JUST GOSSIP ABOUT PEOPLE Cape May Presents a Gay Picture Over August Week-Ends-Many Persons Are in the Mountains These Days—Dance at Ship and Tent Club

Trs perfectly obvious that when James Russell Lowell wrote "What is so rare as a day in June?" he had never been to Cape May on a Saturday afternoon in August. Nothing could have been more delightful than that resort over the in August.

Week-end, and it did not take Philadelphia society long to find it out. House parties were myriad and everywhere one saw persons one knows, all looking as if they were

having the time of their lives. The blue flannel uniforms of the Naval Coast Reserve make things mighty

MISS KATHERINE HOBART HARE

Miss Hare, whose marriage to Mr. John

Conger will take place in October, is

them, and they continued on in the motor

to the Pacific coast. It must have been a

most wonderful trip through the gorgeous

They expect to remain at their home in

will return West as far as Colorado for a

short time. On their return Mrs. Lorimer

will resume her active work on the Arme-

nian committee of the Emergency Aid and

the Red Cross work, too, at the Inde-

pendence Square branch, besides the

Huntingdon Valley Red Cross as well, for

DR. AND MRS. GEORGE FALES BAKER are at their camp in the

Adirondacks and at present are having a

the guests, and, of course, that means

John Conger is there, too. They are to

be married on October 6, you know. Mar-

garet Burton is another Philadelphia mem-

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Sibley Webster

are giving a dinner tonight in honor of

their daughter Mabel, who is going to

marry Dick Harte tomorrow in Boston.

The guests will be the members of the

Miss Kathleen Burke, the author

ess, will be the guest of Mrs. S.

Fisher Corlies and Miss Margaret Corlies

late this month at Attlea, their cottage in

Magnolia. During her stay she will talk

to the surgical-dressings classes that meet

every week at the coachhouse, on Mrs.

Edward S. Grew's place at West Manches

Dr. and Mrs. Joseph Fleitas, of German

toown, expect to leave today for James-

several weeks. I wonder how the Ger-

mantown minute men will get along with-

out their captain? I suppose the trusty

top-sergeants and all the other technical

at Various Resorts

Porto Rico Asks Autonomy

town, R. I., where they will stay for

she has many charitable interests.

western country.

ber of the guests.

bridal party.

ter. Mass.

them.

Clarks, of Cynwyd.

too, I believe.

also in Maine.

picturesque as they appear on the beach, in the movies, in motors and, more than dance pavilion. There are several submarine chasers in the harbor, and naval officers with their gold braid and brass buttons are dined (but not wined), and have the time of their lives generally. I saw the Dorr Newtons at the Red Mill, also Gabriela Tilghman, Arthur Maris, Lieutenant I. Scott McCaughy, U. S. N.; Joe Shoe-

maker, who looks pretty fine in his blue flannels; the Kolffs-and, by the by, "Pene" is as popular this year as last. Mr. and Mrs. Arthington Gilpin are spending some time down there, and not the least popular man in town is young Alfred. Mrs. Benjamin Orton and Ellen, of the Newport, are at the Chalfonte this year, and Marion Dougherty was strolling along the Boardwalk on Saturday, looking is handsome as ever in a stunning black gown and hat. You are constantly startled

these days to find that your best friends may suddenly appear out of nowhere in a blue uniform and scare you to death. Drew Wheeler is one of those who all of a sudden like came forth in blue, and announced that he is a naval coast reserve.

on a house party in the Adirondacks. Margaret McCabe was just about as pretty as a picture on Sunday morning. seated in a wheelchair watching the bathers. She wore a sheer white frock and a big leghorn hat trimmed with pink satin and roses. She surely is attractive and looks better, although she cannot walk very far as yet. You remember, she was quite ill in the spring and has not yet entirely recovered. Andrew Gray has a new red car which

is a decided addition to him and to Cape May, which would not be Cape May without Andy, would it? Indeed, one misses Lou Scott at every turn this year. He and X. were always there. Mr. Scott, you remember, died last winter after a quite short illness.

Mrs. Ronald Barlow and her close friend, Ethel Maule, motored over from the Golf Course on Sunday and had a dip with the rest of us. After all, there is no place quite as comfy and cozy as Cape May, and this year evidently everybody else has had the same thought, for the place has gone mad with gayety and the big season is decidedly on.

CERTAINLY the Mather family are all working hard for their country. Gilbert, whose marriage to Gladys Earle takes place on Saturday of this week, has been made a captain of infantry recently at the Fort Niagara camp, and Victor, who is in the quartermaster's department with the rank of captain, is in the Northwest buying horses for the Government. Josephine and Dorothy, the two girls, have organized an auxiliary branch of the Russell Thayers at Saranac Lake. the Red Cross, which meets every Friday Mrs, Thayer was Aimee Hutchinson, you their place near West Chester.

The class is composed of their neighbors in Chester County, and they do work for the Red Cross, the Navy League and the Belgian Relief. You know the Mathers have heretofore always spent their summers at their camp in the Adirondacks, but this year they are all too busy to leave. I hope Victor has been able to obtain leave, that he may be best man at the marriage of his brother to his sister-inlaw-for she is that already, you know, Victor having married Gladys's eldest sister, Katherine Earle, about ten or twelve years ago.

THE fourth of a series of dances to be given at the Ship and Tent Club is to be held tonight. And what might the Ship and Tent Club be, you ask? For I did myself. It's the sailors and marines' club, at Twenty-second and Christian streets, for the enlisted men of the army, havy and United States marine corps. You know, it was opened about two months ago by Mrs. George W. Childs Drexel, who is really the founder of the club, and there have been three dances held there already. Two hundred girls have been invited to the dance tonight, at which the same number of men will be present.

Mrs. Paul Denckla Mills is to be hostess this evening, and will have a number of women to receive with her, for quite a number are still at home, in spite of the at any minute, I hear, and Mr. Edward general August exodus. The dance is to be held in the gymnasium of the club, which, and Mrs. Edwin Blabon are great enthuincidentally, is the largest in the city, I am told, so it must be some gymnasium.

The enlisted men run the club themselves, with the assistance of these women. Now and then the officers stop in, but it's simply to add to the gayety of WAYNE RESIDENTS SPEND nations, not to supervise or direct. The club belongs to the men, and only to them, Tonight the music will be supplied by the Marine Band from the Philadelphia Navy Yard, it is expected, and really it will be quite some party.

Mrs. Drexel was the hostess at the first of the residents of Wayne are spending the party, and the second was chaperoned by Mrs. Charlton Yarnall, who invited the enlisted men in honor of the Scribe-Scriptum Club, which, by the way, is a club for up in July.

Miss Josephine Scott, Mrs. Frank Putnam. girls which Mrs. Yarnall started some Miss Katharine Putnam, Miss Esther Camptime ago. Then Mrs. Sidney Thayer chaperoned the third party.

The clubhouse itself was given for the enlisted men by Mr. George C. Thomas, who owns the property.

A patriotic and unique feature of these dances, and one which supplies a touch each comes to an end, at 11 o'clock, the orchestra plays the "Star Spangled Ban-per" and the control of the con her" and the entire company of men stand at salute. And, as you may imagine, it is

solemn and beautiful ceremony. The Ship and Tent Club was the first of the clubs founded in this city for the small of enlisted men. Mrs. Drexel, who is the lides, is chairman of the DRAFTED MEN ARE TO HAVE TRAINING AT LANSDOWNE

such as this.

Stay-at-Homes Enjoy Swimming in Lake at Griffith Park

Did you know that some of the men who are physically fit for service under the selective service law are going to receive advance training at the Lansdowne drill grounds of the Philadelphia Military Training Corps. The grounds are on Carrett road above Lansdowne avenue, and drills for the drafted men will be held there every Sunday afternoon and perhaps on weekdays, too. These drills are not compulsory, but since their object is to enable men to qualify for examinations for noncommissioned officers in the new national army, they are sure to be well attended. Naturally, the alert man will be keen for an opportunity

Speaking of the army, Ted Martin and Wallace Stewart have both "joined" and are now in training down in Texas. Ted has an officer uncle there, you know,

Haven't these cool, sunny August days been simply marvelous for going a-motoring? And those lucky individuals who are taking trips in their cars surely are to be envied. Think of motoring all the way up to Kittery Point, Me., like the Frederick Masons did last week! (They are going to stay there till September.) Or going on a wonderful two weeks' trip through the Poconos, such as Prof. and Mrs. J. Eugene Baker and Mr and Mrs. Albert F. Griffieh are taking.

Absolutely it would be next to impossible for a Lansdowner to walk along the board-walk at Ocean City without meeting some one from his home town. The Charles Sudwith Sue, Betty and Louise, are down there; so are the Frank Sagendorfs, Mr. and Mrs. Clayton Wilson and their children, the Sam Phillips, the J. R. Lincoln Edwards, with their two good-looking daughters, and—oh, just heaps more.

But of course there are other sum places for Lansdowne people. The Wilbert Cryleys have a cottage at Wildwood Crest and Mr. and Mrs. Waiter Loring Webb have an attractive summer home on one of the lakes in New York State. Dr. and Mrs. Jesse H. Brown are spending their August at Princess Anne, Md. The club is equipped with splendid game rooms and a library, besides the gymna-

Those stay-at-homes who have a bit of magination find a substitute for summer MR. AND MRS. GEORGE HORACE LORIMER have returned to their resorts in Griffith Park. There is an oval lake with long, misty-green willows looking into it and here and there little rustic bridges and benches—with plenty of shade. country home after touring the West in their motor. They rode from Philadelphia There are several good tennis courts, too, and over on the hill are real live soldier to San Francisco in the car, with the exception of the desert country, when Mrs. tents, where some of the National Guard Lorimer and her sons took to the train are encamped. as far as Reno, where Mr. Lorimer joined

There are always plenty of swimmers and would-be ones in the lake. It's glorious sport for those who know how to dive off into the water in a hundred different ways. It's amusing to watch the would-be swimmers, though. They gather together in the tot-above-your-head spot and splash about in the ducklest fashion. Sometimes sev eral of them get quite adventurous and at-Wyncote until late next month, and then tempt to mount a raft. Well perhaps one will finally land safely on it, but the minute the other one tries to, head over heels they both go into the waiting water, and still they try it again.

The women of the Century Club are still busy with their canning and preserving and, ndeed, they are doing splendid work. days and Fridays find the big, cool kitchen of the club filled wit's aproned women 'putting up' every sort of fruit and vege-ables in season. Mrs. Frederick J. Petry tables in season. Mrs. Frederick J. and Mrs. Frank H. Maguire form the chasing committee for this week, and the committee includes Mrs. Charles work house party. Katherine Hare is one of Pilling, Mrs. Edwin Grauley, Mrs. Robert Lynne Mishler, Mrs. Alan R. Hoffer and Miss Mabel E. Phillips.

Social Activities

Mr. and Mrs. John Shipley Dixon, of Villanova, have taken a cottage on Beach avenue, in Cape May, for the remainder of Mr. and Mrs. Joe Thayer, of Chestnut Hill, are in the Adirondacks, too, visiting

> informal dinner one evening last week. The Rev. Cyrus Townsend Brady, accom-

anied by Mrs. Brady, is at the New Hotel in Cape May for several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. John Lord Butler, of Jeannette, Pa., were the guests of Mrs. Butler's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Townsend Sharpless, of Hatherton, Chelten Hills, over the week-end. Mrs. Butler was Miss Marion Field Sharpless before the second statement of the second Sharpless before her marriage in May.

Miss Lucy Small, of York, Pa., is spendng a few weeks with Mrs. Ely J. Smith, of

Miss Catherine Ward of 2718 North Thirteenth street, has gone to Atlantic City to spend the remainder of the season with her parents at 321 Arctic avenue

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Murtagh, of West Chester, have gone to the Stockton Villa, Cape May, for the remainder of the summer. Mrs. Harry Cobb Kennedy and her daughter, Miss Elizabeth Kennedy, are also at the Stockton Villa.

terms can be relied on to take care of Mrs. Frank C. Rhodes and Frank C Rhodes, Jr., and Mrs. Walter Whillden, of 4244 North Fairhill street, will leave this The Arthur Brockies, of Chestnut Hill, are going to Northeast to visit the Percy week for an extensive motor trip through the West, Mrs. Whiliden is Mrs. Rhodes's

SARATOGA SPRINGS is attracting Philadelphia society pretty success-TO PERSONAL PROPERTY. Mr. and Mrs. William Grant Orr, of Haddonfield, N. J., announces the engagement of their daughter, Miss Mildred Phillips fully these days. The races are going on, and there are some who never miss a Orr, to Mr. Joseph Wiber Spencer, Jr., of race; for instance, the Robert and Ed-South Orange, N. J. The announcemen was made at a luncheon at the Manufac ward Cassatts, the Riddles and the Wideners. The Henry Disstons are expected turers' Club today.



MISS MARY HOOKEY

IF CHIVALRY OBTAINED TODAY



The Red Mouse

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

CHAPTER XIV-(Continued) BRODERICK, wondering, scated himself;
Murgatroyd peered over the little book.

"Seven and seven are fourteen," he mused, "and six are twenty, and eleven-"What have you got there?" Broderick asked with mild interest. "The Penal Code," answered Murgatroyd. lightly.

"Look under B for Bribe," suggested Broderick, with an accusing glance. Murgatroyd shook his head.

'Um just figuring up the number of year you'd have to serve-"But I'm not goin' to the Senate," pro-

tested the politician but I am," retorted the prosecutor. Four times six are twenty-four; besides the amount of fines you'll have to pay. Take the first on the list, Broderick. You'll get seven years on that, and \$7000 fine. Put

that down." "I'll put nothin' down-I never was a

hand at figures."
"Then I'll do it. Twenty indictments for corrupting voters—I've got the goods on that; twenty years and \$20,000 fines. Hold on a minute, we won't add up just yet. There's your interest in Cradlebaugh's; there's the hospital; there are your poolrooms; log rolling with police headquarters—Why, say, Broderick," he exclaimed suddenly, gasping with surprise, "it will cost you in the neighborhood of \$100,000 in Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Church, who are also

"You don't say!" sarcastically returned

continued Murgatroyd, suavely, "about 135 years to serve in sentences."
"I'm booked for a ripe old age," returned Broderick, still with sarcasm in his voice "So that eliminates you from the Senate," facetiously continued the prosecutor; "you'll to up for the rest of your unnatural life. paused and shot at Broderick a glance that went home-one that meant business. Broderick squirmed.

"You don't mean to tell me, prosecutor," he exclaimed, "that you're going to prosecute me for these things?" The other shrugged his shoulders.
"How can I help it?"

"You don't dare prosecute me! You blamed idiot!" screamed Broderick. "If you do, I'll send you up myself—you with three-quarters of a million dirty money in our clothes."

Murgatroyd thought over his words and

weighed them. Presently he said:
"I would get out in five years; you would
be there for a hundred and thirty more."

Broderick snorted with rage. "What are you driving at, anyway?" The prosecutor was silent for a moment then he said:

"Broderick, since I've been prosecutor, I have achieved a reputation for just three things; first, whenever I have tried to induce the grand jury to indict, I've suc-ceeded; second, whenever they indicted, I have secured a verdict of conviction; third, my verdicts of conviction are al-ways confirmed upon appeal." He stood over Broderick, threateningly, and finally "Now, you put me in the United States Senate, or I'll put you where the penal cade provides! What are you going to do about it?"

Broderick swelled with anger Broderick swelled with anger.
"I'm going to call your bluff, Murga-troyd!" he yelled. "You can't work me! And you don't dare touch me, either! Why, there ain't a man in this whole State

who dares to lay a hand on me! By George, I call your bluff!" Murgatroyd sat at his desk and pressed button; the door opened and two mer

"Mixley, McGrath," said Murgatroyd, picking up some rectangular slips of paper from his desk and passing them over to them. "Chairman Peter Broderick is go-ing to leave this room inside of thirty sec-

"You bet I am!" Broderick interposed. "You bet I am!" Broderick interposed.
"There are ten warrants for his arrest,"
went on the prosecutor: "take him into
custody the instant he leaves this room."
"Right, Chief!" the men replied in chorus, and facing about, left the room.
"Now. Broderick," said Murgatroyd,
"you called my bluff—you may go."
The politician strode to the door angrily blustering, but with his hand on the
knob, he paused. A new situation was
confronting him—a thing imminent, concrete. To cross the threshold meant a
blow: Broderick crept back to Murgatroyd.

blow; Broderick crept back to Murgatroyd.
"Do you mean this, Murgatroyd?" he

"Do you mean this, Murgatroyd?" he queried.

Murgatroyd was busy at his desk and did not look up as he remarked:

"This interview is over."
Rebuffed once more, Broderick crept to the door, but again he came back, and whispered uncertainly:

"So you want to be United States Senator, eh? The best job that we've got?"
He hesitated for an instant before asking:
"Can I be of any help?"
Murgatroyd laid down his pen and looked up, smiling.

Murgatroyd laid down his pen and hosses up, smiling.
"Now you are talking sense, Broderick.
Yes, you and Thorne can help me."
"Thorne! Great Scott! I never thought of him! Why, he's the organization nominee, and I'm tied up with him! Say, honest, Murgatroyd, I can't go back on him—Murgatroyd, Jou can't make it—for even I can't indo all that's been done. Thorne has been stated for that job for months."
"You'te get to meanse him off the state,

"I'll be everlastingly confounded if I do!" returned Brederick.

Murgatroyd pressed a button: Mixley ame in on the jump.
"Mixley." began Murgatroyd.
"Hold on!" said Broderick, "I'll help

Murgatroyd nodded. "Warmly, energetically, enthusiasti-

"Oh, all that," interrupted Broderick. "Mixley," said the chief, "you can hold those warrants—until after the next Sena-Broderick gasped; Mixley's nod as he left

him in the eye, "you mean business-you're going to back me straight?"

"Not because I want to, but because I've got to," resurned the politician. "It seems I must He paused and returned Murgatroyd's

glance significantly. After a moment, "Well, fork over, then * . ."

Murgatroyd smiled.
"How much? **
"Thorne will spend and has spent a lot of money," answered Broderick;

"How much will it take?" asked Murga-troyd. "How much have you got left?" re-

the interview just described, a few keen observers among the passengers on an in-coming Southwestern express—pulling with smooth, exhaustive effort into eastern terminal—noted with considerable amusement that the pulses of one of their number had quickened to such a degree that evidently that evidently their owner found it quite impossible to resist the temptation to leave

her seat and politely push forward to the vestibule of the car, where she waited until the train came to a full stop. And so it happened that Shirley Bloodgood led the first flight of men who were hurrying up the long lance of the station loward a roped-off space where groups of people waited expectantly for relatives and friends. Not that Shirley looked forward to seeing a familiar face among them; on the con-Not that Shirley looked forward to seeing a familiar face among them; on the contrary she was fully aware, since she had neglected to telegraph to any one the time of her arrival, that there was not one chance in a thousand of any of her acquaintances being there; it was merely that she had fallen under the spell of that subtle spirit of unrest and haste which all travelers, however phlegmatic, recognize the moment they breathe the air of the metropolis. One guick, scrutinizing glance, it is olls. One quick, scrutinizing glance, it is true, the girl threw around and about her, as she passed through the crowd, but there was no disappointment on her face as now looking neither to the right nor to the left, she brushed past what seemed to her a hundred cabbies each intent on making her their legitimate human prey.

Once clear of the exit she turned to the

porter who was carrying her bag, tipped him, and directing his attention to an urchin in the center of a howling mob of youthful street Arabs ready to pounce upor her bag the instant the porter dropped it, she cried: "Give it to him—him!" It was a chubby little Russian Jew with

red cheeks and glistening eyes whom she selected, and, with a howl of disappoint-ment, the other ragamuffins opened up a lane to let the victor get his spoils, stood while Shirley and her escort marched off and then swooped down upon another "Come with me," said Shirley to the boy

and sulting her pace to his running stride she turned her face toward the west. As Shirley walked rapidly along, the ever pavement felt resilient to her well-shod feet keen air brought new vigor into her

face, into her body, and in it—partial stranger as she was—she detected that which the metropolitan never scents; the salt vapor of the sea. Thousands of men and women passed her, and to one and all figuratively speaking, she opened wide her arms. The giltter of a thousand lights found an answering sparkle in her eyes. "There is nothing in the world like it! It

will ever be home—the real home to me!" cried Shirley, half sloud. "The noise, the bustle, the crowds, the life—Oh, how I do

For a considerable time Shirley had been living on the heights of Arizona—a wilder-ness crowded with space, dotted here and there with human beings. Leaving her mother out there until, under new and altered circumstances, she could arrange their home in the big city that belonged to ber-and today, more than ever, she knew that she belonged to the big city, that in truth she was one of its people—she had come all the way through without stopping, reasoning that in that way just so much less time would clapse before she could return and fetch her. In the West—a land where men stood out in bold relief, because they were few—they had pointed out to her rugged specimens noted for their physical prowess, their daredevil recklessness of life. And viewing these swaggering heroes with the sense of personal achievement, however remote, strong upon them, a vague longing had crept into her inner con

"Oh, if I were only a man!" she had said to herself. But now, as she swept along or the right side of the sidewalk, facing the crowd that passed her on the left, she knew and felt that here was the place of the rea struggle, the battle ground, the flery fur-nace that men were tested in. Out in Ari-zona, it had been man to man; but here in New York, it was one man against a million. And yet, weman-like, she though that were she unsexed she could meet this struggle with tireless energy, could strike where men had failed, could crowd her way up, inch by inch, to the top. And thus com-muning with herself, Shirley walked on and

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on, feeling that the sould through this rush of homestade through this rush of homestade through this rush of homestade people who had sciously pushed the earth another four hours upon his journey.

All of a sudden there came a signature of the sudden there came a signature of the sudden three came a signature of the sudden the salled:

"Say, lady," setting down shirled in mild protest, "youse don't belong away? Ain't we got too far?"

After an instant of confusion, conceded the fact with a frank laug "What am I thinking of!" she dwant to go to the Bellerophon."

"This way then, lady," returned he want to go to the Bellerophon."

want to go to the Beilerophon."
"This way then, lady," returned be guide; and picking up her bag he

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SHOW LOYALTY TO U. S.

German-Americans Organize Soc Attack All Working Against U.

NEW YORK, Aug. 15 .- Organisation

NEW YORK, Aug. 15.—Organisation the pro-American society, its member consisting of "loyal American citizens German birth or parentage," for the avor purpose of combating distrust, was nounced here by Harry A. Schendel, a retary of the organization.

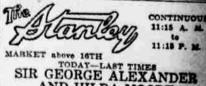
"We propose," Mr. Schendel said, attack with all possible strength those ware working against this Government, organization is making no attack on triotic men who, although born in Gemany, are supporting America and her lies."



Pairmount Park Band, Belmont Mas o'clock. Free. Philadelphia Band, City Hall Plate,

Musicipal Band, Germantown avenue and Ontario street, 8 o'clock. Free. Dance for enlisted men, Ship and Tool Chib, Twenty-third and Christian streets.

National Retail Monument Dealers' Association, ball, Hotel Adelphia. Members. Sepator Hiram Johnson will speak at patriotic rally, Willow Grove Park: Free.



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