JUST GOSSIP ABOUT PEOPLE

weral Persons Leave Town for Visits of Long Duration-Nancy Wynne Chats About Various Matters of Interest

TERE seem to be fewer week-end parties than usual this week. Perhaps its persons there are so few people left at home to go a-visiting. Or perhaps they are making plans for their vacations they have no time for week ending. Have making plans to week ending. Have up their clothes, you know, and wear all the old things they have until

gare you ever noticed in July and August what dilapidated clothes your friends to wear when shopping and going to the few places there are to go to?

MISS C. BEATRICE B. FOX

Miss Fox is spending the month of August in

the rest went into the water. It helped

to make them cooler to see the clear

HAVE you ever seen anything quite so popular in the way of dress material

as gingham this year? A very stunning

dark-haired girl, who lives in Chestnut

Hill and who always has an eye for the

artistic when it comes to selecting her

clothes, dropped into the Ritz one day

last week for luncheon with a very hand-

some naval officer. (By the way, I notice

the girl in question is very popular with

all branches of the service, and I wonder

if we won't be hearing some interesting

news before long.) Well, to return to the

Ritz-Carlton, the girl was wearing a smart

which was most becoming to her dark

beauty, and she looked perfectly sweet.

After luncheon that fascinating com-

bination of white linen, brass buttons and

a happy smile betook itself off to find its

car. And as he left the dining room a

sweet-looking woman, quite beautifully

gowned came and sat by (shall we say

In a soft and melting voice the older

moment conjured up in her mind all the

dreadful things she had done in her

she thought perhaps some dreadful thing

had been discovered in the past life of the

candsome naval officer who was then

hunting his car out of all the various

and sundry makes reposing in the middle

She found herself saying in a weak

"Well," said the lovely lady quite sheep

ishly, "Won't you tell me where in the

world you got that piece of gingham? I've

scoured the town for it in any color

but there was not an inch to be found

You might think our men had been com

manded to wear uniforms of Anderson

gingham instead of khaki. I simply

cannot imagine why there is so little

Poor Eleanor wilted utterly under the

strain of expecting to hear anything from

the fact that her back hair was hanging

down her back to the discovery that she

had been lunching with a man whose past

was filled with dreadful doings. It was

too much. She managed to mention the

name of the store where the material had

been purchased, and fled in haste to the

his unblemished and shining past fairly

sticking out all over him.

in Cape May for the summer.

greatly sought after.

took place several months ago. She is a

FLAG RAISING CEREMONY

Are Special Features

NANCY WYNNE.

hort and really quite peaceful life.

of Broad street.

on the market."

voice, "Oh, yes, do."

Eleanor? eh! bien, Eleanor it is).

water and the happy sprites therein.

Eastern Point, near New London, Co

apt to wear apt to wear it down to this, they're saving up their best for vacation or their two or three

trip somewhere. their best. fun of it is that of the things they

up would never sen by any one but maives anyhow, or maps a stray cham-maid might hang a discarded garment Well, it's Well, it's two. Well. do it, and it would a street car or in a r accident during week before the ion jaunt starts. the rags that ordido not meet ne naked eye at first wast slance in the t would be perselly apparent to they remember at home the panents have bureau full of levely fluffy things all cimmel with laces and bons, waiting to be to the seashore.

T ALL events the visits we have to t about today are ot week ends, but real, plar ones. For instance, Mrs. Richard

y is going up to Canada to stay with daughter, Mrs. Daniel Bates, and I now she'll stay longer than a week-end. e would not be much sense in taking w long a trip for so short a time. Then Ya Nicholas Roosevelt, of Jenkintown. s going to spend most of this month Glouester, Mass. Mrs. Roosevelt was Enly Sinkler, you remember, and came her from her home in the South to visit Philadelphia relatives two years ago. he met Mr. Roosevelt, who promptly ed in love with her, and the romance uted in a wedding last year at the builful old Sinkler plantation.

HE WILLIAM DIXONS, of Baltimore, are up here now visiting Mrs. Dixon's ats in Chestnut Hill. Really, it's an whi tax on one's memory to get these the straight and know who married the and when and where, for it seems m there is a new bride in "our set" searly every week, if not two or week. Well, Mrs. Dixon was Life Crisfield, do you remember? She was married last fall. After they have sixed with Mr. and Mrs. Crisfield for a while they will go to Atlantic City for married last fall. After they have inder of the season.

Do in Bar Harbor this week Mrs. Farnum is visiting Mrs. John Inrison and will remain with her all while in September Mrs. Leland rison will visit her

HE HOWELL PARRS, of Baltimore are spending this month with Mrs. 's sister, Mrs. William Joyce Sewell who is at Cape May. Mrs. Parr was McCreary and Mrs. Sewell, Annade McCreary. They are the daughters the late Congressman George D. Mcby, and have spent their summers M Cape May for many years; in fact, bether was married. The McCrearys the cottage at Guerney street and a avenue near "Stockton Row." the eight houses on Guerney street to be called, when the old Stockton its was in existence, and many good Communication of the state of t et mistaken. Their brother, George McCreary, Jr., married Nellie Williams. well Parr, called by his intimates you remember, was the man who from one of the Baltimore Coun-Ohis to the Charles street boulevard riger some years ago.

The quite some event in Baltimore , and as the wager came off in the hours it was no end of a sight scions and scionesses of Baltimore's families lining the fences and on the course which Hal was to se did it, too, mind you, and, what ers, did not have a bad illness aftand it certainly was a wonder, roll covered several miles, and that been dizzier than ever besince. His brother, Ral Parr, has conderful horses. They are both popular members of Baltimore's

AND MRS. WILLIAM H. WAN-MAKER, Jr., and their family, of left yesterday for their country East Alsted, N. H., to remain ill the fall. It ought to be cool in New England. Isabella Wanus just come back from Spring and expects to go to Connecticut ral weeks. Isabeila is certainly etty and a great favorite. She hir, you know, and very graceful, de ideal figure for horseback and is no sport she loves better.

PENROSE is up at Bar Harbor, think I told you last week. She ying with the Megargee Wrights, cand Hannah are very good friends. Cahe is having no end of a good here, and the place is by no ses, as some men with weak nding the summer there. hearts are not faint as well as remembers the saying "Faint ever, perhaps there are no that our very popular little from the Quaker City would

Parade, Speeches and National Air arbor it was hot during the week and, of course

August. A flag raising in August shows there is no flagging in our American spirit. We are always ready for the hip-hip-hurrah for the Stars and Stripes. So elaborate preparations were made for the parace and flag raising at the Catholic Home for Destitute Children, Twenty-ninth street and Allegheny avenue, which took place at 3 o'clock this afternoon.

The parade started at Twenty-third and

The parade started at Twenty-third and The parade started at Twenty-third and Clearfield streets and marched to the home. In line were the societies of Corpus Christi Church. Knights of Columbus, forty divisions of the Ancient Order of Hibernians and the Boy Scouts of the Church of the Most Precious Blood. At the exercises on the grounds of the orphanage Mr. James F. Herron presided. The Rev. H. A. Naylor, of the board of managers, opened with of the board of managers, opened with prayer. Eugene C Bonniwell presented the flagpole, which was the gift of the Ancient Order of Hibermans, and Represented the control of the Ancient Order of Hibermans, and Represented the control of the contr sentative James F. Toban presented the flag, the gift of the Knights of Columbus. As the Star Spangled Banner was untured the immense congregation sang the anthem the Star Spangled Banner was unfurled

Ignatius I. Horstmann, of the board of nanagers, made the speech of acceptance. Other addresses were made by James B. Sheehan and the Rev. Dr. Lamb. of the Catholic University, of Washington, D. C. The beautiful flag dance and tableaux by the children of the home aroused much en-

PRETTY WEDDING THIS AFTERNOON IN WYNCOTE

Miss Mary Mirkil Married to Mr. Edmund H. Rogers in Garden

Miss Mary Irwin Mirkii, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. I. Hazleton Mirkil, of 2204 De Lancey place, was married to Mr. Ed-mund H. Rogers, of 2201 St. James place. this afternoon at 4 o'clock in the gar-den of Mr. Mirkil's summer home in Wyn-cote. As the wedding was a small one. to but the intimate relatives and a few of the closest friends of the two families were present.

The bride was given in marriage by her father. She wore a gown of white satin with an overdress of tuile, which fell at both sides of the skirt in panels fringed with tiny orange blossoms. The bodice and sleeves of the costume were finished with tulle. Her veil, of tulle and point lace. was worn as a cap and fell the entire length of her court train of white satin. Her bouquet was of sweetheart roses and lilies of the valley.

Miss Elise Maclay Mirkil, the sister of the bride, was her only attendant. She wore pink organdy with French blue ribbons and a large transparent hat of straw, trimmed about the crown with a narrow band of French blue ribbon and small pluk rosebuds. She carried a bouquet of pink snapdragon and blue larkspur. Mr. Karl H. Rogers, the bridegroom's brother, was best man.

The wedding, which was to have taken place in the autumn, was hastened because of Mr. Rogers's intended departure for the officers' training camp at Fort Niagara.

BROOKSIDE CONVENIENT TO PHILADELPHIA MOTORS

Owing to its convenient access from Philadelphia, either by train or by motor. Brookside, W. Va., has a number of Phila-delphia guests this year. Mrs. John Kears-ley Mitchell, daughter-in-law of the late distinguished author and surgeon, Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, motored down there recently, accompanied by Miss Silver, also of this frock of checked pink and white gingham. city. Mrs. M. F. Hughes is there, and Miss Winifred Corey. Miss Camille Plas-schaert. Mr. William Harbeson and Mr. Paul Kitchen, a'l of Philadelphia. All of them, with the numerous guests from other sections, are entering prominently into the many amusements of the place, especially the out-of-door life. Brookside is situated upon one of the highest plateaus of the Alleghanics, and has in consequence great beauty of environment and health of cli-There are good tennis courts there woman said: "My dear, may I ask you a woman said: "My dear, may I ask you a and the game is very popular. Indoors very personal question. Oh. a very per- there is a large bowling alley, pool, card sonal question indeed?" Eleanor in a and billiard rooms and a dance every eve-moment conjured up in her mind all the ning.

Social Activities

Mrs. Isaac W. Jeanes, of the Ritz-Carlton, who has been at Virginia Hot Springs for the last two months, a now in New England, and expects to tour through that country during the rest of the summer.

Mrs. B. Pemberton Phillippe and her daughter, Miss Elizabeth Dornan Phillippe, of St. Davids, left 'yesterday for Kennebunkport, Me., where they will remain through the month of August,

and Mrs. John R. Plummer, of Aramink Farm, Villanova, Pa., announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Fliza-beth Wetherill Plummer, to Mr. T. Herman Butcher, son of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas J. Butcher, of Seventh avenue, Conshohocken.

The wedding of Miss Rose Tapler, of this city, and Mr. Emmanuel M. Auslander, of Baltimore. Md., will take place tomorrow at 5 o'clock at the home of the bride, 526 McKean street. After the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Auslander will leave for Atlantic City for a wedding trip of several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Richman, of 3522 Germantown avenue, announce the engage-ment of their sister, Miss Blanch Richman, to Mr. Joseph Friedman, son of the Rev Abraham Friedman, of this city.



MRS. BIRCHALL HAMMER

APPETIZERS



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The Red Mouse

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

THE STORY THUS FAR

J. LAWRENCE CHALLONER, a young society man with no visible means of support other than gifts from his wife's independent fortune, murders Colonel Hararaves in Cradelbaugh's gambling house. Hararaves was a racetrack sportsman and Challoner's rival for the affection of Letty Love, upon whom Lawretre h.; heaped money and presents as long as his wife furnished him with funds. The murder takes place immediately after Challoner's wife has refused to give him any more money to squander, the woman rebeiling when the man appeared at their palattal home intoxicated in broad daylight while she was entertaining her zirihood friend. Shirley Bloodgood. Acting under directions from Broderick, a political boss, the police make no effort to clear up the mystery surrounding the murder offer hererwe's body is found in an aleyway disappears from shilling house, and Challoner disappears for my distribution of money by Attorney Graham Thorne, with the understanding that efforts will be made to suppress the fact that the man was abot in Cradelbaugh's.

WHLIAM MURGATROVD, the Prosecuting Attorney, who is in love with Shirley, and who had given notice that Cradelbaugh's.

WHLIAM MURGATROVD, the Prosecuting Attorney, who is in love with Shirley, and who had given notice that Cradelbaugh's would be closed if anything further wrong occurred there, learns of the murder and directs his detective to arrest Challoner. And when the fugitive sneaks back to his home Murgatroyd's man pounce upon him. Then he confesses to the crime in the presence of the Prosecuting Attorney, his wife and Miss Bloodgood, although Murgatroyd warns him that anything ne might say will be used against him. Mrs. Challoner collapses as she sees the man whom she had belleved innocent led away to prison. Lawrence is given a chance the next morning to deny his confession in Murgatroyd's office, but he sticks to the story and points to the gun with which-is did the shooting. But he deales that he took sito, on him immediately after Challoner's wife. When THE STORY THUS FAR

inst words. He greets her most cordially and within a few minutes she eviluits her love for her husband and he desirates her love for her husband and red desirates her love for her husband and red she had been desirated. He was the same that the life be saved Murratroyd tells he he he can do nething for her, as the minute stand trail, with very little thance of him escaping the death penalty. Then the woman becomes frantic and picadingly coaxes the Prosecutor to ave bim. She deck-res that Challoner was not himself when he committed the crime, and promises to make him a good man and fluishes by offering Murgatroyd \$100,000. She tells him she wants him to succeed and become a great man and that she knows that with Shirles's companionship and money, he cannot fail. For a moment the man seems shocked and scolds her for attempting to bribe him. Then suddenly his attitude changes, its askshow much she is worth, and upon being told that she has \$850,000 in solid securities he promises to set Challoner free if she gives him still of her fortune. Willingly the woman rushes from the office to bring him the securities from her safe deposit vault, for she is so kappy she is willing to sacrifice everything she has to save the life of the man she loves. Soon after her departure Penmican, the lowbrow, chief witness for the prosecution, is brought into Murgatroyd's office \$5 tell what he knows of the crime.

CHAPTER IX-(Continued) DEMMICAN," said Murgatroyd, all geni Pality and good-fellowship now, "how are they treating you?" And then, with chuckle, "You look peaked, my man!"

It was second nature to Pemmican to ewallow his indignation and simulate cheer ulness, but he answered peevishly; "No wonder I'm all to the bad. But

detention?

"Witnesses is wary game and scarce; it ain't always the open reason, so to keep 'em in cold storage, see?" Pemmican ignored this remark, but

turned to the prosecutor, and there was a whine in the voice that said: "You made my ball so infernally large that my friends would not put it up for "I did it purposely." Murgatroyd declared.

still smiling. "This is an important case; you are the only witness; and I've got to keep you where your friends cannot reach you." here a faint flush spread over the countenance-"cannot corrupt you, Pernmican."
Suddenly Murgatroyd rose from his re volving chair. He nodded a dismissal to McGrath; and then going over to a table in the center of the room, he drew to him

sheet of foolscap from a pile lying there and said:
"Come over here, Pemmican?" was an article of some kind in the hand that rested on the table. "Just sketch me hereon this paper—a little plan showing the po ition of the men in Room A that night.

"Sure," volunteered Pemmican, taking the "now, here was Colonel Hargraves, here was ______ He stopped abruptly. For he had seen that the article in Murgatroyd's hand was a wallet marked "R. H."

"And here wasgain.
"What are you looking at?" Murgatroyd

on!" said Murgatroyd.

asked. "Oh, that?" he said casually, and passed the wallet to Pemmican. Pemmican started and backed away. "I don't want it. It ain't mine. I don't know what it is—what is it, anyway?" he gulped. "No. counselor," he said; "and besides, I wasn't looking at it." Murgatroyd patted the wallet.

was Colonel Hargrave's pocketbook, he said. "I thought you recognized it."
"Never saw it before, counselor," he repeated sulkily: "never saw it before."

"You must have seen it." persisted Murgatroyd: "it's pretty well worn and he must have carried it a long time. He was one of your patrons. The fact is, Pemmican," he want on. "this wallet was the occasion of my sending for you just now. I am informed that when Hargravos last carried it the wallet was full of bills, and when he was found in the street it was quite empty.

Pemmican slowly shook his head. "Can't help you out," he answered, "for never saw the wallet. I don't know

It is a mere detail but I should like to know

Murgatreyd wen, off on another track Very well, then; but there's another thing that you may clear up " " By the way, Pemmican, perhaps you don't know that Challoner has confessed?" Pemmican's physiognomy lost its doleful ppearance. And he cried joyfully:

"Confessed? Gee, that's good-great! 'onfessed? Well, say, counselor, it just ad to come to that."

"Yes," conceded Murgatroyd; "but there's another thing which bothers me, though I don't know that it complicates matters ex-actly. It's a mere detail again. Challoner says he shot his man in Room A in Cradle-banugh's. You say the quarrel took place there: that Hargraves went out first, and that Challoner followed him. Hargraves, as we know, was found dead in the street above. That's right, isn't it?"

"Sure," returned Peninican, positively, "I didn't see him fire the shot; nobody saw that. It's a good thing, though, because, between you and me, Prosecutor, notwithstanding my testimony, I thought that you'd have some trouble in making our a case. Circumstances is something, b they ain't everything, you know." Murgatreyd agreed to this, and added:

"We've got certainty now, because he's confessed—but he's m'xed as to the place of the shooting. He thinks it was in your place—that you were present that's all."

Murgatroyd seemed satisfied. He sat down at his desk and from a drawer he drew a box of cigars. Now he leaned toward Pemmican, and said confidentially:

"Pemmican, I want your testimony in this ase-I want it right. Have a cigar? Pemmican accepted, and finding a ready match in his pocket, struck it on the heel

of his boot and lighted the cigar before the slow-moving Murgatroyd could pass him "Thank you, counselor, I have one," he

said, and blew a cloud of smoke to the ness, ceiling. "You can depend on me; I'll tell On the truth—the whole truth and nothing but the v the truth, so help me—" His gaze re-turned again to the pigskin wallet on the desk. "But, say, I never saw that thing Murgatroyd picked it up and spoke in a till lower tone now.

"Pemm'can, suppose I fill this with, well, say ten thousand dollars and give it to you: how would you testify in this case, eh?" "But," protested Pemmican. "I never saw ten thousand dollars in it-No-

"No," repeated Murgatroyd; "but if you should right now have it filled with tep housand dollars, how would you testify for me?

Permilcan stolldly shook his head and answered: "To the truth, counselor-I'm an honest

Murgatroyd still persisted.

"How much would you take. Pemmican," he went on, "to swear that Challoner did not commit this crime?"

Pemmican started back in alarm, and nce more shook his head. "Counselor, I'm an honest man," he an-

Murgatroyd gave it up as a bad job. "You're honest, all right Pemmican,"

wered doggedly.

said. "You can go back now; but I'll have you down again before the trial, and towe'll go over the testimony care. He placed his hand upon the other's arm. "You see. I'm most particular about this case." The next moment Mixley and McGrath entered and took Pemmican away.

Fifteen minuter later Mrs. Challoner arrived. She was accompanied by Stevens, the butler, carrying a large parcel, which he deposited on the prosecutor's table as di-rected. He was then dismissed; and when the door had closed on him, the man and woman stood for a few minutes listen ing in silence to his retreating footsteps, Then in low, rapid tones Mrs. Challoner asured the prosecutor that she had accomplished her purpose without arousing the suspicions of any one—not even the ser-Murgatroyd noiselessly locked the loor, and putting his hand upon the pare on the table, looked at her interrogatively. "Yes—the securities—the he hascened to assure him. securities—they're all there.

"Shall I-Mrs. Challoner's hand waved her permis

Mrs. Challoner's hand waved her permission. The big, heavy parcel had been clumsily tied up with brown paper. This, Murgatroyd tore off, and there stood revealed two long, sheet-iron boxes, old and somewhat battered. They were heavily sealed and across each on a pasted piece of paper appeared in big letters the name "Mirlam Challoner." "I brought them just as they were," she

went on to explain. "You may break the reals, scratch off my name, and then they will be yours to do with as you please."
"For the present," Murgatroyd told him self, as his eyes fell on the vault door, will be their resting place." And turning to her, he said aloud:

"The deal is closed. You understand the terms? Everything is left to me—I am to free your husband—I am to keep your

"Yes," she breathed, as if some heavy burden had rolled from her young shoulders.

And now for the first time Murgatroyd looked Miriam Challoner full in the face,

looked Miriam Challoner full in the face, and said solemnly:
"One thing more: Absolutely no one must know of this. Not Challoner, nor Thorne, and above all, not Miss Bloodgood. Everything depends on your silence—your silence is the essence of this contract. You agree?"

Mrs. Challorer bowed.

Mrs. Challorer bowed.

"I do." And she might have been taking an oath from the way she said it.

"Remember you will say nothing to Miss Bloodgood."

"Shirley will never knew of it."

"Most decidedly not Shirley." But the

prosecutor remarked this to himself when

CHAPTER X

THE trial of James Lawrence Challoner had progressed with uncommon haste. the fourth day finding all the witnesses heard and the case ready to sum up to the whether Challoner robbed this man as well as killed him." jury. The courtroom was crowded; the newspapers were there; the people were there; public opinion was there. Brief and to the point had been the State's case-made up out of Penimican's evidence and the confession of the prisoner. But in the prosecutor's presentment of his evidence there had been an undercurrent as unusual as it was unexpected; every question that he hurled at Perimican had a hidden meaning; every interrogation point had a sting hid-den in its tail. Not that he made any at-tempt to switch the issue or to sidetrack the tempt to switch the issue or to sidetrack the facts, but it was clearly apparent that from start to finish he was making a supreme effort to include within his facts, to embrace within the issue and to place on trial, together with the prisoner, one other culprit in this celebrated case—Cradlebaugh's.

However, if such were the prosecutor's chief purpose, it failed. Thorne, the counsel for the defense—who represented more than one client in this case—met him at every turn, parried his every thrust. "Objection sustained," the Court had

ruled wearily many times during the trial, "the prosecutor will proceed."

And upon such occasions Graham Thorne. from the counsel's table in the front, had flashed a triumphant glance at Peter Broderick; and Peter Broderick, in turn, from his seat in the rear of the courtroom, would return the gaze with a smile, the brilliancy return the gaze with a smile, the brilliancy of which was outshone only by the big diamond that blazed from where it rested comfortably on his highly colored shirt front. To these two—not in the least interested in the outcome of the trial, so far as Challoner was concerned—the case was highly satisfactory. There was no crevice in the mystery of Cradlebaugh's in which Murgatroyd could insert the thin edge of a wedge; its foundation still remained unshaken after the impact of his battering. shaken after the impact of his battering ram; the Challoner case was to be the Challoner case and nothing more.

"That's all, Mr. Pemmican," were the words with which the prosecutor had con-cluded the examination of his principal wit-

On Pemmican of the low brow leaving the witness stand, he had glanced tantly toward the counsel for the defense. Throughout the trial there was his manner a peculiar deference tow_rd Thorne which had been there from the first day Under Murgatroyd's sharp interrogation he had seemed quite at ease, but his toward Thorne had always appeared to be that of a man whose hand was constantly kept raised to ward off blows.

on the whole, apparently was well satisfied with his performance. Unquestionably he has been loyal and wary, and had confined his testimony as to motive to the woman i portentous game of cards well into the background-out of sight.

"Surely you're not going to detain me any longer?" whispered Pemmican to the officers who had placed themselves on either side of "What! You're not going to let m

"Not on your life!" remarked one of them genially; and showing to the prisoner a slip of paper which he drew from his pocket There's a warrant for your arrest.

iered and murmured incredulously: " my arrest?" "Sure." replied the officer. "The chief's egun his raid on Cradlebaugh's, and you're

one of the main guys ' Pemmican wiped his forehead and stam mered sulkily:
"And—and the prosecutor's goin' to lock

ne up after all I've done for him?"
"That's what" replied the officer, and a
noment later added complacently, "unless "Confound 'em!" exclaimed Pemmican "They won't go my bail"

The detective placed his ear quite close to Pemmican. "Who won't go your bail"" he queried in

Pemmican smiled. "They," he returned, not for an instant of his guard.
"If Prosecutor Murgatroyd only knew

who they are," went on the detective, "if he knew who backed you up, there'd be some interesting goings on 'round here." "He won't find out from me," replied

Pemmican, doggedly. "I play a straight game with the men who hand out my bread butter. You can lay your bets "Sh-h-h-! The prosecutor's talkin' over

there," whispered the detective, raising his hand, and he hustled the prisoner out of the room, as Murgatroyd, rising once more bowed toward the bench and announced

And then Thorne, at his end of the table, "The defense rests."

The defense rests.

Presently he began to address the jury During the trial his line of defense had been insanity—the defense of the defense less, the forlorn hope of the hopeless. The less, the fortern hope of the hopeless. The Bench had frowned at it: the jury had shaken its head as one man: insanity to juries in the metropolis had become as a red rag to a bull. But the crowd in the courtroom had leaned forward with huge expectation—waiting for the hidden places to be revealed with much the same anticiand interest one experien waiting for the denouement

Before turning to the jury, however, for his last effort, Thorne stooped down for an instant and whispered to Mrs. Challoner: "I'm sorry, Mrs. Challoner, that we couldn't do better with our facts. It seems to me to be the weakest defense I have ever seen put up in any case. Indeed, it seems to me we have no defense at all."

(CONTINUED MONDAY)

FARMER SMITH'S COLUMN

RUNNING BEHIND

My Dear Little Business Man-It is a very bad practice for you to spend money which does not belong to you. Please don't tell me that I don't know what I am talking about, for the other day I had to help a little worker out because he ran behind with his money. In other words, he was selling a newspaper every week and ne did not have money enough to pay for the papers when they came. Collections were bad.

But let me say that paying money is nothing more or less than a habit. I don't owe the railroad anything. I don't owe the postoffice anything. You cannot buy a rallroad ticket and have it charged. You cannot buy stamps and have them charged. Therefore, I don't see why people should buy weekly newspapers from a small boy and have it charged, nor do I see why he should allow them to have their papers go over from week to week. over from week to week.

I am going to give this boy one more chance and if he does not make good I am going to see that he stops.

Andrew Carnegie says, and I hope you will paste this in your memory, "It is a wise man who knows when to stop." Your loving editor. FARMER SMITH

OF BILLY BUMPUS

LOST-BILLY BUMPUS By Farmer Smith

STRANGE ADVENTURES

"I wish you would close your mouth-I don't like red," said Billy Bumpus to the Tiger.

"You don't have to stand there and look at me, if you don't like the inside of my mouth. I didn't ask you to, did I?" replied the Tiger.

"No, but you have such beautiful fur. Every living thing is noted for some beauty. Now. I have beautiful horns," said Billy proudly.

"Beautiful horns;" exclaimed the Tiger. Who told you so?" "I said so myself. That makes it true

"It makes it true as far as you are concerned, but that does not convince me," said the Tiger, opening his mouth wide.
"Dont, don't!" exclaimed Billy, turning "Dont, don't!" his head away.

"What's the matter? Do I have to talk to you with my mouth shut?" "I could admire your beautiful fur all the better if you did close your mouth."

answered Billy.
"It would be a good idea for you to keep your mouth shut all the time." repli Tiger, grinning so his teeth showed.

"Excuse me while I go away and forget about you. It is a good idea to forget unpleasant things," said Billy. "Am I unpleasant?" asked the Tiger, as Billy started away.

"No, but that mouth of yours is red, and I HATE red," said Billy, as he trotted off. He turned to look at the Tiger, who gave a snart which made Billy hurry all

It was growing late and the tentmen were getting ready to drop the Big Top. Billy was busy as usual getting in every-body's way and receiving an occasional kick which woke him up. He seemed to be going around in a dream, he was so sleepy. By and by he reached the center of the big tent and lay down near the huge pole which held up the Big Top. He was soon fast asleep. He did not see the tent slowly lowered upon him. He did not hear the shouts of the men. which woke him up. He seemed to be

No one had seen him As everything was in its place and ready and waiting for the big tent to be put on the train, it was natural the Clown should look around for Billy, who was always in the sleeping car near the Clown. Billy Bumpus and Spider, as the Albino's Monkey

was colled, were the only animals allowed in the car.

The Clown began to hust for Billy. He did not want to lose him, especially as he

was wa'ting to put Billy on in another act the ver- next week The nemager of the circus was appealed

Billy. away, and there, right in the middle of the ring, lay our old friend, Billy Bumpus, fast asieep. The tentmen took him up and started

for the train. They did not awaken him In fact, he slept until early morning, when Spider,

with a start. wondered what had happened.



Philadelphia Band, City Hall Plaza, Fairmount Park Band, Belmont Mansion,

Municipal Band, Bustleton, 8 o'clock. RELIGIOUS BREVITIES

The Presbyterian evangelistic committee will bring to a close next Friday one of the mast successful campaigns it has thus far conducted. The committee confines likelf to a six weeks campaign of intensive work. Many prominent evangelists, pastors, daily vacation Bible achool teachers, choristers, corneitsts, organists, have participated in the summer services. Meetings have been held in some sixty conductive places of the aggregate attendance will exceed 104.000. Many conversions are reported and hundreds have redsdicated themselves to Christian service.

The Rev. George D. Adams, D. D., paster of the Chestnut Street Baptist Church, Fortleth and Chestnut streets, will preach at the Cal-vary Baptist Church, Providence, R. I., Sunday, August 5.

Members of the North Branch Y M. C. Trailhitters' Club will address the Friday ni meetings during the months of August as I lows: August 3, William J. Brown, August J. R. Heltz: August 17, Martin H. Gottsha August 24, Jacob Bauer: August 31, N. Cope. The Trailhitters' Club will continued in the Country of the Country of the Martin Country of the Cou

The Summer Bible Assembly will be held the close of he morning service tomorrow at the First Methodist Episcopal Church, German-town arenus and High street. Thomas L. Law-ton will lead the services, to which adult mem-bers of the congregation are invited.

RELIGIOUS NOTICES

Baptist CHESTNUT STREET BAPTIST CHURCH Chestnut st. west of 40th st. GEORGE D. ADAMS. D. D., Pastor. 10:30 a. m.—Worship and sermon.

Protestant Episcopul T. JAMES'S CHURCH
Twenty-second and Walnut Sts.
The Reventy second and Walnut Sts.
The Reventy JOHN MOCKRIDGE, Recter.
100 a.m.—Holy Communion.
100 a.m.—Holy Communion.
100 a.m.—Holy Communion.
100 a.m.—Holy Communion.
100 a.m.—Evening Prayer (Plain).
Weykdays: Holy Communion.
Monday. 730 a.m.
Tuesday, 730 a.m.
Tuesday, 730 a.m.
Thursday, 1050 a.m.
STRANGERS ALWAYS WELCOME.
CHURCH IS OPEN EVERY DAY.

NITARIAN SOCIETY OF GERMANTOWN Chelten ave. and Greene st. Summer services in parish bouse, 11 a. m. Rev. Wm. D. Parry.

GLORIOUSLY WON

Not the Peace of Cowards but of the Loyal and the True. Tent Meetings, Broad and Bristol etc., Phila., Pa., conducted by J. E. Walthurk and C. H. PATTERSON, of the Wilkinson-Garrick Lecture forces, course partial at 7 26, Baturisty accessed. Take forces and Hunting Park core.