

JUST GOSSIP ABOUT PEOPLE
Broadway Ball to Be Given at Narragansett Pier
Next Month—Nancy Wynne Meets
a Few Dreamers

THINGS are stirring up in Narragansett Pier, and there are great plans under way for the "Broadway Ball" which is to be held on August 10, and which will probably be the biggest event of the season. It is to be given at the Casino Hotel and the proceeds are to go to a fund to buy wool for the Navy League.

It is to be a costume affair and a prize, or rather several prizes, will be given to the person having the best costume, representing some well-known actor or actress or an equally well known play.

As far as I understand it, it will be much like a book party in the matter of costumes. And it will certainly be interesting to pick out the titles of various plays which will admit of a costume for interpretation.

The ballroom, I hear, is to be inclosed with a high board fence on which will be a number of posters of future shows. Then, in place of the usual aides from the ranks of Society, it has been decided to have the Naval Reserves sell the programs and do the things which the aides are usually expected to do.

There will be a number of house parties over that week-end, and certainly from the interest evinced so far in the matter the affair will be a great success.

THE Pier is getting gayer and gayer in spite of the war, but most of the gaiety is for war benefits, so it's a good thing, after all. The Slinknocks, who have a lovely cottage on the rocks, gave a luncheon for Mrs. Simon Guggenheim, of New York, on Sunday. The Charlie Slinknocks, by the way, are up there staying with Charlie's sisters. Mrs. Slinknocks was Reba Wallace, you know, and is a sister of Emma and Bessie Wallace.

Mrs. Plunkett Stewart and her children are up there, though Plunkett will be able to spend very little time with them this year. He is busy inspecting and buying horses in the West for the Government.

ROD WANAMAKER, 2D, and Phil Randolph, Jr., are getting up a polo game at the Point Judith Country Club for the benefit of the Red Cross. The date has not been given yet, but with twenty good players on the spot it will be soon, no doubt, though some of these players may be affected by the draft.

SPREADING OF the draft, every day one hears a new name among those whose numbers came up, which had not penetrated before. There's Jas Smith, for instance, and Allen Stockton, and Percival Smith, the son of the late Decatur Smith, Jr., and grandson of Mr. Decatur Smith, who was something of a composer in his day. Percival is named after a young uncle who was killed in boyhood. He is virtually without close relatives, his mother having died when he was very small; then, in later life, his grandfather and father, and some two or three years ago, his grandmother.

Jas Smith is the son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Somers Smith, and one of the most popular younger men about town. He is a brother of Nancy Smith, who married Joe Wood, of Pittsburgh, and has a younger brother, Cooper. His mother was Miss Mary Smith, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Cooper Smith. She adored her husband as a cousin.

I HEAR Edwin Lewis has also been drafted. He is a grandson of the General Collis of the Civil War, and is a brother of Wig Lewis. His mother was Amelia Collis. Of course, there are hosts of others you know who are called to give of their best to the country in her great need.

PERHAPS it is the heat, but I cannot say that it is; however, never have I heard such remarkable dreams as those which fell on mine ears yesterday as I was riding in the train. There were three girls in the next seat, one facing the other two, and they were screaming. One remarked to the other: "Oh! I had the funniest dream last night. I thought that you said to me, 'I wonder when you are going to give me back that dress I gave you; I think I can have it dipped another color,' and the one you gave me I put into a patchwork quilt," and I was having a fierce time missing trains all night long!" "That's funny," said the one addressed, "for the dress you gave me the time I gave you that one has gone into holes. I guess it is only good for patchwork." Then followed giggles, whereupon the third—whom they called Nell—announced: "Well, I went walking by a precipice with my mother and suddenly a stage appeared on the other side, and in the middle there was a Turk very beautifully dressed. He made a deep bow and gesticulated that they had all become Allies; with that a crowd of Turkish women advanced to the front of the stage and played a corking tune on brass instruments. It really was a fine band and I was much interested, when suddenly one of the women, who was playing a bassoon, turned it over and laid one end on our side of the precipice and proceeded to climb on it across the chasm. She nearly fell several times, but finally dropped at my feet, just as I woke up." "Well, it was about time! Where had you been the night before?" said the fair-haired member of the trio. And then she shuddered and said: "Well, I must have had a night for dreams, for I, my dears, had a terrible time. It was very warm, you know, and my clothing was very light, so I suppose that accounted for it, but I was walking down one of our principal streets all night with very, oh! very little in the matter of wearing apparel. What a relief when I awoke!" The stories ended there; but as Nancy, too, had had remarkable dreams the night previous she wondered if it was a special night for crazy ones.

PEOPLE on the Main Line are getting ready to go. Some of them are leaving today, in fact. Mr. and Mrs. William Westmann are going up to visit Dr. Westmann's son-in-law and daughter, Dr. Mrs. Fred Fraley, at Halcyon Corner, in Northeast Harbor, and Mr. and Mrs. David Davis, of Fall, are going up to see their daughter, Mrs. Mary Davis.



MRS. JOSEPH WALKER, 3d
Who was Miss Eleanor de G. Cuyler. Mrs. Walker is now living in New York and will leave shortly for a visit to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas de Witt Cuyler, in Bar Harbor.

A former Haverfordian—if that is the way you say it—who is going up to Bar Harbor this week is Mrs. Joe Walker, 3d, in other words, Eleanor Cuyler. She has been living in New York since her marriage, you know, and of course there is every expectation that Joe will have to go soon to France, for he is in the National Guard of New York. Her parents, the De Witt Cuylers, are at their cottage in Bar Harbor, and so Eleanor will leave in a few days to visit them.

HATTIE GEYELIN is going up to Islesboro to visit Margot Scull. I wonder if Margot has her waukule up there with her? She has grown so fond of it that she scarcely moves without it, and even traveling in and out of the train from Overbrook carries it along, and sings little songs to herself while playing her accompaniments on the delightful little instrument.

THE George Woodwards left today with Gertrude and Charles for Wyoming, where they will spend the whole month of August. Houston Woodward is with the American Ambulance in France, and has written some very interesting letters about his life and work over there.

Stanley and George are both training, I believe, at one of the camps, and so, to make an Irish bull, Gertrude and Charles are the only ones at home (seeing that they have just left, as I remarked, for Wyoming).

The ambulance is calling a great many workers, more than ever now, and the ready answer of so many of our young men is quite wonderful. One of the most remarkable instances of this is the sailing of an entire family for France for hospital work. They are Mr. and Mrs. Henry Wharton, and their three sons, Harry, Tom and Bayard.

They did it so quietly, too; just left home without a word except to one or two intimate friends, and are now "over there" working with the ambulance. In fact, their departure was almost as quiet as that of Pershing and his many thousands.

IT IS very sad to hear of the death of Mrs. Harry Butcher, Jr., who was Constance Devereux. She has been so ill and suffering so much for a long time that we cannot wish her back, for we know she is better off; but our hearts go out in sympathy to her little motherless children. Mrs. Butcher was a sister of Antonio and Alfred Devereux and a daughter of the late Alfred Devereux and his wife, who was Miss Constance Antelo. She married Harry Butcher about fifteen years ago, and was one of the prettiest brides of the season. She died at the home of her brother on Saturday, and was buried yesterday morning at St. Thomas's Church in Villanova.

ANOTHER death which will throw a large family connection into mourning is that of Mr. Thomas Roberts, which took place on Friday, after a severe illness of several days, in York Harbor, where he and his family had gone for the summer. Mr. Roberts leaves his wife, a daughter and two sons; Mrs. Theodore Reath is the daughter and his sons are Mr. George W. B. Roberts and Mr. Thomas Roberts, Jr. Mr. Roberts was eighty-five years old. His funeral took place yesterday afternoon from his River-ton home. He and his children were very devoted, and his death will be a great sorrow to them all.

THE Girl Scouts seem to be doing very remarkable work out along the Main Line. They go about every Friday and pick the vegetables and fruit at any of the large country places where their presence is asked. Mary Packard is the captain and is directing their work. The owners of places who have far more vegetables and fruit than they can handle send word to the Scouts, and they descend upon the orchards and gardens and gather up the extras for canning and preserving, taking them to the places designated, where classes are going on pretty nearly every day. It's awfully good, healthy work if they do not overdo it, as it helps each scout physically, as well as mentally.

MISS MARGARET M'WHUGH
Miss M'Whugh's engagement to Mr. Joseph Christopher McKeeon, of Germantown, was recently announced by her mother, Mrs. McKeeon.

MERCHANT COMMENDATIONS
KINDNESS OF HIS FRIENDS

Central North Philadelphians Interested in War Work

"A faithful friend is a strong defense; whose fidelity such one findeth a notable treasure." But what say you to finding not only one such friend, but several? Twenty-five years ago a central North Philadelphia business man started a small dry goods store on Germantown avenue, bringing into the business the practical knowledge gleaned from ten years' service with the firm of Hood, Bonbright & Co. He won the confidence and friendship of his customers and the business increased rapidly. Then came a sad incident. Both the merchant and his wife were stricken with smallpox, and the store was closed for several months. When they convalesced and returned home, facing what to most people would have meant inevitable ruin, they were amazed to find that the store and every room in the house had been thoroughly renovated. And what do you think? The entire expense was borne by the neighbors in the block. Can you beat it? Of course, the store was opened next day. And customers—well, they came in as usual. In the course of time the whole building was needed for the business, so the merchant purchased a handsome home on Old York road. His one child, a daughter, is a highly accomplished linguist, speaking several languages fluently. Last week the Germantown avenue community helped the owner celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of the opening of the then small store.

In a community of such whole-hearted, generous people, of course there are many Red Cross workers. Tonight and every Tuesday night the recently organized auxiliary at the Gaston Presbyterian Church, Lehigh avenue and Cleveland street, will meet in the social hall of the church. Eighty women were present at the first meeting, and elected these officers: President, Mrs. N. Peacock; secretary, Mrs. W. B. Greenway; Mrs. William Ritter; corresponding and recording secretaries, Miss Mary Campbell, Miss Irene McElride, and treasurer, Mrs. Blanche Paul. Materials will be distributed and work of the season will be outlined this evening.

All public-spirited business men in the neighborhood of Potterfield Park are raising funds for an ambulance for the Jefferson Hospital unit, which will leave shortly for France. The ambulance will cost \$1000, and will be operated by young men from this section. The Potterfield Park Red Cross Ambulance Association has been organized for this purpose and a number of entertaining events will be given in aid of the fund. Another fund to which central North Philadelphia is contributing handsomely is that of the army work of the North Branch Young Men's Christian Association. This branch is located at Lehigh avenue and Tenth street, and Harry Heebner is secretary.

JULY WEDDINGS ARE STILL QUITE NUMEROUS

Private in Company E Figures as a Principal in Marriage

The lads and lasses are still joining hands and promising fidelity each to the other "until death do us part." The bridegroom in the service who are becoming beneficiaries are many. The wedding of Miss Grace O'Brien, of 523 Diamond street, and Mr. Benjamin Stevens, of Company E, 10th and Locust streets, was celebrated at St. Edward's Church, at Eighth and York streets. Miss O'Brien was attended by Miss Tessie Stevens, of 2444 South Fifth street, a sister of the bridegroom. An best man was Corporal Frank X. Myers, of Company D, First Pennsylvania Infantry. Corporal Myers was married to Miss Elizabeth McGovern, 5624 Brown street, on May 28.

STEEL-STEPHENS

Mr. Elmer Martin Stephens announces the marriage of his sister, Miss Margaret Gladys Stephens, to Mr. Basil Leighton Steel, in Raleigh, N. C., on Saturday. Miss Stephens is the daughter of the late Rev. R. G. Stephens, of Ferndale, and Mr. Steel is the son of Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Steel.

FRITZ-BARNETT

Announcement is made of the marriage of Miss Katharine Adele Barnett, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Barnett, of 1238 Backus street, to Mr. Joseph P. Fritz, of 3567 York road, on Friday afternoon of last week in St. Stephen's Roman Catholic Church, Broad and Butler streets, by the Rev. Richard Hannigan. The bridegroom and his bride were accompanied by Miss Jennie Fritz, the bridegroom's sister, who was her only attendant. Mr. Edward Elmer was the bridegroom's best man. A reception for the families was held after the ceremony at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Fritz, who are staying in Atlantic City for the summer, will receive after September 1 at Erie avenue and York road.

Social Activities

Dr. F. M. Haiger, U. S. N., entertained at dinner last Friday evening at the Portsmouth Navy Yard in honor of Miss Grace Rippey and Miss Jean Fitzgerald, of Germantown, who are spending the summer with Miss Rippey's parents at their cottage in York, Me.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Ko Eune, of 5229 Webster street, gave a linen shower on Saturday evening in honor of Miss Marie Backus, whose marriage to Mr. Albert Freed, of Scranton, will take place in the near future. Mrs. Ko Eune was aided by Miss Vera Ko Eune and Miss Ethel Ko Eune, Miss Margaret Cavanaugh and Miss Mary McCusker. About fifty guests were present.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Asbury, of Oak Lane, are at the St. Charles, Atlantic City.

Miss Jennie Rosen, daughter of the Rev. Abraham Rosen, of 331 South Third street, has left the city for Buffalo to visit her aunt at 302 Bryant street and will return early in September.

Colonel Hargraves hesitated for a moment; he moved a bit to one side and stared hard; but the other bore his look of keen suspicion with perfect serenity. The Colonel shrugged his shoulders. Finally he said: "Oh, very well, Challenger—that suits me." To Room A. He went. Penman followed him. He was possibly he suspected, feared, realized that the air was charged with electricity. In any event Penman was in charge of Cradleigh; he was for Penman to see and to know. There was a table in Room A, with chairs about the table and a stand against the wall. There were also two large, heavy, leather lounging chairs with arms. Penman and Hargraves were seated on the chairs and then went softly out. Neither of the men spoke until after he had left the room and closed the door. When each had seated himself at the table, Challenger got down to business.

"Hargraves," he began with sinister familiarity, "you have ten thousand dollars in your pocket, I believe?" Colonel Hargraves expressed a movement of impatience with difficulty. He nodded, and unconsciously took the attitude of counterfeited presentment in the apartment of Letty Love.

"Ten thousand dollars," repeated Challenger with provoking calmness, at the same time placed both elbows on the table, and added somewhat ominously, "And I'm broke!" There was a pause in which the men looked straight into each other's eyes; then Challenger rose, walked over to the table, half-drew two glasses, and placing them on the table, turned per over to the door.

DID HE ENJOY THE SHOW?



Binks takes his brunette bride to the theatre and finds he is sitting next to an old sweetheart.

The Red Mouse
A Story of Love, Jealousy and Politics
By WILLIAM HAMILTON OSBORNE

THE STORY THIS FAR
MIRIAM CHALLENGER, a devoted young wife, whose husband she loves with all the other "until death do us part" devotion, finally rebels when he comes staggering into her life, like a black and white mouse, and demands that she should give up her home, her friends, her family, and her husband, and go with him to a foreign land. There is a thrilling scene as the husband tries to force the woman to follow him. She is a woman of strong character, and she finally breaks back and hands it to him. But she finally goes to the machine which will kill him and bursts into the room.

LAWRENCE CHALLENGER, the husband, who has never done anything worth writing about in his life, and who has all the money he got from his wife, "until death do us part" devotion, finally rebels when he comes staggering into her life, like a black and white mouse, and demands that she should give up her home, her friends, her family, and her husband, and go with him to a foreign land. There is a thrilling scene as the husband tries to force the woman to follow him. She is a woman of strong character, and she finally breaks back and hands it to him. But she finally goes to the machine which will kill him and bursts into the room.

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Cradleigh's, stumbled over an object lying in a deep shadow.
"Good Lord! It's a man!" said Keogh, stooping down suddenly and as suddenly drawing back. He drew himself together, bent down again, felt about, and about, wiped his hands and shuddered and drew back once again, as he whispered to himself:
"A dead man—shot to death!"
He rapped wildly with his nightstick—the wild, irregular tattoo that makes the slumberer rise suddenly in bed and tremble and then crouch between the bedclothes shivering—and, pending the arrival of assistance, he stooped once more and fumbled in the pockets of the dead man.
From the breast-pocket of the coat he drew forth a yellow pigskin wallet and upon its corner in glaring gold, that even in the dim light glittered garishly, appeared the letters, "R. H."
In this wise the body of Colonel Richard Hargraves, man-about-town, was found lying in the gloom at two o'clock that morning.

CHAPTER II
OFFICER KEOGH, an hour later, under the white light of the desk lamps over at the Precinct, was telling his story to the desk sergeant behind the rail. The desk sergeant listened indifferently until he had reached the name Cradleigh, at that juncture he held up his hand, placed a warning finger on his lips, nodded toward the drowsy doorman and toward the reserve squad in the room, and looking Keogh in the eye, whispered:
"Officer, speak low."
Keogh, taken aback for the moment, stopped his voice as he went on with his story. Once more the sergeant set straight his eyes, and he said:
"The most important thing is just where the body was found. Be exact now, if possible. It's important."
Keogh took up his arms akimbo, his feet resting on his hips, and tilting back his head, he said with an air of contempt:
"Indeed? What with?"
"With your ten thousand?" It was well said. Challenger's cool, passionless voice gave to the declaration the character of infallibility.
"Ah, you—!" Hargraves muttered in a puzzled way.
"Not a dollar," admitted Challenger.
Colonel Hargraves rose; he threw into his glance all his knowledge of Challenger's past.
"You must take me for a fool!" he burst out and started for the door.
But he had gone only a few steps when he felt the power of Challenger's eyes, and presently under their compelling influence he found himself once more taking his seat.
He made no attempt to analyze his sensations, but he realized that Challenger had made a new impression. In all the eventful life he had foreseen, he calculated on Challenger's being a weakling, a wreck. But to his astonishment he saw within those eyes nothing but success. Challenger had become a man not to be disregarded—a man of strength.
"My proposition is a perfectly fair one," went on the Colonel. "You put up ten thousand cash—"
"And then—go on—"
"Challenger lifted his arm and pointed silently in the direction of the "Drilling" court.
Incredibly alone in the eyes of Hargraves; his scorn found vent in an attempt at a snarl.
"Rather like putting up something that doesn't belong to you, eh, Challenger?"
Challenger was not fazed; it was the answer he expected.
"Surely, my friend," he said, "I can make it uncommonly disagreeable for the other claimant. You don't know me, but I am a man of means, and women are black and white mice. I keep the ten thousand—and my chances."
"And if you don't win?" a bit breathlessly.
"If you win," went on Challenger, "you keep your ten thousand, and—I'll quit without a murmur."
In the pause Hargraves thought hard—never in his life had he thought harder. The more he studied Challenger, the better he liked the proposition. The moment was fraught with something new and significant. In more ways than one he feared Challenger, for he was by no means certain of his own place in the woman's affections. And then in his mind there was one certainty—Hargraves knew that the game was already lost; he knew that Challenger, steady though he seemed, was unquestionably drunk. Never was victory more certain than at the present time.
"If I win," at last he said with great earnestness, "I will swear to leave me—you will leave us alone."
Challenger nodded.
Hargraves seized his glass and extended it to the bargain. Challenger seized his, but found it empty. He left his seat and came back with it filled.
"It's a go!" he said, and pressed a button.

With the same sense of responsibility upon him, Penman responded; and on Challenger's order he went out and returned with ten new packs of cards, tossing them on the table with the wrappers unbroken.
"Cold hands!" announced Challenger, "five hundred a throw."
Hargraves pulled forth his roll of bills and placed it on the table; then, placing a hand on the arm of Challenger, he exclaimed, "You're a good fellow, but don't forget it."
"It's understood now, Challenger, that if I win you're to leave us alone—sure?"
Penman left the room and closed the door behind him. Challenger smiled across the table and a new, strange expression crossed his features that Hargraves did not, could not understand.
Twenty minutes later Penman rushed pell-mell into Room A.
"There's a big row on," he said to himself. "A row over a lady and a game of cards."
As he so it proved.
There was a row on between the men who occupied Room A, and but for the isolation of the room it was a row that might well have roused the house.
"You're a good fellow, I tell you!" one of the men exclaimed; the other laughed boisterously, defiantly, victoriously.
"If I've lost, so have you," he answered.
"What followed happened in an instant and before Penman had been in Room A thirty seconds. For suddenly one of the men there had whipped from his coat pocket a weapon that glinted in the white light, as suddenly he had taken aim, and then came a flash, a report, a cloud of smoke.
Penman looked on speechless. Presently one of the men crossed the room and sank into a chair in a dazed sort of fashion, his head lolling across the upholstered arm, while the other glanced about him for an instant, looked at Penman, looked at the figure lying on the chair and then started suddenly toward the door.
Three minutes later Penman switched off the lights and plunged the room into darkness.
"A row over a lady," he murmured breathlessly, "a row over a lady and a game of cards."
At two o'clock that morning Officer Keogh of the night squad, patrolling the streets, stumbled over the body of a man lying in a deep shadow.

CHAPTER XV—(Continued)
A FLEET of Belgian armored cars cleared a road through the stream of fugitives, and Dalroy kept close in rear, so he made a fast return journey. Dashing past the town station, near which the steam-train would discharge its freight, he headed straight for the Gare Maritime. It was no doubt, but he saw that almost the crowd besieging the entrance was denser and more frantic than ever, though the last steamer whose departure was announced had only left early in the day.
He ascertained from a helpless policeman that the rumor had gone round of a vessel coming in; the sullen, apathetic multitude, waiting there for it knew not what chance of rescue, had suddenly become dangerous.

"The American Consul, who has worked hard all day, has had to give it up," added the man. "He is closing his office."
Just then a harbor official, minus his cap and with coat badly torn during a violent struggle, hurried toward him, breathless but hurried.
Dalroy recognized him, having had much business with the port authorities during the preceding week.
"Is it true that a steamer is in sight?" he asked.
"Monseigneur, what am I to say?" and the accompanying gesture was eloquent. "It is only a little cargo boat, an English coaster. If she nears the quay there will be a riot, and perhaps thousands of lives lost. Nothing but a harbor master's order to ask the mayor if he should not signal her to anchor outside until daylight."
Prompt decision and steadfast action were Dalroy's chief qualities. Luck favored him; he might set his own project on foot before the mayor's messenger burst in by a civic order. He thanked the man and rode off.
The tram came from Blankenberg without undue delay. He had only dimly dimmed when the engine clanked into the station square. Already his soldier's heel had notched the ground, and the commander of the Belgian soldiers had retained their rifles and bayonets.
"Get your crowd into motion at once," he said to the doctor, as soon as the latter had said, "Nothing but a harbor master's order to ask the mayor if he should not signal her to anchor outside until daylight."
"If you cripples can fix bayonets and shoot him from the sky, why can't you do more, at least, and unless we leave Ostend before tomorrow morning it'll be a German prison for you and a firing line for me."
Men who have smelt war and death, not once but many times, do not hesitate, and argue when a staff officer talks in that strain.

Dalroy explained matters as they went and pressed on as soon as the absolute necessity of showing a determined front. On nearing the packed mass of people clamoring outside the Gare Maritime he noticed some sharp orders, the rifles came from the "slope" to the "ready" and those on the outskirts of the throng saw a number of war-stained kilts advancing on them with threatening mien.
The vanguard knew exactly how to act and faced about when the main gates were reached. Here there was a hitch, but a threat, and a volley through one's legs was enough, and the whole lot got through, though even the hardened doctors looked grave when they heard the wail of anguish that went up from the multitude without as the gates clashed against further increase.
Of course, as might be expected, there were hundreds of influential people, both British subjects and Belgians, already inside. To them Dalroy gave no immediate heed, merely requesting the doctor to keep his contingent together and distinct, he sought the harbor master.
"No orders had been received as yet from the Ostend and the incoming steamer picked up a small crew, was already in the channel. The harbor master, a decent fellow, whose sole anxiety was to act for the best, readily agreed to Dalroy's plan, so the vessel, whose skipper had actually brought up Ostend that evening "on spec," as he put it, was moored at a distance of some ten feet from the quay.
"How many people can you carry?" was Dalroy's first question to the captain.
"Well, sir," came the surprising answer, "we're licensed by the Board of Trade to carry forty-five passengers in summer, but in pinch like this I'll try to stow away 100."
After that there was no hitch. A gangway was fixed in position, the armed guard was disposed around it and the doctors and Dalroy, with a representative of the burgomaster, who arrived later, constituted themselves a committee of selection. The hospital staff and their patients were placed on board first. Wounded soldiers picked up Ostend itself were given the next claim. Then British subjects, and finally, Belgian refugees were admitted.

It was a long and tedious yet almost heart-breaking business, but the order of priority was established, and with heavy hearts the people were packed tight with a living freight. Surely never before has vessel put to sea so loaded with human beings.
The captain decided not to attempt the crossing by night and lay to till morning. The ship's boats returned to the quay and brought off some food and water.
Meanwhile, leaders of sections were chosen, the people were instructed as to the danger of lurching, and ropes were arranged so that any unexpected movement of the hull might be counteracted.
At 8 o'clock next morning the engine was started; at 10 o'clock that night the ship was under way. The morning of Providence the sea remained smooth, though the midchannel tidal swell, a dangerous and anxious moment. Of course, there were mine-fields to be avoided, and strong tides to be cheated, but for these hindrances, the trip occupied fourteen hours, whereas the Belgian mail boats, on the same journey used to adhere steadily to a schedule of three hours and three-quarters.

So Irene and her true knight met one more, only to part again after three billiard games. This time Dalroy went to France, and took his place in the place in the line, he endured the drudgery of that first winter in the trenches, shared in the gain and loss of Neuve Chapelle, earned his majority and was made a captain. He had a high explosive shell burst a little too close during the second day at Loos.
He was borne off the field as one nearly dead. But his wounds were slight, and he had only been stunned by the concussion. By the time this diagnosis was confirmed, however, he was at home and enjoying six weeks' leave of absence.
Nothing very remarkable would have happened if the Earl of Glastonbury had not created a rare commotion one day at luncheon.
Dalroy was up in town after a few days' rest at his uncle's vicarage in the Midlands; he and the younger members of the household were planning a round of theatres and suchlike dissipations, when the Earl said quietly:
"You people seem to be singularly devoid of a general idea. George Alexander, Charlie Hawley and the latest of the boys, provide a sure and certain refuge for every country cousin who comes to London for a fortnight's mild dissipation."
"What do you suggest, dad?" demanded Irene.
"Why not have a war wedding?"
"Oh, let's! cried the flapper sister ecstatically.
Dalroy swallowed whole some article of food, and Irene blushed scarlet. But "father" had said the thing, and "mother" had smiled, and Charlie, whose wildest dreams hitherto had not gone so far as marriage at the close of the war as a remote possibility, bestowed himself like a good soldier-man, rushing all fences at top speed.
The brother-in-law, the Guards, in five days' leave, a wounded but exuberantly good-looking Bengal Lancer was empaneled as "best man" to the joy and torment of the flapper, who, after a week's honeymoon after his departure, and almost before they well knew what was happening, Dalroy and his bride found themselves speeding toward Devon in a fine car on their honeymoon.
"And why not?" growled the Earl, striving to comfort his wife when she wept a little at the thought that her beautiful daughter, her eldest-born, would be betrothed to a man who had been shot through the heart, and a man who would have a nest of her own. "Dash it all, Mollie, they'll only be young once, and this rotten war looks like lasting a decade! Had we searched the British Isles, we wouldn't have found a better mate for our girl. He's just the sort of chap who will worship Irene all his life, and he has in him the makings of a real soldier-commander-in-chief, or I'm a Dutchman."
As his lordship is certainly not a Dutchman, but unmistakably English, aristocratic and aristocratic, it is permissible to hope that his prophecy may be fulfilled. Let us hope, too, if Dalroy ever leads the armed manhood of Britain, it will be a cohort formed to render aggressive war impossible. That at least is no idle dream. It should be the sure and only outcome of the world's greatest agony.

THE END.
WHAT'S DOING TONIGHT
The Municipal Band plays at Womans Park, Kensington and Frankford avenues, 8 o'clock.
The Philadelphia Band plays at City Hall plaza, 8 o'clock.
The Philadelphia Park Band plays at Strawberry Mansion, 8 o'clock.
Community patriotic rally, Grand School, Eighteenth street and Snyder avenue, 7 o'clock. Free.
Knights of Columbus meet to plan for fund for recreation centers for American troops, 1238 Girard avenue. Members.

Stanley
11:15 A. M.
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
GOLDEN WIGWAGS
SUCH FAMOUS WRITERS AS
IRVIN S. COBB AND MARGARET MATO
1214 MARKET ST.
10 A. M. to 11 P. M.
Prices, 10c, 20c
PALACE
MARY PICKFORD
IN THE TIMELY PRODUCTION
"THE LITTLE AMERICAN"
ARCADIA
CHESTNUT Below 16TH
10:15 A. M., 12, 2, 8:45,
8:45, 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, 15c, 20c
Rex Beach's "The Barrier"
VICTORIA
MARKET Above 5TH
9 A. M. to 11 P. M.
PRICES, 10c, 20c
WILLIAM FOX Presents
MIRIAM COOPER
"THE INNOCENT SINNER"
Add'l. Costume Comedy—"WHO'S BABY"
GLOBE Theatre
MARKET & VAUGHN STS.—Continued
11 A. M. to 11 P. M.
CHARLOTTE PARRY'S Prose Novel
"INTO THE LIGHT"
"THE WEDDING TRIP," etc.
CROSS KEYS DAILY 2:30-10
Eve. 7 & 9, 10c, 20c
EMILY SMILEY & CO.
B. F. Keith's Theatre
CHESTNUT
TWELFTH
BERNARD GRANVILLE
GUS EDWARDS SANDROW REVUE
SMITH & PATRICK'S DICKINSON & DEAN
BIG FRANK'S CO. Other Stars
Today at 2, 5c & 5c; Tonight at 4, 5c