# JUST GOSSIP ABOUT PEOPLE

Halloween Antics Are Highly Diverting for Young and Old-Miss Wanamaker Is Introduced Today-Dance for Debutantes

MRS. FRANCIS MILBURN REES

Mrs. Walter Henderson Bryant, of 119 South Twenty-second street, has recalled her invitations for a dinner on Thursday night before Mrs. Ketterlinus's dancing class, owing to the death of a near relative.

Miss Jean Newbold Thompson will enter

tain at luncheon today at her home in Hav-erford in homer of Mrs. Raiph Earle, who before her marriage last month was Miss Mary E. Clayton.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel J. Henderson will

give a house-warming this evening at their new home in Med :

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel K. Crozer have moved to their new home, 1709 Locust street, having spent the summer at Cape

Mr. and Mrs. Randolph Justice have closed

Mrs. J. Louis Ketterlinus, of 2016 Spruce atreet, is spending the fall months as the guest of her mother, Mrs. William Gray Warden, at her home, School House lane and Wheahlckon avenue.

Mr. Horace J. Subers, of Ashbourne, Pa., announces the engagement of his daughter, Miss Mildred Subers, to Mr. Henry Have-tock Simpson, of Newport, R. I.

Mr. Chartes H. Winter, of 2254 North Broad street, annumous the engagement of his daughter, Miss Edna M. Wisier, to Mr. F. William Rementer, of 2651 North

Weddings

FRANK-LAWRENCE

their cottage at Cape May and have re-turned to their country place at Bryn

her home last week.

ALL HALLOWS again, and tonight the witches and will be hasing about the country in the gay. est of humors. For many years It has been the custom on the Main Line for the children and sometimes those of a larger growth to dress up in all kinds of weird costumes and go about to the different houses to pay visits, but to refuse absolutely to reveal their identity. I heard of one of these expeditions with some small and larger children last year, and, let me tell you, the fun waxed fast and furious at the various homes they visited. For one thing. several people from town were in the party, so it was not easy for the hosts to recognize every one. At most of the houses the visiting bunch in fear and half in pleasure. It is grotesque, you know, to open the door to half a

men figures with

Mrs. Rees, whose marriage took place at the Second Presbyterian Church, Twenty-first and Walnut streets, on October 17, was Miss Margaret Coryell Latta. Mr. and Mrs. Rees will make their home in Pittsburgh false faces who elide in past you and sit bolt upright on chairs, gazing into space and refusing to speak except in queer, high-pitched voices. The effect is a bit trying on the nerves, I do assure you. Well, one home at which this set of people to whom I refer visited was prepared to "mystify" as well as "be mystifled," and from the tale I heard the mystery was perfect. In the first place the bell was answered by an exceedingly large maid in a frock of light blue gingham, white cap, apron and an awful false face, who in high pitched tones implored the (uninvited) guests to enter. In the parlor sat the mistress of the house in a lovely evening gown, waving a feather fan. She looked perfectly natural, except that she was a bit painted. On the sofa sat a lady in a tallored suit, large hat and vell, who was tallored suit, large hat and vell, who was tallored suit, large hat and veil, who was introduced by the hostess, but who seemed unwilling to speak. She simply bowed; of ample proportions. I am told, and very riage took place this month, are on a hunting trip in Maine. Mrs. Chatfield was Well, the visitors, five in number, were like the parior maid this lady was also seated in various chairs and duly scruscated in various chairs and duly soru-tinized, no one could guess who was who, but the snickers, gulps and giggles grew in proportion as the time lengthened.

Mrs. William C. Bullitt and Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Bullitt, Jr., left Oxmoor, Devon, on Thursday, and returned to their town house, 222 West Rittenhouse square, for the and ended in yells of laughter when the hostess desired the maid to bring down the baby. As the blue and white ging-hamed maid ascended the stairs there areas the most unearthly yells from the second floor of "Mamma, baby wants his bottle!" and into the drawing room came hostess desired the maid to bring down the nurse dragging none other than the gown, a sash about his waist and a cap on his head, while in one hand was an empty bottle, and in the other hand an old rag doll, which he immediately flung at the nearest visitor. Before the visitors left they discovered that the lady on the sofa was the husband of the muchpadded blue and white maid, and I would like to tell you what prominent and respected citizens of the Main Line they were, but it would only spoil their good time, you know, to whisper that they could be undignified, for there was surely no harm in the world in it all. It was just great fun. But lots of people love to be silly and hate to have the world know it. Suffice it to say they, the men in the fun, are both pretty closely connected with a railroad.

Isabella Wanamaker will be today's pretty debutante; and that is by no cans a mere saying, for she is very pratty, of medium height, fair and with regular features and a very lovely healthy coloring. She will wear a white frock and carry different bouquets during the afternoon. A large number of attractive ouds will receive with her, among them being Elizabeth Trotter, Margaret Har-ris, Nancy Wynne Cook, Katharine Lea, Elizabeth Fox, Nancy Tunis, Betty Mil-ler, Katharine Hancock, Pauline Denckia, Gainor Baird, Mary Brooke, Lois Jack-son, Marie Louise Faries, Natalie Davis, Katharine Putnam, Katharine Gilbert, Doris Dexter, Marjorie Hubbs, of Brooklyn; Elizabeth Marshall, of Pittsburgh; Jean Austin and Elinor Bean and, too, Isa-bella's younger sister Louise.

NANCY WYNNE.



A FAST YOUNG MAN

Personals

### HALLOWEEN REVELRY **GRIPS CITY TONIGHT**

Fun and Frolic on Streets While the Faithful Observe

Feast

Ton ght is Halloween. For ght is Halloween.

Shutters will creak and witches dance, and all the gay paganish revelry that will break out at twilight will, as usual, obscure the true Christian meaning of the day. The religious significance of this svening—that it ushers in two holy feasts. All Saints' Day (temorrow) and All Souis' the day after)—will be lost sight of in the city-wide wave of a carnival spirit whose origins are in the waird days of Druidle superstition.

While the faithful hallow the evening with fasting, noise will be abroad. Earle sounds and fantastic sights will transform the night into an orgy of pleasure and thrills.

Theaters, hotels and cafes are preparing for the rush that will come with darkness, and householders are clearing decks for action against gate-swipers and window-

Besides the hundreds upon hundreds of private entertainments, there will be organized community celebrations. Among them are those of the North Philadelphia Business Mon's Association, the Tioga Business Men's Association and the Languages Avenue Business Association.

Avenue Business Association.

Germantown avenue, from Erie avenue to Wayne Junction, is a thoroughfare lined with bunting, flags and Halloween decorations as it awaits the Halloween parade of the North Philadelphia Business Men's Association, which is part of the annual carnival of the organization. A blaze of electric lights will mark the course of the grotesque marchers tonight. The parade is in charge of Paul Wendler, Jr., and a committee of sixteen, which has offered prizes for the most strikingly dressed couples and mittee of sixteen, which has offered prizes for the most strikingly dressed couples and individuals. At Eighteenth street and Germantown avenue, where the parade will end, there will be a cakewalk, of which the judges will be Matthew Kenney, Dr. Margaret Ruppert, Thomas Kane, Mrs. N. McDevitt and Edward Thorn.

Halloween falls in the midst of the four day annual jubilee and industrial exhibition of the Tioga Business Men's Association, which opened last night with an automobile parade. Tonight a tortuous procession will march along a decorated route from Allegheny and Germantown avenues to Broad street to Butler to Germantown avenue to Board to Venango to Seventeenth to Tioga to Broad to Rising Sun to Germantown to Erie. Fifty prizes will be offered for Erie. Fifty prizes will be offered for costumes in the parade, of which Henry Wolf is chief marshall. The committee in charge is headed by Wilbur H. Zimmerman, president and chairman; Matthew Donoho, secretary, and Edward Snyder, Jr., treas-Shillard-Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Robert R. Logan, Mr. James A. Bull and Mr. Charles Leedom. Later Mr. and Mrs. Wetherill and their guests will attend the large costume dance and house warming to be given by Mr. and Mrs. Samuel J. Henderson, in their new home at Rose Tree.

queraders will march and countermarch like a shuttlecock between Forty-fourth street and Saunders avenue. It will be ied by the band of the Sixth Pennsylvania Infantry and the Trilby String Band. The affair is in charge of George B. Davia, president of the Lancaster Avenue Business Association, and a committee consisting of William Hewett, chairman; Hayes Boyne, G. Geyer, E. L. McCurdy, M. Brown, M. Emmart, J. W. McCormack, Raymond Hess and J. Littleton.

#### **BOSTON SYMPHONY'S** LOCAL SEASON OPENS

Familiar Program, With Schelling Concerto as Novelty, Played by Kreisler

Orchestra's thirty-second local season, Fritz Kreisler's first appearance here since last spring and the announcement of a new violin concerto by the planist, Ernest Schelling, served to send the "No scata, no standing room," sign up at the Academy unusually early last night. Aside from the concerto there was little novelty to the program, which began with the same symphony that Mr. Stokowski is to play next Friday—the "Rhenish" of Schumann—played in this case by Doctor Muck and his men with what the opigrammarians like to call "cool fury" or "weighed passion." which, in the vulgar idiom, means simply: with the intellect dominating the emotion. The whole concert was more for the thinker than the man who seeks in music consolation, excitement or lin concerto by the planist, Ernest Schelling, Miss Mary Kirk, of Baltimere, who has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Benson Mann, Jr., of Cheatnut Hill, returned to seeks in music consolation, excitement or the imaging of his own desires or sorrows. And it was, to be sure, done with marvelous polish and perfection of detail. One expects and gets that from Docter Muck. Mr. and Mrs. Robert Koons, who have been spending the nummer at Cape May, closed their cottage yesterday and moved into their house at 13 South Twenty-first

What one did not get, in the Wagner "Faust" overture, was much spinal thrill or the spirit of plety and ain. It was all as far away from Gounod and the footights as it could well have been, which is, perhaps, correct, but it hardly painted "a soul aweary of life, yet ever forced by his indwelling daemon to engage anew in life." indwelling daemon to engage anew in life's endeavora." The Boston's glorious horns gave the work a brilliance of sound, which was supported by the rest of the orchestha.

was supported by the rest of the orchestha. In the concerto, which was composed for Mr. Kreisler last summer, the great, focused strength of the Boston band also was apparent. In fact, the music seemed more like a purely orchestral piece, with interlarded violin passages. It proved to be an elaborately brocaded tapestry of sound, in which the skill of the weaver did not quite conceal the thinness of his thread, nor the intricacy of the dissonance make up for the elaboration. There were some points at which the interplay of violin and harps was quite engaging—the latter being especially well handled—and Mr. Kreisler's 2000 odd admirers shook the building with applause at his dextrous fingering of the dance and semipastoral themes.

All-embracing enthusiasm over a great Mr. and Mrs. Waldo Hackett, whose mar-riage took place on Saturday, October 21, have gone to White Sulphur Springs on their wodding trip. Mrs. Hackett was Miss Katherine Holden. Miss Margaret Wright, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Megargee Wright, of 1963 Walnut street, who has been spending the summer with her parents at their home at Bar Harbor, Me., is spending several days as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. David Coddington in New York. Miss Frances Wister, of Wister street and Clarkson avenue, Germantown, will return to her home from Hoston Wednesday, November 5.

dance and semipastoral themes.

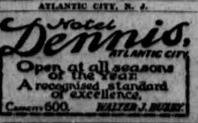
All-embracing enthusiasm over a great artist is always good to see and hear, but there is a point at which hero-worship becomes a vice. So it must be recorded, in detached fairness to others, that last night's continual recalls, until hisses directed at the clappers mixed with the plaudits, were hardly good manners; were actually an impoliteness to the conductor, the soloist and more diffident auditors. Mr. Kreisler, who is plumper and has lost all trace of his war-time limp, came out and bowed many times, but gave no encore. The final number of the evening was Brahms's "Academic Festival" overture, delayed somewhat by the pravious demonstration for the violinist.

B. D. and Wissahlekon avenus.

Mr. Charles T. Gosts, Jr., of Gienolden, celebrated Halloween by entertaining a number of friends at a week-end party at his home. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. C. Bowgra, Mr. and Mrs. P. Cliver, Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Wolf, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. W. Collins, Mr and Mrs. G. W. Gosts, Miss Auguston, Miss Auguston, Miss Anna Landherr, Miss Veronica Landherr, Mr. W. Koeuler, Mr. C. Norret, Mr. Boyd, Mr. E. Schaifer, Mr. C. T. Gosts, Br., Mr. L. Gosts, Nrs. A Landherr and Mrs Joseph Keller.

What's Doing Tonight Denial exhibit. Believue-Stratford. Droxei-Biddle Bible Class party, 1917 Mt., Verga Business Men's Association carnival, gas Business Men's Associa-carnival, squarade, Lancaster Avenue Business Mon's Ball Motion Picture Employee' Ass

AUTUMN RESORTS



Varlborough Blenhein

## HEART OF THE SUNSET

By REX BEACH

THE STORY THUS PAR

ALAIRE AUSTIN, mistress of Las Felmas, one of the finest ranches on the Jecop

side of the file Grands, and La Ferm, advant the firetean burder, is lost among the

magnite bashes when her horse said and beauty at any Afree a territo straight the

BAVID LAW, a torest ranche and firetean had passed carber to the day

BAVID LAW, a torest ranche and firetean had passed carber to the day

mad at the matter had when Alaire are the file of fortune, is preparing the models

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for a the matter had when Alaire arrives, the te of fortune, and health. Alaire,

opposed to divorce, less in a section of the house apart from fid. They seldom most,

GENERAL UIS LONGORIO, head of the Mattern Frederic transport at the mester file

in an effort to do nin restriction for the ranges of the Massean an her La Feria estate.

This he gushingh province, and more, too, and Alaire Sada G difficult to ward of his

advances without traviting him.

BLAZE JONES lives with his doughter Palema near Las Palmas, and when Dave

arrives is the viscinity to investigate catile theful he makes his home there.

ELLSWORTH, Alaire's attorney and Dave's good friend, makes the ranger promise

never to marry hefore first agreement to the method of Mastern cuttout Delores, Alaire's

make the viscing to investigate and parties at Mastern cuttout Delores, Alaire's

make the viscous amplitude fore, who resolves to groups the murder of his cousts,

Paping Sanches, killed by Dave to an affair with a Mastern cuttout by her store,

While Gusman is in Komero, across the kin Grande from Las Palmas, he is murdered.

A party of Americans led by Blaze Jones and Dave reld Romero and bring the body back

to American sail.

CHAPTER XVIII-(Continued)

WE'VE got most of the leading citizens of the county, and I recken somebody n the outfit will be able to identify Gua-

found him. Pedro and Raoul can make sure." The sons of Ricardo Guaman step-ped forward promptly and Law waved them toward the boat landing, where the two helpers were waiting with Ricardo's re-

Despite the Ranger captain's easy assump-

mains.

Despite the Ranger captain's easy assumption of command, the strain of the situation had not subsided, and Longorio draw swift attention to himself when he said:

'It is fortunate that I chanced to learn of this matter. You have done me a great service. Senor Law, for I came to Romero purposely to examine into the death of this unfortunate man. But I could learn nothing; nobody knew anything whatever about the matter, and so I became convinced that it amounted to little. Now—behold: I discover that I was deceived. Or—perhaps there still may be a mistake."

Blaze Jones thrust his daughter aside and advanced toward the speaker. "There's no mistake," he declared belligerently. "I don't make mistakes when I go graverobbin'. Don Ricardo was shot by your men. He had \$5000 on him, or he should have had, and he was an American citizen. Your Colonel Blanco covered the body, but he'll have a hell of a job covern' the facta. It's time we came to a showdown with your means the strain of the said of a job covern' the facta. It's time we came to a showdown with your murderin' outfit, and I aim to see if we've

murderin' outfit, and I aim to see it we've got a Government in this country."

"Heaven guided my hand," devoutly breathed the general. "It is regrottable that you used this means when a word to me would have served the purpose, for—it is no trivial matter to desecrate a Mexican graveyard. My country, too, has a Government. An officer of the State of Texas, under arms, has crossed the Rio Grande. under arms, has crossed the Rio Grande.
What does that mean?"
Captain Evans had a sense of humor:
Longorio's ominous words accurate

What does that mean?"

Captain Evans had a sense of humor:
Longorio's ominous words amused him.
"Say general, it ain't the first time." he chortled. "And Ytu're an officer, too, ain't you? You're in Texas at this minute, and I'll bet if I frisked you I'd find that you was under arms." The Mexican understood English sufficiently well to grasp the significance of these words. After a moment's consideration, therefore, he modified his threatening tone.
"But my mission was friendly. I had no criminal purpose," he said mildly. "However, perhaps one offense condones the other. At any rate, we must have no international complications. There is a more practical side to the matter; if Don Ricardo Gusman met his death in Mexico there will be a rigid investigation. I assure you."

Evans agreed. "That's fair! And I'll make a bargain with you; you keep atill and so'll we. We never aimed for this affair to get out, anyhow. I reckon these men"—he indicated Lewis and his followers—"ain't liable to talk much."

The two Gusman boys, greatly moved, returned to announce that they had indeed identified their father's body, and Longorio could not well refuse to accept their evidence.
"Very well," said he. "I am indebted to you. Since there is nothing more to be

'Very well," said he. "I am indebted to Very well," said he. "I am indebted to you. Since there is nothing more to be said, apparently, I will return to Romero. With a bow to Mrs. Austin, who had silently watched the play of these opposing motives, he turned away, and Tad Lewis followed him.

But Dave Law had recognized Adolfo Urbina in the crowd, and stepping for-ward disarmed him, saying: "Adolfo, there's a warrant for you, so

"Adolfo, there's a warrant for you, so I'll just take you in."

For a moment Adolfo was inclined to resist, but, thinking better of it, he yielded with had grace, bitterly regretting the curiosity which had prompted him to remain to the end of this interesting affair. Tad Lewis gave him some comfort. "Never mind, Adolfo," he said. "They can't prove anything on you, and I'll go your bail. Ed Austin knows where you was the day the stock was stole." He and his two remaining men moved toward their automobile, and a moment later the vehicle went clattering up the thicket road.

So ended the attempt to foll the return of Ricardo Gusman's body to Texas soil.

When Alaire came to look for her husband he was gone.

Strange waved aside the suggestion. "It came unbidden and I pass it on for what it's worth. As Dave turned away he added, "STEAMSHIPS

STEAMSHIPS

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CHAPTER XIX AN AWAKENING Time was when Phil Strange had boasted that he and his wife had played every

fair ground and seaside amusement park from Coney Island to Gaiveston. In his battered wardrobe trunks were parts of old battered wardrobe trunks were parts of old costumes, scrapbooks of clippings and a goodly collection of lithographs, some adverting the supernatural powers of "Professor Magi. Sovereign of the Unseen World," and others the accomplishments of "Mile. Le Garde, Renowned Serpent Enchantress." In these gaudy portraits of "Magi the Mystic" no one would have recognized Phil Strange. And even more difficult would it have been to trace a resemblance between Mrs. Strange and the blond, bushy-headed "Mile. Le Garde" of the posters. Nevertheless, the likenesses at one time had been considered not too flattering, and Phil treasured them as evidences of imperishable distinction.

But the Stranges had tired of public life,

But the Stranges had tired of public life. But the Stranges had tired of public life. For a long time the wife had confessed to a lank of interest in her vocation which amounted almost to a repugnance. Snake charming, she had discovered, was far from an ideal profession for a woman of refinement. It possessed unpleasant features, and even such euphemistic titles as "Serpent Enchantress" and "Reptillan Mesmerist" falled to rech the calling of the confession of the calling of the c "Serpent Enchantress" and "Reptilian Mes-merist" failed to rob the calling of a certain odium, a suggestion of vulgarity in the minds of the more discriminating. This had become so distressing to Mrs. Strange's finer sensibilities that she had voiced a yearning to forsake the plat-form and pit for something more con-genial, and finally she had prevalled upon Phil to make a change.

The step had not been taken without misgivings, but a benign Providence had watched over the pair. Mrs. Strange was a natural seamstress, and luck had directed her and Phil to a community which was not only in need of a good dressmaker, but peculiarly ripe for the talents of a moothsayer. Phil, too, had intended to embrace a new profession, but he had soon discovered that Jonesvilte offered hetter financial returns to a man of his agsoon discovered that Jonesvilte offered hetter financial returns to a man of his accepted gifts than did the choicest of seaside concessions, and therefore he had resumed his old calling under a slightly
different guise. Before long he acknowledged himself well pleased with the new
environment, for his wife was far happier
in draping dressgoods upon the figures of
her customers than in hanging python
folds about her own, and he found his
own fame growing with every day. His
mediumistic gifts came into general demand. The country people journeyed miles
to consult him, and Blaze Jones's statement
that they confided in the fortune teller as
they would have confided in a pricet was
scarcely an exaggeration. Phil did. indeed, become the repository for confessions
of many sorts.

Contrary to Blaze's belief, however,

of many sorts.

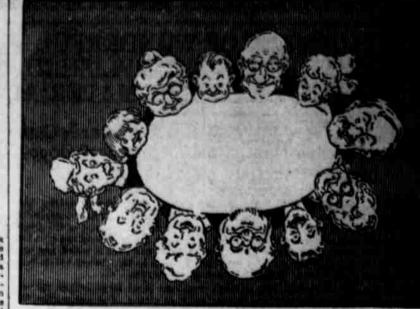
Contrary to Blaze's belief, however, Strange was no Prince of Darkness and took little joy in some of the secrets forced upon him. Phil was a good man in his way—so conscientious that certain information he acquired weighed him down with a sense of unpleasant responsibility. Chancing to meet Dave Law one day, he determined to relieve himself of at least one troublesome burden. troublesome burden. But Dave was not easily approachable

He met the medium's allusions to the oc-cult with contemptuous amusement, nor would be consent to a private "reading." Strange grew almost desperate enough to speak the ungarnished truth.

"You'd better pay a little attention to me," he grisved; "I've got a message to you from the 'Unseen World." "Charges 'collect,' I reckon," the Ranger

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NO WONDER HE CRIES



The new baby's first view from his basainet

hastily, "It's about a skeleton in the chaparral, and a red-haired woman." Dave stopped; he eyed the speaker cu-riously. "Go on," said he.

But a public street, Strange explained, was no place for psychic discussions. If Dave cared to come to his room, where the surroundings were favorable to thought transference, and where Phil's spirit control could have a chance to make itself felt, they would interrogate the "Unseen Forcea" further. Dave agreed. When they were along in the fortune tailing "marker" were alone in the fortune-telling "parior," he sat back while the medium closed his eyez and prepared to explore the Invisible. After a brief delay Phil began:

"I see a great many things—that woman I told you about, and three men. One of 'em is you, the other two is Mexicans. You're at a water hole in the mesquite. You're at a water hole in the mesquite. Now there's a shooting scrape; I see the hody of a dead man." The speaker became silent; evidently his cataleptic vision was far from perfect. But he soon began to drone again. "Now I behold a stranger at the same water hole. He's alone—he's looking for something. He rides in circles. He's off his horse and bending over—what? A skeleton! Yes, it's the skeleton of one of them other Mexicans." Strange's voice became positively sepulchral as his spirit control took fuller possession of his earthly shell and as his visions resolved themselves into clearer outline. "See! He swears an oath to avenge. And now—the scene changes. Everything dissolves. I'm in a mansion; and the red-haired woman comes toward me. Over her head floats that skeleton—"

Dave broke in crisply. "All right! Let's get down to cases. What's on your mind,

The psychic simulated a shudder—a painful contertion, such as any one might suffer if rudely jerked out of the spirit "Eh? What was 1—? There! You've broke the connection," he declared. "Did I tell you anything?"

"No. But evidently you can."
"I'm sorry. They never come back."

Phil was hurt, indignant. With some stiffness he explained the danger of inter-rupting a seance of this sort, but Law remained objurate.

"You can put over that second-aight stuff with the Grenners," he declared, sharply, "but not with me. So, Jose Sanches has

"I don't know any such party." Atras protested. He eyed his caller for a ment; then with an abrupt change of more he complained: "Say, Bo! What's matter with you? I've got a reputation protect, and I do things my own way. I getting set to silp you something, and y try to make me look like a sucker. Is than you way to set?"

"I writer to talk to you when your here."

"I prefer to talk to you when your ayes are open. I know all about—"

"You said you didn't know him."
"Well, I don't. He's never been to see
me in his life, but—his sweetheart has.
Rosa Morales comes regular."

"Rosa! Jose's sweetheart!" "Yes. Her and Jose have joined out to-gother since you shot Panfile, and they're framing something."

The fortune-teller heatated. "I only wish I knew," he said slowly. "It looks to me like a killing."

Dave nodded. "Probably is. Jose would like to get me, and of course the girl..."

"Oh, they don't aim to get you. You ain't the one they're after." "No? Who then?"

Now that the speaker had dropped pretense, he answered Dave's questi without evasion and told what he knew was not much, to Dave's way of thinks but it was enough to give cause for thou and when the men finally parted it with the understanding that Strange we promptly communicate any further integence on that subject that came his way.

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)



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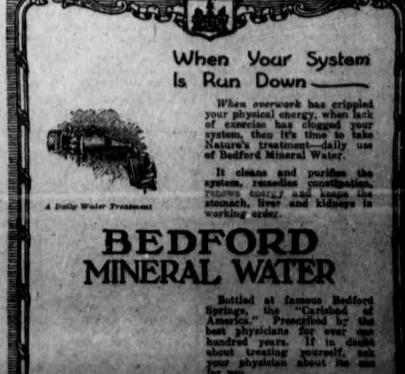
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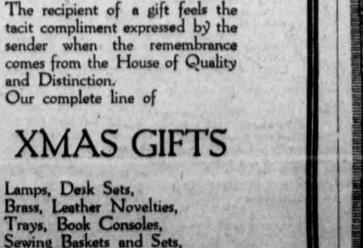
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