the centre of the building will be the waiting room. The north wing on the first floor will house the department for receiving collections from husbands assessed for support of their wives, and the law department of the court will be on the first floor of the south wing. Six inclosed compartments for interviewers receiving the stories of deserted wives will be on the first floor in the rear extension of the building.

On the second floor of the building the Domestic Relations Courtroom will be in the south wing, with the witnesses' room in the centre of the building and store room for records in the north wing. Stenographers and court clerks will occupy offices in the second floor rear. The third floor will be the quarters of the women employed in the building, and on the fourth floor will be emergency quarters for dependent children and mothers.

MAY ASK $150,000 FOR TITLE.

Although the title of the Magdalen Home property has been obtained by the city through condemnation proceedings and the Board of Viewers have allowed the owners $127,500, there is a probability that the owners will make an appeal for $150,000.

The ultimate plan of the Municipal Court is to obtain the entire block from 20th to 21st street and from Race to Vine street. The Magdalen Home occupies about one-third the block. The rest is owned by the St. Vincent Society.

Every branch of the Municipal Court dealing with domestic relations and juvenile cases will be centred in a contemplated structure to be erected there. The Magdalen Home then will be removed to make way for the new group of buildings, according to the present plans of the court Judges.

It is contended that "court atmosphere" should never surround children brought before the tribunal for delinquency and that it necessarily would have an unfavorable effect even on domestic relations cases.

Even if the proposed "temple of justice" should be erected later by the county on the Parkway or elsewhere to house all the courts, it is declared that the domestic and children's cases should always remain separate and apart from the imposing judiciary surroundings of such an edifice.

TARZAN OF THE APES

The Thrilling Adventures of a Primeval Man and an American Girl

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

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SYNOPSIS.

John Clayton, Lord Greystoke, embarks with his young wife on the barkentine Fowalda for British West Africa, where he is to assume a consular position. On board he finds mutiny stirring, and after his revolvers have been stolen from him he is warned by a note to say nothing under pain of death.

The mutiny breaks and John and Alice Clayton are put ashore.

Attacked by a great anthropoid ape, Clayton is saved by his wife, but the dying beast attacks her and frightens her so that she loses her mind. A child is born to the couple. A year later Alice dies, leaving Clayton with the child.

John Clayton is eventually killed by the great apes which infest the place, and his child is captured by a she-ape whose own offspring has been killed. In the ape tribe the baby child is called Tarzan, meaning "white-skin." He is brought up in the way of the apes.

Stumbling on a printed book in his dead father's shack, Tarzan, aged 10, actually learns to read, in a fashion. By the time he is 17 he is a full-grown man.

Tarzan, deeming the mother-ape who has nurtured him, kills the ape Tublat, and enters into a deadly struggle with Kerchak, one of the heads of the ape-tribe.

Tarzan's greater mental endowment makes him a power among the apes. Also he meets man for the first time. Fifty black cannibals come into the neighborhood of the ape tribe.

Kala, Tarzan's protector, is killed by Kulonga, a member of the cannibal tribe. Tarzan steals his bow and arrows, and, after tracking him, kills him by means of a lasso. He overcomes a temptation to eat the cannibal, feeling that man does not eat man's flesh. Then he strikes terror into the cannibals' hearts by upsetting the camp. Tarzan becomes proficient in the use of bow and arrow. Exploring his father's hut, Tarzan comes upon his father's photograph, a diary and other effects.

Tarzan halts a cannibal feast by dropping a skull among the feasters. He further frightens the tribe, steals more arrows and, by their help and his own cunning, kills Sabor, the giant lioness. Triumphant, he returns to the ape tribe and, announcing his strength, is challenged by Kerchak, head of the tribe. They battle. A knife blow at Kerchak's heart almost saves Tarzan at once, but the great ape continues the battle, and Tarzan is almost overcome when Kerchak sinks down dead.

By killing Kerchak Tarzan becomes king of his tribe. He leads his tribe away from the cannibals, but continues to terrorize the latter. His kingship is challenged by Terkoz, son of Tublat, whom Tarzan has killed. In a pitched battle Tarzan unconsciously achieves the full-Nelson hold on Terkoz, and, instead of killing the ape, demands his surrender.

Tarzan spares his life, but forces universal recognition of his own supremacy. Vague longings for another life beset Tarzan. He feels that he must leave his tribe and seek beings of his own kind. Making a final visit to the cabin of his father, Tarzan meets with white men. He sees the whites kill one of their own number. Then, putting up a sign, written laboriously, announcing his presence, he departs. The white men, and a white girl, are on an expedition of some sort. They are puzzled by the sign.

Tarzan saves the life of John Clayton, who has succeeded to the title of Lord Greystoke. Professor Porter and his secretary, members of the party, get lost in the forest. Jane Porter and Esmeraldo, her maid, hide in Tarzan's father's hut. Clayton goes in search of the lost men. The sailors, who brought the party, desert and return to the ship.

CHAPTER XVI—(Continued).

AT THE MERCY OF THE JUNGLE.

When he saw the sailors row away toward the ship, and knew that the girl and her companion were safe in his cabin, Tarzan decided to follow the young man into the jungle and learn what his errand might be. He swung off rapidly in the direction taken by Clayton, and in a short time heard faintly in the distance the now only occasional calls of the Englishman to his friends.

Presently Tarzan came up with the white man, who, almost fagged, was leaning against a tree wiping the prespiration from his forehead. The ape-man, hiding safe behind a screen of foliage, sat watching this new specimen of his own race intently.

At intervals Clayton called aloud and finally it came to Tarzan that he was searching for the old man.

Tarzan was on the point of going off to look for them himself, when he caught the yellow glint of a sleek hide moving cautiously through the jungle toward Clayton.

It was Sheeta, the leopard. Now, Tarzan heard the soft bending of grasses and wondered why the young white man was not warned. Could it be he had failed to note the loud warning? Never before had Tarzan known Sheeta to be so clumsy.

No, the white man did not hear. Sheeta was crouching for the spring, and then, shrill and horrible, there rose upon the stillness of the jungle the awful cry of the challenging ape, and Sheeta turned, crashing into the underbrush.

Clayton came to his feet with a start. His blood ran cold. Never in all his life had so fearful a sound smote upon his ears. He was no coward; but if ever man felt the icy fingers of fear upon his heart, William Cecil Clayton, eldest son of Lord Greystoke, of England, did that day in the fastness of the African jungle.

The noise of some great body crashing through the underbrush so close beside him, and the sound of that blood-curdling shriek from above, tested Clayton's courage to the limit; but he could not know that it was to that very voice he owed his life, nor that the creature who hurled it forth was his own cousin—the real Lord Greystoke.

The afternoon was drawing to a close, and Clayton, disheartened and discouraged, was in a terrible quandary as to the proper course to pursue; whether to keep on in search of Professor Porter, at the almost certain risk of his own death in the jungle by night, or to return to the cabin where he might at least serve to protect Jane Porter from the perils which confronted her on all sides.

He disliked to return to camp without her father; still more, he shrank from the thought of leaving her alone and unprotected in the hands of the mutineers of the Arrow, or to the hundred unknown dangers of the jungle.

Possibly, too, he thought, ere this the professor and Philander had returned to camp. Yes, that was more than likely. At least he would return and see, before he continued what bade fare to be a most fruitless quest. And so he started, stumbling back through the thick and matted underbrush in the direction that he thought the cabin lay.

To Tarzan's surprise the young man was heading further into the jungle in the general direction of Mbonga's village, and the shrewd young ape-man was convinced that he was lost.

To Tarzan this was scarcely comprehensible; but his judgment told him that no man would venture toward the village of the cruel blacks armed only with a spear which, from the awkward way in which he carried it, was evidently an unaccustomed weapon to this white man. Nor was he following the trail of the old men. That, they had crossed and left long since, though it had been fresh and plain before Tarzan's eyes.

Tarzan was perplexed. The fierce jungle would make easy prey of this unprotected stranger in a very short time if he were not guided quickly to the beach.

Yes, there was Numa, the lion, even now, stalking the white man a dozen paces to the right.

Clayton heard the great body paralleling his course, and now there rose upon the evening air the beast's thunderous roar. The man stopped with upraised spear and faced the brush from which issued the awful sound. The shadows were deepening, darkness was settling in.

God! To die here alone, beneath the fangs of wild beasts; to be torn and rended; to feel the hot breath of the brute on his face as the great paw crushed down upon his breast!

For a moment all was still. Clayton stood rigid, with raised spear. Presently a faint rustling of the brush apprised him of the stealthy creeping of the thing behind. It was gathering for the spring. At last he saw it, not 20 feet away—the lion, lithe, muscular body and tawny head of a huge black-maned lion.

The beast was upon its belly, moving forward very slowly. As its eyes met Clayton's it stopped and deliberately, cautiously gathered its hind quarters beneath it.

In agony the man watched; fearful to launch his spear; powerless to fly.

He heard a noise in the tree above him. Some new danger, he thought, but he dared not take his eyes from the yellow green orbs before him. There was a sharp twang as of a broken banjostring, and at the same instant an arrow appeared in the yellow hide of the crouching lion.

With a roar of pain and anger the beast sprang; but, somehow, Clayton stumbled to one side, and as he turned again to face the infuriated king of beasts, he was appalled at the sight which confronted him. Almost simultaneously with the lion's turning to renew the attack a naked giant dropped from the tree above squarely on the brute's back.

With lightning speed an arm that was banded layers of iron muscle encircled the huge neck, and the great beast was raised from behind, roaring and pawing the air—raised as easily as Clayton would have lifted a pet dog.

THE DISCOVERY

The scene he witnessed there in the twilight depths of the African jungle was burned forever into the Englishman's brain.

The man before him was the embodiment of physical perfection and giant strength, yet it was not upon these he depended in his battle with the great cat, for, mighty as were his muscles, they were as nothing by comparison with Numa's. To his agility, to his brain and to his long keen knife he owed his supremacy.

His right arm encircled the lion's neck, while the left hand plunged the knife time and again into the unprotected side behind the left shoulder. The infuriated beast, pulled up and backward until he stood upon his hind legs, struggled impotently in this unnatural position.

Had the battle been of a few seconds' longer duration the outcome might have been different, but it was all accomplished so quickly that the lion had scare time to recover from the confusion of its surprise ere it sank lifeless to the ground.

Then the strange figure which had vanquished it stood erect upon the carcass, and throwing back the wild and handsome head, gave out the fearsome cry which a few moments earlier had so startled Clayton.

Before him he saw the figure of a young man, naked except for a loin cloth and a few barbaric ornaments about arms and legs; on the breast a priceless diamond locket gleaming against a smooth brown skin.

The hunting-knife had been returned to its homely sheath, and the man was gathering up his bow and quiver from where he had tossed them, when he leaped to attack the lion.

Clayton spoke to the stranger in English, thanking him for his brave rescue and complimenting him on the wondrous strength and dexterity he had displayed, but the only answer was a steady stare and a faint shrug of the mighty shoulders, which might betoken either disparagement of the service rendered, or ignorance of Clayton's language.

When the bow and quiver had been slung to his back the wild man, for such Clayton now thought him, once more drew his knife and deftly carved a dozen large strips of meat from the lion's carcass. Then, squatting upon his haunches, he proceeded to eat, first motioning Clayton to join him.

The strong white teeth sank into the raw and dripping flesh in apparent relish of the meal, but Clayton could not bring himself to share the uncooked meat with his strange host; instead he watched him, and presently there dawned upon him the conviction that this was Tarzan of the Apes, whose notice he had seen posted upon the cabin door that morning.

If so, he must speak English.

Again Clayton essayed speech with the apeman; but the replies, now vocal, were in a strange tongue, which resembled the chattering of monkeys mingled with the growling of some wild beasts.

No, this could not be Tarzan of the Apes, for it was very evident that he was an uter stranger to English.

When Tarzan had completed his repast he rose and, pointing in a very different direction from that which Clayton had been pursuing started off through the jungle toward the point he had indicated.

Clayton, bewildered and confused, hesitated to follow him, for he thought he was but being led more deeply into the mazes of the forest; but the ape-man, seeing him disinclined to follow, returned, and, grasping him by the coat, dragged him along until he was convinced that Clayton understood what was required of him. Then he left him to follow voluntarily.

The Englishman, finally concluding that he was a prisoner, saw no alternative open but to accompany his captor, and thus they traveled slowly through the jungle while the sable mantle of the impenetrable forest night fell about them, and the stealthy footfalls of padded paws mingled with the breaking of twigs and the wild calls of the savage life that Clayton felt closing in upon him.

Suddenly Clayton heard the faint report of a firearm—a single shot, and then silence.

In the cabin by the beach two thoroughly terrified women clung to each other as they crouched upon the low bench in the gathering darkness.

The negress sobbed hysterically, bemoaning the evil day that had witnessed her departure from her dear Maryland, while the white girl, dry eyed and outwardly calm, was torn by inward fears and forebodings. She feared not more for herself than for the three men whom she knew to be wandering in the abysmal depths of the savage jungle, from which she now heard issuing the almost incessant shrieks and roars, barkings and growlings of its terrifying and fearsome denizens as they sought their prey.

And now there came the sound of a heavy body brushing against the side of the cabin. She could hear the great padded paws upon the ground without. Then, for an instant, all was silence; even the bedlam of the forest died to a faint murmur; then she distinctly heard the beast without sniffing at the door, not two feet from where she crouched. Instantly the girl shuddered, and shrank closer to the black woman.

(CONTINUED TOMORROW.)

SUMMER RESORTS

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JOHN C. GOSSLER, Manager.

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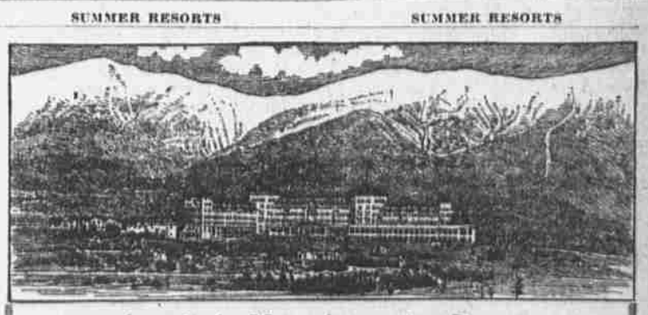
SUMMER RESORTS



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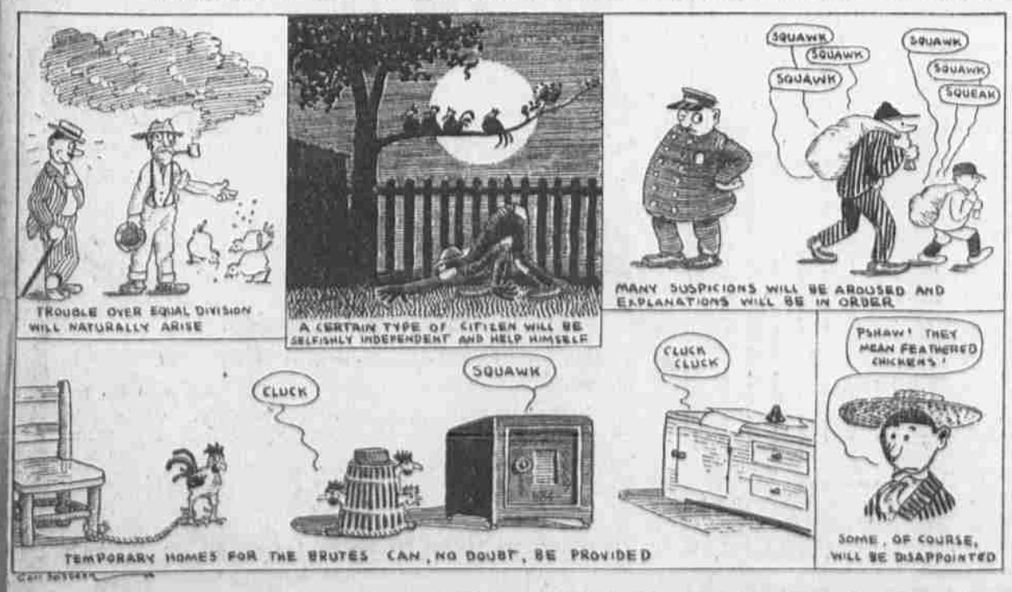
Winter, The Carolina, Pinehurst, N. C.

SOME HAVE MANY CHICKENS, OTHERS HAVE NONE, BUT EACH OF US IS ENTITLED TO THREE. SUCH IS LIFE!



Like Many Other Things in These Days of "Kultur," Civilization and the Cash Register, a Certain Part of the Sovereign Electorate Goes Hungry Because There Are Too Many Fowls.

There is no reason whatever for worrying about the scarcity of chickens, as there are three for every person in the United States at the last fowl census taken by Uncle Sam.

And since the figures have been compiled it is highly probable that the share of all concerned is a little more. With these facts there seems to be no reason for placing such ethereal pieces of chicken in chicken sandwiches. Furthermore their area could be increased without affecting the cash register.

As matters stand, real chicken could be used in chicken salad, which is now often sprinkled with pale pork.

The fact that there are three chickens for every person raises the mathematical thought about eggs. Experts who study "chickology" will tell you that an average hen lays four eggs a week. This means, in view of Uncle Sam's figures, that there should be 12 eggs a week for each of us. This would provide breakfast for one man every day but Sunday. Yet, eggs continue to remain at uncomfortable figures.

But as to the chicks; there were 250,340,000 at the last census. These were reinforced by 3,688,000 turkeys and 2,904,000 ducks. And there is still more encouragement for there are 4,432,000 geese, 1,765,000 guinea fowl and 5,730,000 pigeons to keep them company.

A statistician tells us that if all these birds were lined up longitudinally, the army would reach from the south city line of Philadelphia to Abingdon, Va.

These figures should be born in mind, especially at lunch time, by the food establishments. So let us have cheaper pigeon pies and stouter squabs, and give us at least three layers of roast duck when we have it for dinner.

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