

JUST GOSSIP ABOUT PEOPLE

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

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

He was only nineteen years old and had all the hopes of a brilliant career before him, but he left for France with the Princeton unit to help and comfort the wounded and dying on the battlefields.

His father is Richard Newlin, a brother of James Cavely Newlin and Dr. Arthur Newlin, the latter of whom is with Base Hospital No. 10 in France. His mother is Miss Edith Elmhurst, a sister of Charles and Howard Elmhurst.

His parents will always have that remembrance of the little boy who died for his fellowmen. "For greater love than that he lay down his life for his friend."

Did you hear we are to have the honor 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.

Well, they have been presented to the Government rent free for the duration of the war and they have been taken over by the Red Cross and will be used by that organization almost exclusively for the navy.

Major Grayson Murphy is at 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 to Franklin Field for the annual football game?

Grayson used to be one of the West Pointers who came in his wonderful uniform to gladden the hearts of the suited maidens by dancing with them at that class.

Why is there such a fascination about brass buttons and the soldierly chest? It used 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 such like in their uniforms. I guess they feel as if it makes them conspicuous.

I HAD to laugh the other afternoon at the Bellevue-Stratford roof garden to see a big, burly officer and an attractive girl sitting there in the delicious air, and what do you think the poor man was imbibing? Orangeade! He looked bored to death, too. Perhaps I misjudged him; maybe he never had taken anything stronger, and, in fact, maybe he did not want 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 regular 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 as Mr. Admiral entered. He looked a wee bit bewildered at his reception and timidly asked what all this respect meant.

"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 1850 vintage, quite like a Pinafore admiral.

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 Atlantic City. She was Bessie Wilkinson, you know, a sister of Sarah Wilkinson, and daughter of the Ogdon Wilkinsons, of Walnut street about Twentieth. They were married just about a year ago and have been living in apartments at 2031 Walnut street. The news of her death last Sunday came as a great shock to their many friends.

BRANCHES OF AUXILIARY FORMED IN ROXBOROUGH

Pupils of First Aid Classes to Be Graduated in the Fall

Central Methodist Episcopal Church, on Green lane, in Roxborough, has its branch of auxiliary organized with John Morone as chairman; Miss Helen Kowmer, 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. William Edleman is one of the prominent workers in Central's group. Other churches planning community groups for the auxiliary are the Foxborough Baptist, under the direction of Mrs. John Robinson; the Holy Trinity Lutheran, headed by Miss Margaretta Vogt and Miss Amanda Stein, and the Grace Evangelical Lutheran. The latter may devote the time to raising money for the auxiliary by buying its own materials.

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 specified 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 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 vesper.

There is a long waiting list for the first-aid classes to be formed in September, when Dr. Lawrence Simcox's pupils in Auxiliary 171 will be graduated. There are three classes, one for men and two for women. And this reminds me of the strikingly beautiful every 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. There was quite a commotion among the frightened passengers, but the woman, who was as many times called upon when taken unaware, so why blame the aider for losing her nerve while remembering her diploma. She jumped up, clasped and unclasped 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. George 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 Eleanor Longstreth and Lieutenant Frederick Dent, U. S. A., will take place on September 4 in St. Clement's Protestant Episcopal Church at Twentieth and Cherry streets and will be followed by a reception at the home of Miss Longstreth's aunt, Mrs. William L. Supple at Merion. Miss Longstreth, who is at present visiting in West Point, will return to Philadelphia on August 11 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 Eaglesmead for the remainder of the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Ellis MacGrath, of Benet street, Chestnut Hill, will leave today for Chelsea to spend a week. They will be accompanied by their daughter, Miss Annetta MacGrath.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hagar, of Westview street, Germantown, will leave within a few days for Ventnor to be gone a month. Mrs. Hagar was Miss Gladys Trinkle.

Mrs. H. E. Schellenger and her son, Mr. Henry E. Schellenger, Jr., of 3709 Spruce street, are spending a week in Downingtown before going to Cape May for the rest of the season.

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 Butler 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 father's 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, accompanied 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 2568 Jefferson street, are receiving congratulations on the birth of a daughter.

Light Frost in South Dakota ABERDEEN, S. D., Aug. 10.—A light frost last night through the northeastern portion of South Dakota was reported. It is believed no damage was done to crops. The mercury here dropped to 44 degrees above zero.



Photo by William Sewell Ellis

IF A DREAM CAME TRUE



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

CHAPTER XII.—(Continued) "Really, Foster, I don't need it," 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 changing the subject: "How fresh you look, Foster! And what a man you've married! There is no need to ask if you are happy, for—"

"Well," said Stevens, approaching them, "we must be going now, for Bernhard 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 to go.

"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, resuming herself at the typewriter. "And they were going to give me—"

Once more engrossed in her work, she did not hear the doorbell, which had been ringing persistently. At the end of a page she paused and bent her head low over her work.

"... for love," she mused, half-aloud. 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 Miriam's attention. For a moment Miriam glared hard at her; she could not believe her own eyes; then, suddenly, half-regretfully, she cried: "Why, it's Shirley Bloodgood! Oh, why did you come? You must not stay, you must not stay."

"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 your whereabouts. You might as well have moved a thousand miles away, as everybody thinks you have."

"It takes money to move a thousand miles away," she protested feebly. "I was suddenly struck by a needle in a haystack over here," continued Shirley.

"But why did you come?" Miriam kept on protesting. "Why, Shirley, Shirley, you've had orders not to reveal your whereabouts. You might as well have moved a thousand miles away, as everybody thinks you have."

"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 account of this."

And now the two women fell to talking about things past and present. Shirley, who delicately broached the subject of Laurie.

"And Laurie—how is he?" she asked. "Miriam's eyes kindled for an instant, but they were soon dimmed again. "Poor boy," she answered, "he doesn't such a strain. It's a wonder he doesn't break down. It's so good and kind through it all, too. He's a fine fellow, now, he went on with great enthusiasm."

"Let me see," said Shirley, reminiscently, "this conviction was reversed on appeal, wasn't it?"

"Why, no; don't you remember that it was for nothing?" affirmed Shirley. "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. Aligned—aligned," she mused; and then suddenly leaned forward and inquired eagerly: "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 affluence, the jail doors were opened, and he was free—that's all—and he came back to me."

"Surely Murgratroy knows," said Shirley. "Oh, yes, of course he knows; but we have never asked any questions. Why should we? I shall never forget Murgratroy's thought—I remember him in my prayers. He was honest; he kept his word."

"Murgratroy, the man with a price! Well, I suppose it's just as well that there are people in this world who can be bought now and then."

"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. "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 her strength was superior to his. She was beside herself with sudden anger, with shame, with indignity, with agony.

"You give that bill to me!" she said through her closed teeth. "You try to go!" he growled, almost jerking himself out of her grasp. Then followed a struggle that was short, sharp but decisive, inasmuch as he finally succeeded in wrenching himself free from her. And now, turning quickly, he snatched her with his clenched hand full in the face.

Miriam staggered back, her eyes opened wide in humiliated astonishment. "Oh, Laurie!" she cried not with physical pain, though there upon her face now red, now white, was a broad, blotched mark—the bruise that the brute had left there.

He made a movement to go; but again she tried to prevent him; for quick as a flash she had darted to the chiffonier, opened a top drawer and drawn forth a weapon.

"Stop!" she cried in a hard voice. "Don't you dare to leave this room with that money!"

"What are you going to do?" he demanded. Miriam laughed hysterically. "Listen to me!" she cried, her voice growing hoarse as she went on, "this thing has been responsible for one murder, one death, and one man's ruin. 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; but you have ruined me, you have ruined other people thought that you had married me for my money. But I knew different—you couldn't fool me about that! And it 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 a stone into the gutters of humanity—where you belong!"

She paused for breath, but not once did 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?—No—there were too many of them later on. But I'll never forget that night I spent in the torture chamber! It was a white night for me."

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FARMER SMITH'S COLUMN THINKING My Dear—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 books and rivers, but not all are clear. Clear thinking will help you. It will stand out in my memory just now. A little boy once wanted some custard pie. He took the pie, 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.

STRANGE ADVENTURES 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. "That's all right," said Shirley, "but you'll 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 behind these horns of mine. I wish it would stop working sometimes and give me a rest. It doesn't stop when I am asleep, for then I dream. "I wonder what dreams are. I guess they wonder what that sign says. I queer the circus is coming to this town, and I will be ready to join it by that time. Hello! What's that? A lot of tents and soldiers. Hurray! Back to the army for me. 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 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 the soldiers. "That's the matter with catching him and having him for our mascot?" asked a voice nearby. "That's all right, but Billy got up and walked out in the sunlight. "Grab him quick!" shouted one of the men. "It was not a hard task to get Billy, as he stood very still. "Nice little goatie," began one of the soldiers. "Such soft language!" thought Billy, trying to hold his tongue for fear of frightening the soldier. "Where will we put his royal highness?" asked a man whom Billy knew to be an officer. "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 iron rope. It will take me until this circus comes this way to get away from a rope like that. Billy Bumpus was led away. Suddenly 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 soldiers, who was back of Billy. "Hurray for our mascot!"

"That's a 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 investigate. He had been led to investigate. He had a chain around his neck this time, and it worked 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 bolt!" The chain was fastened to the post with a bolt and nut. Billy loved nuts, and with his teeth he soon succeeded in turning which he had had been told to be tight. He thought it best not to run away just yet, as he smelled corn beef and cabbage cooking.

SPYING VILLAIN INFEST THEATRE SCENES

New Productions Are Shown The Arcadia, Palace and Victoria

By the Photoplay Editor

ARCADIA—"The Mother Instinct," with Enid Bennett and Margery Wilson. Directed by H. William Hall. Another production from the Triang studios that will uphold the standard of this company for artistic success was revealed in the current attraction. Its physical beauty of marine views and the naturalness with which every player gave their roles makes this story an entertaining one to watch. Simplicity marked every scene, with the exception of the gay dancing crowd in the streets of a Latin Quarter during the crowning of their Mardi Gras Queen.

The Misses Bennett and Wilson play the roles of sisters, while Gertrude Claire enacts the loving mother with a style that excels in every gain sympathy. Others who do excellent work in the support are Ted Burns, Jack Gilbert, Carl Ullman and Rowland Lee. Some fine types of children are disclosed at the opening as the youthful sisters and brothers.

PALACE—"Sons in Fren," Mutual, with Gail Kane. Story by Julius Grinnell. Directed by J. M. Cabanne. 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 with the stories of these interesting characters. However, this production was evidently made before the feeling against Germany was so intense, for it shows the approval of a German against the French Government. This is not the main theme, for it contains much mystery and some low 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 spy Douglas MacLean gave a clear characterization. There is a little girl about five years old whose natural work makes her an able assistant.

VICTORIA—"Miss Robinson Crusoe," with Enid Bennett, Margery Wilson and Gail Kane. Story by Jules Grinnell. Directed by J. M. Cabanne. Well, here's another spy story. Just seems as though they are contagious, or else some of the extras working in studios are spies and find out what the scenario editor has accepted, with which information they rush to their own employers. Then we have another spy story, with a race to see who 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 plot running through the story of "Miss Robinson Crusoe," a name given to our leading lady when she is shipwrecked upon one of our thousand islands by an ardent lover. It is the case of an old maid and a young man each trying to win the affections of the young wealthy girl, with the race being won by the youth. The spying band enter the story in their endeavor to secure information and papers in the possession of our elderly man and the accusing of our youthful hero as being their ringleader.

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

Fire Destroys Family Wardrobe Fire of undetermined origin early today destroyed almost the entire wardrobe of the family of A. Gordon, 1148 South Twenty-second street. The blaze started in a rear room on the second floor.

WHAT'S DOING TO NIGHT Fairmont Park Band, Strawberry Mansion, 8 o'clock. Free. Philadelphia Band, City Hall Plaza, 8 o'clock. Free. Municipal Band, McPherson Square, Kensington and Indiana avenues, 9 o'clock. Free. Allied Building Trades Council, Parkway Building, 8 o'clock. Members and delegates. Annual reunion of survivors of Easton's Fire Zouaves, 49 North Seventeenth street.

The Stanley CONTINUED 11:15 A. M. 11:15 P. M. MARKET ABOVE 16TH LAST TWO DAYS HERBERT BRENON Prof. Head, Daven and Bart Hall in "THE LONE WOLF" COMMENCING SEPTEMBER 10—OLDYEA PICTURE FIRST PRODUCTION—"THE FOLD OF THE CRUCIFIX"

PALACE 10 A. M. TO 11:15 P. M. PRICES 10c, 20c, 30c GAIL KANE PRESENTATION "SOULS IN PAWN"

ARCADIA CHESTNUT Below 10TH 10:15 A. M. 11:15 P. M. ENID BENNETT & MARGERY WILSON "THE MOTHER INSTINCT"

REGENT MARKET Below 17TH 11 A. M. TO 11:15 P. M. DAILY, 10c; EVENING, 15c VIRGINIA PEARSON "WRATH OF THE GODS"

VICTORIA MARKET Above 10TH 11 A. M. TO 11:15 P. M. PRICES 10c, 20c EMMY WEHLEN In Initial Presentation of Metro's "MISS ROBINSON CRUSOE"

The CRISIS Seen and Praised BY President Wilson DAILY MATS 2:15 25c to 50c AUG 13 SEPT 10 NIGHTS 8:15 25c to 50c GARRICK

GLOBE Theatre MARKET Below 10TH 11 A. M. TO 11:15 P. M. PRICES 10c, 20c, 30c An "Millionaire for a Night" with "COLUMBIAN SURROUNDING REAL"

CROSS KEYS DAILY 8:30-10:30 P. M. 7c, 10c, 15c SLATKOV'S REVUE

B. F. Keith's Theatre CHESTNUT & TWENTY-SECOND STS. LOUIS MANN & COMPANY