NANCY WYNNE CHATS ABOUT THE VARIED DOINGS OF SOCIETY

Red Cross Workers to Give Ball in Aid of Hospital in Lenox—Yachting Parties Arrive at Pier and Newport—Several Incidents

PHILADELPHIANS as well as men and women from other cities who are spending the summer at Lenox, Mass., are greatly interested in the entertainment which will be given by the Lenox branch of the American Red Cross in Sedgwick Hall on September 15 and 16. The affair will be given to raise funds for a Berkshire base hospital. There will be a number of specialty dances on the program, including a Mexican dance for which Marshall Kernochan has written the music, and Civilise Alexandre and William Hamilton Russell will dance; and Grace Bristed will do a solo Polish dance. There will also be pictures, which are always an attraction. Do you remember the wonderful copies of paintings which were given here two seasons ago in the "Made-in-America" Fête when Angelica Brown, of New York, came on and was such a charming copy of an old-fashioned painting, and all of our prettiest maids and matrons appeared in wonderful pictures or in Oriental costumes, the like of which have not been seen since; that is, all at one time?

Beautiful Mrs. Joe Widener is at present staying at Lenox and is interested, of course, in everything going.

It is hard to know just what reports are true, and what not, about the resorts. There is Narragansett, for instance, which has always been the center of social doings in the season, and to which many of the gayest of the younger married set go. One reads very long accounts of tennis and polo attractions there and of a dance or so now and again, but somehow the fact that so many of the men are down in El Paso and "among those absent" at very many of the functions makes a difference, and what is true of Narragansett is true of every resort.

A number of yachting parties have stopped off at the Pier, however, and add their quota of gayety to the beautiful resort. The Dales, who were there on Sunday, have moved on to Newport and again further up the coast. George Scott and his guests were all at Narragansett from their yacht on Tuesday and De Forest Hicks and E. P. Hicks arrived on their yacht Eleanor that same day.

Horace Hare is staying up there now and the Ben Chews gave a dinner in his honor on Tuesday night. I never see Horace Hare's name that I do not think of one of his performances out at Willow Grove. I was told about it, and I believe it happened many years ago, but it is none the less interesting. Horace and a bunch of other men and girls went out there one evening and naturally took in all the stunts. All went well until they boarded a boat to go through Venice, I understand it was. Well, at one place as you come out of the tunnel, you passed a small stretch of beach with bathers seated thereon, and as the boat went by, off jumped Horace and, of course, the guide could not stop, so there he stood, yelling that he was Robinson Crusoe, and wouldn't some one get off and be the goat or Friday to all the boat passengers who passed by, for, of course, they kept coming until the one he had been on reached the end. Then all traffic was held up until a boat came through alone and the erring Horace was removed by an exceedingly angry guide, who did not appreciate the fun of the situation, though all the others of the party and the other boat riders were highly diverted by his antics. Horace is now an older and wiser man, but I guess he does not mind looking back to that night, when he was the joy of the party; he is still a joy, though, for that matter.

NANCY WYNNE.

Personals

Mrs. Harry C. Hart and Miss M. Mary Hart, of Llynwold, Ambler, have left for Atlantic City, where they will spend several weeks at the Brighton Hotel.

Miss Gretchen Clay, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred G. Clay, has left for Maine, where she will be the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Caleb F. Fox at their camp.

Mr. Frank Clark and Mr. Sidney Clark have returned home from an extended trip through South America.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward F. Beale, who have been motoring through the White Mountains, returned to Deepdale, their home in Strafford, this week. Their son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Morton Wilson, and their family, are spending the summer at their camp on Mount Pocono.

Mrs. Robert Sayre Brodhead, Miss F. Clyde Montgomery Brodhead and Mr. Robert Stafford Brodhead will spend the rest of the summer at Cape May.

Mrs. Theodore Voorhees and Mrs. Voorhees Drayton, of Prospect avenue, Melrose Park, have left for East Jaffrey, N. H., where they will spend the remainder of the summer.

Miss Elenor Kaufman, of Providence, R. I., and Miss Edythe Radis, of this city, are spending the week in Atlantic City. Miss Kaufman is visiting Miss Radis.

Mr. and Mrs. John D. Argeny announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Mary Angeny, to Mr. Kenneth Thomson, of Chester, Pa. No date has been set for the wedding. Mr. and Mrs. Angeny and their family are spending the summer in Ocean City, N. J.

Along the Main Line

HAVERFORD—Miss Bella Sharpe, of Montgomery avenue, left recently for MacMahan's Island, near Bath, Me., where she will spend the remainder of the season.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Whyte Steel, Mrs. Dorothy Steel and Mr. Carl Steel, of Morris avenue, left Saturday for a month's stay at Saranac Lake, N. Y.

BRYN MAWR—Mrs. George Preston Shamer and her children, Miss Ethel Shamer and Master Frank Shamer, will spend some time at Edgewood Inn before joining Mr. Shamer at Newport, R. I.

ST. DAVID'S—Miss Anna S. Law, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Law, is visiting friends in Melrose, Mass.

Dr. and Mrs. H. H. Jenks, of Midland avenue, are spending several weeks at Nantucket, R. I.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralston C. Ware, of Five Points, are taking a motor trip through the White Mountains.

WAYNE—Mr. Julius A. Bailey and the Misses Bailey will spend the month of August at Beach Bluff, Mass.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles M. Wetzel and Miss Ruth Wetzel have returned to their home, on Aberdeen avenue, after spending several weeks at the Thousand Islands.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard S. Christman and family, of Lenoir avenue, are spending two weeks at Ocean City, N. J.

ROSEMONT.—Mr. and Mrs. Edwin H. Fitler, of the Terraces, and their small daughters, Miss Elise Fitler and Miss Nan Fitler, have gone to Watch Hill, R. I., to stay until September 15.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert M. Girvin, Jr., spent last week-end at Eagles Mere, where they left their children to stay during the month of August. Mr. and Mrs. Girvin, accompanied by the Misses Girvin, of 2120 Walnut street, will leave this week on a motor trip through New England. Mr. W. Lewis Evans, of Montreal, Canada, will join them later.

Weddings

METZLER—SULTHAUS.

The marriage of Miss Kathryn E. Sulthaus, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John H. Sulthaus, of 1119 Chelten avenue, took place on Tuesday, August 8, at 4 o'clock at the Episcopal Church of St. James-the-Less, Thirty-third and Clearfield streets. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Edward Ritchie. Miss Sulthaus was attended by her sister, Miss Edna Sulthaus, and Miss Lillian Metzler, sister of the bridegroom, as bridesmaids. Mr. Frank George acted as best man. After a trip through Canada Mr. and Mrs. Metzler will be at home at 6517 Stenton avenue after September 1.

Along the Reading

Miss Annie Culver and Miss Theodora Culver, of Greenwood avenue, Jenkintown, accompanied by their aunt, Miss Wallace, have left for an extended trip through California.

Mrs. H. B. Larzelere, of Jenkintown, has left for Virginia Beach, where she will spend three weeks.

Miss Eleanor Shoemaker, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph L. Shoemaker, of Noble, has gone to Atlantic City for a short stay.

Mrs. Andrew K. McKee and her daughter, Miss Myrtle McKee, of Wyncote road, Jenkintown, have left for Lake Placid, Adirondack Mountains, where they will spend some time.

Germantown

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Powers, of 371 Pelham road, are taking a six-weeks' trip to Havana, Panama, Jamaica and Costa Rica.

Mrs. Rufus W. Scott, of Wissahickon avenue and Hortter street, will leave this week by motor for the North Shore, stopping en route for a visit of several days with Mrs. William Adams near Boston, then going to Manchester-by-the-Sea.

Mr. and Mrs. Herman Shrewsbury, of East Musgrave street, have opened their cottage at Sea Isle City for this month.

Mr. and Mrs. William Draper Lewis and their family, of Aubury, East Washington lane, who are spending the summer at Northeast Harbor, Me., will return in September.

Mrs. Herbert M. Tilden and her children, of McKean avenue, will go to Cape May this week, where they have taken a cottage, to stay until October.

Miss Frances Kilburn, of 138 West Upsal street, who is visiting friends in Boston, will be the guest for several weeks of Miss Anita Birdsall at her summer home at the Thousand Islands.

Miss Helen Gormerly, of Lincoln drive, is the guest of Mrs. Charles Buck, in Chelsea.

North Philadelphia

Mrs. John J. McCloskey, of 2812 North Broad street, has gone to Eagles Mere to recuperate from an illness, and will remain there for some time.

A surprise party was given at the home of Miss Lillian Barnett, 2635 North Thirtieth street, on Sunday, in honor of the homecoming of Mr. I. William Gash and Mr. J. Abrams. It was also the nineteenth birthday of Mr. Abrams. A beautiful set of cuff links was presented to Mr. Abrams by his friends. Refreshments were served and later an exhibition of dancing was given by Mr. Maxwell Farber and Miss Elanore Samuels. Among others present were Miss Clare Saslor, Miss Rose Abrams, Miss May Lewis, Mr. F. Segal and Mr. N. Selbst.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Letsch, of 2454 Nicholas street, announce the marriage of their daughter, Miss Emma Letsch, to Mr. P. Cope Philler, of Germantown.

Chestnut Hill

Mrs. William W. Adams, Jr., of Navahoe avenue and Mermaid lane, is the guest of her mother, Mrs. Shattuck, at Norwoody, near Boston.

Mr. Adams and his nephew, Mr. Donaldson, spent the week-end in Cape May.

West Philadelphia

Miss Mary Alexander Pallon, of 510 South Forty-second street, has arrived at Brown Palace Hotel, in Denver, after spending a week at the Osteopathic Convention in Kansas City.

Miss Anna McDermott, a popular member of the younger set, left last Saturday for Atlantic City, where she expects to stay for several weeks. Miss McDermott lives at 2108 South Sixtieth street.

Mr. A. Aberle, of 6122 Larchwood avenue, left Monday for Atlantic City, where he will visit Mr. and Mrs. Stowman, of 6133 Locust street, who have taken apartments at La Grande for the summer.

Mrs. William Berrill and her two sons, Master John Berrill and Master William Berrill, of Everett, Mass., are the guests of Mr. John T. Berrill, of 5810 Spruce street.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Hager, of 4606 Walnut street, are receiving congratulations on the birth of a son.

Tioga

Mr. Walter W. Hagy and Mr. Roy Heinz Wood were visitors at the American Transcontinental Aviation School on Manhasset Bay, L. I. Through the courtesy of Aviator Daniel McCullough, Messrs. Wood and Hagy were given a flight over Long Island Sound. The two Philadelphians have just returned from the Newport tennis tournament and they will now take part in different tournaments in Pennsylvania and New Jersey.

Northeast Philadelphia

Miss Blanche Rostow, of 1222 North Seventh street, will give a birthday party this evening in honor of Miss Sara Marinoff.

The Northeast Junior C. E. Society held a picnic yesterday at Burholme Park.

Mrs. Max Staub and her daughter, Miss Ida E. Staub, of 319 West Girard avenue, are spending some time in Atlantic City.

Miss Hazel Bartram, of Sixth and Thompson streets, is visiting friends in Ocean City for several weeks.

MISS SERENIA BELLE SHILOFSKY

The engagement of Miss Serenia Belle Shilofsky, of 3848 Poplar street, to Mr. Israel Lazaar was announced yesterday by Miss Shilofsky's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Shilofsky.

PLAGUE MAY PUT OFF OPENING OF SCHOOLS

Continued from Page One

within a short time. The building will be fumigated, however, and none of the clothes will be taken from the shop until the quarantine period is over.

Dr. H. L. H. Dick, who treated the Bass child, is health officer of Darby. Dr. Howard C. Carpenter, of this city, an authority on children's diseases, confirms Doctor Dick's decision that the case was infantile paralysis.

A high record was made in New York city yesterday, where 57 deaths occurred.

It has been announced that the public schools in New York may not open until November 1, and Henry R. Edmunds, president of the Board of Education here, when questioned as to the course likely to be pursued by the Philadelphia school authorities, said the health officers would be consulted and their wishes followed. Mr. Edmunds pointed out that 90 per cent of the school children of the city were under 16 years of age, and said he believed it would be dangerous to open the schools as long as the disease is prevalent here.

The official date for the opening of the schools is September 8. A meeting of the board will be called prior to September 1 to consider the question of keeping the schools closed for a period.

Daily inspection was started today at all the playgrounds of the city by 50 inspectors who are in the employ of the city as school inspectors. There are 23 recreation centers and 138 school playgrounds in the city and none of them will be missed. It became known today that Doctor Krusen had considered carefully the advisability of closing all the city playgrounds, but he has decided that it will be more advisable to keep them open.

The quarantine in Camden will go into effect tonight and all children entering from this city will be required to show certificates of health.

The spread of infantile paralysis is breaking up the vacations of a large number of city employes who are being ordered by letter, telephone and telegraph to return immediately to Philadelphia.

Today between 75 and 100 employes of the Bureau of Housing and Sanitation were "back on the job," James F. McCrudden, chief of the bureau, having summoned them. This breaking up of vacations was due to the fact that while in normal times the bureau receives 200 complaints daily it is now being swamped with 600 each day.

ATLANTIC CITY FREE OF PARALYSIS, OFFICIALS SAY

Rumors which gained wide circulation in this city, to the effect that there were many cases of infantile paralysis in Atlantic City and that the health authorities there had suppressed the news, have been set at rest by a statement issued by a committee of prominent physicians, judges and business men. Only four cases have developed there this summer, the statement declares.

Director of Health Krusen sent an inquiry to the health authorities there several days ago in which he stated that he had heard the rumors regarding infantile paralysis at the seashore and asking for authoritative information.

The statement issued shows that every precaution has been taken to prevent the disease from gaining a foothold at the resort. All chidren coming from infected districts are visited three times weekly for three weeks by Atlantic City physicians on the lookout for symptoms of paralysis. Meetings of physicians and prominent citizens at the resort are held frequently to consider steps to guard against the disease. A campaign of cleanliness was instituted and 15 extra men employed for dirt inspection work.

"In the last month 11,624 inspections, counting outside and inside, have been made of buildings and yards where clean-ups were needed and the clean-ups were made," the statement reads in part; "982 garbage cans or receptacles were condemned and new ones with lids provided; 493 special food and milk inspections were made and all stable or other manure piles and other fly-breeding places were covered and eliminated. A large extra force of street cleaners were employed, and the streets are kept absolutely clean. The gutters are flushed and cleaned, each day and the streets flushed at night.

"Three extra physicians were employed (one an Italian physician) to assist Doctor Reed, the health director, in visiting, examining and re-examining children coming from New York and other cities. Where there is reason to suspect that a child is running away from possible infection and has been actually exposed it is placed under daily observation, either in the observation ward of the Municipal Hospital or under strict quarantine if in a private cottage.

"We are, and for the last two months we have been, sparing no expense to protect our visitors and ourselves. The only thing we have not been doing is talking, and we are only talking now in order that people may know that we are and have been acting."

Only one of the four cases described as infantile paralysis was definitely diagnosed. Poliomyelitis was suspected, however, in the three other cases.

"We have absolute confidence that there are and have been no other cases in Atlantic City," the statment reads.

Lancaster Guards Infant Disease

LANCASTER, Pa., Aug. 10.—The following Lancaster County physicians, five of the 17 State health officers for Lancaster County, have been detailed by Dr. Samuel Dixon, State Health Commissioner, for service on the State borders in connection with efforts being made to guard against infantile paralysis: H. B. Klopper, Columbia; Wakeman Wesley, Nottingham; O. R. Phalm, Manheim; Jere G. Mumma, Brownstown, and Harry Geier, Ephrata.

Paralysis Case in Norristown

NORRISTOWN, Pa., Aug. 10.—The first case of infantile paralysis in Norristown was reported to the Board of Health today. It is in the Italian section; the child is 14 months old, son of an Italian rag picker. There are hundreds of children in the neighborhood, and to prevent the spread of the distase the Board of Health has established an absolute quarantine, and the infected house is guarded by a policeman.

Five New Cases Reported in State

HARRISBURG, Aug. 10.—Up to noon five new cases of infantile paralysis had been reported in Pennsylvania—one in Bristol, one in Allentown, one in Millvale, Allegheny County, and one each in Larksville and White Haven, Luzerne County.

"THE PRIVATE WAR"

BY LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE Author of "THE BRASS BOWL"

SYNOPSIS.

Gordon Traill, a young New York society favorite, has been aroused from his two-year mental nap by a letter from his friend Sevrance, in London, informing him that Lady Herbert, who was the beautiful Miss Julia Leigh, of Richmond, Va., is betrothed to Captain Kurd von Holzborn, attached to the German Embassy, in London. Gordon and "Heart's Desire," as he called Lady Herbert, were sweethearts in years gone by, but she had married Lord Herbert.

When the peer died his widow was eagerly sought after by fortune hunters, but she resisted attack until Von Holzborn wooed her. In the meantime Traill remained passively in New York. But Sevrance's letter suddenly aroused him to action and he sails for London. Sevrance, too, is in love with Julia, but he nobly sacrifices himself for his friend.

Immediately upon his arrival in London Traill meets melodrama. Fog has shut down upon the city, and Traill, unable to see more than a few feet ahead, trusts himself to the tender mercies of a sleepy, intoxicated cabby, with orders to proceed to the Carlton Hotel. But within the cab he finds the body of a man apparently dead.

The drugged and stabbed man proves to be M. de Netze, a secret agent of the Russian Government, who has been attacked by revolutionists. Traill takes him to Sevrance's apartment, and the next day Von Holzborn calls to remove De Netze to his own home. It is the first meeting of the rivals.

That evening, at the opera, Von Holzborn prevents Traill from meeting his "Heart's Desire." But the following afternoon, after Lady Herbert mysteriously fails to receive Traill and Sevrance by appointment, Gordon receives a note torn into minute pieces warning him that his sweetheart is in terrible danger.

CHAPTER VIII

A Woman and the Telephone

DISCONSOLATELY I threw myself into a chair. Sevrance began one of his meditative walks up and down the room—hands clasped behind back, head bowed, brows thoughtful, lips tight, legs swinging methodically, 15 steps one way, wheeling on the heel, 15 steps back again.

The monotony of his measured footfalls wore upon my nerves. I was sick at heart and wanted comforting—yearned for the sound of a friendly voice and the empty solace of hollowly optimistic phrases. When I had endured the silence as long as I could, I snapped at my friend:

"Oh, for Heaven's sake, say something!"

Sevrance paused by the window; I did not look up, but knew that his eyes were upon me.

He whistled softly. "Thunder!" he complied cheerfully, and recommenced his constitutional.

I restrained an impulse to throw something at him, and fell into a deep and despondent mood, pondering vainly the mystery of this latest happening.

What the devil could it all mean, anyhow?

Why, under what imaginable pressure of circumstances, had she composed that message? What had induced her to tear it into such minute shreds? And what had moved her to reconsider, to gather those fragments of paper together, inclose them in an envelope and dispatch them to me by messenger?

Why, finally, had she not rewritten her note? It had been as baffling as a clever cipher. Purposely so?

My head rang with the opening words of that exasperating appeal:

"Gordon, I need you! Gordon, I need you! Gordon, I need you!"

Why? I demanded. What conceivable peril menaced her? What could menace Lady Herbert, widow of Sir Henry Herbert, K. C. S. I., mistress of Saltacres in Lincolnshire, mistress of millions in her own right, acknowledged queen on her own court in the social world of England—my Heart's Desire? What could even touch her, wring from her an appeal for aid so moving and so enigmatic?

"Th' tillyfun——" I suddenly heard Grady begin.

But I pushed him aside and dashed into the farther apartment, toward the telephone instrument which adorned one wall. I know not by what mental process, but it seemed as if I was made intuitively aware that some fresh development in this coil of mystery was at hand. The bell had not time to cease its whirring vibration, the sound of it was still loud in the air, when I lifted the receiver from the hook and put it to my ear.

Instinctively I was aware that Sevrance had followed me, treading on tiptoe, the better to avoid disturbing me. He was close by my shoulder when the reply to my first—I fear horse and discordant—"Hello!" sounded along the wire.

The words, when they came, were entirely negative in value and dashing to my hopes—a chill request from central, I suppose, for Sevrance's phone number. I gave it, trembling with impatience, and was told to wait a minute.

Abruptly I seemed to be aware of a whisper—a stage whisper, if I may so describe it—a hushed and guarded repetition of my name, carrying with it an effect of intense strain:

"Mr. Traill? Mr. Traill?"

"Ye—es!" I well-nigh shouted.

"Ah——" The exclamation seemed hardly more than a sigh, a faint and sensitive sigh, as of relief.

A silence followed, wherein I fancied I caught a sound as of hurried but subdued breathing—a soft and distant sibilance which might reasonably enough have been charged to the singing of the wires.

I waited in an agony, muttering over and over again, almost inaudibly: "Well? Well? Well?"

Finally there came one word—hushed—electrifying—"Gordon!" and I was half staggered by the recognition of that voice whose appeal, "Gordon, I need you!" had seemed so clearly audible to me during the last two hours.

"Yes?" I cried. "Yes? Go on—Julia, Julia!"

Suddenly there was a change. I seem now to see the woman, the dear lady of my heart's desire, straighten herself up and nerve herself for that subtle and perilous ruse. Her words came clearly, with a cool and businesslike intonation. I hearkened without daring to reply.

"Hello! Hello! Is this Roguet et Campagnia? * * * This is Lady Herbert. * * * Yes, Lady Herbert. I wish to speak at once with Monsieur Roguet. * * * At the 'phone, you say? Very well. * * * I cannot come for the fittings tomorrow. I am leaving town suddenly and shall not return for several weeks. * * *"

Then followed a brief pause. I found no words. I seemed stricken dumb with astonishment. She resumed the one-sided conversation as though she had been listening with approval to some response.

"Yes. Very well. * * * Yes, immediately, to be gone several weeks. * * * Finish the gowns without more fittings and send them as soon as possible to Saltacres.* * * Yes, the black jet first of all. * * * Good day, monsieur, good day."

There followed a sharp click; then silence, profound and impenetrable. I put my fingers to the bell—and hesitated. My intent had been to ring furiously, to demand an instant connection with the other station. But a second's reflection convinced me that such a course would be perilous; I was slowly quickening to the suspicion, nay, the knowledge, that the message to the dressmaker, "Monsieur Roguet," was a mere feint to mask Julia's purpose to inform me of her future whereabouts.

Sevrance, whose manifest impatience I endeavored to allay with a concise account of what had passed back and forth upon that wire. He followed me with strained interest, his eye at first clouding, then lightening as he conceived the acuteness of Lady Herbert's stratagem. When I had concluded, he threw back his head with a short, brisk laugh.

"Clever!" he commended. "Clever, you beggar! Who but she would have thought of it! Oh, I can see it all—all, as plainly as though I had been there: Julia at the 'phone, mad with anxiety to get word to you, fearful every instant of Holzborn's return. For he would have been out, somewhere, would he not?"

I nodded.

"And then, just as she musters up courage to speak, he comes back, finds her at the instrument, and she has the cleverness, the ingenuity, the very audacity, to pretend that she is telephoning her tailor! Man——"

He paused. His face lengthened, his eyes becoming again shadowed. And I comprehended the cause. "Clever," he murmured abstractedly, "clever!"

"Clever—I grant you. But what does it mean, Sevrance? Why should she be forced to such subterfuge? What right has Von Holzborn, her fiance though he be, to dictate whether or not she shall inform me of her destination?"

Sevrance shook his head, his eyes on the floor.

"Where were they," I demanded hotly, "that she dared not use the phone without fear of interruption? In London?

"They must have been—or near it," he muttered.

"But we were told today that Lady Herbert had left town."

Sevrance elevated his brows and his shoulders hopelessly. "We were told!" he commented bitterly. "We have been told everything. Traill—" He hesitated, eyeing me. I saw, without knowing where he looked. "Traill, there's the devil to pay somewhere."

"I know that—and his name is——"

"Von Holzborn."

"It would give me great gratification to settle his account," I affirmed. "God! I'd give my right hand to know the ins and outs of this infernal nightmare business!"

By way of reply, Sevrance turned abruptly to the telephone, ringing up. I stood wondering, but only to discover that he was attempting to get from Central the number with which we had recently been connected. His efforts, however, were fruitless, although he resorted to every imaginable expedient to gain his end.

After about 15 minutes of it he gave it up in disgust.

"It's no go," he conceded; "a beastly nuisance!"

The thing was preying on his mind as upon mine; what three hours before had seemed possibly insignificant now loomed before us with all the aspect of some monstrous infamy. He took a turn up and down the room, coming to a halt before me.

"At least we know where to look for her—from her own lips—Saltacres."

"The Herbert estate in Lincolnshire?"

He nodded. "That is much, Gordon. If she needs you there, she needs me. We'll go, won't we, old chap—together?"

I clasped his hand, but he broke away, calling to Grady for his hat.

"What now?"

"I'm off," he said, breathless with an inspiration.

"Where to?"

"God knows," he returned simply. "I'm going to scour this town for Julia, for Von Holzborn, for De Netze. If I find her, if it's true that she is still in town—all well and good. But if I find one only—either one of them——"

He stopped abruptly, his handsome features overcast with an ugly, threatening look. We had passed on into the outer room; I quietly took up my own hat and coat. Grady was assisting Sevrance with his own.

"No, you don't," commanded Sevrance, noting my action.

"I'm going with you," I asserted firmly.

"What for, Gordon?" he expostulated. "Don't be an ass, old chap. There won't be any—any trouble, you know. Let me alone—let me play a lone hand just now. I think—I'm very sure I can find out something if you will only bide quiet here."

"Not by a long sight——"

"There may come another message," he suggested.

The possibility made me falter in my determination to accompany him and keep him out of trouble; I knew Sevrance's quick temper, carefully concealed though it lay beneath his affectation of British insouciance, and it was not without reason that I feared an outbreak, should he succeed in his search and come upon either Prussian or Russian—far fetched as seemed the consideration of either contingency.

He saw his advantage and followed it up.

"You had best stay," said he. "If she should wire you for aid at once——"

"I'll stay," I informed him, "upon one condition: you are to keep your temper and"—I glanced at my watch; it was near seven—"be back by ten at the latest."

"I agree," he said; and we shook hands upon it. In another moment he was gone, taking the staircase three and four steps at a time, if the noise of his descent counted for anything.

And at once I began to regret my irresolution, my weakness. I saw clearly that I should have persisted, that I should have gone with him at all hazards.

There were before me three mortal hours of solitude, which I must endure with patience, lashed though I was by the most maddening apprehensions, picturing to myself, as I must inevitably, a thousand situations, each more terrible than its predecessor, in which my heart's desire figured helpless, imperiled, needing the protection of the man who would lay down his life for her!

One fact bulked clear and obvious above all others—that we were shortly to undertake a journey to Lincolnshire, barring an inconceivable righting of affairs. I summoned Grady and directed him to go immediately, discover on what railroad lay the nearest station to Saltacres, and to procure a first-class compartment on the earliest convenient train.

Alone I set madly to work stuffing a few necessary articles of clothing into our suitcases. I dare say I made a sad, hopeless mess of the job—bungled it atrociously. I know that when Grady returned he promptly and very solemnly dumped everything out of both cases and repacked them according to his own conception of the fitness of things.

But long ere that occurred I was to suffer an interruption that put a prompt period to this manifestation of my energies. In the midst of it all, when I had about accomplished a complete and satisfactory dismantling of Sevrance's bedroom and had the entire contents, not only of my trunks, but of his bureau drawers distributed helter-skelter about the floor, I heard the pounding of heavy feet upon the stairway.

I waited, listening. Could this be Sevrance returning? Or Grady? It seemed that neither had been gone more than 15 minutes, but my watch showed me that it was eight-thirty. It was possible. I went out into the study, carefully closing the bedroom door behind me—a precaution for which I was afterward grateful.

The footsteps drew near slowly, steadily, purposefully; I concluded that one of the tenants of the chambers above was returning home; neither my host nor his man would have shown such deliberation.

By the door, however, there was a pause, and then loudly, and as if with intent to indicate an unhurried mood, three sharp raps upon the panels.

I flung open the door.

Captain Kurd von Holzborn entered calmly, smiling courteously the while he removed his gloves and glanced quickly about the room.

CHAPTER IX

Diplomatic Relations Broken Off

HE GAVE me a pleasant good evening with perfect nonchalance. I stammered out a confused and breathless response, which, however, I managed to cover by slamming the door smartly.

My mind was a whirl of conflicting thoughts as I turned, but out of them one consideration stood prominent: I must conduct myself with a coolness and a composure in no degree inferior to the captain's.

Whatever his purpose with me, whatever the motive which had inspired this visit, which only omniscience could have foreseen and provided against, I must not show the least evidence of my amazement; therein lay the only weak spot in my armor; and, somehow, I felt that this meeting was to be of the nature of a duel between us—a duel of wits, if nothing more.

Certainly Von Holzborn had not come unprompted by ulterior motive; it was not conceivable that this was a merely friendly call. He had his point to make, his surmise to prove; that was beyond doubt.

It remained for me to keep him as completely in the dark, concerning what he wished to know, as lay within my power—and I prided myself that my wits would prove as nimble as the Prussian's.

At the same time I was to find out for myself and for Sevrance upon what manner of devilment Von Holzborn was engaged, and how it affected the woman whom I loved. I had need of all my diplomacy and discretion for an undertaking so essentially delicate—to worm from this self-contained nature the truth and simultaneously permit him to guess nothing of our suspicions, our plans, or our knowledge.

He put himself in the middle of the room, where he stood squarely, as was his wont, with his back to the light, his face shadowed—a temporary advantage. But I managed to meet his hard and expressionless eyes with a gaze as frank and open, if colored with polite surprise, as I could have desired; or so I prided myself.

At any rate, he seemed satisfied, and knowing that the advantage of the light was untenable for long, relinquished it without any maneuverings, and dropped his heavy, solid body into an armchair, sighing with relief—as a weary man might sigh.

In this position the glare of lamplight was full upon his face; another's had been an open book to a reader of physiognomies; Von Holzborn's was as blank as a freshly laundered sheet, if not of the same hue. To cover my lack of calmness and to keep my face turned from him, I busied myself about the room, finding cigars and cigarettes, during his opening remarks.

"Mr. Sevrance?" he inquired blandly. "He is not in?"

"No," I told him frankly; "I am alone."

"But he will return——"

I saw no reason for withholding the truth.

"As a matter of fact," I replied, "I don't know when he will get home. He didn't say—to me, at least. And Grady also is out."

"I am sorry. I would have liked a word with him. We have become quite friendly—Mr. Sevrance and myself, Mr. Traill."

"So he has indicated. A cigar? Or a cigarette?" I offered the boxes.

He accepted an Havana, refusing an immediate light, however.

"After all," he said, watching me keenly, "it is perhaps as well. My errand, to be candid, is more with you than with Mr. Sevrance."

"Yes?"

I had trimmed the end of a cigar, and now I bent over the lamp, lighting the tobacco with the heat from the chimney, so that he did not learn much from my expression. An instant later, when I was seated facing him, I had the smoke for a mask, and was well content.

"Yes," he said precisely, speaking with deliberation and choosing his words. "I am so fortunate as to be the bearer of a message to you, sir." He bent forward, linking his fingers, his elbows resting upon the arms of the chair, a slight smile softening the hard contour of his lips. "From a lady," he added slowly.

"I can imagine from whom, then," I laughed easily. "You see, so far as I know, we have but one feminine acquaintance in common."

"To be sure," he assented gravely. "We are both favored of fortune."

"Decidedly," I agreed; "and yet, you deserve all the congratulations, Captain."

"And not Lady Herbert?" He laughed shortly, but not unamiably, to show that he had purposely misinterpreted my remark, and continued:

(CONTINUED TOMORROW.)

PHILADELPHIA BABIES WIN PRIZES AT SHOW

Carry Off Everything in Sight at Atlantic City Competition

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J., Aug. 10.—Philadelphia babies, as fine an array of future citizens as ever was grouped together, at the shore, carried off everything in sight in the way of ribbons and prizes in the closing baby show of the season on the Steel Pier this morning. There were 32 entries, three less than a week ago, and a larger crowd of enthusiastic electioneering parents and relatives than ever.

Helen McMichael, with 1217 votes, walked away with the distinction of being the prettiest baby and took with this award a large silver cup.

Warm supporters who gave her 1172 votes won for Josephine Levitt, daughter of Dr. M. L. Levitt, a silver knife and fork set, the prize for the cutest baby in the competition.

Rosalind Eisenberg landed a thermos bottle, the prize for the fattest child in the show, with 1408 votes, and Kathryn Fitzgerald captured a pearl necklace with the award for the best dressed baby, her vote being 1609.

GUARD'S POOR MOTHER AIDED

Suit for Rent Dropped and Collection Taken When She Weeps in Court

Tottering and weeping, Mrs. Clifford Miller was led before Judge William C. French in the Camden District Court today. She was threatened with dispossession because she was unable to pay $9 advance rent upon her little home at 214 North Twelfth street.

Still weeping, the frail little woman went faltering from the courtroom a few minutes later. Her tears then were of gratitude. Headed by a $5 contribution from the Judge, a collection among those who heard her story of distress, as told on the witness stand, not only paid the month's rent, but netted her $11.10 for the living necessities she needed. Moreover, at Judge French's instigation, the suit was abandoned and the costs remitted, and the case of the woman will be brought to the attention of the Citizens' Relief Committee.

Mrs. Miller told the court she has been deserted by her husband four months ago. Since that time she and her three small children had subsisted on the earnings of another son. The latter is now at Fort Douglas, Arizona, with Battery B, New Jersey Artillery. She showed the Judge a letter from this son, in which he asked his mother to send him some tidings of the household at home. Even pennies were too scarce with her, she said, to expend in postage. Moreover, she could neither read nor write.

Asks Inquiry on Casement Plea Today

WASHINGTON, Aug. 10.—A House investigation of the delay in transmitting to the British Foreign Office the Senate resolution indirectly asking clemency for Sir Roger Casement was asked in a resolution introduced by Representative Fague, of Massachusetts.

Ill, Woman Tries to End Life

BRIDGETON, N. J., Aug. 10.—Depressed because of a nervous breakdown, Miss Jennie Benjamin, of Carmel, attempted suicide by drinking acid. She has been a schoolteacher for five years.

AMUSEMENTS

STANLEY MARKET ABOVE 16TH 11:15 TO 11:15 MARIE DORO In first Presentation "COMMON GROUND"

PALACE 1214 MARKET STREET HAZEL DAWN OWEN MOORE "UNDER COVER"

FOR CHARTER

The swift and commodious Steamer "SYLVAN DELL," capacity 700, can be chartered for day excursions and moonlights any day except Sunday up to September 15th. Committees for societies and organizations can call on Bell phone, Lombard 398, or Keystone, Main 4379.

GLOUCESTER FERRY COMPANY, DELAWARE AVE. & SOUTH ST., PHILADELPHIA

B. F. KEITH'S THEATER REAL SUMMER ENJOYMENT! Laura Hope Crews & Co. In "HER HUSBAND'S WIFE" Albertina Rasch and Ballet; Deely & Steele; George M. Rosener and Others. Today at 2, 25c & 50c. Tonight at 8, 25c to $1.

Globe Theater MARKET and JUNIPER STS. VAUDEVILLE — Continuous 11 A. M. to 11 P. M. 10c, 15c, 25c "The Boarding School Girls" KEMPTON GREENE and VIRGINIA HENNINGS AND OTHER REAL FEATURES

Victoria MARKET ABOVE 9TH De Wolf Hopper Bessie Love in "Stranded" ADDED—"HIS FIRST TOOTH"

Arcadia CHESTNUT Below 16th MAE MARSH and ROBERT HARRON in "MARRIAGE OF MOLLY-O"

WOODSIDE FREE AT ALL TIMES SHANNON'S BAND VAN NORMAN and DE DIO'S CIRCUS

SWIMMING

ADAMS SANITARY SWIMMING POOL 219 S. BROAD ST. PARTY NIGHTS MON., FRI. AND SAT. LADIES' & GENTLEMEN'S HOURS DAILY.

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