NANCY WYNNE CHATS ABOUT MANY THINGS OF SOCIAL INTEREST

mitting Is Craze at Cape May These Days-Devotee of Bicycle Riding Attends Church on Wheel, Various Other Subjects Discussed

gles to William; for knitting is the veriest rage at all the resorts. When 1 was down at Cape May recently everywhere I turned were women with very large and ornate knitting bags filled to the top with worsted, knitting, knitting, knitting just as hard at it as they were at the beginning of the war, and yet the garments which shape under the fastflying fingers are not the socks or woolen bands which delighted (?) the hearts, shall I say (hearts are sometimes in queer places, you know, so I'll let it go at that), of the Belgians and others of the sufferers abroad; no, Indeed, the zephyrs which peep out from the cavernous depths of the bags are of the palest bues, My dears, those women at Cape May kelt on the golf and yacht and hotel porches; they knit on the beach; furthermore, they knit on the Stockton bath house porches, and even in Arnold's and Tillinger's restaurants, In fact, they even take their knitting to their bridge clubs, because, you know, when you play dummy you can knit, and the thing at present is to have as many sweaters with angora collars and cuffs and belts as it is possible to make in one season. Why, this last week one woman in Cape May has appeared in a sweater of a different bue every day! And every one is wondering what color she will choose next. Even the kidlets are knitting, some looking exceeding grave and serious about It and most of them wearing heavy shellrimmed spectacles. There are two girls of the younger set

down there who knit so fast they are besieged with orders from their nonknitting "sistern" and may be seen every afternoon on the beach knitting away surrounded by an admiring group of men. There is one thing about the fad: the sweaters are mighty pretty and becoming, so why not?

Time was when our grandmothers. dressed in their very best bib and tucker, used to drive to church on Sundays in their open victorias or landaus, and most of our fashionables motor to their places of worship now. Not so with one attractive matron at the shore. And it is hard to say whether it is an advance or a setback, for this same lady rides every Sunday to the church door on a bike. Oh, yes, it's quite true. She prefers this mode of conveyance and, gowned in a skirt of black velvet, with a black-andwhite striped sweater and a stunning hat trimmed with a tulle bow, she goes on her bike, dismounts and leaves the machine at the door and goes in looking quite as well groomed as any of her motored friends. Afterward she takes a spin up the beach and enjoys it, too. You see, it is very good exercise, and there certainly is no impropriety in it, so why the old gossips must talk of it no one knows.

From Bar Harbor comes the news that Edgar Scott is getting up an entertainment for the benefit of the Bar Harbor Hospital to be held at the Casino on August 21. I suppose this will take the place of the annual fair which Frances Mears used to get up for the hospital each summer. Frances, you spanding the summer out in Wyoming with her brother on a ranch near Jackson's Hole.

NANCY WYNNE.

Personals Mrs. William Disston, who is spending the summer at the Pinard cottage No. 5, Newport, will entertain at dinner this eve-

Captain Sturtevant, U. S. M. C., and Mrs. Sturtevant, whose marriage took place on June 24, have gone to Hingham, Mass, where Captain Sturtevant will be in command of the Marine Corps at the United States Naval Magazine there. Mrs. Sturte-Vant, it will be remembered, was Miss Louise Cruice, of this city.

Admiral Reginald Nicholson and Mrs.
Nicholson, of Washington, D. C., are guests

of Mrs. E. T. Price, of Ambler. Mrs. Helen C. Barbour, of Washington, who has been the guest of Mrs. Edward Hance, of School House lane, Germantown, has gone to Jamestown, R. I.

Mrs. Stanley M. Cox, of Beacom lane, Merion, will leave for Sag Harbor, L. I., the middle of this month to visit her aunt, Mrs. William Cox; later she will spend several weeks with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ed-ward S. Hyde, at their summer home at Hass Rock, Mass. Mr. Cox will start on the naval volunteer cruise about the and will spend the next four weeks with the "Naval Plattsburgers," on the Control of the fleet, He will return to Merion with Mrs. Cox around the middle of September.

Mrs. John Rogers and her daughter. Miss Katherine Rogers, of 2201 St. James place, left last week for Ventnor, where they will spend several weeks at 15 North Cornwall

Mr. and Mrs. Victor J. Mulford and their daughters, Miss Dorothy Mulford and Miss Mary Mulford, of Greenwood avenue, Wynwill leave shortly for the Poconos where they will spend this month.

Mr. and Mrs. Newton Walker, of Greenfarm at Bethayres for this month.

Miss Lucy Call, of Logan Square, spending a fortnight at Atlantic City.

Along the Main Line

OVERBROOK — Miss Margaret Esher Delk, daughter of the Rev. Edwin Heyl Delk, has returned from Lake Musicaka, Can., to her home at 5860 Woodbine ave-

Mr Edward du Mee, of Overbrook ave-

nue, and his sister. Miss du Mee, are at Cape May for the remainder of the season, where they have taken a cottage on New Jersey avenue. - Mr. and Mrs. Thomas L. Luders, Jr., of

Overbrook, are occupying their Ventnor sottage for the season. Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth S. Luders, of Wynnewood, are spending the summer with Mr. Luders's parents.

WYNNEWOOD—Mrs George H. Boles, of Kent road, left Saturday for Pocono Manor Inn for a month's stay. Mr. Boles will join her over the week-ends.

ARDMORP Mrs. Milton A. Hudson, formarly of this city, but now of Chicago, and Captain Irwin, U. S. N., and Mrs. Irwin, of Washington, are guests of Mrs. L. P. J. Hepburn.

Chestnut Hill

nds of Dr. William C. Sheehan, of ham pike, will be gind to learn he is ring from a recent illness at his home

Mrs. Alexander P. Bobinson, of \$26 West

To KNIT or not to knit; the latter, in-deed, is not the question, with apolo large of the summer large of the latter of the lat ber 1. Nova Scotia, will return Octo-

Germantown

The Misses Shaw, of Locksley Hall, are taking a trip through Canada and will visit friends in Buffalo and Niagara Falls before returning home.

Mrs. Kennon Clack, of Morris street, has returned from Blue Ridge Summit, where she spent several weeks.

Mr. Samuel B. Bowen, of Wayne avenue and Johnson street, accompanied by his son-in-law, Mr. Paxson Deeter, of Bryn Mawr, is taking a motor trip through the New England States.

Mr. and Mrs. John J. Caine and their family, of 435 West Upsal street, are spend-ing this month at Atlantic City.

BRIDGE HOLDS SWAY AT SHORE RESORTS

Cape Mayites Play Busily Morning, Afternoon and Evening. Other Resort News

CAPE MAY, Aug. 7. A regular bridge club has been formed which meets every Thursday evening at the Chalfonte. There are lots of young people there always, and so these parties are a huge success.

Another regular bridge club meets every Thursday afternoon at the Cape May Yacht

Miss Catherine Newbold entertained at bridge last week, when her guests included Mire Bessie Pearson, Miss Ella Orton, Miss Gladya Morelo, Miss Phoebe Satterfield and Miss Lindsay Satterfield. The bridge was given in honor of Miss Adelaide Holman, of New York, who is Miss Newbold's guest. Mrs. William Page, a guest at the Chal-fonte, entertained informally at bridge on

Friday morning. Mrs. Christian Hagen, who is occupying her cottage for the summer, spent several days in Philadelphia last week.

An attractive party at the Colonial includes Mr. and Mrs. R. Norris Williams, of Chestnut Hill; Mrs. Alexander Coxe Wil-liams, Miss Marion M. Williams and Mr. A.

C. Williams, of Wilkes-Barre. OCEAN CITY, Aug. 7. The particular point of attraction for nousands of visitors, and especially the cottagers from Philadelphia, is the city's music pavilion on the Boardwalk near Eighth street, where the free concerts are given every afternoon and evening by 20 members of the Philadelphia Orchestra, under direction of Mr. John K. Witzemann. Mr. Witzemann has decided to make Friday evening, August 11, a "request night." He will give the selections in greatest demand.

Mrs. Clarence Freeman, of Camden has been entertaining Mr. and Mrs. B. Frank Antrim and their son and Miss S. Rubert, of Camden, for several days,

Miss Ruth Groves and Miss Blanche Groves, of Philadelphia, are here for a few

WILDWOOD, Aug. 7. The Wildwood Civic Club has organized a lancing class at the Wildwood Ocean Pier ballroom under the direction of Prof. Harry

The Band of Mercy, established by Mrs lerce of Darby, and several other matrons of Anglesea, took in 14 new members at its eting held last week. The band has now arry 40 members on Five-Mile Beach. Mrs. Ida Dukes, of Camden, and Mrs. Gass-ner, one of the prominent S. P. C. A. officials, of Pennsylvania, will address the children at their next regular meeting, to be held in the Anglesea Baptist Church.

Notable visitors here on Sunday were Baron and Baroness von Reuterswardt, of Sweden. They motored down and were the guests of Mr. Charles Tietze. Baron von Reuterswardt's father holds a high official position in the royal household at Stock-

Mr. Charles A. Mead spent Friday at this resort as the guest of Mr. Evan G. Slaugh-

Miss Anna Smith, of North Philadelphia, a guest at the cottage of Mrs. C. Hemingway, on West Montgomery avenue. The Rev. William Woods of Philadelphia, is spending a short time here.

West Philadelphia

Miss Mae Evelyn Baker, daughter of Mr. Carl B. Baker, of 4042 Powelton avenue, has returned from a rix weeks' visit to Pittsburgh, where she was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Burton R. Dodge.



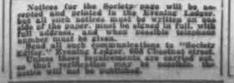
MISS MAE EVELYN BAKER

Mr. James Ruan, of 6235 Sansom street and Mr. James Guiton, of 5100 Haverford avenue, left Saturday for Atlantic City, where they will spend several weeks at the

Miss Anna Monros, 1350 South Fifty-first street, and Miss Myrtle Wolfe, of Collings-wood, are visiting at Bayonne, N. J. They will also spend some time at Lake George before returning home.

Mrs. E. Weinrach, Miss S. Dorothy Weinrach and Mr. Harry Weinrach, formerly of 2215 Fairmount avenue, have just returned from Atlantic City and are now living at 6163 De Lancey street.

*Miss Lillian M. Frey, of 8023 Chestnut street, and Miss S. Elisabeth Watts and Miss Henrietta Watts, of Powelton avenue, are spending the month of August at At-





MRS. CRAIG BIDDLE Mrs. Biddle, who is one of our most attractive matrons, is spend-

ing the summer in Newport, where she and her husband entertain

U. OF P. FRATERNITY MEN AT SEASHORE

Members of Pi Delta Epsilon Motor to Summer House at Ocean City

A number of the members of the Pi Delta Epsilon Fraternity, University of Pennsylvania, left Saturday on an automobile trip to the summer home of the fraternity, at 1432 Pleasure avenue, Ocean City, N. J. The party remained over the week-end, returning this morning. The following made the trip: Mr. W. Dewees Yeager, Mr. Farl R. Snedaker, Mr. B. B. Bacon, Mr. Clarence L. Wells, Mr. A. R. McClelland, Mr. J. K. Mathleson, Mr. S. P. Collins, Jr., Mr. Walter K. Petty, Mr. J. Nevin Aitken, Jr., Mr. William C. Ble-loch, Mr., Joseph H. Gels, Jr., Mr. Adin P. Rich, Mr. LeRoy D. Garrett and Mr. Read Rocap.

Mr. M. J. Scott and Mr. T. Carey were guests of the fraternity on the motor trip and over the week-end. The following members are spending their vacations at the summer home: Mr. Horace F. Case, Mr. Stanley M. Swartley, Mr. John L. Mecaughey, Mr. George B. Gold and Mr. Harry N. Hebrank.

Mr. and Mrs. George Bates, of Oak Lane Park, entertained Saturday in honor their niece, Miss Sarah B. Bradley, of Wil mington, Del., who will be their guest until August 15. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. Howard Martin, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Martin, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Edward Fields, Mr. and Mrs. Percy Gillum, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Carey, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Murray, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Cully, Miss Grace Taylor, Miss Beatrice Manning, Miss Josephine Manning, Mins Dorothy Beach, Miss Thelma Coombs, Mr. George McCormick, Mr. Albert Wells, Mr. Harry Avery, Mr. William Jarvis and Mr. Philip Tyson.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Bulkin, of 2606 Rhawn street, entertained Saturday at din-ner, followed by cards. Their guests in-cluded Mr. and Mrs. Horace Wheeler, Miss Alice McPoyle, Miss Marguerite Dunian Miss Beatrice McCormick, Mr. Harry Good ing, Mr. Hugh Mansfield, Mr. William Harding and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Talley

Along the Reading

Miss June Harmer, of City line, Oak Lane, who is spending the summer at Atlantic City, had as her guests over the week-end Mr. and Mrs. Edward Avery. Miss L. Carey, Mr. and Mrs. George Phillips and Miss Alice Dunfield.

South Philadelphia Mr. and Mrs. William G. Fox, of 1908 Christian street, have left for Almont, Pa., to spend several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. William J. Kegan and their family, of 309 Greenwich street, have left to spend this month at the Delaware Water

Mr. Edward Moore, of 1512 East Moya mensing avenue, will spend the remainder of the summer at Barnegat Bay.

Mr. Edward Boon, of 2502 South Nine teenth street, and Mr. Leon Boch, of 2107 South Fifteenth street, left today for At-lantic City, where they will spend a fort-

Mr. Casper P. Perelman, of 2327 South Fourth street, has returned from a visit to Nisgara Falls.

Miss Lillian Jacobs, of 2333 South Carlisie street, has returned after spending several weeks at York as the guest of her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Jacobs

Miss Betty E. Reveno, of 415 South Sixth street, spent last week at Atlantic City, Miss Reveno will leave today for Detroit, Mich., where she will be the guest of her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. S. Reveno. She will visit Buffalo and Niagara Falis on her way to Detroit her way to Detroit.

Miss Laura Schontz, of Highland avenue, Lansdowne, entertained Miss Sallie McEvoy, of 2112 South Fifteenth street, over the week-end. Miss Schontz and Miss McEvoy will leave this week for Allenhurst.

North Philadelphia

Dr. and Mrs. E. Cariton Palmer and Miss Mildred Palmer, of 1311 North Broad street, are at the St. Charles, Atlantic City, for an extended stay.

Mrs. J. Starling Hollinshead, of 1427 North Sixteenth street, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. William H. Noblit, in Boston, and will take a motor trip through the eastern States before returning home in

Northeast Philadelphia Miss Lottie Reese, of 2627 North Eighth street, is visiting her cousin. Mrs. L. A. Arnold, at 110 North Vermont avenue, At-

lantic City. Mr. and Mrs. Jacob R. Meyer, of 2925 North Franklin street, are spending the summer at Wildwood.

Frankford

Miss Jane Cook, of 7010 Tulip street, will spend two weeks with Mr. and Mrs. George Fields at their bome in Cheicoa Mrs. Fields will be remembered as Miss Realrice Cooks, one of this year's popular

BRASS BOWL

BY LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE "THE

A GUST of frankness carried me off my feet. "Foul play!" I gasped. "There's a manlead in here!

CHAPTER III-Continued).

He received the information with an impassiveness that would have done credit to a detective sergeant.

"Yer don't soy?" he mumbled. "Le's 'ave a look.

His broad shoulders were abruptly inseried across the doorway, for the time be-ing blocking my egcess. Escape upon the other side was barred by the circumstance of the murdered man's legs. The body had slumped down and my sprawled across the floor limply. I had to submit to the delay with what grace I could muster. But my mind was bent upon an immediate escape. The cabby's hands groped about the ir terior and actiled upon the lifeless body. I heard him muttering to himself.

"A dead un! Lor' bii' me, a dead un! There followed a pause, as if he had been shocked into sensibility by the actual phy-sical contact with dead flesh. When he spoke again it was in a higher tone, with a return to that remarkably clear enuncia-

"Dead! Murder-that's wot hit is! 'Ere, stroke a light, will yer?"

Dumbly, I obeyed.
"Good Gawd!" the cabby cried abruptly.

It was as if the words were wrung out him by main force of a master fear. caught a glint of intelligence in his eye as he turned his red, beefy face toward me, waving frantically one outspread palm.

darkened with blood.
"Good Gawd!" he bellowed. "Murder-that's wot hit is! Gawd save hus!" H turned upon me with astonishing rage, laboring under a comprehensible delusion. "Hit's yer wot done this!" he cried. "You —yer bloody body snatcher—tykin' a poor man's cab awye for—." His words died on his lips. The match

ourned down to my finger tips and scorched them. I dropped it without a sound, star-ing fascinated into the fellow's face. And, as for him, he stood transfixed by the sight of the revolver in my hand. It must have confirmed his worst fears He believed himself face to face with

ruthless murderer—a man who a moment gone had not scrupled to make 'way with a fellow being in a coupe, who would, therefore, have no compunction about silencing "Gawd!" he gasped. "Be quiet, you fool," I cried, realizing

But it was too late. A moment before he had been at my mercy; I could have silenced him, have rid mysself of him and the whole terrible affair, by a threat and a discreet disappearance into the all-enveloping fog. Now, however, he had backed suddenly out of the coupe and at once was invisible

A second later his voice rose huskily upon the night, bawling at the top pitch of his "Murder!" he howled; and again,

And I heard the heavy clumping of his vaking the echoes of that nameless stree

"Murder! Murder! Murder!"

CHAPTER IV. The Uses of Coincidence.

RE the sound of it had died in the E distance there arose a sudden racket of window sashes. Mentally I pictured the alarmed householders of the district, roused from slumber by that dread alarm, rushing in night garments to see for themselves whatever the fog might be disposed to reveal. I heard, too, cries—queries and replies bandled back and forth upon all

"Hello! What's that?" 'Murder,' hi 'card him sye!" " '00?

"'Ow the devil do I know? There 'e goes again!"

And foud above it all the frantic cries of that outraged cabby: "Murder!"

In two seconds the racket was indescribable, the street in an uproar. Sharp and clear through it all came the shrill call of a police whistle.

So far as I was concerned, that sound resolved my dilemma. I was for flight—following the example of my cabby. Yet something gave me pause—a hollow moan, a sound dismal, arresting, heartrending. The man then was not dead after all! That knowledge was like a dash of cold water in my face. I hesitated an instant, uncertain as to my duty—whether it was to myself or to my fellow in suffering, whether to fly or to remain and be of what service I might.

And, as I stood irresolute, the full horror So far as I was concerned, that sound

And, as I stood irresolute, the full horror of my predicament was disclosed to me. With a startling clarity of linagination, I

saw myself and my plight.

I was hatless to begin with; some time during the struggle my headgear had dis-appeared. I remember thanking heaven that it was unmarked with my initials scant ident fleation though that were. A

far was torn from my neck, my clothing disar anged—and only the light could tell to what degree it was stained with blood. As for my hands, I knew that they bore the damning traces And I pictured my-

to penetrate to the very marrow of my bones before I seemed to waken suddenly I drew in upon the rains. The horse stopped

About us a dead quietness reigned. had a suspicion that we were come into one of the more respectable residence quarters of the city. A bell boomed somewhere—a heavy, resonant, brazen shudder of sound: a single stroke. Whether it was one of the belt or a half hour I neither knew nor

I sat pondering what was to happen in the end of the chapter. Very well I knew that I could not go on like that for the rest of the time

There seemed to be but one hope for me-to alight and knock at the first door, and, if he who answered showed any signs of human sympathy at all, to unfold my tale of woe and beg for shelter. It was a desperate chance, thus to throw myself upon the mercy of a hap-chance Englishman, but I could conceive nothing better. The worst he could do would be to hand ne over to the police-a fate which was to be my certain portion in any other event, to matter what way I chose to turn. With that thought in my mind I got



"Sevrance!" I cried. "Tony, my friend, don't you know me?"

self, in this condition, rushing through the , down off the box and stretched my cramped streets of a vast, and to me wholly un-known, metropols, seeking a refuge which in reality did not exist for me, predestined blunder into the arms of the police.

And in this extremity, bewildered as I

was, it appeared that there was nothing for it but to stick to the sole thing in all that fog-bound land that I was sure of—the coupe. And even today, when I come to consider it in the light of calm and dis-passionate judgment, I can see no better course then open to me to follow.

Mad or not, then, I determined to climb on the box and drive away. I got out and

closed the door very quietly, finding, to my relief, that the lock was not broken, after all, and that, therefore, it would not be liable to rattle unduly with the motion of

Much as one pieces together a troubled lumsy feet as he fled down the sidewalk, dream in the cold light of day, I know that ped upon the box, grabbed the reins and, finding the whip without delay, brought the lash down smartly on the horse's back. There followed an astonished clatter of hoofs, which continued for some little time, during which we drew away by degrees

from the uproar in the street.

Probably we turned many corners. I am sure I made no effort to guide the animal. How should I? After awhile the uproar grew faint. Later it died away altogether I was alone with my wounded or dead man, with the horse and the coupe, again creeping at a funeral pace through the heart of midnight London, delving more deeply into the mysterious heart of that con-

founded for.

I sat upon the box in a daze, a lethargy, dog-weary and heartsick, numb even to considerations of my own safety. How long this continued I cannot tell. When next I had occasion to look at my watch the hands marked 3. But much took place in the interval.

legs on the sidewalk slippery with moisture. Presently I turned my back upon the carriage and struck straight away into the obscurity, walking tentatively, exploring the atmosphere before me with eager fingers. Abruptly a startling thing happened-

startling, that is, to one in my overexcited state of mind A parallelogram of illumination was projected upon the gloom at some distance, perhaps 30 feet away, squarely ahead of me. and 20 feet or so above the ground. I fixed my eyes upon it hungrily, conceiving that I had come into a courtyard, and that

indistinctly by a moving form. I heard the creaking of weights and a slam as a window sash was thrown open. And then seemed that a man was leaning out into the night. I heard him yawn.

the light was from a window on the farther

"Eh-yah!" he said sleeplly. "A black, damnable fog, Jack!"—apparently address-ing some one in the room behind him.

"And beastly late," commented the voice ngain. "Thanks be tout. I think I'll go-"Thanks be that I have not to be

He withdrew his head, I deduced, and shut the window. A slam cut short his words, and at once the light began to van-ish by degrees, as though an unseen hand within the room were pulling down the

shade. But before it disappeared entirely, I was making toward it—treading rough cobbles again. In a moment I had fallen over a doorstep and barked both shins painfully. I was up instantly, however, and, with my heart beating like a wild thing, had my hand on the knob of a door. It turned without resistance. I stepped

put both feet upon the ground when the horse seemed to wake up, as if it, like its owner, had been snatching a brief, alcoholic

FARMER SMITH'S RAINBOW CLUB

IS DEATH YOUR PLAYMATE, TOO?



ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS IN PRIZES is offered by the Philadelphia Rapid Transit Company for the best stories, crawings and ideas on how to prevent and avoid accidents. Sign name, address and age to all contributions and SEND to FARMER SMITH, EVENING LEDGER.

JIMMY MONKEY'S CHARACTER By Farmer Smith answered it. She hung up the receiver and said:

"Jimmy, Mrs. Baboon wants you to come over and play with the baby Haboon."

"All is.ht." answered Jimmy, as he hopped out the window and off the porch.

In a few minutes he was at the Baboon home. He held his finger on the electric button until the baby Hr]con answered.

"What do you mean by ringing my doorbell like that? Bon't you know you can tell a person's character by the way he rings a doorbell?"

"Manue ma." "Jimmy, Mrs. Haboon wants you to comuse me," answered Jimmy, meekly.

As he went in the door he gave the button "I have been wondering what my char-acter is, judging from the way I rang your doorbell;" said Jimmy.

"It's selfish, very selfish"; the baby Haboon looked right into Jimmy's eyes.
"I don't see why," ventured Jimmy.
"Well, you wanted to hear the bell ring and you wanted to make me jump and run.
When you make it uncomfortable for another person, you are selfish."

"My, how wise you are?" exclaimed Jim-my. "I shall just tinkle, tinkle your bell after this. Now, what are we to do?" The haby Baboon then unfolded a wor

Our Postoffice Box Grace is the golden little fairy in the Daley family who tries to make everybody

happy and who is as bright in the trying as possibly a fairy can be. Winifred Berkery, Atlantic City, is another Rainbow who is striving to shed the giory of every-day cheer at home and, in fact, wherever her footsteps chance to lead her. To be helpful is to be happy! Oh here's a little girl who wants some help. Botte, of Lam-bertville, N. J., wants to know

GRACE DALEY the prettient name in the world for her new doll. What small mother can make a suggestion? Please hurry up! Dorothy is tired of call-ing her doll "baby."

> Things to Know and Do Tuesday's Questions

(1) Willie says "wash" rhymes with cash" because they both end in "ash." Poor tupld boy! Tell Willie at least five words ending in "ash" which rhyme with "cash. (2) Anagram: Bahy playing with his blocks made "A POIN." Mother took the same blocks and made a name of a musical instrument found in almost every home

FARMER SMITH,

Care of the EVENING LEDGER. I wish to become a member of your Rainbow Club. Please sond ms a beautiful Rainbow Button free. I agree to DG A LITTLE KINDNESS EACH AND EVERY DAY, SPREAD A LITTLE SUNSHINE ALL ALONG THE WAY.

Name Address Age School I attend

into a dark, close hallway, moved forward, and planted a foot on a step.

Above me a door opened, flooding the upper landing with light, by which aid I made out a steep flight of stairs ahead of me. There were volca—drows, drawling, bentting the lateness of the hour:

"Well, good night, Jack."

"Night, old chap."

"See you in the morning."

"Sure-ly, "Night."

"Till leave the door open to light you upstairs."

stairs."
"Thanks—awfully, old man."
Footsteps ascended the upper flight. I shut the outer door and stamped boldly up the stairs. The footsteps above me ceased, but the door continued ajar. When I had gained the landing I made out the figure of a man, holding in one hand a lamp, and staring at me.

of a man, holding in one hand a lamp, and staring at me.
"Why, Murchison," said a familiar voice,
"I thought I heard you come in an hour ago! Chamberlain has just gone up, you know, and I thought.—"
The man paused, thunderstruck. Well he might have been, considering the unboly apparition I must have presented. He stood, even wide, mouth open, a picture of sure.

eyes wide, mouth open, a picture of stupe faction, while I advanced.

As for myself, I was half mad with de-light. Chance, that had played with me so mercliessly that night, had turned about and favored me at last.

I stepped forward with both hands outstretched and tremulous with agitation, "Sevrance!" I cried. "Tony, my friend, don't you know me?"

CHAPTER V.

An English Gentleman, WHEN did you arrive? Why didn't you cable advising me of your coming? And what under high heaven have

you been up to?" You must know Sevrance a very tall, alimly built figure of a man, at that moment in immaculate evening attire. To my way of thinking he is one of the finest men in the world, and of the best to look

His features are of an ascetic cast, clean-shaven always. His forehead is broad, high and very white; for that matter there is little color in his complexion—he is naturally pale. His nose is slightly aquiline and very slender; his mouth thin of lip, firm, sympathetic; his chin square. But his eyes one sees first of all, and remembers forever after—eyes of a good size, very bright, alert—gray—with humor lurking in their depths. He carries himself sedately, with a certain detached dignity.

There is the man whom I saw standing before me as I sat and retailed my marvel-ous adventure: Anthony Sevrance, barris-ter, gentleman—than whom no man ever rejoiced in a friend more brave and loyal. He heard me out with not a comment other than the dancing play of expression in his eyes. His features, as generally, remained impassive—they are of a judicial mold. In the end: "Seriously," he assured me, "I was never more glad to lay eyes on living man. You are back in the nick of time. Julia is engaged to the German."

I stood up, gripping the table. My voice sounded far away to me. "Is it true?" I heard myself say. He took my hand compassionately, "Quite," said he. "But—they're not mar-ed yet." And his gaze meeting mine, he

smiled, adding: "Moreover, I venture to prophecy that they are not to be—now." Presently the blood began to flow back to my heart. I knew that he spoke the truth—that there was hope. I knew that I should never abandon the hope of winning Heart's Desire until the very end of all

things. And, oddly, my mind went back to less material matters. "That." I said, "is for the morro At

present, I have a duty." "What is that?" he inquired.
"To do what I can for the fellow in the "Oh, the deuce! I'd forgotten him. Like

"Oh, the deuce? I'd forgotten him. Like as not he's beyond aid."
"We'll have to see—that's plain humanity. Do you mind if I bring him in here?"
"What else will you do? Take him to—the Caralton?" the Carelton? We shared the laugh.

"Come," he added. "I'll go with you. Oh, but you'd never find your way back if I didn't. Moreover, you don't suppose that you alone can carry the fellow up here, do you?" We went out again into the night and the fog. Fresh from the warmth of Sevrance's chambers, I shivered in the chill of th

early morning air. It was very cold, dark and penetrat ng.
Sevrance opened the door, lighting a match and peering in. Then he stepped incide and bent over, with his head to the man's breast. "You are right." he said presently, in a

guarded tone. "Your-friend is stabbed; but he's alive and like to live for many a long day-'f he manages to shake off the effects of the drug " "Drug!" I cried.
"Drug," he reiterated. "The man is not

drunk—great heavens!"
"What's the trouble?" I demanded, alarmed.

He blew out the match.

"Here, give me a hand with the fellow,"
he replied. "No words. We want to be
quick about this. I'll explain later."

He shifted the sleeper's feet toward me,
and I got them in a firm grasp. With some
trouble we managed to lift him from the
carriage. The swaying of it relieved me of
an embarrassment. Hardly had Sevrance
nut both feet upon the ground when the alarmed.

nap.
Incontinently it started off of its own accord. Sevrance, his arms clasped around and gazed after the vanishing coupe. Be-fore I could really comprehend what was taking place, it was swallowed up by the

(CONTINUED TOMORROW.)

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