JUST GOSSIP ABOUT PEOPLE

The News of Young John Newlin's Death in France Brings Sadness to Many Hearts. Nancy Wynne Chat's on Various Subjects

news of the death of John Newlin while doing ambulance work in France brought home to those of us who know his parents and family a vivid realizason of the horrors of war.

He was only nineteen years old and had all the hopes of a brilliant career to but he left for France with the Princeion unit to help and comfort the ed and dying on the battlefields. And while he was actually engaged in this he was killed, as have been so many of our fine American boys who have sork he was killed, as have been so many of our fine American boys and doing works of mercy over there these three long, horrible years.

His father is Richard Newlin, a brother of James Caverly Newlin and Dr. Arthur Newlin, the latter of whom is with Rase Hospital No. 10 in France. His

cousin, James Cavely. Jr., is also with Corps. His mother Miss Edith Et. seabrey, a sister of Charlie and Howard nbrey. There is so little one can say at a time like this. to die away from all his loved ones, and so young, but then, too, how glorious to give one's life while trying to help others who are suffering entold agonies from les of blood and want of food.

His parents will aways have that colation of know me that he died for his fellowmen. "For this no man hath, that he lay down his He for his friend." Did you hear we

se to have the bonor of equipping one of the first Red Cross hospitals in the country, right here in this city? You know the buildings which have been condemned for the Parkway. which have been occupied by the Medico-Chirurgical Hospital? Well, they have been presented to the Govenment rent free for the duration of

the war and they have been taken over goes friend mattress and all the lunch by the Red Cross and will be used by that organization almost exclusively for the navy. Major Grayson Murphy is at in it. the head of the Red Cross Commission in Paris. Do you remember the excitement which used to pervade the members of the Saturday Evening Dancing Class when the Army and Navy boys came on b Franklin Field for the annual football pame? Grayson used to be one of the West Pointers who came in his wonderful uniform to gladden the hearts of the united maidens by dancing with them a that class.

Why is there such a fascination about brass buttons and the soldierly chest? It's hard to tell, but it's there. I've heard some women enthuse over a brass band just because the players wore uniforms and brass buttons. And the funny part of the thing is that the Army and Navy officers and men never seem in the least degree excited about going to parties and meh like in their uniforms. I guess they feel as if it makes them conspicuous.

T HAD to laugh the other afternoon at the Bellevue-Stratford roof garden to see a big, brawny officer and an attractive girl sitting there in the delicious air, and what do you think the poor man was imbibing? Orangeade! He looked borea to death, too. Perhaps I misjudge him; maybe he never had taken anything stronger, and, in fact, maybe he did not wint anything stronger He looked as if he felt sort of foolish, though.

SPEAKING of navy men, there was a certain little happening in one of the yards of late which has not reached the public ear, and yet it seems too good to keep. The officers had been notified that a certain admiral was coming there very soon to visit the yard, and it happened that not one man in the office knew said admiral even by sight. They were therefore somewhat on the watch for their distinguished visitor for some days. Then they forgot about him for the time being. but one forenoon, when all the officers were gathered together in one of the rooms, one happened to look out of the window and there coming along the walk was Mr. Admiral.

Of course it was he, for wasn't he a Pogular H. M. S. Pinafore Admiral, with a swallow-tailed coat, gold stripes and feathered hat, just as stylish as could be? Up rose all the members of the staff in the office, up went their hands in salute Mr. Admiral entered. He looked a wee bit bewildered at his reception and timkly asked what all this respect means.

"Are you not Admiral --- ?" "Why, no; I used to be a paymaster in the early eighties, and they told us all to report in uniform."

And, mind you, the uniform was of the 1880 vintage, quite like a Pinafore ad-

miral.

Speaks well for the knowledge of the average man of how an admiral should dress and conduct himself. It certainly was one on the officers, wasn't it?

THESE days seem to be full of sad tidings as well as glad ones. Every one feels so sorry for Hall Headington, whose young wife died last week in At-lantic City. She was Bessie Wilkinson, you know, a sister of Sarah Wilkinson d daughter of the Ogden Wilkinsons. of Walnut street above Twentieth. They fere married just about a year ago and bave been living in apartments at 2031 Walnut street. The news of her death ast Sunday came as a great shock to their many friends.

WELL, if you must go up to Narragan sett Pier, do be careful about these BRANCHES OF AUXILIARY FORMED IN ROXBOROUGH Pupils of First Aid Classes to Be

Elfas Goldenski

MRS. STEVENS HECKSCHER

their ranch in Wyoming to stay for six weeks.

Mrs. Heckscher and her husband have gone to

with it, and as to the occupants-well,

floundering about in the water is not

Only a few days ago a party was given

up there, in the form of an early supper.

and some of those you know and I know

were on it. And along came a big wave

and over went the mattress and all the

supper and all the people, and one of our

own very pretty and charming matrons

ca , tht her foot on the side and proceeded

and just one more minute and she would

not now be among the living, as she is

had not a galiant youth seen her pre

dicament, and, calling to some one else

to detach the foot, he grabbed her head

Square. In September Mrs. Valentine is

going to Montana for about a month. Her

husband is out there buying horses for

The Mayor of Moore Haven, Fla., and

her young son, Orville, 2d, start North

this week and are going to visit in Bar

Harbor. Afterward they expect to spend

a week here-or hereabouts. Mrs. George

Quintard Horwitz, of course-formerly a

mere citizen of Philadelphia-is the Mayor

VOU hear all kinds of vacation stories

I these days, when people are beginning

to come home and make you unhappy

with tales of sleeping under blankets and

other atrocities. Some of the best stories

are about motorboats and their engines.

Of course, it wouldn't be a motorboat if

it didn't have an engine, but sometimes

you do feel as if you are giving per-

fectly good boat room to a thing that

might at least try to make itself orna-

mental, if it couldn't see its way clear

to being useful. For, I ask you, have

you ever known a motorboat engine to

do exactly the right thing at the right

time—now, wait, don't answer yet— ALWAYS? Well, neither have I. But

you have to give the engine credit in this

case. The poor thing did its "durndest."

It all happened to some friends of mine

on one of those days last week. Will we

ever forget those days last week? Well.

anyhow, they were hot, had been hot all

day, and started out in their bathing

suits for a nice cooling swim. They

found that the water was too dirty to

go in at their own private dock, as there

was work being done on the boathouse,

so they all (about six of them) piled into

a motorboat, one of those open ones, with

a one-cylinder engine-delightful things,

It was hot there in the sun, about 3

o'clock in the afternoon, and they were

anxious to get started and cool off in

the breeze. They turned the wheel, and

she started! Making a longer turn to get

headed the right way, they swung out

into the lake and stopped. Nothing un-

usual, so the "chief engineer" cranked

again. There was no response for some

time, and the boat gradually drifted to

the starting place again. Finally she

caught, and they took the same long

turn again and started merrily into the

"straightaway" - and , stopped. Again

they cranked, and cranked and "primed,"

and then somebody suggested that maybe

the gas wasn't turned on. But it was, and once more they went through the

The sun burned hot and finally got

tired and started to go down, before some

one said on a chance, "I wonder if there's any gas." Then they looked in the tank,

and there wasn't any gasoline in sight. Without a word the whole crowd dived

jumped or slid into the water, according to their several abilities, and swam right

when they behave!

same proceedings.

the Government, you know.

of Moore Haven, you know.

to hang head downward into the water

Central Methodist Episcopal Church, on Green lane, in Roxborough, has its branch of auxiliary organized with John Morton as chairman; Miss Helen Kommer, vice chairman; Miss Margaret O'Brien, secretary, and Miss Grace M. Fee, treasurer About 100 members are registered, and they expect to specialize in the work of surgical dressings Mr. Willam Eddle-man is one of the prominent workers in Central's group. Other churches planning community groups for the auxiliary are the Roxborough Baptlet, under the direction of Mrs. John Holland; the Bethany Lutheran, headed by Miss Margaretha Vegt and Miss Amanda Stein, and the Grace Evangeheal Lutheran. The latter may devote the time to raising money, for the auxiliary is buying its own materials.

Graduated in the

George Shea Dayton, the treasurer of No. 171 and its various groups, is doing his "bit" generously, for this treasurer will have some work to do in running so many separate accounts and seeing that the effort of each group reaches the department speci-fied by its chairman. Incidentally, Mr. Shea has given two splendid sons to his country, Allen and Dayton. The former a sergeant and the latter a private in First Regiment, Battery C.

The entertainment given last week at Woodvale, the clubhouse of the American Bridge Company, under the direction of the Bridge Company, under the direction of Merricks, was a great success both financially and artistically. Some of the sailors and marines who were professional entertainers before the war took part. The funds will be used for purchasing the necessary apparatus for moving pictures for the vessels.

There is a long waiting list for the firstaid classes to be formed in September, when Dr. Lawrence Simeex's pupils in Auxillary 171 will be graduated. There are three classes, one for men and two for women.

And this reminds me of the strikingly beautiful society girl who really is an expert first aider. She was in a trolley car when another car bumped into it with great force, breaking a window pane. ened passengers, mostly women and The fair first aider had received her diploma from the Red Cross Society the day previous, and was exceedingly anxious to make good. But even the best of us many times fail to make good when taken unnwares, so why blame the aider for losing her nerve while remembering her diploma. She jumped up, clasped and un-clasped her hands as she exclaimed: "Oh what shall I do! I just received my first-aid diploma yesterday! Tell me, oh, tell me, what to do!"

Social Activities

At the marriage of Miss Gladys Earle daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Georga H. Earle, Jr., and Mr. Gilbert Mather, which will take place on Saturday, August 18, at Bryn Mawr, the best man will be Mr. Victor C. Mather, provided he can obtain a furlough, and the ushers will be Mr. Hallowell V. Morgan, Mr. Richard Marshall Mr. Joseph M. Patterson, 2d, Mr. George H. Earle, 3d, Mr. Ralph Earle and Mr. William Cochran, Jr.

The marriage of Miss Ellanor Longstreth and Lieutenant Frederick Dent, U S. A., will take place on September 4 in St. Clem-ent's Protestant Episcopal Church at Twen-tieth and Cherry streets and will be folowed by a reception at the home of Miss at Merion Miss Longstreth, who is at sent visiting in West Point, will return to Philadelphia on August 14 and will stay with her aunt in Merion until the wedding.

Mrs. George H. Paine and Miss Gladys Paine, of Pelham Court, Germantown, are at Eaglesmere for the remainder of the

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Ellis MacGrath. to detach the foot, he grabbed her head and turned her right side up and SAVED today for Chelsea to spend a week. They will be accompanied by their daughter, Miss Annetta MacGrath

MRS. JOHN R. VALENTINE, of Bryn Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hagar, of West-view street, Germantown, will leave within a few days for Ventner to be gone a month. Mrs. Hagar was Miss Gladys Trinkle.

Mrs. H. E. Schellenger and her son, Mr. Henry E. Schellenger, Jr., of 3700 Spruce street, are spending a week in Downingtown before going to Cape May for the res

The marriage of Miss Julia Schneider and Mr. Raymond Magee took place very quietly on July 27 in the rectory of St. Stephen's Catholic Church, Broad and Buter streets, at 11:15 o'clock. Miss Schneider was attended by Miss Alice Magee as maid of honor and Mr. John Magee acted as his best man. Father Scanlon performed the ceremony. Mr. and Mrs. Magee have just returned from Atlantic City and will live in Tioga for the present.

Mrs. Clara Harris and Mr. Ben Harris, of 2029 North Twenty-ninth street, accom-panied by Miss Sarah Harris, will leave here August 18 for a trip to New York, Washington, Baltimore and Atlantic City. They will stay for a time at Ocean View Hotel Rockaway Beach.

Mr. and Mrs. H. J. White, of 5268 Jefferson street, are receiving congratulations on the birth of a daughter.

Light Frost in South Dakota

ABERDEEN, S. D., Aug. 10 .- A light portion of South Dakota was reported. is believed no damage was done The mercury here dropped to 44 degrees



Photo by William Showell Eilie MRS. F. A. HALL

IF A DREAM CAME TRUE



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Murgatroyd!"

The Red Mouse A Story of Love, Jealousy and Politics

By WILLIAM HAMILTON OSBORNE

CHAPTER XII .- (Continued)

DEALLY, Foster, I don't need it." R declared Mrs. Challoner stoutly but kindly. "I can't take it. Some day, perhaps. I may need money, and then I'll send for you." And then, quietly chang-ing the subject: "How fresh you look, Foster! And what a man you've married! There is no need to ask if you are happy.

"Well," said Stevens, approaching them, we must be going now, for Bernhardt will be waiting for us. 'It was good of you to see us, ma'am,"

said Foster, putting out her hand, just as she had seen the ladies do in the old days at the big Challoner house on the Avenue. "So you married for love," said Miriam Challoner, as they started "Well, he did," conceded Foster.

"She did, ma'am," corrected Stevens; and presently they were sailing down the street like a pair of lovers "walking out" on a Sunday afternoon. "One hundred dollars a month!" sighed

Miriam, reseating herself at the typewriter. "And they were going to give me \$20-the faithful dears!" Once more engrossed in her work, she did

not hear the doorbell, which had been ring-ing persistently. At the end of a page she paused and bent her head low over her work. . . for love," she mused, half-

Meanwhile, her caller, determined to be admitted, had stolen softly into the room, though it was not until she stood beside her that she attracted Mirlam's attention. For a moment Mirlam glared hard at her; she

could not believe her own eyes; then, sud-denly rising to her feet, she cried half-joyfully, half-regretfully:
"Why, it's Shirley Bloodgood! Oh, why
did you come! You must not stay, you must

"Why did you hide from me?" quickly returned Shirley. "I have searched for you for months, and it was only yesterday that I learned from Stevens where you were, who, by the way, had orders not to reveal You might as well have your whereabouts.

oved a thousand miles away, as everybody "It takes money to move a thousand miles away," she protested feebly.
"You are like a needle in a haystack over

here," continued Shirley.
"But why did you come?" Mirlam kept on protesting. "Why, Shirley ""
Shirley stretched forth her arms, saying:

And you didn't want to see me! "Yes, yes," cried Miriam, suddenly catchng Shirley and clinging to her affection-"Yes, I have wanted you to come so much, but I hoped you never would see this!" And she spread out her arms as ough to exhibit the room.

"What a poor opinion you have of me! Why, Miriam, if I wanted to see handsome apartments I need not have taken all this trouble to find you. No indeed, I value your friendship too highly to desert you on count of this.

And now the two women fell to talking about things past and present. After a while it was Shirley who delicately broached "And Laurie—how is he?" she asked.
Miriam's eyes kindled for an instant, but

Mirram's eyes kindled for an instant, but their fire soon died out.
"Poor boy," she answered, "he's under such a strain. It's a wonder he doesn't break down. He's so good and kind through it all, too. He's a fine fellow, gh it all, too. He's a fine fellor she went on with great enthusiasm "Let me see." said Shirley, reminiscently,

his conviction was reversed on appeal, wasn't it?"

"Why, no; don't you remember that it was affirmed—affirmed ""

"I do remember now. And it was that day or the next one that you ran away from me, you bad girl, and I've never seen you since. Affirmed—affirmed," she mused; and then suddenly leaned forward and treatled aggregate. wasn't it?

inquired engerly:
"Then how did he get off?" "Then how did he get off?"
Miriam shrugged her shoulders.
"I don't know," she said, "nobody knows;
not even Laurie knows that. One day
after the affirmance, the jail doors were

opened, and he was free-that's all-and "Surely Murgatroyd knows," said Shirley. "Oh, yes, of course he knows; but w have never asked any questions. Why should we? I shall never forget Murgatroyd though—I remember him in my prayers. He was honest; he kept his word——"

"Murgatroyd, the man with a price Well, I suppose it's just as well that there are people in this world who can be bought "I have never forgiven myself," sighed Shirley looked at her questioningly.

What for, pray?"

"You? What for, pray?
"For blurting out in the courtroom what I did when the jury found Laurie gui ty.
Why, it was abominable! It was treachery! "Hat was clever in Murgatroyd," admitted Shirley. "He would have been a fool to acquit Laurie on that trial. Oh, yes," she added, with a sneer, "he's clever, promised, don't you see?

nil right!"
Mrs. Challoner straightened up.
"Fortunately my outbreak did no great
harm; nobody believed me."
"Except myself," observed Shirley, "and all right!

"Except myself," observed shirley, and Murgatroyd!"
"Even Laurie didn't believe me." went on Miriam, "until—well, I don't know whether he's quite sure about it today. We never discuss the subject, anyway. It's barely possible," she said, flushing, "that he thinks we spent the money long ago."
There was a pause that was a triffe contarressing to book was

"Murgatroyd is making a name for himsaling at royd is making a name for him-self, isn't he?"

Shirley threw up her hands in indignation.
"Who wouldn't, with that stolen money to back him!" she exclaimed flercely.

Miriam shook her head.

Miriam shook her head.

"He's doing good work with it. He's breaking up the organization—the inside ring. I'm sure that the effect of his work is felt even over here." And then she added vehemently: "But his best work will be over when he has succeeded in breaking Cradlehaugh's When he does that." Cradlebaugh's. When he does that-"After he downs Cradlebaugh's," inter-rupted Shirley, "if he ever does, I hope he'll down himself. That's my wish for Billy

Murgatroyd is honest," protested Miriam. Shirley smiled a hard smile.
"You mistake his motive, Shirley. He's imbitious—frightfully ambitious. Why, even now he's planning to go to the Senate," de-clared Shirley; but she did not add that it was she who had put the idea into his head. Think of Billy Murgatroyd's being Senator!

He'll ask a billion the next time he's bought, instead of a million!" she wound up, scornfully.

"You forget," quietly but forcibly re-minded Mirlam, "that I stand up for Murgatroyd.

"Poor Miriam," sighed Shirley to herself she always was easily fooled." later she exclaimed: "A typewriter!"
"I don't wonder at your suprise," said
Miriam. "But it is easy work and I like it

immensely. I work for different people in the neighborhood," she went on to explain. "A real estate dealer, one or two lawyers, She broke off abruptly, for they were in-

"It's the speaking tube," said Miriam, tremblingly; but the next instant she was in a little dark alcove calling down the

Meanwhile Shirley allowed her gaze to STRANGE ADVENTURES wander about the apartment, nothing had escaped her notice, not even the cooking that was going on in the kitchen.

"Somebody whistled up the tube," said Miriam, returning. "but I couldn't get an answer. I can't imagine who it is."

Then suddenly for the third time that aft-

ernoon the outer door opened, but this time it was thrust open with great violence, and James Lawrence Challoner came into the room with the stamp of the gutter Shirley was dumfounded. Quickly her mind went back to that atternoon. . . g ago it seemed when he had come home after the tragedy. Then, it is true, he herself whether it were possible that Miriam could not see the man as he really was. answer was immediately forthcoming, for Miriam went over and caught him in he embrace.

she said fondly; and then turning toward the girl: "Here's an old friend of ours— "So I see," he growled; and without more

ado he turned to Miriam and demande

"Well, where's your money? I've got to have some money right away."

Miriam fumbled for an instant at her waist. She did this more for appearance sake than anything else, for she well knew that she had none to give him. Every day had given him about everything she

Laurie," she faltered, "yes, of And turning to Shirley, added by way of apology for him: "Such an ordeal at Laurie has been through—such a strain." Shirley was in a panic. What she had

seen was enough to make her heartsick. "Oh." she suddenly exclaimed, "I have forgotten all about father! I left him alone how glad . . . And turning to Chal-

loner, she held out be ignoring her completely, he again said to "Miriam, where is that money?"

"Laurie is such a business man now, Shiriey." said Miriam, smiling bravely at the girl.

But the contempt which Shirley felt for

the man before her was too great for words; and she merely repeated; words; and she merely repeated:
"Yes, I must be going now!"
Half way across the room she halted, hesitated for a moment, and then finally opening her purse, took from it a fifty dollar

"There, Miriam," she said with a

relief. "I have been meaning for a long time to pay back that fifty dollars I borrowed from you a few years ago—when I was so hard up for money. I'm ashamed not to have returned it before; and it's just not to have returned it before; and it's just like you not to remind me. There, dear, I've put it on the chiffonier; and now, good-by!" And she was gone before Miriam could even protest against her action.

For Miriam knew quite as well as did Shirley that there never had been such a ioan between them; and rushing out into the hall, she called to the other to come back; but Shirley by this time was well out

back; but Shirley by this time was well out of hearing.

"She's gone!" Miriam declared foriornly, panting from her fruitless chase.

Shirley's flight did not worry Challoner. He took advantage of Miriam's temporary absence to steal to the chiffonier and to seize the fifty-dollar bill. Miriam entered the room in time to see him thrusting it into his pocket, and cried out angrily:

"Laurie. I wish you to put that back!"

We are not thieves; it does not belong to us; and I'm going to send it back to Shirley."

"I want you to put that back!"

"I have got to have some money," he maintained sulkily, stowing it still further in his trousers pocket.

"I want you to put that back!"

SPYING VILLAND

NEXT THEATERS

in his trousers pocket.

"Give me that fifty-dollar bill, I say!"
went on Miriam, clutching at him.

"No, I will not!" returned her husband stubbornly, and sought to escape; but she caught him by the arm and pulled him back. He tried to wrench himself away; but for once her strength was superior to his She was beside herself with sudden anger, with shame, with ignominy, with agony.

"You give size that fifty-dollar bill, I say!"

NFEST THEATRE SCRI

New Productions Are Shown as the production of the Arcadia, Palace and Victoria

was beside herself with sudden anger, with shame, with ignominy, with agony.

"You give that bill to me:" she said through her closed teeth.

"You let me go!" he growled, almost jerking himself out of her grasp. Then followed a struggle that was short, sharp but decisive, insemuch as he finally succeeded in wrenching himself free from her. And now, turning quickly, he smote her with his clenched hand full in the face.

Miriam staggered back, her eyes opened Miriam staggered back, her eyes opened wide in humiliated astonishment

"Oh. Laurie!" she cried not with physical pain, although there upon her face, now red, now white, was a broad, blotched He made a movement to go; but again

she was in time to prevent him; for quick as a flash she had darted to the chiffonier, "Stop!" she cried in a hard voice. "Don't

Challener blinked at her stupidily.

"What are you going to do?"

anded.

Miriam laugher hysterically.

"What am I going to do?" I know what
ou're going to do! You're going to bring you're going to do: You're going to bring that fifty dollars back here to me" "Indeed? Well, I'm not!" relterated Chal-

Miriam tapped the pistol in her hand.

"Do you see this?" He grunted fearlessly. "Well, what of it?"

"Give me that money," she insisted, approaching him. As yet she had not leveled the weapon, and Challoner, seeing his opportunity started once more. "Stop!" It was a new voice that spoke now: the blow that had struck her face had suddenly transformed her into a des-

perate woman.

Challoner stopped; for he saw the weapon

Challoner stopped; for he saw the weapon trained upon him. Again, without affecting her aim, she tapped it.

"Listen to me!" she cried, her voice growing hearser as she went on, "this thing has been responsible for one murder, and now, Lawrence Challoner, I'm going to kill you with it. It's the last straw that breaks the camel's back. I hate you! I despise you!" she raged. "I loved you once, I have always loved you until now; you loved me once, too, I know—though' other people thought that you had married me for my money. But I knew different—you couldn't fool me about that! An I it was because of that love that I have lived was because of that love that I have lived for you and nothing else. You have been everything in the world to me—my god, almost. But it is all over now! I'm through with you, and I'm going to have you thrown like some soiled rag into the gutters of humanity—where you belong!"

her weapon falter.
"There are two things," she resumed, "that stand out in my memory just now. The first is the night when you did not come home! Do you remember that night? there were too many of them later on! But I have never forgotten that night I spent in the torture chamber! It was a white night for me."

She paused for breath, but not once did

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FARMER SMITH'S COLUMN

THINKING

My Dears-The object of my talks to you is NOT to make you THINK but to try to get you to think CLEARLY.

There are many brooks and rivers, but not

all are clear.

Clear thinking will help you. It wis
make you TALK LESS and SAY MORE. A little boy once wanted some custard ple. He took the ple, ate it and then rubbed the cat's mouth in it and then shot the cat.
What was the matter with his thinking?

I leave it to you. Your loving Editor.

FARMER SMITH

OF BILLY BUMPUS

BILLY TAKES A WALK

By Farmer Smith

"I have never seen this town before." began Billy Bumpus as he strolled along

the street. "I guess it will do me a lot of good to take a rest. Funny, isn't it, how the mind needs a rest? I wonder what my mind looks like. I guess it is somewhere be-hind these horns of mine. I wish it would stop working sometimes and give me a It doesn't stop when I am asleep, for then I dream.
"I wonder what dreams are. Queer

things "I wonder what that sign says. I gues the circus is coming to this tows, and I will be ready to join it by that time. Hello! What's that? A lot of tents and soldiers. Hurrah! Back to the army for

With that Billy began to run downhill and was soon near the guard. He was so glad to get back to the army that he so giad to get back to the army that he started to run past the guard and was in among the tents before any one could stop him.

"Hey, get that goat!" shouted one of

Soon the camp was in an uproar, all hunting for Billy Bumpus, who was hiding under one of the beds.

"What's the matter with catching him and having him for our mascot?" asked a

voice near Billy.

That did not seem half bad, so Billy got up and walked out in the sunlight. "Grab him quick!" shouted one of the

It was not a hard task to get Billy, as stood very still.

"Nice little goatle," began one of the soldiers. "Such soft language!" thought Billy, try-

frightening the soldier. "Where will we put his royal highness?" asked a man whom Billy knew

"Let's tie him with a rope—an iron rope, if we can find one, or a chain," replied the private. "What do you think of that?" asked

Billy under his breath. "These are very wise people who wish to tie me with an tron rope. It will take me until that circus comes this way to get away from a rope like that."

Billy Bumpus was led away. Suddenly thought struck him. a thought struck him.
"I'll do a few tricks like I used to do
in the circus, and that will amuse them."
He stood on his hind legs and walked

this way and that. "Bully for you!" shouted one of the sol diers, who was back of Billy. "Hurrah for our mageot!"
"That little mind of mine is working all

"That little mind of mine is working all right once more," thought Billy.

It happened that it was time for drill, and so Billy was left to himself to instigate how he had been tied. That always interested him. He had a chain around his neck this time, and it worried him a bit. He walked all around the post to which the chain was attached, and then suddenly made a discovery.

"Oh, you dear little boit!"

The chain was fastened to the post with a bolt and nut. Billy loved nuts, and with his teeth he soon unscrewed the one which held him. Then he sat down quietly to sat it.

New Productions Are Shown The Arcadia, Palace and

By the Photoplay Editor

Another production from the studios that will uphold the sta toral beauty of marine views and the uralness with which every player gave roles makes this story an entertaining to watch. Simpleses marked every so with the exception of the gay, denote crowd in the streets of a Letin Qu turing the crowning of their Mardi

Queen The Misses Bennett and Wile roles of sisters, while Gertrude Claire er the loving mother with a style that once gains sympathy. Others who excellent work in the support are T Burns, Jack Gilbert, Carl Ullman and Ro land Lee. Some fine types of children disclosed at the opening as the you disters and brothers.

PALACE—"Souls in Pawe." Mutual, with Gol. Kana Story by Julius Grinnell Furthmann.

Another spy story. Not that spying is to be despised in movie stories, but it is near time that this subject should be laid aside for a while, as the news columns are filled. for a while, as the news columns are with the stories of these interesting cacters. However, this production was dently made before the feeling against many was so intense, for it shows the spring of a German against the French Gov-

ing of a German against the French Government. This is not the main theme for it contains much mystery and some loss throughout, which would spoil the story if disclosed here.

Gail Kane once more proves that she is a versatile actress by her acting in this story. As a foreign nobleman and say Douglas MacLean gave a clear characterization: There is a little girl about five years old whose natural work makes here an able assistant.

VICTORIA—"Miss Robinson Crosco." Metrowith Emmy Wehlen, Story by June Matha and Wüllam Christy Cabanne, Directed by 125. Cabanne.

with Emmy Wehlen. Story by June Mathian and William Christy Cabanne. Directed by Mr. Cabanne.

Well, here's another spy story. Just seems as though they are contagious, or else some of the extras working in studios are spys and find out what the scenaric editor has accepted, with which information they rush to their own employers. Then we have another spy story, with a race to esewho gets their production on the market first. This, however, is no reflection upon the Metro or any other company, for their productions are all within the unwritten law of being "timely."

There is a simple little plet running through the story of "Miss Robinsen Crusoe," a name given to our leading ledy when she is shipwrecked upon one of our Thousand Islands by an ardent lover. It is the case of an old man and a young maneach trying to win the affections of the young wealthy girl, with the race being wen by the youth. The spying band enter the story in their endeayor to secure some information and papers in the possession of our youthful hero as being their ringleader.

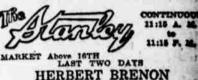
Assisting Miss Wehlen in the cast are Sue Balfour, Margaret Seddon for the feminine side and Augustus Phillipa Waiter C. Miller, Harold Entwistle and Daniel Jarrett for the male portion. They gave intelligent interpretations of their respective roles.

Fire Destroys Family Wardrobe



Fairmount Park Band, Strawberry M. Philadelphia Band, City Hall Pless, Municipal Band, McPherson Square, Ker

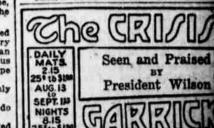
ington and Indiana avenues. I Allied Building Trades Council, Parkway Annual reunion of survivors of Baxi Fire Zouaves, 43 North Seventeenth ac



"THE LONE WOLF commencing September 10—Goldwyn First Production—MaE MARSH IN-POLLY OF THE CIRCUS"

ARCADIA CHESTNUT Below 107 Enid Bennett & Margery Wilson "THE MOTHER INSTINCT"

Virginia Pearson WRATE OF VICTORIA . MARKET Above PRICES 164. 20 EMMY WEHLEN In Initial Presentation of Metro's
"MISS ROBINSON CRUSOE"



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PALACE 10 A. M. TO 11:18 F. B. GAIL KANE PRESENTATION SOULS IN PAWN

REGENT MARKET below 17TH 11 A. M. to 11:15 P. M. Daily, 10c: Bugs.

CROSS KEYS DATLY SING-I

LOUIS MANN

