JUST GOSSIP ABOUT PEOPLE

wild think that, after hearing of Reyburn's defeat as a social leader me years past, wives of officials tearn that Philadelphia is Philaand cannot be changed, even if t deal of money after years of waiting has succeeded in one or come in getting people into exclusive and besides money they usually amiations with society which made desirable), but somehow we never on until experience brings it home

listen, my dears, and you shall of a happening in this good old only last week, when the presinominee, the Hon. Charles Evans came here to speak. He was, me, the guest of Mr. John Gribbel, of the Union League, and natto Mrs. Gribbel fell the lot of hos-Mrs. Hughes on that occasion. Il. Mrs. Gribbel, Mrs. Stotesbury and per of women of high degree ed Mrs. Hughes in Mrs. Gribbet's having placed a chair for her in thereof. While they were

the door of the box opened and pt none other than the wife of meial in the city (oh, very high) made straightway for the sacred Imagine the consternation of the ss, for the lady in question made decidedly at home. Finally one hed her and told her with great and charm that that special chair een set aside for Mrs. Hughes, Well, ceeded in prying the uninvited from the chair, but not from rethe guest of honor. She seemed think that the wife of so high an ofshould have something to do with and her resolution was not to be ed by any means whatsoever, Some erty that, don't you think?

Your debutantes to be introduced this at one fell swoop, so to Didst ever hear the like? Still mighty nice and probably much more for the little buds than it is to have the thrills and excitement alone, and for the flowers, well I am sure the crowded garden beds in the time of om cannot be compared to the ers sent to the four charming girls will surround Mrs. Charles Wheeler afternoon when she will introduce granddaughter Suzanne Elliot, the ter of Mr. and Mrs. Richard McCall t her step-granddaughter, Hannah rt, who is the daughter of Mrs. wheeler, Jr., by a former marand Mary and Elisabeth Packard, ers of Mr. and Mrs. George Pack There is some relationship between

Wheelers and Packards on the er and Brown side, I understand, I am not quite clear on the subject if, so I had better let you stay in questioning stage as well, and when have it clear I'll pass it on.

I am particularly interested in Suzanne for she has been in England for last three years, and at her age one s so much from the long-hair stage society belle. I am told she is mally pretty, and surely she fairly by that inheritance, for her is as pretty as any of the young is one sees, and does not look a re than thirty-five, in spite of the hat she has one married daughter, Sidney F. T. Brock; a second daugh-Natalie, whose engagement to Lieunt FitzHugh Green, U. S. N., was ced last week, and is now bringing her third.

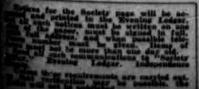
re were five Wheeler sisters. w, Mrs. Elliot, the Countess Pappenwho was Miss Mary Wheeler; Mrs. ze Thayer, Miss Gertrude Wheeler, Henry Norris, Miss Ethel Wheeler Mrs. Philip Wainman, the youngest , who was Miss Christine Wheeler, whose husband lost his life in the about a year ago.

nne is named for her grandther, who was Miss Susan Farnum, so can see how many good old Philadelfamilies are allied with the name of der in this city. Among the sutantes who will receive at the tea afternoon, which will be given at Wheeler's Bryn Mawr home, will be Meirs, Mary Lovering, Elizabeth retter, Gainor Baird, Sophie Baker, atharine Lea, Lorraine Graham, Elisah McMichael, Elizabeth Miller, Nancy Margaret Harris, Katharine Hahk, Marion Wurts, Emily Harris, Paul-Denckla, Patty Borie and Anna

While seated on the porch of the on Valley Hunt Club waiting the start of the meet last Satur-I was highly interested in watching Fox and a friend of hers I did not try to take a short cut, which not to be so short after all, for got into a deep swamp in front of and the poor friend had a bad while Eliza was walking along the The girl in blue, as I shall desigthe friend, managed to extricate herwithout any serious injuries, but saw a number of the men looking the swamp, and I am afraid she mething besides her balance. It mighty gay afternoon, and every turned out to make the first race season a real success. the George W. Goethals, of Panane, were with the Bertram Lippin-I believe they are paying them a low. An interested spectator was un Justice, whose lecture the ere, given at the club dinner. to be most entertaining. He was of the first men to hunt about the

id Burpee will entertain his brother rpec, Jr., at dinner tonight at a League. Atlee and Jeannetta to be married in St. James's Epis no reception after the wedding, or the immediate families, and e entertaining beforehand, I un-

Grove country, which has lately



the men of the wedding party, who Baron von Wullerstorff, of Vienna; Dr. Frank Crozer Knowles, William Derbyshire, Jr., John Earle and Edward Bronfield and Fretz Derby, of New York, NANCY WYNNE.

Personals

Mr. Trenchard Newbold will give a small dinner dance at the Merion Gulf Club on Thursday evening in honor of his niece. Mins Marion S. Wurts, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Kennedy Wurts.

Miss Ethel Brinton Buckwalter, daughter of Mrs. H. Brinton Buckwalter, of West Chester, whose marriage to Mr. Joseph Shallcross Webb will be solemnized on Saturday in the Church of the Holy Trinity. West Chester, will be attended by Miss Edith Ramsey, as maid of honor, and her bridesmalds will be Miss Maris Sellers and Mrs. W. Hollingsworth White, of West Chester; Miss Esther Deliett, of Wilmington, and Miss Helen Price, of Johnstowe. Chester: Miss Esther Dallett, of Wilming-ton, and Miss Helen Price, of Johnstown. Mr. Robert Beatty will act as best man, and the ushers will include Mr. Caldwell Webb, a brother of the bridegroom; Mr. H. Weeb, a brother of the bridegroom; Mr. H. Ormsby Phillips, of Pasadena, Cal.; Mr. Louis Beatty, Mr. Edward Beatty, Mr. Wallace Kennard and Mr. Groavenor Calkins, of Providence, R. I. Miss Dallett will entertain the bridal party at dinner this evening at her home in Wilmington.

The A. J. Drexel Biddle Bible Class has selected Monday evening, December 4, for its concert. This affair is always of social and artistic interest to Philadelphia and takes place in the ballroom of the Bellevue

The Emergency Relief of Jenkintown, which has been meeting every Thursday morning and afternoon at Alverthorp, the home of Mra Henry Middleton Fisher, on Meeting House lane, will hold its winter classes at the home of Mrs. Richard Harte on Old York road, Noble, as inst year, It will meet on Thursdays as usual until Mrs. meet on Thursdays as usual until Mrs. Fisher closes her home. Mrs. Fisher has just returned from Drifton, Pa., where she spent several days.

Mrs. Johns Hopkins, of the Newport, will leave this week for Atlantic City, where she will spend a fortnight.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Bertram Lippincett, of Bethayres, have Miss Elizabeth Mendelson, of New York, as their guest for several

Miss Anna Heckscher, daughter of Mrs. Austin Heckscher, of Devon, has returned from a visit to Atlantic City. Miss Heck-scher's wedding to Mr. Richard Sidney Newhold will take place in November.

Miss Margaret Eleanor Rushton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Rushton, has sent out invitations to a masquerade dance at her home on Lancaster avenue, Wynnewood, Tuesday evening, October 31.

Mrs. S. Naudain Duer will again conduct her dancing class for the school set at the Bellevue-Stratford during the winter. The first meeting will take place on Friday

Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Clothier, Jr., of Rad nor, who spent the summer at Narragan-sett Pier, are spending a few days at Shawnee-on-the-Delaware.

Mrs. C. A. Daniel will return today fron Atlantic City and will occupy her apart-ment at the St. James Hotel, as usual, for the winter months.

The Rho Delta Kappa Fraternity will give its first dance of the season at the Philomusian Club, Fortieth and Walnut streets, Saturday evening, October 28.
Dances will be given regularly thereafter at the same place on the fourth Saturday of each month during the season of 1916 and 1917. Special features, under the di-rection of Mr. Gilbert Van Hoesen, wil

Dr. and Mrs. R. S. Keelor, who formerly lived in this city, entertained a house party at their home, 708 Cariton road, Westfield. N. J. Among the Philadelphians in the party are Mrs. E. L. Corthell, Mrs. A. S. Kempfer, Mrs. C. A. Peeney, Miss Pearl Hill, Miss Marita Corthell, Mrs. D. Carroll H. Mrs. D. O. Kirstetter and Mrs. Carroll H. Keelor.

Mrs. William Benton Bunker, of the Essex, will give a tea October 24 at the Golden Dragon Tea Room, 3733 Walnut

dance last night at the Belfield Club in

What's Doing Tonight

Presentation of Dattle Streamers, Second Regi-nent Armery, South Sixtieth Street Improvement Associa-ion, 253 South Sixtieth street.



MISS WINIFRED MARION CONRAD Miss Conrad, whose home is in Des Moines, Ia., will be married tomorrow in the Episcopal Church of the Holy Nativity, Fox Chase, to Mr. Van Vechten Hostetter, of this city

Weddings

SELLERS-SHATTUCK

A wedding of interest will take place tonight at 6 o'clock, in the Second Pres-byterian Church, Twenty-first and Wainut streets, when Miss Kathlyne Montgomery Shattuck, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank R. Shattuck, of 223 West Tulpehocken street, Germantown, will become the bride of Mr. Coleman Seliers, 3d. The ceremony will be performed by the Rev. Alexander MacColl. Miss Shattuck, who will be given in marriage by her father, will be attended by her slater. Miss Mildred Shattuck as maid of honor, and the bridesmaids include Miss Elizabeth Grammer. Marie Louise Williamson, Miss Sur farie Louise Williamson, Miss Suzanne lotton, Miss Abbie Austin, Miss Anne B. Gardiner, and Miss Edith Gillette. There will be two tiny flower girls, Miss Margars llers and Miss Elizabeth Sellers.

Mr. Sellers will have his coustn. Mr. Raiph Mr. James Moore Austin, Mr. Norman Switzer, Mr. Albert Freeman, Mr. Lewis Pyle, Mr. Donald Torry, of New York, and Mr. Montgomery Foster.

PLATTEN-VIELE

A wedding of interest to many Philadel phians which took place quietly in New York this afternoon was that of Miss Cath-erine Campbell Viele, daughter of Mrs. Maurice Viele and granddaughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Campbell, of Wyncote, and Mr. J. Hornor Platten, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Platten, of New York. The wedding took place at 4 o'clock in the St. Region Church, only a few intimate friends and relatives being present.

Miss Mary Stewart Viele, sister of the bride, was the mald of honor and only

The bride wore an attractive gown of hite satin, made in a most becoming man-er. The tule vell extended to the end of the train, where it was caught with a spray of orange blossoms. Mr. Platten had Mr. Douglas Hedden Allen, of New York, as his est man, and the ushers were all New York men. A small reception followed the ceremony, after which Mr. and Mrs. Platten left on an extended wedding trip. They will make their home in the South.

The marriage of Miss Dorothy Hoban, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Charles J. Ho-ban, of 1609 South Broad street, to Mr. Thomas Bertrand Wright, of Cieveland, U., took place this morning at a nuptial mass at 10 o'clock in the Church of the Annuntation, Tenth and Dickinson streets. Bishop Hoban, an uncle of the bride, performed the ceremony. Miss Hoban had her sinters, Miss Rosalie Hoban and Miss Dorothy Hoban, as bridesmalds. A small breakfast for the immediate families and bridal party

PAIGE-MEYERS

A very quiet wedding was solemnized yes terday afternoon at the manse of the Bethany Temple Church, when Miss Estelle M. Meyers became the bride of Mr. Earle W. Paige. The Rev. Asa J. Ferry officiated.

HEART OF THE SUNSET BY REX BEACH

cen shel, however, the ranger sees Alaire come in sefety.

Alaire summons her coursel, Elisworth, the also knows David Law well. Alaire sammons have coursel, Elisworth, the alaire sammon have the select of damage done by the Federal roose and to demand indemnity from their roters. Laugario. He immediately fails identify in love with Alaire, and promises oil reparation. Delores, Alaire's maid. ces not trust Longorio.

Dave Law on a reission to tiscover who a responsible for theirs of cattle, calls por filade Jones and his dushier Falonia, eighbors of the Austine. Dave suspects of Austin and Tad Lewis, Dave, Jones, thearfor Gumman, who has lost a lot of attle, and Ricardo's two sons start in earch of the thirves.

After a long rife alone through the rain.

AW followed them with his eyes. dead?" he inquired, coldly.

"God! Yes." "Right in the mouth! The fellow was in hell before he realized it." "See! It is as we thought, Pedro; one of Lewis's! Tse! Tse! What a

"Who is he?" queried the officer.
"Pino Garss, one of the worst!" chimed two Gusmans.

Ricardo was dancing in his excitement. "I told you that Lewis knew something. The other one got past me, but he rode like the devil, and I cannot shoot like—

"Walt!" exclaimed Pedro. "This is be-yond my understanding. I heard but one shot from here, then after an instant my father's gun. And yet here is a dead horse father's gun. And and a dead man."

"This fellow and I fired at about the same instant." Dave explained, but even when he had related the history of the encounter his companions could scarcely be lieve that such quick shooting was possible It was difficult to secure a connected plain that at the first report the other this had fled, exposing himself only long enough for the old man to take a quick shot in his direction. Ricardo had missed, and the miscreant was doubtless well away by this time. He had ridden a sorrel horse that was all Ricardo could remember.

Law looked only briefly at the grueson results of his marksmanship, then he turned back to the body of his beloved mare. Ricardo noticed at length that he was crying; as the Ranger knelt beside the dead thoroughbred the old Mexican whispered to

low. He weeps like a woman. He must have loved that horse as a man loves his wife. Who can understand these Gringos?" After a time be approached cautiously and inquired: "What shall we do with this mbre, senor? Pedro has found his horse.

Law roused himself. With his own hands he gently removed Bessie Belle's saddle, bridle and blanket, then he gave his orders. "I'll take your horse, Ricardo, and you -that fellow's. Get a wagon and mov "And you?"

"I'm going to follow that man on

The dead man's saddle was left beside the body; then when the exchange of mounts had been effected and all was ready, Law made a request that amazed both father "If I'm not back by morning, I want you

to bury my mare." His voice broke; he turned away his face. "Bury her deep, Ri-cardo, so the coyotes can't dig her up; right here where she fell. I'll be back to on that it's done right. Understand? "Bueno! I understand perfectly. She was a pretty horse. She was your—bonita, eh?
Well, you have a big heart, senor, as a
brave man should have. Everything shall
be done as you wish; I give you my hand
on it." Ricardo reached down and gripped

Law's palm. "We will name our p for her, too, because it is plain you her dearly. So, then, until tomorrow." "We will name our pasture Law watched his two friends ride away, then he wiped his Winchester and saw to his cinch. This done he raised Bessie Belle's head and kissed the lip that had so often

quence. the signs became more difficult in-follow. They seemed to lead in the direc-tion of Las Palmas, which Dave judged must be fully tweive rules away, and when they continued to maintain this course the Ranger became doubly interested. Could it be, he asked himself, that his quarry would have the audustry to wide to the Austinbe, he asked himself, that his quarry would have the audacity to ride to the Austin headquarters? If so, his identification promised to become easy, for a man on a sorrel cow-pony was more than likely to be observed. Perhaps he thought himself secure and counted upon the assistance of some friend or confederate among the Lass Palmas ranch hands in case of pursuit. That seemed not unreasonable, particularly inasmuch as he could have no supicion that it was a Papers who was considered. picion that it was a Ranger who

Dave lost the hoof prints for a time, but picked them up again at the pasture gate a few miles further on, and was able to trace them far enough to assure himself that his quarry was indeed headed for the Austin house and had no intention of swinging southward toward the Lewis headquarters.

By this time the rain had done its work, nd to follow the tracks became a matter of guesswork. Night was coming on also of guesswork. Night was coming on also, and Dav realised that at this rate darkness would find him far from his goal. Therefore he risked his own interpretation of the rider's intent and pushed on without pausing to search out the trail step by step. At the second gate the signs indicated that his man was little more than an hour shead of him.

The prospect of again seeing the ruddy-aired mistress of Las Palmas stirred Law more deeply than he cared to admit. Alare Austin had been seldom out of his thoughts since their first meeting, for, after the fash-ion of men cut off from human society, he was subject to insistent fancies. Dave had many times lived over those incidents at the water hole, and for the life of him be could not credit the common stories Alaire's coldness. To him, at least, had appeared very human, and after had once become acquinited she had unaffected and friendly.

Since that meeting Dave had picked up considerable information about the object of his interest, and although much of this was palpably false, it had served to make her a still more romantic figure in his eyes Alaire now seemed to be a sort of super woman, and the fact that she was hi riend, that something deep within her had newered to him, afforded him a keen satisfaction, the greater, perhaps, because of his surprise that it could be so.

Nevertheless, he was uncomfortably aware that she had a husband. Not only aware that she had a trant in their posi-so, but the sharp contrast in their posi-tions was disagreeable to contemplate; she was unbelievably rich, and a person of in-fluence in the State, while he had nothing except his health, his saddle and his horse-

With a desperate pang Law realized that now he had no horse. Bessie Belle, his sest beloved, lay cold and wet back yonder oath flung them from him. Don Hica forse seemed stiff-gaited and stubborn.

Dave remembered how Mrs. Austin had grieve at the fate that had befallen her, and that would give them something to talk about. His own escape would interest her, too, and—Law realized, not without some natural gratification, that he would appear to her as sort of a hero.

The mist and an early dusk prevented him from seeing Las Palmas itself until he was well in among the irrigated fields. A few moments later when he rode up to the outbuildings he encountered a middle-aged Mexican, who proved to be Benito Gonzalez, the range boss. Dave made himself known, and Benite

answered his questions with apparent honesty. No, he had seen nothing of a sorrel horse or a strange rider, but he had just come in himself. Doubtless they could just come in himself. Doubtless they could learn more from Juan, the horse wrangler, Juan was finally found, but he proved

strangely recalcitrant. At first he knew nothing, though after some questioning he admitted the possibility that he had seen a horse of the description given, but was not sure. More pressure brought forth the n that, the possibility was What horse was it?" Benito inquired:

but the lad was noncommittal. Probably t belonged to some stranger. Juan could

not recollect just where or when he had seen the pony, and he was certain he had not laid eyes upon the owner. "Devil take the boy! He's half-witted,

Benito growled. But Dave changed his taction. he said, sternly. "Do you want to go to said." Juan had no such desire. "Then tell the truth. Was the horse branded?"

"With what brand?"

Juan had not noticed.
"With the 'K. T.' perhaps?" That wa
the Lewis brand.

"Perhaps!"
"Where is it now?"
"Where is it now?"
Juan insolently declared that he didn't know and didn't care.
"Oh, you don't, eh?" Law reached for the boy and shook him until he yeiled.
"You will make a nice little prisoner, Juanito, and we shall find a way to make you make"

you speak. Consales was inclined to resent suc high-handed treatment of his underling, but respect for the Rangers was deep round Juan's behavior was inexplicable

At last the horse boy confessed. He had seen both horse and rider, but knew neither. Mr. Austin and the stranger had arrived together, and the latter had gone on. That was the truth.

"Bueno!" Law released his prisoner, who slunk away rubbing his shoulder. "Now, Benito, we will find Mr. Austin." A voice answered from the dusk: won't take much finding," and Ed Austin himself emerged from the stable door.

"Weil, what do you want?" he asked.
"You are Mr. Austin, I reckon?" proached so near that his threatening scowl was visible. "I don't allow strangers prowl around my premises."

Amazed at this hostile greeting, Law ex-

"I don't know anything about your man. you?"

Dave introduced himself. "I want him for stealing Gusman calves. I trailed him from where he and his partner cut into your south pasture." Benito stirred and muttered an oath, but

Austin was unmoved. "I reckon you must be a bad trailer," he laughed. "We've got no thleves here. What makes you think Guzman lost any calves? Dave's temper, never too well controlled

at best, began to rise. He could not imagine why a person of Ed Austin's standing should behave in this extraordinary manner, unless perhaps be "Well, I saw the calves, and I left the

fellow that was branding them with a saddle blanket over his face." "Eh? What's that?" Austin started,

Gonzalez uttered a smothered exclamation, "You killed him? He's dead?" "Dead enough to skin. I caught him with his irons in the fire and the calves necked up in your pasture. Now I want

his companero.'

"Where's that man on the sorrel horse?" Austin turned away with a shrug. "You rode in with him," Dave persisted. Ed wheeled quickly. "How do you know did?

"Your boy saw you." The ranchman's voice was harsh as he said: "Look here, my friend, you're on the wrong track. The fellow I was with had nothing to do with this affair. Would you know your man? Did you get a look at

But I reckon Don Ricardo could tell his horse."
"Humph!" Austin grunted, disagreeably. "So just for that you come prowling around threatening my help, eh? Trying to frame up a case, maybe? Well, it don't go. I was out with one of Tad Lewis's men."

"What was his name?" Dave managed

but there are thousands of sorrel horses. What time did you meet him?"

"I met him at noon and-I've been with him ever since. So you see you're wrong. I presume your man doubled back and is laughing at you."

Austin laughed mockingly. "That's my Dave moistoned his lips. He hitched shoulders nervously. He was astonished his own self-control, though the certain that Austin was drunk helped him steady himself. Nevertheless, he dared

Construing this silence as an acknowl-edgment of defeat. Ed turned to go. Some-tardy sense of duty, however, prompted him to fling back, carelessity:

"I suppose you've come a good ways, If you're hung y' Benito will show you the way to the kitchen." Then he walked away into the darkness, followed by the shocked gaze of his range bos

Benito roused himself from his amaze-ment to say warmly: "Si, compadre. You will enjoy a cup of hot coffee."

But Law ground out flercely: "I'm not used to kitchen hand-outs. I recken I can chew my bridle reins if I get too hungry." Walking to his horse, he vaulted into the

Benito laid a hand upon his thigh and apologized. "Senor Ed is a strange man. He is often like this, lately. You understand me? Will you come to my house for

"Thank you, but I think I'll ride on to Tad Lewis's and see Urbina." At this the Mexican shock his head apprehensive of the result, but he nothing more.

Law hesitated as he was about to spur out of the yard. "By the way," he ven-tured. "you needn't mention this to Mrs. Austin."

"She is not here," Genzales told him.
"She has gone to La Feria to see about her affairs. She would not permit of this occurrence if she were at home. She is a very fine lady."
"Yes. Good night, Benito."

"Good night, senor."
When the Ranger had gone, Gonzalez walked allowly toward his house with his head bowed thoughtfully.

"It is very strange," he muttered, "How could Don Eduardo have met this Garsa at noon when, with my own eyes, I saw him ride away from Las Palmas at 3 o'clock in the afternoon? It is very strange."

JUDGE ELLSWORTH EXACTS A PROMISE

PROMISE

ON HIS way to the Lewis ranch Dave

Law had a struggle with himself. He
had earned a reputation as a man of
violent temper, and the time was not long
past when a fraction of the insuit Ed
Austin had offered him would have provoked a vigorous counter-blast. The fact
that on this occasion he had managed to
restrain himself argued an increase of selfcontrol that especially gratified him, hecause his natural tendency to "fly off the
handle" had led more than once to regrettable results. In fact, it was only since he
had assumed the duties of a peace officer
that he had made a serious effort at selfgovernment. A Ranger's work calls for that he had made a serious effort at self-government. A Ranger's work calls for patience and forbearance, and Dave had be-gun to realize the perils of his tempera-ment. Normally he was a level-headed, con-servative fellow, but when angered a thou-sand devils sprang up in him and he be-came capable of the wildest excess. This in ability, indeed, had been largely to be no for his aimless roaming.

ave was glad that he had swallowed ung Ed's" incivility, not only for his in sake, but for the sake of Alaire.

of n sake, but for the sake of Alaire.

After all, he argued, it was barely possible that Ed had spoken the truth. There were many sorrel horses; the evidence of those rain-washed hoof prints was far from conclusive; even the fact that Urbina belonged to the Tad Lewis outfit was no more than a suspicious circumstance. And yet, earnestly as he strove to convince himself of these possibilities, the Ranger could not down the conviction that the rancher had lied and that he himself was on the right track.

It was late when he arrived at his destination, but Lewis's house was dark, and it required some effort to awaken the owner. When Tad at last appeared, clad in undershirt and trousers, he greeted the Ranger with a loveled Winchester; but when Dave had made known his identity he invited him in, though with surly reluctance.

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)



My Dear Children-You see, a great many children write to me and come me asking different questions. I thought I knew a great many things until the other day a charming young

person of fourteen asked me-"What is POLITICS?" I am ashamed! In a vague sort of way I knew that "politics is the science of government." learned this when at college.

My dictionary informs me that "politics is the contests of parties for power." Your father has voted for many years-why not ask HIM this question-What is politics?" If you will be patient, I will tell you from time to time what is going on in

the politics of the world. No matter what people say about politics, we may all be politicians-not ward bosses, aldermen, Presidents or Governors, but polite-icians. Let us be

To the politicians all men are equal, no matter what their race, color or belief may be.

Let us learn this much about politics TODAY. Let us be polite to all alike IT COSTS NOTHING-only a little effort. Your true friend, FARMER SMITH, Children's Editor.

JIMMY MONKEY ALMOST GETS A SPANKING By Farmer Smith

Mrs. Monkey stopped suddenly. "Why, Jimmy?" she fairly shouted. "How ill you look. How pale. You must go right to bed and let me send for Doctor Babeon." Jimmy may not have been pale, but he felt himself growing cold and his heart began to climb in his throat.

He got down on his knees, and, lifting

The Pair Malden

By LEO GILBERT. Patten street. Teddy was our hero and our pet bear. We were camping. One day all of us were assembled in our tent when all of a sud-den we heard a scream. Ted had been let loose about an hour before. We made a rush for where the cries came from. After rush for where the cries came from. After 19 minutes of running we saw, to our dismay, blood stains. We went firther on. At last we saw a black object in the distance. We all rushed up and there, laying on a rock, was the wounded body of "Ted." We felt very badly. We carried him back to camp and cared for him very tenderly. At last he was the same old "Ted"—well, not exactly the same for he was always a bit timid about going far away after that. We never solved the mystery of Ted's wounds.

A Home-Made Christmas Present By DORA MOSCOWITZ, Baltimere avenue. This is the picture of a tea towel that would be very nice to make for your mother's Christmas present. If you have enough money you could even make six of the towels. Each towel should be fit



Things to Know and Bo



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