JUST GOSSIP ABOUT PEOPLE

Marines and Sailors Have Glorious Time at Valley Forge—Nancy Wynne Talks About Other Happenings

WELL, I nearly passed out on Saturday morning when I landed at Broad and Chestnut streets and with the rest of the busy world was held up on that small platform—or whatever on earth it is—on which a pedestrian may try to save his or her life during the rush hours at that junction. Well, what made me nearly pass out was the sight of the marines and jackies passing by in such an endless stream that I wondered if there were any left at League Island to guard the navy yard, and also why the country needed more men, for it seemed as if there were hundreds of thousands of them, instead of two thousand.

In the dark ages when we were children, do you remember standing breathless on the street curb to watch the animals in circus wagons when the great parade went by? How the sun bear walked up and down, up and down his cage, and the monkeys chattering loudly held on to the wires of their cages or climbed up and down the bars? And the milder animals in pens, buffaloes, for instance, and baby camels? Well, my dears, the informal parade on Saturday morning was for all the world like a circus one.

Photo by Photo-Crafters.

MRS. CHANDLER WOOLEY

Mrs. Wooley will be remembered as Miss Edna Wiler, of Forty-sixth and Spruce streets. Her wedding took place last month.

You see, all the big business places that had huge moving vans, such as those used for pianos, sugar barrels, talking machines and even D. B. Martin's meat wagon automobiles, had sent their huge motortrucks to the yard to take the 1000 marines and Jackies out to Valley Forge. One Wells Fargo wagon had a light cage wire on its sides, and the marines were seated and standing in this, holding on to the wire and gazing out at the spectators along the way.

And the huge big Martin wagon, which is usually packed with beeves, was jammed with sailor boys and marines. However, the boys did not mind it one bit, and were having the time of their young lives, singing and whooping and yelling out greetings to the passersby. They all looked in awfully good condition; strong, healthy, young and jolly.

And, believe me, they had some good time when they reached Valley Forge, and they were fired with much enthusiasm when they viewed that wonderful memorial to the valor, courage and endurance of our great ancestors, who suffered so through that terrible winter at the park.

NOT all the suffragists believe, as the members of the National Woman's party do, I am happy to say; in fact, words fail most of us when it comes to the actions of the militants in Washington these last days and months. Their chief joy in life seems to be "picketing" and being "put in jail" and at a time when the country is far too hard pushed to consider matters which are aside from the great things at issue now.

The members of the Woman Suffrage party of Chester County, with their chairman, Mrs. Lewis Lawrence Smith (now don't mix her with Mrs. Lawrence Lewis, who is one of the militants, Mrs. Smith lives at Strafford) are all busily working to help the Government during the war.

They have just turned over their headquarters in West Chester to the school children who have school gardens to use as a market two days in the week, Tuesdays and Thursdays. The children are taught how to pick their crops and prepare them for market. Also how to pack and sell them.

Then at Berwyn, the suffragists are conducting a canning club, and these estimable women are giving their time—some from 8 o'clock in the morning until 8 o'clock at night—and their labor also to this cause.

Last Thursday they canned more than one hundred quarts of string beans, and already they have about 900 jars of fruit and vegetables on their shelves.

ON SATURDAY these same women, assisted by the suffragists from Delaware and Montgomery Counties, helped the Rev. Herbert Burk, vicar of the Memorial Chapel at Valley Forge, and his wife to give the luncheon to the marines and sailors. The aides were among the younger girls, who wore white frocks and yellow sashes across their shoulders.

The suffragists of Radnor township, Delaware County, have just finished assisting with the registration of women in that township, and all of them are busy with Red Cross work.

All of which goes to show that there are lots of "suffs" who are heart and soul in league with their country in time of stress, and it is to be greatly hoped that the actions of a handful of women who have gone "bug" on the subject of "votes" and the presence in Congress of a woman who weeps every time she is asked to vote (if we may believe what the accounts say) will not prevent the majority of right-minded, sensible and well-balanced women from soon attaining to national suffrage.

You know the National Woman's party branched off from the Woman Suffrage party, as they were too radical in their methods, and the Suffrage party would not stand for them.

EVERY once in a while we hear something about a June bride who has been lost to the world ever since her wedding day. This time it is Mrs. Franklin Clark, who was Katherine Conger. They have been honeymooning ever since June 12, motoring through New England, and the latest news is that they have arrived at Red Lion Inn, at Stockbridge, Mass.

Maine will get an armful of Philadelphians this week, the Keating Johnsons, of Chestnut Hill, are going up there for several weeks, and the Herbert Clarks, of Bryn Mawr, leave today for Northeast Harbor. Marye Clark, who is one of next year's debs, is going up to join them around the latter part of August. Mr. Clark, pastor of the Church of the Redeemer, [illegible]

left there on Saturday for Maine, where they will stay during Mr. Carter's vacation. Dorothea Oberteuffer, who lives in Haverford, is visiting now in Hyannisport, Mass., but she is going to Kennebunkport, Me., to join her parents some time this week.

DR. L. WEBSTER FOX is going west to Estes Park, near Colorado Springs, Col., for a complete rest. His health broke down recently, and his physician colleagues have ordered him to get away from work for a while. Mrs. Fox is going with him and Beatrice. Bea is quite famous for her skill in sculpture, and is a member of the Art Alliance, you know.

SPEAKING of Beatrice's skill in sculpture, I heard a rather delicious story recently. She was making a bust of a certain society girl in town and an artist was watching the performance. After she had attained quite some resemblance to her subject she rested and invited the criticism of the poseuse and the visitor.

The poseuse gazed at it earnestly (as we all would, for no matter how unselfish and generous we are or self-effacing and everything else, each and every one of us is interested in ourselves to a more or less degree). Then she said, "I think it's pretty good, but you have not got my eyebrows straight, one is higher than the other."

Of course, Beatrice could not well defend herself at the expense of her subject's pride, so she said nothing, but Mr. Artist, nothing daunted and of a most inquiring mind, proceeded to approach the lady in question and examine her from every angle. He walked around her and looked her full in the face, then sideways and every which way; then he remarked: "My dear young lady, I see you don't know it, but your eyebrows are crooked and Miss Fox has made a very clever and very exact reproduction of them." For once the poseuse was squelched. She's nursing the sick and wounded now, or will be soon.

DO YOU remember a line from Gilbert and Sullivan's operas? "Things are seldom what they seem, skimmed milk masquerades as cream."

I was reminded of this the other day when I heard of rather an awkward situation in which a perfectly good Lord Chesterfield found himself. The aforesaid gentleman, immaculately groomed and wearing heavily rimmed eyeglasses with a black cord attached, was thoroughly enjoying the musical comedy hit of the season.

He and his wife were entertaining several friends, and during the intermission the trim blond usher approached our friend and in an audible voice said, "You are a physician, are you not?"

Our friend of the bone-rimmed glasses looked through them a bit quizzically, and said, "Why?" "Well," replied the usher, "one of the chorus girls has sprained her ankle and"—of course she got no farther. The entire party burst forth into gales of laughter, as the man in question was a stern and serious professor of chemistry and would not have known a chorus girl from a traffic cop, in all probability. The bone-rimmed glasses did the trick.

Why is it that to the average human the villain in the play must needs wear a long, black curling mustache, such as "Relentless Rudolph"; the adventuress smoke a cigarette, and invariably the doctor add greatly to our already growing terror of him by wearing bone-rimmed glasses.

NANCY WYNNE.

Social Activities

Invitations will soon be issued for the marriage of Miss Anne Price, daughter of Mrs. Joseph Price, of Valley Farms, Whitford, and Mr. John Mickle Hemphill on Saturday, August 11. The wedding will take place at the home of the bride at 6 o'clock.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles F. Black, of Ardmore, announce the marriage of their daughter, Miss Miriam Fairlamb Black, to Mr. J. Walter Walleigh, on Wednesday evening.

Dr. and Mrs. J. Russell Bibighaus, of Glenside, announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Harriet Elizabeth Bibighaus, to Mr. Cheswell Harris Potts, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Oliver Potts, also of Glenside.

Mrs. Bertha S. Ruthrauff, of 5836 Trinity place, West Philadelphia, has announced the engagement of her daughter, Miss Bertha S. Ruthrauff, to Mr. Warren Johnson Dexter, 1108 Cleveland avenue, Norwood.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Glasser, of Washington, D. C., who were visiting their parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. Cohen, 1206 North Eighth street, have left for Atlantic City and are stopping at the Breakers, where they will remain for a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Ellwood Ivins, of Germantown, are touring Pennsylvania by motor. They will stop for several days in the mountains at Eaglesmere. They started from their summer home in Ventnor.

Miss Helen Marie Boyd, of the Powelton Apartments, is spending some time at the Hotel Chalfonte, in Atlantic City.

Miss Helen M. Beswick, daughter of Mr. Joseph T. Beswick, 6024 Carpenter street, whose engagement to Mr. Clifford Carter, of this city, was recently announced, will be married early in the fall.

Mrs. James F. Shields, Miss Mary Craig, Miss Helen Shields and little Miss Barbara Shields, of Oak Lane, are at the Breakers, Ocean City, for several weeks.

DOINGS AT BRIDESBURG ARE OF GREAT INTEREST

Company D Has Joined Company E at the Arsenal—Private Hunt Has Muddy Bath

Mr. and Mrs. John A. Beck, of Highland Park, Richmond, Va., are being congratulated on the birth of a daughter, Marie Elizabeth. Mrs. Beck is remembered as the former popular Annie Marie August, of Richmond. Mr. Beck, until his marriage two summers ago, resided in Bridesburg.

Bridesburg has more than lived up to its name this spring and summer. Hardly any season in its history has record of so many brides. Invitations are out for the wedding of Miss Anna Voit, of Bridesburg, and Mr. Thomas Turner, of Frankford. Miss Voit is known to be one of the finest art needleworkers in Philadelphia.

Oh, yes! The boys at the Frankford Arsenal are having quite a continuous picnic, for they are a jolly crowd, in spite of some heavy responsibilities. Company E, of the First Regiment, whose "skipper"—as one brave lad says he is called—is Captain Orff, was joined very recently by Captain Williamson and his company, D, and members of the two companies have become very fast friends.

Every one is laughing yet over a muddy bath that a certain Private Hunt got one starlit summer night or was it morning? Private Hunt was walking his post along a narrow wall near the junction of the Delaware River and the Frankford Creek, when leaning forward a little too far, looking for something German, he went in, oh, splash!

GERMANTOWN WOMAN'S CLUB TO PURCHASE HOUSE

Seashore Claims Many Residents of Historical Suburb

On Thursday afternoon a bridge party was given at the home of Josephine Underwood, in Germantown, to raise money in order to furnish the old Johnson house, on the corner of Germantown avenue and Washington lane, which has been secured by the earnest group of women who got together some months ago and formed the Germantown Woman's Club.

The junior members, in other words, the daughters of some of the women most interested, are taking hold of this new project with a will and are arranging many more entertainments for the fall.

Among those who attended the bridge were Miss Phoebe Carlile, Miss Margaret Matlack, Miss Natalie Blizard, Miss Dorothy Cooke, Miss Margaret Lukens, Miss Annetta MacGrath, Miss Winifred Webb and Mrs. Tabele Brown.

Mrs. Foster B. Reeder, of Chestnut Hill, has gone to her farm, West Hatton, in Maryland, where she will spend the remainder of the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Moore, of Tulpehocken street, will leave August 1 for the Hotel Brighton, Atlantic City. Mrs. Moore's sister, Miss Alice Wynne, will spend the summer at Galen Hall, in Wernersville.

Mrs. Charles A. Martin has gone to New Haven to visit Mrs. Watress and later on will go to North Hatley.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Griffin Gribbel and their children, of 319 Moreland avenue, St. Martins, have taken a cottage in Ventnor for July, August and September.

Mr. and Mrs. Nelson B. Hazeltine, of 643 West Sedgwick street, Germantown, will leave shortly for New York, where they will make their home permanently.

Naval Constructor Allan N. Chantry, U. S. N., and Mrs. Chantry will leave next week for Cape May for the rest of the summer.

MISS DOROTHEA OBERTEUFFER

Miss Oberteuffer is visiting Hyannisport, Mass., and will join her parents in Kennebunkport, Me., this week.

PEACE AT ANY PRICE

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The Red Mouse

A Story of Love, Jealousy and Politics

By WILLIAM HAMILTON OSBORNE

THE STORY THUS FAR

MIRIAM CHALLONER, a devoted young wife (wealthy in her own right), after supplying the husband she loves with all the money he wants during their early married life, finally rebels when he comes staggering home in broad daylight after a night's debauch, and, like a highwayman, demands $1000. The refusal occurs in the drawing room of the magnificent Challoner residence after Shirley Bloodgood, Miriam's bosom friend, has departed hastily from the house, having seen the husband leave a big automobile and start for the main entrance. There is a thrilling scene as the husband tries to force the woman to give him the money, and as he starts from the house Miriam's love nearly causes her to call him back and hand it to him. But she finally hides her face in her hands so that she may not see the machine whirl him away, and bursts into tears.

J. LAWRENCE CHALLONER, the husband, who has never done anything worth while since his marriage, but has spent all the money he got from his wife, wants the money to spend on the "other woman," whose affection he fears he is losing because of the liberal bestowal of money and gifts on her by Colonel Hargraves. He is a physical wreck and nearly penniless as he leaves his home after Miriam's refusal to give him $1000, having gambled in Cradlebaugh's, the "house of a thousand chances," throughout the previous night. In desperation he returns to the gambling den and asks the head waiter, Pemmican, to lend him the money. Pemmican refuses, but, with a wink of his eye, tells him to make the request of Colonel Hargraves, his hatel rival. Overcome by jealousy when Pemmican tells him that Hargraves has returned from the race track with $10,000 in betting spoils he had won, with Letty Love, the "other woman," as his companion, Challoner becomes a prey to all the black fiends of rage and a desire for revenge. Leaving word for Colonel Hargraves that he wants to see him, he passes through the secret door of the house and hurries to Letty Love's apartment, hoping to find Hargraves inside.

Chapter III. Continued

"I WONDER if she's alone," he mused, as with something like the palpitating deference of a stranger he pressed the button underneath the faded card and waited to learn his fate at the hands of the one woman in all the world for him. Nor was it by any means the first time that he had asked himself that question; all the way through the streets it had been in his mind every moment, and so absorbed was he with the thought that he failed to see the familiar nod with which the diminutive god of the "Drelincourt" lift acknowledged his advent as he proceeded to carry upward his human freight.

"Same, sir, I suppose?" asked the boy.

Challoner made no answer; but leaving the car at the desired landing, he had turned to the right and directed his steps to the extreme end of the corridor.

It was a new experience to Challoner to wait among the shadows of the dimly lighted hall; hitherto his custom had been to let himself in, sans ceremony; but the apparently successful campaign of the racing Colonel had changed that—put him on a different footing.

"If he's there," he assured himself as he pressed his button again impatiently, "I'll know what to do, all right * * *"

But if Hargraves were not there! That was the contingency that sent a chill over him. He could deal with a man—but the woman! A woman who had never cared and who, he was only too well aware, would never even pretend to care for him unless he had the wherewithal with which to lure her back.

"If it were not for Hargraves——" He broke off abruptly, for the door had opened with such unexpected suddenness that it required not a little effort to pull himself together and demand of the trim little maid who stood there:

"Your mistress—is she at home?"

"Miss Love is not at home, sir."

Challoner was not so sure about that; in a trice he was past her, going through room after room until he had covered the entire apartment; and she had barely recovered from the shock that his strange behavior had given her than he was back again in the small, square hall, eying her suspiciously.

"I want to see your mistress."

"Miss Love is not in, sir," she told him, just as if he did not already know it.

"But you know where she went?" he asked meaningly.

"Indeed, sir, I do not," she replied, not at all disconcerted by his manner; and her eyes as they fixed their gaze on his were as steady as the lips that said: "She should be with her father, sir."

Challoner raged inwardly; he thought he detected a gleam of mockery in her eyes. Once more he plunged through the apartment, seeking some incriminating scrap of paper, some evidence that would betray his divinity's whereabouts. But after a few minutes he was back again, standing over the girl menacingly.

"I want you to tell me where Letty is?" he said in a tone that told plainly that such lies were not for him; but it had little effect on the maid; long practice in fencing with Miss Love's admirers had made trickery her forte.

"You might try Atlantic City, sir," she suggested blandly; "it's quite possible that they went there."

At this, Challoner looked ugly, and seizing her roughly by the arm, he led her to her mistress's boudoir, where, poining to a Verne-Martin cabinet that stood in a corner, he exclaimed:

"Who put him there?"

For answer the girl shrugged her shoulders. She made no attempt to disengage herself from his grasp, merely watched Challoner as his gaze rested angrily on a plain gold frame in which was an unconventional half-length photograph — Colonel Richard Hargraves, his arms akimbo upon a table, his shoulders forward, his smug, full, self-satisfied face thrust into the face of the world—of Challoner.

Even on paper Hargraves's lazy eyes seemed to insult and tantalize him, and an insane desire to crush, batter and destroy this counterfeit presentment came over him.

For an instant he had a vague sensation of suffocation, almost to choking, and releasing the girl, his hand sought his throat; it encountered a scarfpin—a trifle that his wife had given him long ago. Tearing it quickly from his scarf, he extended it toward the maid.

"That may fetch the truth from her," he said to himself, and aloud: "Tell me where Letty is, and * * * no"—the girl was reaching for the jewel, but he held it from her—"no, tell me first," he added hoarsely, toying with the pin.

"Well, then, if you must know, sir," she stammered, "she went to Gravesend—the races, sir."

Challoner's mind received this information with a certain morbid exultation; and thrusting his face into hers and pointing with the pin to the portrait, he cried:

"Then she is with him?"

The girl was silent; she was figuring the value of the pin. It was worth $50, she finally decided, and looking up at Challoner, admitted the truth with a nod.

The pin fell into her ready grasp.

When Challoner spoke again his voice was calm and steady.

"Sit down there." He motioned to a seat and he took the one opposite. "We'll wait until they come back—just wait.

For minutes that seemed hours they sat facing each other, Challoner dogged but quiescent, the girl with a growing unrest upon her—a cat with a cornered mouse.

At last a buzzer sounded.

"Stay where you are!" Challoner commanded, as the girl made a movement to go. "If it's somebody else," he added quickly, still looking at her, but with a changed eye, "we don't care about them; they can go away."

Again the buzzer sounded.

"Has she a key?" he whispered.

"Yes," she answered, matching his tone.

"Has he?" persisted Challoner.

The girl held up her hand for reply; the jingling of keys in the outer hall, followed by the clink of metal in the lock, had reached their ears; then came the closing of the door, the click of high heels, the swish of skirts, the odor of violets, and then Letty Love, in all her pink and white loveliness, tall, supreme, her face flushed, her lips parted, her eyes sparkling, stood framed in the doorway. At the sight of the man and the girl sitting there like two culprits, she burst into laughter—a long peal of laughter that was her stock in trade, and which ran the gamut of her deep contralto voice. And still neither the man nor the girl spoke, but continued to look ill at ease. To Miss Love the situation was amusing—too amusing for words.

"Inconstant!—Naughty Lawrence!" she exclaimed, leaving his name stranded in the air—a coquettish way she had in speaking—and pointing her tiny gloved finger at him. "Perhaps I interrupt?" And now turning to the girl, "Patricia, I didn't know you could be so interesting. * * *"

The maid gasped with relief as she left the room in obedience to a dimissing wave of her mistress's hand.

"Well, why don't the rest of you come in?" Challoner growled, fastening his eyes on the woman.

Letty Love opened her blue eyes wide—eyes that could look the innocence of a child or the wisdom of the ages—and feigned not to understand. And then as if his meaning had dawned upon her, she said with a good-natured smile:

"Oh—why I'm alone!"

"It's a good thing you are," he told her pointedly.

At once a hardness crept into his voice, and she asked coldly:

"For whom?" And for a moment she delayed pulling off her wraps.

"For the other man."

"Silly boy! How ridiculous you are!" she returned lightly, as she tossed her wraps over a chair and began to pull off her gloves.

Challoner went over to the photograph, picked it up and wheeling round said threateningly:

"Did you put him in that frame?"

"I did," she answered sweetly. "I'm very domestic, you know," and she smiled one of her most bewildering smiles; "I always arrange these little things myself."

"And what did you do with mine?"

Letty looked dubious. She touched a button, and to the maid who entered asked with mock anxiety:

"Patricia, what did you do with the half-tone of this gentleman that I gave you?"

The maid regarded first one and then the other somewhat curiously.

"It's in my room, madam."

"With the other notables?" And Letty Love lifted her eyebrows. Patricia's room is quite a picture gallery," she went on gayly. "You may investigate it, if you like—no?" And dismissing the maid, went over to the piano and began to strum the refrain of a popular song.

Challoner's lips emitted:

"You——" They closed on a gasp of rage, disappointment, despair and impotent admiration. Had he dared, he would have gone on his knees to her then and there, taken her in his arms and kissed her; but the woman's indifference appalled him, and instead he gritted his teeth, dug his nails into the palms of his hand.

Then, for the first time, it dawned on him that she had worn for Hargraves the gown that he, Challoner, had selected for her—a gown white, immaculate, simple, which followed religiously the lines of the superb figure, that left nothing to be desired, of Letty Love, full-throated, full-bosomed, with her jet-black hair that gave no sign of fastening, with her blue eyes and dark eyebrows, with her milk-white flesh, which, artificial though it were, concealed nothing, revealed nothing but the loveliness of the woman.

The man's eyes shone with pride as he observed her finished appearance, for was it not he who had taught her to gown herself like that, showed her how to live, lifted her into the high places?

"And this is how she repays me!" he muttered to himself, and then aloud: "What's the matter with you, Letty—is it because my money has given out——"

This startled the woman into earnestness, and rising to her feet, she drew herself to her full height and pointing to the door declared with an injured air:

"No man can talk to me of money in this house!"

Challoner's face was a study, but he did not move.

"Especially when it's all gone!" he sneered, searching her countenance. Never until now had he realized the monumental, stupendous power of money. Now that he had none and the car of juggernaut was slowly crushing him, he could understand that he belonged in the ditch with the maimed, the lame, the dying. There was no necessity for a reply from Letty. The woman's face revealed the contempt with which she regarded him. What mattered it to her that the man had surrendered everything that was worth while in life, that he had sacrificed himself at her shrine! She was one who demanded the firstlings of the flock; he was nothing save carrion for daws to peck at. The fruit was devoured; of what value was the rind?

"You had better go," she said supercilliously; "there is no need of coming any more."

In a sort of daze Challoner was shambling toward the door when the telephone bell rang. Instantly it roused all the devilitry and cunning that had oozed from him the moment before. Seizing the receiver, he thrust it silently against his ear.

"Hello!" began the voice at the other end.

Challoner did not answer.

"Is that you, Letty?" the voice went on.

Still Challoner did not answer. Then, as the woman stepped forward, he handed the receiver to her, at the same time placing his left hand over the mouthpiece, and said:

"It's Hargraves—tell him to come up, will you?"

She shook her head.

Again the voice at the other end of the wire sounded, but she could not answer, for the thickness of Challoner's hand lay between her and communication. The suspense was unbearable—getting on her nerves. There was nothing to do but to comply with his wish; and upon her eyes suddenly yielding to his, he released the mouthpiece, standing on guard the while she obeyed him. Then he drove her, literally drove her into a far corner of the room.

"Now, let him come! We'll see * * *" he exclaimed, holding a revolver in his right hand; and as he stood there watching hag as a tiger does a tigress, it was with a certain sense of gratification that he noted written across her face the altogether new sensation of fear, terror, and, therefore, respect for him. And he rejoiced in the knowledge that the hand that could no longer count out banknotes to her or sign checks was a hand that held life and death within its grasp. Letty Love realized this, too, as she stood there cowed, trembling, listening, watching the door. Suddenly there flashed through her mind a way out of the situation, and smiling, she said lightly:

"Oh, pshaw, Lawrence, the heavy is not your line! Come—suppose we have something to drink."

And without waiting for him to answer she crossed the room and pressed the button there. Somewhat sheepishly Challoner slipped the revolver back into his pocket and dropped into a chair, while she ordered the maid to fetch some Bengal—a cordial, a distilled delight that had come down to her from a period so remote that the memory of man runneth not to the contrary. In his lifetime Hiram Edgar Love had possessed gallons of it; it had come to him in the night from the mysterious East, in the teeth of the revenue guns. And Challoner knowing it for the thing it was, his face flushed with the pleasure of anticipation. Letty took her place beside a small table, and presently a silver-topped, cut-glass decanter was in her hand, which she held over a glass, saying:

"Will you help yourself or shall I * * *"

Challoner nodded.

"Go ahead—fill it for me, Letty."

Challoner drank—drank. He forgot Hargraves, forgot everything but the face of Letty Love, a kiss that he wanted, but that somehow he could not get, an utterance in a thick voice, a momentary hand-to-hand struggle, not with Hargraves, but with her, then, somehow, she eluded him and he was left alone—alone in the darkness that the Bengal had cast upon him!

But in all this there was no Hargraves.

* * * * * * * * *

A few hours later, when he awoke, he was sitting at the table, but he was alone. He rose hastily, even steadily, and scoured the other rooms; there was no one there. He looked for the Bengal; but that, too, had disappeared. All of a sudden the jewels that were on her dressing-table—jewels that he had given her—caught his attention, and for the moment the temptation was strong to take them for the money that was in them. But even his dull wits soon recognized the folly of such a proceeding, since it was for her that he needed the money, and somewhat reluctantly he put them back in their case, muttering to himself as he left the house:

"Letty must believe in me—things are bound soon to come my way."

In a little while he was back again at Cradlebaugh's, wandering about the rooms looking for Pemmican. Finally he saw him coming out of one of the rooms and hailed him with:

"Hargraves showed up yet?"

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CONTINUED TOMORROW

FARMER SMITH'S COLUMN

ART AND MUSIC

My Dear Children—In looking over the subjects I wish to talk to you about in the fall I selected MUSIC as the one which I thought would interest you most. I find that when I am studying music I must not overlook ART.

There are lots and lots of children who love art—who love to draw. Wouldn't it be grand if the children of the future came to love art and music even more than the children of today?

The school rooms of today are decorated, showing which way the wind is blowing, and during the first part of this year I heard the voices of the children singing in every school I visited. Do you like to sing? Do you like to draw?

Many great artists got spanked for drawing pictures on the walls of their schools, but today ART and MUSIC have their places. I told you that Caruso was sent from home because he made so much noise singing!

Bubbling inside of us there is SOMETHING longing for expression. This SOMETHING often finds relief in drawing, painting or in music—all of which are expressions of the soul—the YOU inside.

I used to get lots and lots of pictures—now I think you are on your vacation and have no time to draw for me. Is this true?

Your loving editor,
FARMER SMITH.

STRANGE ADVENTURES OF BILLY BUMPUS

BILLY TRIES HANGING

By Farmer Smith

Picture to yourself the tall giraffe with one end of the rope ready to throw over the tree and Billy Bumpus on the other end which, it should be explained, was around his neck.

"Are you ready?" asked the giraffe, who was having a hard time keeping from laughing.

"When I say THREE, then you pull the rope and that will pull me up and stretch my neck," replied Billy.

Billy had been talking to the giraffe in the circus and telling him all about his appetite and how he would enjoy having a long neck like Mister Giraffe.

The fellow with the long neck had suggested that Billy allow him to stretch his neck, and so it happened that Billy got the rope and the work of stretching his neck began.

The giraffe started to pull the rope and Billy shouted:

"Hold on! How are you to know when my neck is stretched long enough? Suppose I want to get down? Tell me what we are to do."

"I hadn't thought of that!" replied Mister Giraffe. "You kick your legs and I will know that you want me to let you down and then we can measure your neck and see if it is long enough."

"That's a perfectly grand idea!" exclaimed Billy.

"He'll think it's grand when I get done with him," thought the giraffe, but he simply went ahead with his work as though nothing had happened.

"As I was saying—"

Jerk. Jerk.

"Wait a minute, I'm not ready," said Billy, pushing the rope tighter around his neck. "I told you to pull when I say THREE. If you don't behave, I won't let you pull my neck."

"I didn't ask to pull your neck," said Mr. Giraffe.

"See how ungrateful you are! Now—"

Jerk. JERK.

Mister Giraffe was a solemn fellow to look at, but he was all laughter inside. "What's the matter?" he asked in an innocent way.

"I didn't say THREE," answered Billy.

All was quiet again and then Billy said: "One, two, three!"

Mister Giraffe gave a jerk which pulled Billy off his feet in a hurry.

"Whoa!" shouted Billy. At least, he thought he was shouting, but his voice died in his throat. He thought he was strangling. Then a sudden thought struck him—he was to kick his legs.

He kicked and he kicked and still he was not let down. He felt as though he were swimming through the air. At last his eyes closed and he began to kick.

Down he came with a bang.

"Grand!" exclaimed Mister Giraffe. "Your neck is twice as long as it was when you went up."

"Didn't you see me kicking?" asked Billy.

"Yes, but I thought you were delighted to think your neck was stretching so."

"Say, this world is made up of trying to do what other people want you to do and I'm tired of it," said Billy.

"I didn't ask you to let me stretch your neck," said the giraffe. "Go and see the elephant."

"I will," said Billy, little knowing what was in store for him.

JERSEY [illegible]

BUSY WITH AUTO [illegible]

Scene Is Shifted This W[illegible] From Overbrook to Magnolia

It was the Magistrate of Magnolia, N. J., who had the auto-raking-in party last night. Magnolia is on the White Horse pike, leading from Atlantic City to Camden.

It was the Magistrate of Overbrook, N. J., Magnolia's neighboring hamlet, who presided at the festivities the preceding Saturday. Obviously a spirit of praiseworthy generosity among these West Jersey "justices" dictates the arrangement of these fining parties.

But State Auto Inspector Leigh, strict in the pursuance of his duties, officiated in both places.

Mr. Leigh is as popular with Pennsylvania autoists as a baseball umpire is with the rooters for the losing team. Last night, as active as a Magnolia mosquito and as malignant, he darted in and out among oncoming motors returning from the shore on the White Horse pike, preferring for his victims chiefly those who did not have a Jersey license.

Autoists who thought they were well within the law by having their dimmers on were told that although in keeping with the spirit of the law, they were disregarding its letter, which says that any light, no matter how dim, which extends upward for more than four feet is an illegal light.

Motors a dozen at a time stood outside the Magnolia magistrate's residence last night while their owners were summoned to "shell out."

The same ribald scenes which characterized the Overbrook justice's party a week ago were repeated. Lights were soaped, whitened with shoe polish or had their otherwise flagrant brilliance or dimness clouded in handkerchiefs or more intimate lingerie.

Motorists who were taught their lesson last week crept upon Overbrook last night with the caution of a spy approaching an enemy trench. It was here that the majority of them had paid out $3.40.

But the place was as dark as a London night. Breathing a sigh of relief, they sped on, all unmindful of the fact that the trap was laid this time at Magnolia. Some escaped; others were hooked.

"Who gets the rake-og next week?" is what the regular auto shore-goers would give much to know.

JITNEY DRIVER ASKS EXEMPTION

Couldn't Keep His Licensed Line Open as Warrior, His Plea

HOLLIDAYSBURG, Pa., July 23.—An occupational exemption claim has been filed by a jitney operator.

V. H. Hancuff told Sheriff Holland that his son, K. W. Hancuff, is operating a jitney bus line under a State Public Service Commission permit and that it would be impossible to keep the transportation line in operation if its owner went to war.

TODAY'S MARRIAGE LICENSES

Otto C. Flessel, 1518 N. 29th st., and Emma C. Schroeffer, 3123 F st.
Lincoln B. Patterson, Emporium, Pa., and Georgia L. Bolster, Chelsea, Mass.
John Goodridge, Trenton, Mass., and Kathryn E. Anderson, 208 S. 60th st.
William Johnson, 1636 Lombard st., and Ethel Stewart, 2211 S. 7th st.
Raymond D. Fuller, 3006 Fontain st., and Emma D. Patterson, Kitchen's lane, Germantown.
James H. Johnson, 1702 N. 8th st., and Bertha E. Wilson, 1619 Naudain st.
George H. McDowell, 2128 E. Sargeant st., and Bella L. Taylor, 2549 N. 4th st.
Max Gilserman, 2150 Snyder ave., and Sophie Karr, 2511 S. Mildred st.
Charles A. Smith, 1802 Titan st., and Olive M. North, New York city.
Taylor S. Weaver, Columbia, Pa., and Florence M. Trissler, Columbia, Pa.
Charles A. Storke, Santa Barbara, Cal., and Mary E. Webb, Glen Ridge, N. J.
William Chessman, Easington, Pa., and Nancy M. Hichman, 938 N. Gross st.
William J. Shoch, 4846 Hawthorne st., and Stella E. Shelly, 2035 Ruth st.
Gerald H. Deacon, McKean and Clapier st., and Marjorie V. MacDonald, 5211 Spring Garden st.
Daniel Karpinski, 779 S. Front st., and Josephine Majdowski, 760 S. Front st.
John J. Daly, 652 E. Westmoreland st., and Anna R. Mallis, 652 E. Westmoreland st.

U. S. Wants Millions of Envelopes

WASHINGTON, July 23.—The Postoffice Department will open bids next Friday, it was announced, for 210,000,000 envelopes for the use of the War Department. The bids will be opened here, but delivery is to be made to the Depot Quartermaster, Army Building, New York city.

WHAT'S DOING TO NIGHT

The Municipal Band plays at Passyunk Square, Twelfth and Wharton streets, 8 o'clock. Free.

The Philadelphia Band plays at City Hall Plaza, 8 o'clock. Free.

The Fairmount Park Band plays at George's Hill, 8 o'clock. Free.

Concert by Germantown Boys' Club Band, 25 West Penn street, 8:15 o'clock. Free.

Lecture on "Light, Visible and Invisible," Randal Morgan Laboratory of Physics, University of Pennsylvania, by Professor Goodspeed, 8 o'clock. Free.

The Stanley — CONTINUOUS 11:15 A. M. to 11:15 P. M. — MARKET Above 16TH
Jack Pickford and Louise Huff in First Presentation of "What Money Can't Buy"
Cast Includes THEODORE ROBERTS
COMING—EARLY IN SEPTEMBER GOLDWYN PICTURES. THIS MEANS—SUCH FAMOUS WRITERS AS IRVIN C. COBB and MARGARET MAYO

PALACE — 1214 MARKET ST. 10 A. M. to 11:15 P. M. Prices, 10c, 20c
MARY PICKFORD IN THE TIMELY PRODUCTION "THE LITTLE AMERICAN"

ARCADIA — CHESTNUT Below 16TH 10:15 A. M., 12, 2, 3:45, 5:45, 7:45 & 9:45 P. M.
DOROTHY DALTON IN FIRST SHOWING OF "The Flame of the Yukon"

REGENT — MARKET Below 17TH 11 A. M. to 11:15 P. M. Daily, 10c; Evgs., 15c
REX BEACH'S STIRRING ALASKAN ROMANCE "THE BARRIER"

VICTORIA — MARKET Above 9TH 9 A. M. to 11:15 P. M. PRICES, 10c, 20c
WILLIAM FOX Presents MIRIAM COOPER IN FIRST SHOWING OF "THE INNOCENT SINNER"
Added, Keystone Comedy—"WHO'S BABY"

GLOBE Theatre — MARKET JUNIPER VAUDEVILLE—Continuous 10c, 15c, 25c, 35c 11 A. M. to 11 P. M.
CHARLOTTE PARRY'S Protean Novelty "INTO THE LIGHT" "THE WEDDING "RIP," etc.

CROSS KEYS — DAILY 2:30—10c Evgs., 7 & 9, 10c, 20c
EMILY SMILEY & CO.

B. F. Keith's Theatre — CHESTNUT TWELFTH
BERNARD GRANVILLE
"THE TWENTIETH CENTURY COMEDIAN" GUS EDWARDS' BANDBOX REVUE SMITH & AUSTIN; DICKINSON & SAGER; SIG. FRANZ & CO. Other Big Vaudeville. Today at 2, 25c & 50c; Tonight at 8, 25c to $1.00.

FISHING & surf bathing are [illegible]