JUST GOSSIP ABOUT PEOPLE

Call of the Mountains Is Heard in the Land. Nancy Wynne's Remarks Are Various and Multiple

MRS. ALBERT E. KENNEDY JR.

Mrs. Kennedy was Miss Elizabeth

Dawson Wheeler before her mar-

at the hotel on the Saturday night of

and has been held there ever since. St.

George Bond, who is secretary of the

show, has made the formal announcement

Somehow, I always liked the affair at

pretty and the little old clubhouse nes-

esque. I liked it better than Devon,

MRS. ROBERT HAWKES, who was Maud Lennig, has sailed for India to

join her husband, Colonel Hawkes, of the

British army. Maud has been staying

here with her mother, Mrs. John Len-

nig, for more than a year, and went with

She married Mr. Hawkes about four

years ago, and when he had to go into

the elder of the three Lennig girls. Her

sister Elsa married one of the McCaw-

leys two years ago, and Louise married

MRS. CHARLES STEWART WURTS

Fox at her beautiful estate in Foxburg.

Pa. The Wurts and Wister families are

rather scattered just now, for Mrs.

Wurts's mother, Mrs. John Wister, is up

in Nova Scotia, and goodness, perhaps

some of her close relatives know where

the little recent bride is. They may

know, but very few of the rest of us do,

THAT little coterie of not exactly brides

who live in and around St. Martins cer-

tainly does have a good time. They are

home, too, this summer, thus far, and

jolly little bridge games and impromptu

luncheons and dinners help to pass a hot

Captain Arthur C. Colahan, N. G. of P.,

and Mrs. Colahan are among the Quaker

City stay-at-homes. Captain Colahan is

awaiting orders, of course, so cannot go

The Bert Goodalls, too, are home; like

wise the Henry Weeks, the John K. Stru-

MRS. T. LEWIS THOMAS and her sis-ter, Mrs. Edward Shumway, accom-

panied by Marjorie Thomas and Elsie

Darby, will leave on Saturday for Edge

moggin Beach, on Little Deer Island, in

Maine, where the Thomases have a sum-

mer home. They will motor up, stop-

ping at Manchester and making a tour of the White Mountains, and will not re-

THEY evidently had not read "Ma"

L Sunday's talks on "Snuggling," or per-

haps, having read them, decided they

were not meant for them, because they

were "engaged" even if they had not let

Anyway, there they were on the beach

from the light, as they thought, but you

see the light from the left side went in

under that tent, too, and, bless you, if

her head was not on his shoulder and his

manly arm was about her waist and they

were-yes, it's awful, but it's true, they

It's a queer thing the way engaged peo

ple think they can be engaged and for

some time, too, perhaps, and that no

one on earth would ever dream of guess-

ing it. But have you ever sat anywhere

near two such persons and-no, you don't

have to watch; in fact, you would rather

not, for it makes you feel sort of embar

assed when you see their lovelit glances

- under one of the tents away

turn to town before September 15.

the world into their secret.

were snuggling.

It sure is fierce.

bings and a mint of others.

and grooms, but young married folk,

for she is still honeymooning.

ome for a visit. Mrs. Hawkes !

that there would be none this year.

the Bryn Mawr one.

part of this month.

riage on Saturday.

inre" this week as far as I can make and the trains going in that direcwill surely be full up if I mistake Mr. and Mrs. James Mercur are up to their camp, Tip-Top Cabin. the William Verners, of Wayne, are to Lake Placid for the rest of the r. Eleanor Verner's engagement Herbert Casey was announced just a et time ago. She is a very attractive A by the way, with a great deal of hair, and her dark eyes make a very ual contrast. The combination of sloring is always attractive because out the ordinary. Mrs. Albert Rosengaris an awfully smart-looking woman. has this wonderful coloring, and Ned Benson, who was Ethel Weight-Mrs. Rosengarten was Mary Jeffdaughter of the Tom Jeffries and a of Amanda Jeffries Rosengarten and Florence Jeffries Pierce.

Adirondacks are the "special fea-

RETURN to those who are going to the Adirondacks, the James Francis livans are going up this week to their mp there for this month, and probmost of September. Frances has down in Washington visiting several mes this last winter, and she and Leta ere both in the South with their father. Have you ever seen Frances ride? She tainly can manage a horse, and I have ard a number of men say that they sidered her one of the best horsemen about the Main Line. She rides enddle, which is a bit unusual these when most women go astride

Lets does not seem to have taken to outdoors as Frances has. She goes for the esthetic dances and such.

MALKING about Leta, you know she always gives a big party for one or two undred little poor children at Christs, and there is a huge tree filled with gifts; and ice cream and everything you on imagine to fill the young idea and mg "tummy,' too, incidentally, with

At one of these parties one of the women no was asked to go and help them stertain the kiddies tells a delightful tory of a small Dutch child, who stood the middle of all the gayety and hapiness about her, absolutely unmoved, telld, indifferent. The lady approached er and said: "Why, Gretchen, what is he matter, dear; aren't you having a good time? Don't you like the party?" etchen turned her large and solemn pay orbs upon her questioner and rearked slowly and without the least sign et expression in voice or countenance, Och, no; I wish I was to home and the arty was to hell!"

That's a true one, for the woman to whom the child made answer told it her-mit. It shows how much some of the dally worked appreciate the social

DACK to the mountains again, my fair Nancy, if you must stop your narrawes with a tale or two. Well, pretty largaret LaRue left on Saturday for ake Placid, to remain for the rest of b summer with her parents.

Henry Wharton, Jr., the son of Dr. and Mrs. Henry Wharton, of Seventeenth and Spruce streets and Berwyn, is also bot in the woods all they will have to do for long stretches of time si decided to to hold up a blue and gold flag and plenty of Philadelphians will rush to the

Now, don't ask me where he or she is get the flag to hold up, for it's too hot be bothered about anything so trivial Although, on second thought, you might mrry your flag in your chest, as did "Mary Pickford."

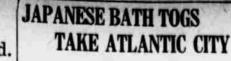
Do you remember when she was resed from the Veritania in "The Little erican" she stood on a raft dressed a life-preserver and a few remaining craps of the evening dress she had on when the boat went down, and suddenly from the chest of her life-preserver she few forth the American flag?

TAVE you ever been up to Magnolia? It is a wonderful spot, high rocks ad much verdure. Of course, the Red ous has hit there, too, and most of the people spend their time making bandages. Initting and packing boxes for the solrs. There are some wonderful private places by the sea, and some of the gardens are quite the most beautiful in the new world. It was suggested by le person to the owners of these wonfer places that they open them to the blic at certain hours in the afternoon, harging so touch admission and turning er the proceeds to the Red Cross. This took root, and now it is quite the thing in Magnolia to pay fifty cents to all on your acquaintances in the after-Miss Margaret Corlies is there this summer, and on Saturday night gave a delightful concert for the benefit of he French wounded.

Speaking of the French wounded, s arty in the form of a cabaret and dance given that same night at the Ostend

F COURSE, it is a disappointment to some people that the Bryn Maw se Show has been called off, owing to war. You know it was scheduled to held on the grounds of the Bryn Mawn Club, as heretofore, from Septem 25 to 29. But how could they hold se show with Jack Valentine, Plunk-Stewart, Antelo Devereux, Bob Straw 6. Victor Mather and Buzzy Smith out West buying horses for the Govnt, and Gil Mather, Joe Ewing, Joe Barry, Erny Law, Jr., Dal Dixon and nany dozens of the rest of the younger away getting ready for war, to say thing of Rose Dolan, Eugenia Cassatt, rance or getting ready to do so?

re are some who remember the Bryn Mawr Horse Show, which was more than twenty years ago on awn of the old Bryn Mawr Hotel, is now Miss Baldwin's School for It proved an enormous success nd more popular with society and in Philadelphia and elsewhere.



Oriental Touch Dominates in All Varieties of Accessories of the Surf

ATLANTIC CITY, July 30. The Japanese note has hit the strand, and the Japanese bathing robe is the latest and the Japanese bathing robe is the latest acquisition to the surf togs of many nationalities that have made the beach at Atlantic City famous this summer. Those who pattern their surf styles after the Oriental maiden wear very short costumes along kimono lines, tied with a wide sash behind. There is really more sash to the garment than there is skirt or neck, for abbreviation continues to be the salient for above the salient. for abbreviation continues to be the salient characteristic of all water raiment, some athletic maidens even going so far as to adopt Jerseys and trunks hitherto worn by

Japanese parasols are carried by many bathers, not only during their promenade along the strand, but even into the water as well. To dodge the breakers with the aid of a waterproof parasol is considered

To still further carry out the Japanese effect, girls are carrying their knitting in variegated silken bags that are replicas of

Japanese lanterns.

Hundreds of United States sallers and soldiers promenaded the Walk today and kept the Boardwalk maid studying her military guide to tell the significance of the various uniforms. A number of English officers were among the visitors.

Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays are now regular market days in Atlantic City, when farmers from Atlantic County bring when farmers from Atlantic County bring their produce into town at 5:30 in the morning at Albany and Winchester avenues, on the big city lot, and have no difficulty in disposing of their stock by 9 o'clock, when they return home to assist with the

RED CROSS AUXILIARIES CAN KEEP COOL IN TIOGA

Community Meetings Are Always Successful in Erie Avenue Auxiliary's Territory

Of the 187 members of the Eric Avenue Of the 187 members of the Erle Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church Red Cross auxiliary staying home and keeping cool working for the society at least one-half are men. The meetings are held in the social hall of the church, Seventh street and Erle avenue, every Thursday from 10 o'clock in the afternoon until 10 o'clock in the evening. The women make bathrobes, pajamas and all sorts of comfortable garments for the wounded in the hospitals, and sweaters, scarfs and wristlets for the fighters in the the show week. The ball was, as all hunt trenches. Some work, but no one says "My, balls are, a beautiful sight, the men in but it is warm today." No, indeed, for the workroom is lovely and cool. Stop in some day and see for yourself. Know all ye men their pink coats making a wonderful showing. That was before the day of of other auxiliaries who simply pay dues, or occasionally collect funds, or even study first ald, that Erie avenue men are some motorcars, and the ring wag surrounded by four-in-hands. Some five or six years ago the show moved to the polo grounds, original, unselfish wonders. They have in-stalled two large electric fans, and if Josiah Allen's wife were a member she would say that the air is as balmy as if it had blown off of a bed of balm. They hustle sewing machines to any corner of the room desired by a fair worker, carry bundles, provide ice water for the afternoon and Bryn Mawr; it was so sort of cozy and emonade and delicious cake for the evening If there are any bachelors in the number it is to be hoped that Cupid will get to work "inty" and the surroundings were so for these would-be husbands are too good to tled in among the trees was so picturlose. And as for the wives of the married ones, how they are envied! This auxiliary No. 92 has for chairman Mrs. Samue though that show is, of course, of more Woody; for secretary, Miss Emily Wood-ward, and Miss Elsie Frederick, treasurer. The Rev. John T. Gray is paster of the importance and on a larger scale than

Another very successful auxiliary, No 95, has been organized in the Tioga Presby-terian Church, Sixteenth and Tioga streets, of which the Rev. Robert Littell is the minister. It has 250 members. On Thurs-days from 10 o'clock in the morning until 4:30 o'clock in the afternoon they mak hospital garments of every description, and are adding to the work this week the comher up to Jamestown during the first fort bags. Tuesday evenings, from 7 to 9 o'clock, is devoted to making surgical dressings. Both of these auxiliaries are com-Tuesday evenings, from munity affairs, and all men and women wh desire to help are gladly welcomed. As a rule members whose families are out of town for the season, who are near enough to "COOD news?" What good news?" city, return on Red Cross days to help Miss Rebecca McKillen is chairman of this organization; Mrs. Leigh Snyder, secretary and Mrs. Howard Holmes, treasurer. Mrs. Harry Porter is director of the workroom.

QUIET WEDDING TODAY IN ST. MALACHY'S CHURCH Announcement Is Made of a Marriage

Which Took Place Last Wednesday

There are a few quiet weddings each day and several are scheduled for August. This afternoon Miss Frances E. Glazier, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William H. Glazier, of North Twelfth street, and Mr. William J. were married in St. Malachy's Catholic Church, Eleventh street above Jefferson, by Father Munley, bride's father gave her in marriage, bride's father gave her in marriage, and her only attendant was Miss Violet De Hart. Mr. Pearse had for best man Mr. Harry O'Neill. After the quiet service the bride-groom and bride left on their honeymoon trip. They will be at home after Septem-ber 1 at 1343 South Wilton street.

PAYNE-CLARKE

Announcement is made of the marriage of Miss Mary A. Clarke, daughter of Mrs. Ma-tilda Clarke, of 3858 North Smedley street, to Mr. Harry M. Payne, also of Tioga, on Wednesday morning at 11 o'clock by the Rev. C. Grant Hopper, of the Lansdowne Presbyterian Church. Immediately after the quiet ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Payne left on an extended trip. They will be at home after October 1 at 3858 North Smedley

Social Activities

Mr. and Mrs. Addison H. Mars, of 4039 Spring Garden street, announce the engage-ment of their daughter, Miss Helen Mar-Mars, to Lieutenant Le Roy M. Mrs. M. A. Brew and Miss Eujeane Brew.

of the Normandie, are guests of the St. Charles, Atlantic City, for the summer. Mr. and Mrs. John F. Combs, who left

their apartments at the Bellevue-Stratford on Thursday, have arrived at the Home-stead, Hot Springs, Va. Mr. and Mrs. B. Franklin Betts, of 24 Carpenter street, Germantown, now occupying their summer home in Willow Grove

announce the engagement of their daughter Miss Helen Elizabeth Betts, to Mr. E. Russell Perkins, of Moorestown. The announcement was made at a lunch-son at Willow Grove given for Miss Mary Holmes, of Wayne, whose engagement has

been recently announced.

Mrs. James Carroll and her family spent he month of July at Wildwood. Miss Ruth Johnson has just returned

from Atlantic City, where she has been visiting her aunt, Mrs. Joseph Green. Mr. Whitman Roberts Taylor, of 6711 Lincoln drive, Germantown, is spending the remainder of the summer with Mr. and Mrs. Fred Wolstenholme and their family at their camp in New Brunswick, Canada.

Mrs. Eva Marks, of Wilmington, Del., and formerly of this city, announces the bethrothal of her daughter, Miss Bertha H. Marks, to Mr. Jack L. Cohen, of Camden, also formerly of this city.

Miss Marks is a niece of Mr. and Mrs. John Baum, of 527 Bouth street.



WHEN BAD NEWS FEELS GOOD

Steward—There's a submarine on the starboard bow, sir! Seasick passenger—Thank goodness!

"On the evidence they have," Shirley re-

"What's that?" inquired Mrs. Challoner,

starting up nervously, in alarm. "It's that horrible bell ringing again." she went on

breathlessly. "Don't you hear voices be-low? Listen—I thought I heard • • • "

"Don't worry-whoever it is, Stevens is sending them away!"

figure-a man disheveled, soiled,

"You've come back to me

once more the freshness of youth, joy and

the entrance of the room, did not heed her;

Challoner now turned upon he

cep—sleep—sleep." Deep down in her soul Shirley knew that

she should not hear all this, and she would

the mistress of the house, exclaiming per-

patted her affectionately as she promised:
"There, there, Miriam, dear; of course I shall stay." And Miriam, at once reassured,

"Laurie, dear," kissing him and pushing the hair back from his forehead, "so tired-

deep sigh, saying as though to himself,

Sleep-I must have sleep."
Spellbound, Mirlam watched him for a

oment, then following him to the sofa, she

her in a close embrace.
"Everything's all right now that you've

come back," she told him in soothing tones.

'And, dear, you'll forgive me for quarreling

with you—I'm so sorry; yes, I am, Laurie,"
kissing him on the lips, the face, the forehead. "Say you'll forgive me. Laurie,

His answer was a snore. Challoner lay supinely where he had thrown himself, sleeping as does the beast that has crept back to his lair after days of hunting by

the man pack.
"Mirlam." the whispered name came from

Shirley, "you and I. dear, must now think of things. We must not forget that Murga-

sleep; we must let him alone.
"No, no, Miriam." persisted Shirley, put-ting great emphasis on the words, "we ought to tell him what kind of evidence is

against him. He ought to know that. It we didn't warn him in time, he'd never for-

give us—he'd never forgive you. He's a

"Perhaps you're right, Shirley-you see

to be always right. Yes, I suppose he ought to know." Gently Miriam shook him, rocked him to and fro upon the sofa, as

ome fond mother might wake a drowsy

some fond mother might wake a drowsy, growing boy on a lazy summer morn. "Lawrence," she cried softly in his ear, "wake up! Wake up, dear, wake up!" For an instant Challoner stirred. Pres-

For an instant Challoner stirred. Presently there came in guttural tones:

"Yes, yes, that's all right * * * " But he slept, and kept on sleeping.

"I can hardly realize that Laurie is back," murmured Miriam happily. Unconscious of the other's words, she remained kneeling at the side of the dainty sofa with its far from dainty burden, her arm still about the neck of the man who slept upon

"Yes, yes," returned the girl, "but don't you think we had better warn him? He must not be found—"

The other laughed joyously, trying lovingly to smooth out his tangled hair. After a moment she answered absently:

troyd and his men have only just left

earched the house when they did .

Miriam waved the other back.

leep; we must let him alone.

darted back to her husband and cried:

so tired.

ess, and left the room poste haste. Miriam now went over to the girl.

"You're not going to leave me!

turned, trying to comfort her, "they'll-

The Red Mouse

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

breathlessly.

come home!

THE STORY THUS PAR

THE STORY THUS FAR

J. LAWRENCE CHALLONER, who has never done anything worth while and has been accustomed to spending thousands of dellars which his devoted wife, Miriam, has always been willing to give him from her independent forture, goes a step too far by rushing home in broad daylight while intoxicated and demanding more money. The wife cannot bear the insult of his appearance as he stangers up the marble steps of the magniferent mansion while she is entertaining Shirley Elooisgood, a friend of her girlhood days. She refused for the first time to give him the money he demands, and, after pleading in vain, he finally leaves the house and rushes to Cradelhaugh's, a gambling house, in which he has lost much of the money his wife had previously given him.

Wild from the effects of drink, the lack of elect and fear that Colonel Harraraves, a sporting character who follows the race track, may win the affection of Letty Love, the "other woman," upon whom he has spent heavily of the money his wife has given him. Challoner tries to borrow from Penmican, the head waiter in Cradelbaugh's. Penmican refuses to make the loan, but tells Challoner that Harraves has won \$10,000 on the race track and no doubt would give him the troney. Leaning that the Colonel was accompanied by Letty Love while at the track, he goes to her apartiment. There is a wild scene. Challoner compels the woman to telephone Hargaves and tell him to come to the apartments at once. Then he sits down with a revolver in his hand and awaits his rival's comins. Letty foods him by pretending that she loves him again and he drinks the wine she nours for him. And hours later he awakens and linds himself alone in her rooms, the heave hand Hargaves has bely cards, the Colonel to turn over the \$10,000 to Challoner if he won, and if Hargraves won Challoner was to do nothing. He goes to the colone, who pays him \$5000. Then he and Thorne and the police captain are discovered in conference at Cradelbaugh's by Murgastroyd—the one man they fear—the raform prosecutin

CHAPTER VI-(Continued)

Miriam asked incredulously. Shirley placed a hand upon her lips. "Prosecutor Murgatroyd," she began 'told me in confidence---' "In confidence!" Miriam repeated, "then

you had better not-" Shirley shook her head belligerently.

"Oh, no!" she laughed. "It's all right Billy Murgatroyd likes to tell things to me. He told me once that he believed that to be one of the controlling motives that led to matrimony * * That a man should have somebody to tell things to. Mrs. Challoner's curiosity got the better of her.

"And he told you-" she inquired ea "He told me the facts—gave away hevidence to me." Shirley tossed her head.
"But——" again protested Miriam.
Once more Shirley silenced her.

"No-I shall tell you—this may be a mat-ter of life and death; besides, you are en-

titled to know the truth."
"Yes, yes," assented Miriam. "tell meI must know—but first, wait a moment
She pushed a button and Stevens entered. "Stevens," she said in a low, straine voice, "don't let any one in the house. I you understand? I simply cannot stand

to see another person."
When Stevens had left the room the gir "Murgatroyd told me, Miriam, the great

est cock-and-buil story you ever heard. Miriam looked as if her brain would snap 'It seems that the papers have distorted exaggerated everything. The fact is, Mir iam, dear, the case is the flimsiest Miriam drew a deep breath.
"How? Explain yourself!"
Then Shirley went on to tell that nobody

had seen Hargraves killed, nobody had seen the shot fired; that they had only got some disreputable gambler or other who claime to have witnessed a quarrel between them to have witnessed a quarrel between them.
"And, oh, yes," she added a moment later,
"the man that killed Hargraves robbed him
of ten thousand dollars—and, of course,
Lawrence Challoner wouldn't rob a man,
much less kill one—so don't you see, there's
nothing in the story at all."
"I don't know," answered Miriam slowly,
"whether he would or not."
"What!" gasped the girl.
"Don't misunderstand me," pleaded the
woman. "There are two Lawrence Challoners—one is the man I love—that loves me;
the other is the Lawrence Challoner who—
well—I don't care," she added fiercely,

well—I don't care," she added fiercely,
"what he's done, I want him back." She
sobbed for an instant. "You didn't know,
Shirley, that we had a quarrel—I treated
him badly, shamefully; he hasn't come back

"You quarreled-you, Miriam!" The gir "You quarreled—you, Miriam!" The girl opened her eyes wide. "What about?"
"Money," admitted the conscience-stricken woman—"money. He wanted me to give him some—a perfectly natural request, wasn't it?—Men have got to have money," wash the words, "and she went on, repeating his words, "and wouldn't give him any. It was brutal is me—I can never forgive myself!"

"You wouldn't give him any money? An he didn't have any when he went away?"
Miriam wept. After a moment she
answered:
"No. My poor Laurie—think of him

starving, freezing, perhaps dying!"
Shirley Bloodgood drew a long breath.
"And Colonel Hargraves was robbed. she murmured to herself.
"I don't hink you understand," Miriam went on, breaking in upon her thoughts.
"Of course I don't believe that Laurie is guilty of the things they charge him with, but he must come back and stand trial and be acquitted—and I must stand by his side

"They'll find him now, I suppose; but I don't care—I've got him back." She turned and kissed him once more. "My Laurie," she murmured in his car. Somehow she thought he heard and was glad to hear. The girl stooped down and caught her by the shoulder. through it all." She broke down com-

"But, Miriam," she expostulated "we must take no chances-we ought to wake

Miriam looked up at the girl helplessly. "You must not stop, M'riam," Insisted Shirley "we must wake him.——" At that instant, as they stood clustered about the sleeping thing, the bell once more broke out in feeble clamor. They clung to each other in abject fear.

Shirley stole to the door and listened. "The bell!" chorused the women, and stood frozen, silent. They heard Stevens tolling up the stairs; waited; watched the door; finally they saw him enter. Neither, of the women spoke, but gazed at him question news. "I hope so," sighed Mirlam, "for I can't

oh, Laurie, Laurie," she cried out, "why don't you come home!"

Suddenly Shirley fell back from the questioningly. Stevens met their gaze with frightened yes. At last he found his voice. es. At last he found his voice.
"It's the prosecutor's men again, Madam.

They've come to-"
"Stevens." interrupted Shirley, "surely foor; it was being stealthily pushed open "Oh," she gasped, "it's only Stevens! How you frightened me!" you didn't tell them that—"Not one word, Miss Bloodgood, But they said they saw him—"

Stevens stood in the door at attention, looking neither to the right nor to the left, but straight over the heads of the Shirley grouned and pointed to the sofa; women. He drew a long intake of breath, hen he spoke the name: "Mr. Challoner." Mrs. Challoner rose to her feet and stood before it as if to hide the man upon it. "You left them outside, Stevens?" Mirlam And hardly were the words out of his

was calm and apparently in full control of

mouth than he was thrust aside, and there stood in his place a spare, gaunt, tottering herself now. "One of them-the other forced his way in and sent after the prosecutor. hausted-James Lawrence Challoner had There was a tap at the door, and the At the sound of the name the young wife's

maid, quivering with fear, excitement and indignation, entered, bursting forth with: face turned pale, and for a moment words failed her. Then all of a sudden she sprang "There's a man coming upstairs, Madam but I stopped him. He said he'd wait out to her feet and rushed to him, crying in "Laurie, Laurie, you've come home to me at last!" And throwing her arms around his neck, she kissed him many times, laughing hysterically and crying the there on the landing to see you—said he knew Mr. Challoner was in the house and he was going to arrest him."

Challoner continued to sleep noisily. "Oh, dear, there's nothing to be done, suppose, but to let the man in." Mrs. Challoner was speaking to Shirley now; ope was in her voice. But Challoner, still standing just within and then without waiting for a reply she ordered Foster to show the man up, add-ing: "I hope he'll wait until Laurie wakes."

he cast her off with a frantic sweep of the Instantly Miriam crossed to the sofa and "Keep away-keep away from me!" he once more rested her soft, warm face on his, hoping that he could feel the love that she bore for him, then she shook him somewhat cried. "I'm tired, dog-tired—I've got to sleep." Painful as was the scene, Shirley was roughly.

keenly alive to what his presence there "Laurie, dear, you must wake up." And might mean.

"Stevens," she called, pointing to a window, "pull that curtain down. I pulled it up after they went; pull it down."

"The leave now turned upon her. then like a flash the thought of resistance crossed her mind. She sprang up with a cry, rushed past Shirley, past Stevens, reached the door, closed it, fumbled for an instant, and finding the key locked it tight. "Leave the curtain alone, I tell you," he

"No, no," she muttered, "they shan't take said. "I don't care if it is up. I don't care about you either—nor you." looking at his wife. "I don't know you. I must have him-I won't let them-he belongs to me! In a frenzy she piled up the light chairs and tables, and pushed them against the door to form a barricade, crying the while to Stevens: "Help me, quick! We've got to keep them out! We must not let them in, must not . . ."

have fled if she had not promised Miriam not to leave her. Suddenly she wheeled upon Stevens as if she and not Miriam were Shirley went over to her and caught her in her arms, whispering while she affec-tionately rested her head on Miriam's

"Don't, dear, don't! We can't help it, Stevens obeyed her as he would his mis don't you see? There's no other way out of it but to let the men come in."

"Of course we can't help it." after a moment Miriam said resignedly, and pro-eeded to pull the chairs and tables away claimed, clinging to her. "You and Laurie are the only friends I have—you must stay here with Laurie and me." that she had so vigorously piled up. "Yes, yes, let them in," and wearily fell into a Shirley saw the agony in her face and

Stevens unlocked the door, and Mixley entered the room, McGrath following soon

"There's no help for it, ma'am," they spoke as one man.
At the sight of them Miriam rushed back

to her husband and shook him slightly, speaking his name softly. Then she turned plaintively to the men:
"If you would only let him sleep—just a little while longer," she said falteringly.

But Challoner, a wolf and not a man, jerked away from her and answered:
"I came home, didn't I?" Well, then, I must have sleep, sleep, I tell you, sleep." "You must leave him to us, ma'am," oke up Mixley; and pointing to the far spoke up Mixley; and pointing to the far corner of the room, added: "Will you take that chair, there, please? Don't be afraid, ladies," he went on, glancing at Shirley "we won't hurt the gentlemen, see if we ent down on her knees and drew him to

And suddenly, together, the men bodily lifted Challoner from the sofa and as sud-denly dropped him back again. At this use of physical force Miriam cov

red her face with her hands and cried:
"Don't do that—please don't • • •" They desisted, but for quite another res

n.
"There's a hump here that we'd best attend to." said Mixley to the other detective, meaningly, running his hand over the out-line of Challoner's clothing. "He may not be so sound asleep as he seems to be At this juncture Shirley motioned to Stevens to have the room; the next instant re-vealed a revolver which they took from Challoner's hip pocket.
"Is the thing loaded?" queried McGrath

Together they examined it; then simulaneously they glanced in the direction of "Ma'am-ladies," said Mixley, crossing

the room, "we're fair people, and Prose-cutor Murgatroyd is fair. You seen us take this here firearm from Mr. Challoner just now, didn't you?"
Miriam and Shirley nodded in acknowl-

edgment. Challoner dropped back into his mer position and continued to snore. Mixley came closer to them and requested that they take a good look at it.

"Don't give it to me," cried Shirley, elud-ng the outstretched hand and its ontenta, "Give it to me," said Miriam, unhesitatngly.

McGrath crowded up.

"You see that there's five chambers load-

ed, don't you. Mrs. Challoner?"
Mrs. Challoner turned the revolver upside
down and looked at it helplessly.
"Five chambers loaded?" she asked inno-

"Here," broke in Mixley, "let me show ou." And he counted slowly: "One, two, hree, four, five—all full, see?"
"Yes, five chambers," Mrs. Challoner

There was a pause in which Mixley look

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

d meaningly at McGrath; then he said:
"And one chamber empty?" Copyright by Dodd, Mend & Co.

WOMEN DEMAND RESATS FOR CARRYING PARCELS

Wife of War Secretary Heads Campaign to Insist on Reductions

PLAN TO ECONOMIZE

WASHINGTON, July 10. Women of Washington, on the initiative of the National American Woman Suffrage Association and under the leadership of Mrs. Newton D. Baker, wife of the Secretary of War, have started a campaign for discounts in return for bundles carried

The slogan "carry your own." urged by the Commercial Economy Board of the Council of National Defense upon the merchants of the country, will be adopted by the women, "but we will demand that the merchants give a discount, so that we shall no longer be paying them for the work we do ourselves," says Mrs. Baker. Her committee, which includes Mrs. Frank M. Roessing, chairman of the Washington headquarters of the National American Woman Suffrage Association, and Mrs. Harriet Biaine Beale, of the Women's Com-mittee of the District Council of National Defense, has laid before the District Council of Defense proposals for co-operation on the basis of discounts to customers, and the question will be taken up through that body with the merchants of Washington.

This program has the backing of a conference of representatives of the National American American Woman Suffrage Association, the District of Columbia Federa-tion of Women's Clubs, the Central Labor tion of Women's Clubs, the Central Labor Union and the Consumers' League, with a combined constituency of 50,000 Washington consumers, whose delegates met in conference last week and agreed upon it. It provides that the organizations represented in the conference shall be urged to give fullest co-operation in the proposed "carry-your-own" campaign upon the following basis: owing basis:

That the consumer be granted, in some form of discount, a just proportion of the saving which accrues when the customer carries the purchases.

That customers should carry all the maller purchases.

That there be no special or accommodaion deliveries without extra charge to the

That the return privilege be eliminated as far as possible, the time limit to be reduced to forty-eight hours and the customer to bear the expense of the return,



Municipal Band, Mifflin Square, Fifth and Wolf streets, 8 o'clock. Free. Fairmount Park Band, George's Hill, 8



CONTINUOUS

FREDERICK WARDE "The Vicar of Wakefield"

Thurs. Fri., Sat., BRYANT WASHBURN Initial Showing of "THE GOLDEN FOOL" Commencing September 15 Goldwyn Pictures First Production—MAE MARSH in "POLLY OF THE CIRCUS"

1214 MARKET STREET 10 A. M. to 11:15 P. M. 10c, 20c. William Fox

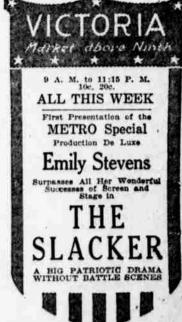
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11 A. M. to 11:15 P
Daily, 10c; Evgs.,

ANITA STEWART "The Message of the Mouse"



GLOBE Theatre MARKET A TUNIFER STS VAUDEVILLE—Continuous 10c, 10c, 25c, 35c 11 A. M. to 11 P. Emily Smiley & Companion of the school Playeround with Elmer BRENDELL

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