

BOY SCOUTS THRILLED BY "INDIAN HUNT"

"Treasure Island," on the Delaware River, the Scene of Exciting Test of Wits.

Indians, creeping through the forest with all the stealthiness of the aborigines, today are endeavoring to pierce a line of "palefaces" on a little island in the Delaware River near Trenton. It is an Indian hunt, the favorite game of the Boy Scouts, who are in their annual summer camp at Treasure Island. The game began yesterday at noon and will close this afternoon. Fifty tents, fully equipped, have been presented to the camp by Mrs. Edward T. Stotesbury.

Outdoor examinations in cooking and nature study for the first-class badge will be conducted tomorrow at Cobb's Creek park by Field Commissioner Merrill and Scoutmasters W. L. Fisher and H. W. Holston. The candidates will meet at the 6th street terminal at 1 p. m.

Excellent reports are being received by headquarters from Nautical Troop, 117, which went to Barnest Bay, off Island Heights, N. J., this week for the second cruise of the city scouts. Scoutmaster Charles D. Moore, assistant Scoutmaster Earl Wintholp and H. R. Roney are in charge of the troop, which consists of Scouts C. A. Coulomb, A. L. Whittaker, Jr., W. Howard Mayland, Ray E. Farwick, Paul G. Quinby, Henry Ingram, Louis Buehl, George Magee, W. W. Chiam and C. Douglas Smith.

Troop 49 and the Firman, N. J., troop, under Scoutmaster C. W. White, will leave Monday for Ocean City, where they will camp 10 days. Commissioner Merrill will visit and inspect the camp. Assistant Scoutmaster B. W. Howard Mayland of Troop 22, has been appointed an acting scoutmaster of Troop 14. Vincent Previti has joined Troop 23. A donation of two dozen books was received by the Boy Scout library yesterday. A troop had been organized at Richlandtown, Pa., with the Rev. J. N. Faust scoutmaster.

The Daily Story

Adopting Chubby

Chubby sat disconsolate on the front step. On the other side of the street it was playing fire engine—playing it with his express wagon, too, but Chubby was not permitted to leave the yard, and they had grown tired of the district continued to a solemn circuit of the flower-bordered path.

Chubby had vaguely intimated that presently Jane might come along with her gingerbread, but they had not listened to the suggestion. If they saw Chubby eating gingerbread, they were prepared to swarm back again, but, in the meantime, they preferred the opposite side of the street, where Brown's empty stable made a splendid greenhouse, and they could race clear to the corner and back in answering an alarm.

Chubby's plump face was drawn into the suggestion of a whimper as he contemplated their treachery. But he was too game to cry and presently the lines relaxed, and Sue Sanderson, coming down the street, received a smile in answer to her greeting.

"What are you doing here, all alone?" she cried, briskly. "Why don't you play with the other little boys, Chubby?" His under lip quivered a little. "They won't play in the street, and ma won't let me play on the street," he explained. "They were here, but they took my wagon and went away."

Sue's face grew soft. Chubby's mother was a woman famous in the club world. She was too busy to play with her little boy. It was enough that he had plenty of toys. She did not realize that an express wagon is no good in a yard so small that one cannot run with it. It was enough that he had it. Sue rescued the wagon from the boys, but the desertion of his playmates still grieved Chubby, and she took the disconsolate little fellow in her arms and, sitting down on the steps, proceeded to tell him a fairy story.

All her latent maternal instinct was brought out by this forlorn little fellow. "What are you doing here, all alone?" she asked, briskly. "Why don't you play with the other little boys, Chubby?" His under lip quivered a little. "They won't play in the street, and ma won't let me play on the street," he explained. "They were here, but they took my wagon and went away."

Sue's face grew soft. Chubby's mother was a woman famous in the club world. She was too busy to play with her little boy. It was enough that he had plenty of toys. She did not realize that an express wagon is no good in a yard so small that one cannot run with it. It was enough that he had it. Sue rescued the wagon from the boys, but the desertion of his playmates still grieved Chubby, and she took the disconsolate little fellow in her arms and, sitting down on the steps, proceeded to tell him a fairy story.

All her latent maternal instinct was brought out by this forlorn little fellow. "What are you doing here, all alone?" she asked, briskly. "Why don't you play with the other little boys, Chubby?" His under lip quivered a little. "They won't play in the street, and ma won't let me play on the street," he explained. "They were here, but they took my wagon and went away."

Sue's face grew soft. Chubby's mother was a woman famous in the club world. She was too busy to play with her little boy. It was enough that he had plenty of toys. She did not realize that an express wagon is no good in a yard so small that one cannot run with it. It was enough that he had it. Sue rescued the wagon from the boys, but the desertion of his playmates still grieved Chubby, and she took the disconsolate little fellow in her arms and, sitting down on the steps, proceeded to tell him a fairy story.

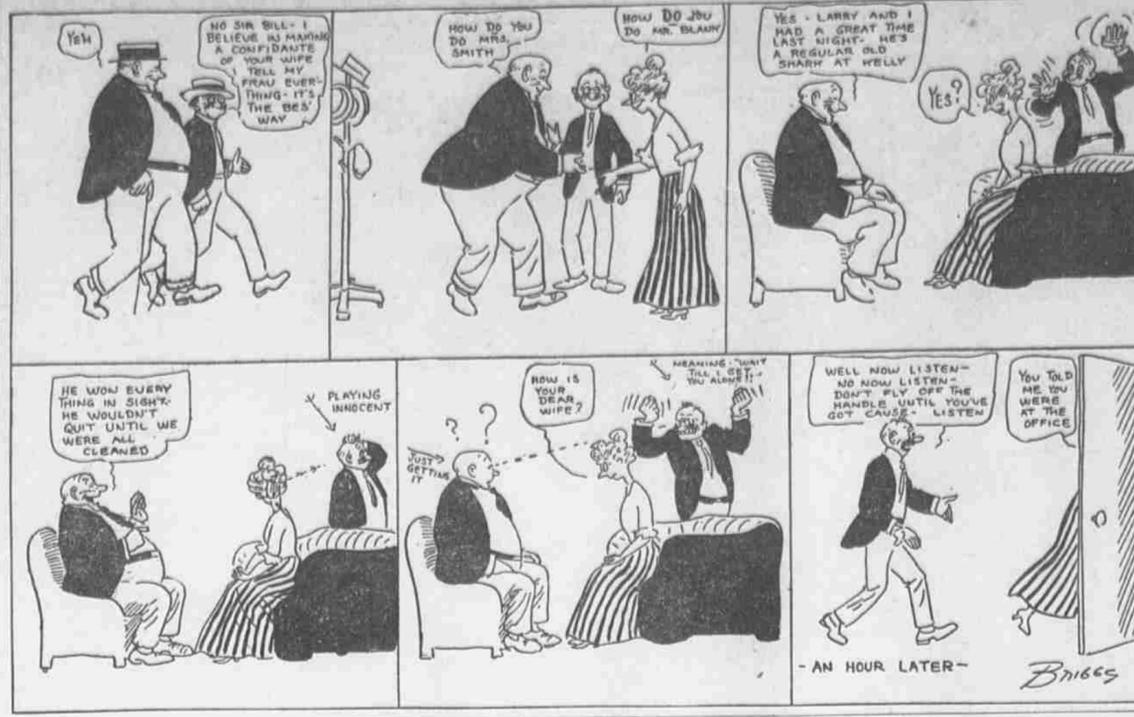
All her latent maternal instinct was brought out by this forlorn little fellow. "What are you doing here, all alone?" she asked, briskly. "Why don't you play with the other little boys, Chubby?" His under lip quivered a little. "They won't play in the street, and ma won't let me play on the street," he explained. "They were here, but they took my wagon and went away."

Sue's face grew soft. Chubby's mother was a woman famous in the club world. She was too busy to play with her little boy. It was enough that he had plenty of toys. She did not realize that an express wagon is no good in a yard so small that one cannot run with it. It was enough that he had it. Sue rescued the wagon from the boys, but the desertion of his playmates still grieved Chubby, and she took the disconsolate little fellow in her arms and, sitting down on the steps, proceeded to tell him a fairy story.

All her latent maternal instinct was brought out by this forlorn little fellow. "What are you doing here, all alone?" she asked, briskly. "Why don't you play with the other little boys, Chubby?" His under lip quivered a little. "They won't play in the street, and ma won't let me play on the street," he explained. "They were here, but they took my wagon and went away."

Sue's face grew soft. Chubby's mother was a woman famous in the club world. She was too busy to play with her little boy. It was enough that he had plenty of toys. She did not realize that an express wagon is no good in a yard so small that one cannot run with it. It was enough that he had it. Sue rescued the wagon from the boys, but the desertion of his playmates still grieved Chubby, and she took the disconsolate little fellow in her arms and, sitting down on the steps, proceeded to tell him a fairy story.

IT WILL HAPPEN IN THE BEST OF REGULATED FAMILIES



she asked, with a little laugh. "I'm afraid that I was not dressed for the part."

"I didn't see your hair or your clothes," she denied. "I only saw your face and wondered how you could look like that."

"You are unfair to your sister," she protested. "Because she is a very busy woman it does not follow that she is always engrossed with her papers."

"I suppose not," he admitted, "but you don't know how you looked. It was like meeting a stranger whom you felt that you must have known for a long time. I can't just explain. I've always liked you, but somehow when I saw you on the steps this afternoon I just wanted to take you in my arms and tell you how much I loved you. I don't know how I've kept from blurted it out before now. It's not much like a real proposal, Sue. I can't get down on my knees and ask you to marry me, but I want you, dear, and so does Chubby. Will you marry the two of us, little girl?"

She looked down into the face of the sleeping child and then shyly into her lover's face.

"I think Chubby needs me," she said softly.

"I need you more than Chubby," he declared.

"And I—I think I needed you for a long time, Harry."

Chubby stirred uneasily and opened his sleepy eyes.

"Kiss me, too," he commanded. "I wish you was my mamma. There were two of you, wouldn't that be nice?"

"It's all right, old fellow," said Harry, with a happy laugh. "We're going to adopt you, the future Mrs. Kinsman and I."

(Copyright, 1915, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

THE RETURN OF TARZAN By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

Copyright, 1915, by A. C. McClure & Co. SYNOPSIS: Jean Tarzan, sailing from America to France, saves the Count de Coude from a trap set for him by two Russian spies, Nikolai Rokoff and Paulovich, and rescues the Countess Olga de Coude from their hands. In Paris the Countess tells Tarzan that Rokoff is her brother. She is prosecuted and he reveals to the Count a young girl's love affair of hers.

A full confession of Rokoff's plot is forced from him by Tarzan, who is charged with the capture of the Countess's friend, D'Arnot, who is a second. Pistols are chosen as weapons. The diversions are his surroundings, receive instructions as to the conditions.

CHAPTER VI.—(Continued).

WHILE Monsieur Flaubert spoke Tarzan selected a cigarette from his case, and lit it. De Coude was the personification of coolness; was he not the best shot in France?

Presently Monsieur Flaubert nodded to D'Arnot, and each man placed his principal in position.

"Are you quite ready, gentlemen?" asked Monsieur Flaubert.

"Quite," replied De Coude. Tarzan gave the signal. He and D'Arnot stepped back a few paces to be out of the line of fire as the men paced slowly toward the target.

Quickly De Coude wheeled and fired. Tarzan gave a little start. His pistol still dangled at his side. De Coude hesitated, as though waiting to see his antagonist crumple to the ground.

And so De Coude took careful aim this time, but his nerve was gone, and he made a clumsy shot. The bullet struck his pistol hand from where it hung beside his leg.

For a moment the two stood looking straight into each other's eyes. On Tarzan's face was a pathetic expression of disappointment. On De Coude's a rapidly growing expression of horror—yes, of terror.

He could endure it no longer. "Mother of God! Monsieur—shoot!" he screamed.

But Tarzan did not raise his pistol. Instead, he advanced toward De Coude, and when D'Arnot and Monsieur Flaubert, mistaking his intention, would have rushed between them, he raised his left hand in a sign of remonstrance.

"There must have been something wrong with monsieur's pistol," he said. "Or monsieur is unstrung. Take mine, monsieur, and try again," and Tarzan offered his pistol, but foremost, to the astonished De Coude.

"Mon Dieu, monsieur!" cried the latter. "Are you mad?"

"No, my friend," replied the ape-man; "but I deserve to die. It is the only way in which I may atone for the wrong I have done to a very good woman. Take my pistol and do as I bid."

were to relieve another company already stationed there. Fortunately one of the officers, Captain Gerardo had become an excellent friend of Tarzan's, and so, when the ape-man suggested that he should embrace the opportunity of accompanying him to Bou Saada, where he expected to find hunting, it caused not the slightest suspicion.

At Boura the detachment detached, and the balance of the journey was made in the saddle. As Tarzan was dismounting at Boura for a mount he caught a brief glimpse of a man in European clothes eyeing him from the doorway of a native inn.

The march to Annale was fatiguing to Tarzan, whose equestrian experiences hitherto had been confined to a course of riding lessons in the Parisian academy, and so he was glad to find the comfort of a bed in the Hotel Grosrat, while the officers and troops took up their quarters at the military post.

Although Tarzan caught early the following morning, the company of apahs was on the march before he had finished his breakfast. He was hurrying through his meal that the soldiers might not get too far in advance of him when he caught through the door connecting the dining room with the bar.

To his surprise, he saw Gernois standing in conversation with the very stranger he had seen him in the doorway of the inn the day previous. He could not be mistaken, for there was the same strangely familiar attitude and figure, though the man's back was toward him.

As his eyes lingered on the man's back, Tarzan caught the intent expression on Tarzan's face. The stranger was talking in a low whisper at the time, but the French officer immediately interrupted him, and the two at once turned away and passed out of the range of Tarzan's vision.

This was the first suspicious occurrence that Tarzan had ever witnessed in connection with Gernois' actions, but he was positive that the man he had caught in the room which he had seen Gernois had caught Tarzan's eyes upon them; then there was the persistent impression of familiarity about the stranger to further augment the ape-man's belief that here at length was something which would bear watching.

A moment later Tarzan entered the bar, but the men had left, nor did he see aught of them in the street beyond, though he found a pretext to ride to various shops before he set out after the column which had now considerable start of him. He did not overtake them until he reached Sid Aissa shortly after noon, where the soldiers had already been ordered to bivouac.

It was market day at Sid Aissa, and the numerous caravans of camels coming in from the desert, and the crowd of wandering Arabs in the market place, filled Tarzan with a consuming desire to remain for a day that he might see more of these sons of the desert. Still it was that the company of apahs marched on the afternoon toward Bou Saada without him. He spent the hours until dark wandering about the market in company with a youthful Arab, one Abdul, who had been recommended to him by the innkeeper, a trustworthy servant and interpreter.

Here Tarzan purchased a better mount than the one he had selected at Boura, and, entering into conversation with the elderly Arab to whom the animal had belonged, learned that the seller was a Kador Ben Saden, sheik of a desert tribe far south of Djeliff. Through Abdul, Tarzan invited his new acquaintance to dine with him. As the three were making their way through the crowd of marketeers, camels, donkeys and horses that filled the market place with a confusing babel of sounds, Abdul plucked at Tarzan's sleeve.

"Look, master, bend us," and he turned, pointing at a figure which disappeared behind a camel as Tarzan turned. "He has been following us about all afternoon," continued Abdul.

"I caught on a glimpse of an Arab in a dark-blue burnoose and white turban," replied Tarzan. "Is it he you mean?"

"Yes, I suspected him because he seems a stranger here, without other business than following us, and he is not the way of the Arab who is honest, and also because he keeps the lower part of his face hidden, only his eyes showing. He must be a bad man, or he would have honest business of his own to occupy his time."

"He is on the wrong scent then, Abdul," replied Tarzan, "for no one here can have any grievance against me. This is my first visit to your country, and none knows me. He will surely discover his error and cease to follow us."

"Unless he be bent on robbery," returned Abdul.

"Then all we can do is wait until he is near to try his hand upon us," laughed Tarzan, "and I warrant that he will get his bellyful of robbing now that we are prepared for him," and so he dismissed the subject from his mind, though he was destined to recall it before many hours through a most unlooked-for occurrence.

Kadour Ben Saden having dined well, prepared to take leave of his host. With dignified protestations of friendship he invited Tarzan to visit him in his wild domain, where the antelope, the stag, the bear, the panther and the lion might still be found in sufficient numbers to tempt an ardent huntsman.

In his departure the ape-man, with Abdul following again into the street of Sid Aissa, where he was soon attracted by the wild din of sound coming from the open doorway of one of the numerous cafes maures. It was after 8, and the dancing was in full swing as Tarzan entered. The room was filled to repletion with Arabs. All were smoking and drinking their thick hot coffee.

Tarzan and Abdul found seats near the centre of the room, though the terrific noise produced by the musicians upon their Arab drums and pipes would have rendered a seat farther from them more acceptable to the quiet-loving ape-man. A rather good-looking Ouled-Nail was dancing, and, perceiving Tarzan's European clothes and accent, she greeted him with a friendly smile, and she turned to a friend who had been taken by another of the bright-eyed Arabs in conversation with two Arabs at the far side of the room, near a side door that let upon an inner court, around the gallery of which were the rooms occupied by the girls who danced in this cafe.

At first he thought nothing of the matter, but presently he noticed from the corner of his eye one of the men nod in their direction and the air turn and shoot a furtive glance at Tarzan. Then the Arabs glanced through the doorway into the darkness of the court.

(CONTINUED TOMORROW.)

Workman Killed on P. R. R.

John Conner, 34 years old, of 553 North 4th street, a window cleaner for the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, was struck by an inbound passenger train while crossing the tracks at 11th and Filbert streets this morning and instantly killed. The body was taken to the Medical Chirurgical Hospital, and later to his home.

OBITUARIES

Dr. Matthew McVicker

The funeral of Dr. Matthew McVicker, formerly of this city, but who at the time of his death was living in Pottsville, Pa., will be held from the home of his son, Matthew McVicker, Jr., at 34 South 54th street, this afternoon. The service will be conducted by the Rev. George E. Nichols.

Harry S. Wood

Harry S. Wood, former chief of the Collingswood Fire Department, and a prominent real estate and insurance dealer, died last night in the Cooper Hospital, Camden, after an operation two days ago for the removal of an internal cancer. Mr. Wood, who was 66 years old, lived at 713 Haddon street and was survived by a widow and five children.

Robert Hays

Robert Hays, formerly manager of the S. S. Keeley & Son clothing factory in Philadelphia, died at his home, 4294 Locust avenue, after having been stricken with paralysis about two weeks ago. Funeral services will be held tomorrow from his late residence.

Owen R. Witt

Owen R. Witt, superintendent of the local public schools for more than 25 years, died at his home here, following a long illness, aged 75 years.

MARRIED

LEWIS-LOTZIN.—At San Francisco, Cal., July 19, 1915, Edward E. Lewis, of Ard R. Lewis, Jr., to FREDERICA MARGHERITA LOTZIN.

DEATHS

MIDDLE

On July 22, 1915, MARY M. widow of George M. Middle, funeral services on Sunday, July 24, at 10 a. m., at the residence of her son, George M. Middle, 10 Cooper street, Camden, N. J.

BIRNEY

On July 22, 1915, at the Presbyterian Church, Camden, N. J., the late Sarah M. Birney, wife of the late Dr. J. B. Birney, funeral services on Saturday, July 24, at 10 a. m., at the late Dr. Birney's residence, 1000 Locust street, Camden, N. J.

BURNS

On July 22, 1915, WILLIAM F. Burns, of 530 N. 10th street, Camden, N. J., died at 10 a. m., precisely, Interment New Cathedral Cemetery.

CLANCY

On July 22, 1915, HUGH CLANCY, son of Luke and the late Mary Clancy, funeral on Monday, at 8:30 a. m., at the residence of his mother, Mrs. M. Clancy, 1000 Locust street, Camden, N. J.

CONRAD

On July 22, 1915, ALVAH FRONFIELD, husband of Eva Matthews Conrad, of 1000 Locust street, Camden, N. J., died at 10 a. m., at his residence, 1000 Locust street, Camden, N. J.

HANEMAN

On July 22, 1915, HEINRICH, husband of Barbara Haneman, of 1000 Locust street, Camden, N. J., died at 10 a. m., at his residence, 1000 Locust street, Camden, N. J.

HAYES

On July 22, 1915, ROBERT H. HAYES, husband of Emma Hayes (nee Ring), relatives and friends are invited to attend the funeral services, on Saturday afternoon, at 2:30 o'clock, precisely, at his late residence, 429 Locust street, Camden, N. J. Interment private. Kindly omit flowers.

HUME

On July 22, 1915, WILLIAM J. HUME, husband of Josephine M. Hume, died at 10 a. m., at his residence, 1000 Locust street, Camden, N. J.

KRAMER

On July 22, 1915, WALTER M. KRAMER, husband of Nellie Kramer, funeral services on Sunday, at 2 p. m., at his residence, 1000 Locust street, Camden, N. J.

LIETZ

On July 22, 1915, EMMA D. widow of Harry C. Lietz, funeral on Monday, at 10 a. m., at the residence of her son, Harry C. Lietz, 1000 Locust street, Camden, N. J.

NICHOLS

At Penn Square, Montgomery County, Pa., July 22, 1915, MATTIE E. NICHOLS, wife of John B. Nichols, funeral services on Sunday, at 2 p. m., at the residence of her son, Penn Square, on Sunday, at 2 p. m., Interment Ardmore Lutheran Cemetery.

PURNELL

On July 22, 1915, ELIZABETH PURNELL, wife of John Purnell, funeral services on Sunday, at 2:30 p. m., at the residence of her son, Penn Square, on Sunday, at 2:30 p. m., Interment at Mount Moriah Cemetery.

SMON

On July 21, 1915, FREDERICK J. SIMON, in his 74th year. Relatives and friends are invited to attend the funeral services, on Saturday, at 2 p. m., at the residence of his son, Penn Square, on Sunday, at 2 p. m., Interment in church ground.

STEWART

On July 22, 1915, LEWIS G. STEWART, in his 75th year, funeral services on Sunday, at 2 p. m., at his residence, 2114 North 10th street, Interment Wilmington.

PHILADELPHIA SHRINERS VISIT YELLOWSTONE PARK

Caravan Members Bathe in Water 100 Degrees Hot.

OLD FAITHFUL INN, Yellowstone Park, Wyo., July 23.—Four hundred Philadelphians bathed in water of a heat of 100 degrees, with the thermometer around 60 and the altitude more than 7000 feet here yesterday. It was bathing day for the Lu Lu Mystic Shrine caravan, and the swim in the night would probably be thoroughly enjoyed after the ride across the desert and dusty stagecoach journey through Yellowstone.

When the Shriners reached "Hold-up Hill" yesterday, the scene of the hold-up here two weeks ago, they were a bit nervous. But United States cavalrymen guarded the party on all sides, and not a hand was seen. The tourists did see several bears, but they made no attempt to attack the Philadelphians. The weather is fine for the Yellowstone tour. The Lu Lu caravan will spend five days in the park, going 164 miles by stage coach.

Police Court Chronicle

Any man can be happy if he has a vivid imagination. Albert Hickie believes so, and to prove it he lay down in a pile of sand in a building operation near East Girard avenue and Norris street and thought he was at the seashore. Near him there was a little pond made by the workmen, and as the flickering of a nearby red light darted over it, Hickie thought he was at sea sure enough. But he realized that craft which might pass in the night would probably not see things so vividly, and to avoid collisions while sleeping, tied the lantern around his neck.

But he realized that craft which might pass in the night would probably not see things so vividly, and to avoid collisions while sleeping, tied the lantern around his neck. He was chugging along rapidly, saw the feet of Hickie sticking through the darkness and shifted the bow of his gasoline launch just in time. He dragged the sleeper a little to the "starboard," and was about to sail away when Hickie awoke. He thought the jinney jehs was going to torpedo him and showered him with sand. As Hickie did not move the light from his neck he discovered the sand. It made me think of these happy days when I was a waiter at an Atlantic City cafe. That's where I became a good judge of things to drink.

"Then they were your unhappy days," the Judge declared, "for drink has put you down and out."

"If I had the right kind of a chance," said Hickie, "I think I could start life anew."

"You need a nice, quiet place to think over your plans," the Magistrate suggested, "so I'll let you rest in Moyamensing for the next 10 days."

Oklahoma Exhibit Here

Visitors have admired the elaborate collection of vegetables and minerals that is on exhibition in the special car coaches on the Pennsylvania Railroad's line at 23d street and Lancaster avenue. The exhibit includes products found on the million acres of Indian lands in Oklahoma which the Government will open to settlers in November.

SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES BANKS BUSINESS COLLEGE Graduate All Get Good Positions Not alone because of the reputation of the school, but because the efficiency of the graduates makes them in demand in the activities of modern business. THE BANKERS BUILDING 4th and Chestnut Streets E. M. Hull, A. M., F. N. D., President After Oct. 1st, Penn Mutual Bldg

SWIMMING CENTRAL NATATORIUM For Men and Women Open 10 a. m. to 10 p. m. Monday, 10 a. m. to 10 p. m. Tuesday, 10 a. m. to 10 p. m. Wednesday, 10 a. m. to 10 p. m. Thursday, 10 a. m. to 10 p. m. Friday, 10 a. m. to 10 p. m. Saturday, 10 a. m. to 10 p. m. Sunday, 10 a. m. to 10 p. m.

Which School For Your Son or Daughter? Parents need out-of-the-ordinary information and, particularly, impartial advice in choosing the best school or college for their children. If you are sending your boy or girl to an educational institution, don't rely entirely upon catalogs and personal recommendations from a friend. You want the full FACTS about management, studies, costs and all the other data you can get. In order to give you the best school information service in Philadelphia, we sent two competent college men to personally investigate all eastern institutions of standing. The valuable data they collected is yours for the asking. Drop in and talk it over—the very information you need is here. Call wire or phone your school questions to the EDUCATIONAL BUREAU LEDGER CENTRAL Broad and Chestnut Streets