MISS CAROLINE STOCKTON BROWN

Miss Brown is the daughter of Mr.

and Mrs. David Paul Brown, of 3311 De Lancey place. Her parents will give the first of two days at home for her this afternoon.

in three nets, entitled "The House Divided.

Mrs. Martha Maris, of Yardley, is spend-

Ing some time with her sister, Miss Emma.

Mrs. Eliza C. Smith, of Yardley, has been isiting Mr. and Mrs. Walter Eastburn, of

Mrs. Joseph R. Wilkinson, of 5109 Hazel avenue, announces the marriage of her sister, Miss Anna Rebecca Warner, to Mr. Elli King Clart on Monday, March 4. After a short wedding trip Mr. and Mrs. Gant will make their home at Twin Oaks, near Pitman, N. J.

Mrs. William A. Cochran entertained the

Mrs. William A. Courtan entertained too Bridge Club of which she is a member at her home on Midland avenue, St. Davids, on Tuesday afternoon, Among those present were Mrs. Alvin C. Dinky, Mrs. Robert Smith, Mrs. Norman J. Coudert, Mrs. Frederick A. de Canizaros, Mrs. J. Bertram Mitchell, Mrs. Mrs. Norman Mrs. John Barnes, Mrs. H.

de Camzares, Mrs. J. Bernan Snes, Mrs. H. K. Muiford, Mrs. John Barnes, Mrs. H. John Patten. Mrs. Louis H. Watt. Mrs. Rebert Elmer, Mrs. Humbert B. Powell, Mrs. Radeliffe, Mrs. C. Winthrop Coffin, Mrs. M. F. D. Scanlan and Mrs. A. H.

Betry Radeliffe, Dorothy Mather, Madeline Hale, Elizabeth and Frances Shull and

Mrs. P. Corlies, of Rising Sun avenue

Lawndale, will entertain the members of her

DISCUSS THRIFT

hundred club at her home on Tuesda

STAMPS AT MEETING

Sorosis Club Met in Wenonah,

N. J., When Members Agreed

to Increase Sales

in this way not only encouraging and prac-ticing thrift in every possible way, but mate-rially helping the Government to win the war. It was found that already about a thousand dollars' worth of stamps has been bought,

principally by the children of the commu-nity, and, as the matter is being put before the various clubs and societies this week, it is likely a marked increase in the sales will

soon follow.

Notwithstanding the fact that it was the short month, Mrs. Potter, head of the local Red Cross, reports the following list of ma-

terials turned out from the workrooms dur

terials turned out from the workrooms during the month of February: Seventy hospital
towels, 100 triangular bandages, forty-two
rolled Canton flannel bandages, ten T, bandages, 250 four-tailed bandages, 100 Scultetus bandages, 228 oakum pads, 700 gauze
compresses, 9 by, 9 inches; 280 gauze compresses, 3 by 6 inches; 240 gauze sponges,
eight khald outfits, six gray outfits and two
tested coverlies.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank B. Burdsall are being congratulated upon the birth of a son. Ogden Burdsall, born February 28. Mrs. Burdsall will be remembered as Miss Rena Ogden, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Ogden, of

Princeton avenue.
Invitations have been received from Mrs.

Invitations have been received from Mrs. Howard Matson for a Red Cross card party to be given at her home on Manton avenue on the afternoon of Wednesday. March 13.

Mrs. Charles H. Lorence entertained the Monday Club this week. Her guests included Mrs. Lake Gilmour, Mrs. Robert H. Comey, Mrs. Edward Lincoln Farr, Mrs. William Eley, Miss Mary Cromer, Mrs. Edward Sapp, Mrs. Charles E. Keeler, Miss Will Stokes and Miss Mortle Stokes.

At a meeting of the Ladles' Aid of the

knitted coverlets.

Miss Mortie Stokes.

rected by Mr. William J. Erwood-

East Orange, N. J.

Who do you think they are going to have at the Independence Square Auxiliary of the American Red Cross on pext Monday afte, noon? Lieutenart H. G. Milson, of the Canadian forces, who is quite some wonderful speaker. He has to return very soon, they say, and so Mrs. Lorimer has been most fortunate in getting him to come and address the workers. Really, last Monday, when Lieutenant Commander Payne was speaking, and then that spler.did young Australian, whose name I did not get, I marveled at the progress of that one Red Cross center. Why, there are at least seventy-five women working hard, making pneumonia jackets, compresses, dressings of all kinds and descriptions every day. By the way, speaking of dressings, I hear there has been quite a misunderstanding among some people, who think that the Red Cross does not need workers, because bandages are no longer needed. Now you see there is difference between a bandage and a dressing. They have not been making bandages for a long time at any of the headquarters, for the simple reason that the old-fashioned rolled bandages are seldom used, but surgical dressings of all kinds and descriptions are being made and are greatly needed; terribly needed, and the sooner we awake to that fact and get busy the better.

Our men are getting trained before they to into the trenches. They will not be thrown in "raw" as were the first English troops. To hear that Australian lad tell of his experiences in Callipoli and how be felt when he woke up, after months of fighting there, on a hospital chip to see a Red Cross nurse bending over him and to know that for a time at least he was away from the horror of it all, I tell you, you want to do all you can for those boys to help them through the awful herrors they will have to face.

Think of this! That young man told us that in six months he had two shirts and that if he had a minute to take one, shake the "Couties" off, turn it inside out and put it on again, he felt wonderfully clean, Think of it! We who step into our daily tub. Is there anything we can do that is good enough for our men? I think not,

MR WILLIAM POTTER, who was at preside tomorrow evening at the entertainment being arranged by the Italian committee of the Emergency Aid at the Acad-

emy of Music. Mr. Potter will introduce Will Irwin, the well-known author and war correspondent, who will be the speaker of the evening. Mr. Irwin has chosen for his subject, "The Latin at War," and having but recently returned from the Italian battle-front has many mighty interesting experices to relate.

The War Department in Washington is nding on some Italian war films which have hitherto not been shown here and the music of the evening will be furnished by an Italian orchestra.

The Italian committee consists of Mrs. Benjamin Miller, chairman; Mrs. J. Gardner Cassatt, Mrs. J. Bertram Lippincott, Mrs. Herbert M. Fisher, Mrs. James Miffin, Mrs. Albert Weiner, Mrs. Robert B. Haines, Mrs. Charles L. Houston, Miss Mary C. Beath, Mrs. William P. Worth, Mrs. Charles M. Houston, Mrs. Sydney Wright, Mrs. John Morgan, Mrs. Edward Troth, Mrs. William A. L. w. Mrs. William H. Gibbons, Mrs. Henry Evans, Mrs. Walter Banes, Miss Virginia Hartshorne, Miss Mary McCulleugh, Miss Mary Tattersfield and Miss Ruth Gibbons.

MR AND MRS. WILLIAM L. AUSTIN, in Resemont, invited a notable gataering of people last Saturday aftermoon to their beautiful home to hear Major Lauchlin MacLean Watt, chaplain to the Second Gordon Highlanders, of the British forces, speak on his experiences at the front. Major Watt has the Scotchman's dry sense of humor and while he told of the most thrilling and pathetic scenes in the trenches, he also made many humorous remarks.

Mr. and Mrs. Austin were assisted in redving by their daughters, Miss Reba Austin, Miss Anna Austin and Miss Jean Austin. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. William F. Dreer, Mr. and Mrs. W. ustin Obdyke, Dr. and Mrs. Andrew Mutch, Mr. and Mrs. Horace H. Lee, Mr. and Mrs. Belding, Mrs. William A. Sawyer, Mrs. Daniel B. Curll, Miss Clarke, Mrs. W. A. Gibbons and Miss Gibbons.

NANCY WYNNE.

Social Activities

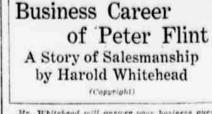
Mrs. J. Gardner Cassatt will entertain the following guests in her box at the Cercle Francais this evening, Mrs. Radeliffe Cheston. Jr.; Mrs. Houston Payne, of New York; Mr. and Mrs. Edward F. Beale, and Mrs. John W. Drayton.

Mrs. Henry H. Endlcott, of South Highand avenue, Merion, has issued invitations for the marriage of her daughter, Miss Anna Winthrop Endicott, and Captain Harry C. Duncan, U. S. R., on Saturday, March 16, at 1 o'clock, at the Memorial Church of St. Paul, Overbrook. A small reception will fol-low the ceremony at the home of the bride's breats.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Peirce have issued avitations for the marriage of their daugh-tar. Miss Elizabeth Peirce, and the Rev. stanley Armstrong Hunter, on Thursday. March 21, at the Bryn Mawr Presbyterian Church. Mr. and Mrs. Hunter will be at ome after July 1 at 1212 Western avenue orth Side, Pittsburgh.

Miss Piorence Hoffman, of 6162 Walnut freet, entertained the club of which she is member on Monday evening. Among those feeth were Miss Mary Wright, Miss Agnes toberts, Miss E. Marie Wiese, Miss Jane Tries, Miss Marguerite Greiss, Mrs. Marret McGowan, Miss Katharine Duross, Miss straret Duross and Miss Jeannette

Mr. and Mrs. James W. Roscoe, of \$52 North Forty-eighth street, entertained informally on Saturday evening in honor of the brinday of their son, Mr. Frank M. Dean, M. C. U. S. A., who recently received his commission as sergeant and is now stationed the Frankford Arsenal. A huge Ameriang fraped across the dining-room enance was in perfect harmony with the decoulons, which were strictly military. Among present were Mr. Joseph Tansey, Q. C. U. S. A., of Elizabeth, N. J.; Mr. Tes Farrell, Q. M. C., U. S. A., of Harias Farrell, Q. M. C., U. S. A., of Wilkes-Barre, Pa.; Mr. William Commany 1. Twenty-soond United



Mr. Whitehead will answer your haviness cursitions on baying, willing, odyritising and employment. Ask your qualities clearly and give of the tacts. Your express many and full address that be superated to all togethers. These which are among nearly many to the arrival and the property distribution will be said by while. Others will be convered in this calamin. The most interesting problems of inquirers will be vocces into the story of Peter Films.

I'VE discovered something today about business. This is it: It's easier to lose a job

I ness. This is it: It's easier to lose a job than to get one.

When I resigned from Marsh & Felton's last Saturdey—no, I'll be honest with myself at any rate, when I was fired; yes, FIRED—I thought it would be easy to land a job. The various emboyment agencies advertise every day lists of jobs waiting to be filled.

All I had to do, so I feedishly thought in my ignerance, was to go and take my bick. Now I know different. All the plexing that's happened today has been at me listsad of for me.

happened today has been at me instead of for me.

I'd better recount what happened, as a warning to myself and to any others who may read my experience.

About 10 a. m. I went to the Metropole Employment Agency to heak on to one of those jobs I saw advertised. To my delight, there was only one other follow there—and he was there by appointment.

A smart young man asked me what I wanted and I told him I wanted the position of local traveling subsenum for dry goods houses that they advertised.

He grinnel and said, "You are only about 200 applicants too late."

"What?" I gasped. "How can that be when the ad only appeared tiffs nocuning?"

the ad only appeared tiffs morning?"
"Exactly," he responded, "but this morning in a liready gone, so for as getting that job or any other special jobs are concerned. You want to get here by 7:00 if you really mean bushess. "However," he continued, "let's take your more and address and some particulars of our work and abilities and we'll see what I see."

we can do."

I gave him my name and the address of
my bearding house. He then asked where
I worked lust and why I left.
"Marsh & Felton's." I said, "and I left
because—because" (to save my life I could
not think or any good reason to give for
leaving." "Because they desired it?" queried the

Smith, Miss Mary F. Nyland, Miss Kathryne V. Nyland, Miss Margaret B. Nyland and Miss Anna A. Nyland, all of this city. oung fellow.
"Not exactly," I lied. "They were slack in ay department, so had to let none one go, and as I was the last comer, of course it had The Lyccum entertainers will give a play and dance at the New Century brawing Rooms tomorrow evening. The play is a farce

and as I was the last comer, of course it had to be me."

How easy It is to lie when once you get started. For an instant I almost believed it myself. The employment agency man quickly brought me to carth when he said muchingly. "Too had, ten bad; only this moraling they phoned us for two men for the kitchen goods department."

"Two!" I exclaimed with surprise. "I wonder if Billy"—then I stopped abruptly. "Yes," said the fellow, "one permanently and one special just for a week or two. "Well," he continued briskly, "I suppose we can refer to them for one place. How long were you there."

Five weeks seemed such a little while that I said: "Only a few months."

"How long exactly" sharply said the fellow, "Nearly two nouths." I gradelagly said. Those taking part are Miss A. Florepect Quinton, Miss Alice M. Teale, Miss Mabel Richardson, Miss Nellie Field, Mr. Harry B. Birtwistle, Mr. William T. Teale, Mr. Cecil C. Calvert, Mr. George W. Algard and

low.

"Nearly two months," I gradgingly said.

"Much better give me exact details if you want us to help you," he said quickly—then:

"Where were you before then?"

"It was my first job."

"H'm," he continued. "Well, what's your training? Fo you understand double entry bookkeening?"

"No you know shorthand and typowriting?

"Do you understand office routine?" "Have you any knowledge of transporta-

"No."

I was getting desperate, so was he, for he exclaimed:
"What do you know?"
"I can sell goods." I snapped.
"Fine!" He brightened up. "Perhaps we can help you in that line. What experience have you had other than at Marsh & Feltons?"

Robert Ehner, Mrs. Humbert B. Powell, Mrs. Radeliñe, Mrs. G. Winthrop Coffin, Mrs. M. F. D. Scanian and Mrs. A. H. "None at all," I finally admitted, "but I know I can sell if given a chance."

"No experience, no training and fired from the only job you had. Well, there's a place for you somewhere just the same. Come around in the morning—before 8 o'clock, though—and I'll see what we can do."

And he dismissed me. The rest of the day I wandered aimiessly around wondering what the morrow would develop.

TODAY'S BUSINESS EPIGRAM It's easier to lose a job than to get one, What does this mean to YOU?

Business Questions Answered Who makes the better salesman, a man or

Some street in the street street street in the street street street in the street stre

I want to spec up a store in a small town How can I tail what town offers the most total billities? CAPITAGIST.

Choose a town where the building trade is good and one that doesn't depend on one line of manufacturing for its livelihood. Peter Filint will have to solve this problem himself at some later date. (CONTINUED TOMORROW)

Mrs. Jesse W. English was hostess to The Sorosis this week, when her guests included Mrs. Charles H. Lorence, Mrs. Robert H. Comey, Mrs. Lake Glimour, Mrs. Charles H. Beatty, Mrs. Charles E. Keeler, Mrs. Edward Pyle, Mrs. Charles Yost and Mrs. William Dawson. At this meeting the subject of thrift stamps was discused, and each member present agreed to make some sacrifice each week in favor of the little stamps, in this way not only encouraging and prac-RED CROSS BENEFIT FOR "FALLS" AUXILIARY

Falls of Schuylkill Branch of Workers to Be Aided by Large Card Party

Mrs. James Lowry and Mrs. Thomas Welsh, of 3025 North Twenty-fifth street, will give a card party on the eve of St. Patrick's Day at the home of Mrs. Welsh, St. Patrick's Day at the home of Mrs. Weigh, in aid of the Red Cross group of the Falls of Schuylkili. Assisting the hostesses will be Mrs. John May, Mrs. William A. Dirkin, Mrs. P. H. Kelly, Mrs. George Staub, Mrs. Daniel Boardman, Mrs. Joseph Bergeu, Miss Mary Plynn, Mrs. Thomas Gavaghan, Mrs. Charles, Brown, Mrs. James Lawler, Mrs. William Boyd, Miss Anna Flynn, Miss Thoresa Ellinger, Miss Ella Foley, Mrs. Boyd, Miss May Boyd, Mrs. Thomas Foley, Mrs. John Flannagan, Miss Mary Burk, Mrs. Charles Brown, Miss Mary Burk, Mrs. Charles Brown, Miss Sue Nolan, Miss May Missit, Miss Ella Foley, Mrs. Bertha Keen, Miss Laura Scheeler, Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Noll and Mr. Frederick Teal.

A children's branch of the War Relief So-clety of St. James the Less P. E. Church has been organized by Miss Mary Grindrod, Mrs. clety of St. James the Less P. E. Church has been organized by Miss Mary Grindrod, Mrs. William Grindrod, Miss Eleanor Hennessey and Mrs. J. Metcalf, and meets each Thursday afternoon in the new parish house. The boys and girls are making hospital blankets for the soldiers, and all are splendid workers. The branch includes Miss Margaret Davis, Miss Virginia Rans. Miss Helen Knopp, Miss Mary Lees, Miss Bessle Dolphin, Miss Ada Walbank, Miss Constance Rhodes, Miss Anne Hemphill, Miss Isabel Wyatt, Miss Lillian Wyatt, Miss Florence MacDonald, Miss Bernadine Chires, Miss Dorothy Riddiough, Miss Fthel Whitaker, Miss Elizabeth Davidson, Master John Lees, Master Henry Kaye, Master Harry Weston and Master James Kaye.

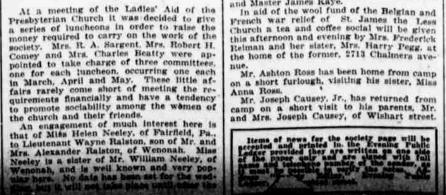
In aid of the wool fund of the Belgian and French war relief of St. James the Less Church a tea and coffee social will be given this afternoon and evening by Mrs. Frederick Relman and her sister, Mrs. Harry Pegg. at the home of the former, 2713 Chalmers avenue.

Mr. Ashton Ross has been home from camp.

nue.

Mr. Ashton Ross has been home from camp on a short furlough, visiting his sister, Miss Anna Ross.

Mr. Joseph Causey, Jr., has returned from camp on a short visit to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Causey, of Wishart street.



THE STORY THIS FAR.

All England is mystlified by "The Yellow Dove," a 1990-horsepower dipplane that drops minutom hamble five British lines and that makes periodic rips to England. Months of search have falled to feetle the belief place of the great chief and articles against it by the mir defenses are recovered to the first back for the triple of the first backs and the belief the belief the belief that toakes are recovered to the first backs. The vellow Dove' even more terrible is that there is a "leak" in the British War Office and the "Dove's" flights of troops,

British War Office, and the "Dave" figure in the front of troops.

LADY HETTY HEATHCOTE had a remain of troops.

LADY HETTY HEATHCOTE had a remainder for giving the most successful dinners in the restricted circle within which move calinet members and England's mest nowerful men. On the night the story opens she is the hadesal a party given in honor of John Bizzio, dean of collectors and a great artist, whose intimary extends even to the King himself. According to custom, Rizzio is permitted to select his own guests, who include:

CYRIL HAMMERSLEY, gentleman sportsman and manushout-town, with the remaining damagnes on infere, his figuree, Diffits MATHER. Adventure on infere, his figuree, Diffits MATHER. On England. An American millionator of a retired cavadrs office of the conters complete the circle. During the dinner and even after the terrie. During the dinner and even after the circle. During the dinner and even after the demarture of the landes Hammersley is chiefled for "slacking." but he estably accorate the excite directed account his courage and his locate with an impersonnal "Haw".

Diriging half he the conversation Hammersley and tolarce, Later Rizzio inference him when alone in the smaking room and after a few names of confusers compared market file before a few names of confusers which those is a few files before a few conters a file of the conversation of the contest of the conte

CHAPTER IV (Confinued)

WHAT would happen now? And which way did duty He? Toward England or toward

CHAPTER V THE PURSUIT CONTINUES

AT 8 o'clock Doris was awakened by a loud knocking on the door leading to her dressing room. She had slept the sleep of utter exhaustion and aroused hernelf with difficulty, a little bewildred at the unusual sounds. Then she dimity renembered lacking the door and got quickly out of bed, put the volten under in the drawer of her desk and pushed back the best of the door. To her surprise her father confronted her and behind him were other members of the unity in various slages of their morning diets.

"Thank the Lord," said David Mather, with

"Thank the Lord," said Pavid Mather, with a sigh of relief,
"What on earth is the matter?" select the girl glaneing from one to the other in matre. Her father houghed, "Oh, nothing, now that you're all right. Eurglars, that's all. Dorie's heart supped beating as in a flash of reviving momenty the incidents of the night before came quickly back to her. "Burglars" she stammered.

"Burglars" she standared.
"Yes, they got in here—cume up the water spout," pointing to the dressing round window, "and a fine mess they made of window, "and a fine mose they made of bings. You'll have to take account of stock, bild, and see how you stand."

She glanced around the disordered room, serv much alarmed. The drawers of her uphoneds were all pulled out and their con-ents worthered about an the floor.

"When did—did it happen?" she asked improved, more because she had to say omething than because that was what she gasted to know.

"Some time before dawn," said her father, "Wilson was here until it thinking that you might want her and then went out to her own room in the wint."
"You, I remember," said the girl, passing her hand neross her eyes, "I wasn't feeling her hand across her eyes, "I wasn't feeling very well—so I asked her to stay here for a while. But I can't understand why I didn't

"That's wint frichtiened us, 'Courin Tous invice in. 'We were afraid the encoders might have not in to you."
"It's lucky you had your dear lacked." They were at my library dook too," she benef the fail from here. Hut so far as I can see, they didn't get nawthing."
Her And. Scalin gasped a sigh. "Thank the Lord," she put in reverently. "At least we're sel safe and sound." Summed at the during of Rizzio's men and hewildred by the persistence with which they had followed their quest while she was sleeping. Boris manuscel to formulate a quick plan to hide the nearing of the intrusion from the members of her family.

She had been examining the disordered contents of the upper drawers of a bureau. "My fevel case, fortunately, I seen in my bedroom," she said, "but there was an emerald brooks to be repaired which was an emerald brooks to be repaired which was an enterald brooks to be repaired which is the cyse of Wilson, was stood mear the window, and a glarwer what the woman was devoted to ward the door. The phoning to Watford for a constable."

The was what Doris had feared and yet slo could not retake what the woman was devoted to her and thus she was not in the habit of talking belowstalrs, but her mistress had seen the look of incredulity in the woman's eyes have night and the normale extression a moment may which indicated a supplicion connecting borks arrived in the habit of talking belowstalrs, but her mistress had seen the look of incredulity in the woman's eyes have night and the normale extression a moment may which indicated a supplicion connecting borks arrived in the Habit with the mysterious entrinee of the dressing room. Borks knew that she mist tell her something that would satisfy the curriosity. "My bath pleane, Wilson, who said coully in order to gar in the plan and of her intention to make the place in Scatland. She had allowed to be a n

The Yellow Dove A Romance of the Secret Service By GEORGE GIBBS
Author of "The Flaming Sword." "Mad-

ting them safely out of the house. Her mis-trees's confidence flattered the maid and she entered very willingly into the affair, con-caling the emerald broach which Doris pro-duced from her lewel box, in a trunk con-taining old clothes, which had long stood reg-lected in a dusty corner of the attic.

After the visit of the man from Watford, who went over the situation with a puzzled brow and departed still puzzled, she con-fided to her father the letter and package which were to be mailed from Lendon, the letter is the market by letter in the morning, the package not until "Don't fail me, daddy. It's very im-

pertant—" she maid as she kissed him."
It's a surprise for Betty, but it mustn't get
to Scotland until tomorrow night at the
parliest. And good-by—" And she hissed
him again. "I'm going with it."
"Tomorrow."

Mr. Muther smiled and pinched her chirely, its was quite accusioned to sudden changes of plan on the part of his daughter and would as soon have thought of questioning them as he would the changes in the weather. He hadn't liked the idea of her hunting or playing pole, but she had done them both and expoled him into approxing of her. He had objected fearfully when she went in for sylation, but had learned to watch the fights of her little Niemort with growing confidence. Mr. Mather smiled and pinched her cheekof her little Niceport with growing confidence and had even created a shed for her machines in the meadow behind the stables.

"Take cure of yourself," he said lightly.

"You're leading a little peaky lately. If you don't get roster I'll withdraw my ambulance

after him as he set into the car.

With the departure of the yellow packet a weight had been lifted from Dornés mind. John Rizzio's men might come now if they liked—and sine would invite them to search the place. She was not in the least afraid of horself, and sile knew that the danger to Cyril land passes—at least for the present. She hoped that Cyril wouldn't come today—or telephone her. She wanted time to tishik of what the should say to blim. At homenta it even seemed as though the dishit care if she ever saw him again. But not the day justed and she had no word from him, the grew anxious. What if Rizzio had told the War Office!

That takent men from Watford kept a

That night men from Wafford kept a watch upon the home, but there was no disturbance. Her watchers had evidently taken turbanes. Her watchers had evidently taken the alarm. But it was in no very certain or very happy state that Dorls drove her machine est of the gate of the Park in the later aftermoon of the next day with her coulds. Tom hedde her and Wilson and the magage in the rear reat. The main road to London was empty of vehicles except for a man on a motorcycle just ahead of her bound in the same direction. At least, she was no longer to be watched. There was plents of time, so she drove lenguarly, reaching Euston Station with twenty minutes to spare. She sent a wire to Lady Heuthcote and then from saw her malely into her carriage.

The movement of the train moothed her and she closed her eyes and slept. Wilson like a satchful thereon, guarding against intrusion. There was but one incident which detroyed the peace of the journey. Toward morning, Wilson, who slept with one eye onen, walkened her ruddenly and asked her train had steeped at a large station, the platform of which was well lighted. From the darkness of their compartment site followed the direction of Wilson's flager. Outside, pacing the platform and smothing ide, pacing the platform and smoking igarcties, were two men.

"The hig one," whispered Wilson excitedly. It was him that was ridin' the motor-

For is remembered passing and repassing the vehicle on the road to London, and the face of its driver came back to her. She peered out at him eagerly and as the man surred she raw the face and figure of the larger man clearly. It was the instocycle rand, and in a rush the thought came to her that his figure and bearing were strangely

familiar.

"It's true," she whispered, her fingers on Wilson's arm, "We're followed. It's the same man. Last right, too."

"Last right?"

"Yes. It's the man called Jim, who rearched Mr. Hammersley in the road."

"No." said Wilson, her eyes brightening, "You don't say so, Miss Mather. Of all the braxen-

brazen-"
Sh-" said Doris. "Sh—" said Doris.

But there was no more sleep for either of them that night. Beit upright, side by side, they watched the dawn grow into sunrise and the sunrise into broad day. They saw no more of the motorcycle map and saw no more of the motorcycle was nother. rise and the sunrise into broad day. They saw no more of the motorcycle map and boris reasoured herself that there was nothing to be feared now that the packet was—She started in affright. The packet at Betty Heathcote's! Perhaps at this very moment bring innocently in Betty's post-box or in the carcless hands of some stupid Scotch cardens, or works at heiting gardener, or worse yet inviting curiosity on Betty's desk or library table. Her heart sank within her as she realized that her brave plans night yet miscarry.

that the train pulled at his into innerwick Station, When, she got down she saw Betty Heathson's yellow brake, the f ur chests must restive in the keen moorland air, and looking very youthful and handsome in a brown coat which made the symphony complete, the indy herself, the wind in her chesks and in her cheery greeting.

"Of course, Doris, you're to be trusted to do something surprising. Oh, here's Jack Sandys-you didn't know, of course."

do something sammlaing. Oh, here's Jack Sandys—you didn't know, of course."

The sight of these familiar faces gave Doria renowed confidence, and when from the box seat she gianced around in search of her nursuer he had disappeared.

Sandys clambered up behind them. Wilson got into the back seat with the grooms, the boxes went in between, and they were off. "Constance was tired, Jack. At least abe said she wiss. I really think that all she wanted was to disappoint you. Nothing like disappointment. It breeds aspiration. But, "she added mischevously. "I'm sure she's dying to see you. Awfly sad—especially since it's not quite forty-eight hours since you were waving a tearful good-by in Euston Station."

"Did you get my package?" whispered Doris in her car, at the first opportunity. "What package? Oh, yes, the stockings. It was torn and awfly muddy. Higgins dropped it from the dogeart on the way over and had to go back for it. Lucky he found it—in the middle of the road. What a silly thing to make such a mystery of. And the cigarette papers—you might be sure 1'd have something to smoke at Kilmorack House. I want understand. You really could smoke here if you want to without so much secrecy about it."

"I'—I didn't know," stammered the girl, "I—I've just talcen it up and I thought you mighturt approve."

Betty glanced at her narrowly.

"Whatover alls you, child? I disapprove! You know I smoke when I feel like It—

Betty glanced at her narrowly.

"Whatover alls you, child? I disapprove! You know I smoke when I feel like it—which isn't often."

The subject fortunately was turned when they passed the road to Ben-a-Chieit.

"I always envied Cyril his cliffs. I love the sea and Cyril hates it. 'Se jolly restless." she mimicked him. "Makes one 'quiggledy.' And there I am—away inland—five miles to the firth at the very nearest. But I suppose, she sighed, "one has to overlook the deficiencies of one's grandfather. If he had known I'd have liked the sea, Cyril, of course, would have come into my place."

With this kind of light chatter, of which Lady Heathcote possessed a fund, their whip drove them upon their way, her own line spirits oblivious of the silence of her companions. But at last she glanced at them

drove them upon their way, her own line spirits oblivious of the silence of her companions. But at last she glanced at them auspiciously. "If I didn't know that you were both hopelessly in love with other parsons, I'd think you were epris of each other." Deris laughed.

"We are. That's why we chose opposite ends of the train."

But Sandys only smiled.

"Nothing that's happening makes a chap happy nowadays. I bring bad news."

Lady Heathcote relaxed the reins so that one of her leaders plunged madly, while her face went white.

"Not Algy—"

"No, no—forgive me. He's safe. I've kept watch of the bulletins."

"Thank God!" said Lady Heathcote, and sent her whiplash swirling over the cars of the erring leader.

"Not Algy—Byfield—"

"Byfield—not dead—."

"No. Worse."

"In prison. He was taken into custody yesterday afternoon as he was leaving the War Office, Orders from "K."

"You can't mean that Richard Byfield is—"

awestricken tones. "A spy—Dick! Horrible! I can't—I won't—"
"Unfortunately there's not the least doubt about it. They found incriminating evidence at his rooms."
"My God!" said Lady Heathcote. "What are we coming to? Dick Byfield—why, two nights ago he was a guest at my table—with you, and you—"

For is nodded faintly, the landscape swimning in a dark mist before her eyes. By-

Dorie nodded faintly, the landscape ewin-ming in a dark mist before her eyes. By-field—Cyril—Rizzio—all three had been at Lady Heathcote's dinner. Something had happened that night—only a part of which she know. Byfield was arrested—and Cyril— She clutched desperately at the edge of the seat and set her law to keep herself from speaking Cyril's name. "Were there—any others?" she asked, with an effort.

others. God help them! They won't get any mercy." "But what made him do such a thing?"
"Money—lots of it. He wasn't very well
off, you know."

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

Hunting a Husband

By MARY DOUGLAS

CHAPTER V Feeling the Way

I CAN hardly realize that it is I. Sara Lane. aged twenty-five years, five years private secretary, who is a guest at the Meele bouse party! I whose knowledge of such things consisted of a few pages or a chapter from an English sevel.

I back around at my room. How dainty and yet how simple it is! The white woodwork and the Colonial furniture. The fragile curtains swaying in the breeze. My own bath with its sunken tub and its polished nickel.

bath with its aunken tub and its polished niegel.

To leave these provale details and to look out of my leaded window. Lovely green lawnse-tennis courts—and beyond the gardens, helded to it are and being the leave.

I bathed my face and bands, I slipped into a light dress, one that I had made myself. (Say it softly here.) As I went down the sloprease my hands were lessend. I was nervous, it did seem that I could never walk naturally into that room, where the group of young prople were chattering and drinking tea.

"I've been saving this chair for you," said

the group of roung people were chattering and drinking ten.

"I've been saying this chair for you," said Wilfred Hale as I pushed arille the portieres. At first the room was a confused blur of faces, each indistinguishable from the other. But gradualty, as I sank into a low chair near a group at the tea table. I gained my self confidence. The girls—what pretty, fresh-faced types! The men, too, had that well-groomed look that told of outdoor life. Wilfred Hale devoted himself to me I was disappointed. It did seem too bad that the first man who was nice to me, was the one I had promised to look after. "Do you know you're very different from took girls." Is said, balancing toast and tea. "You're so simple and unaffected." Just then our justess, Dell Merie, strolled up. She scated herself beside me.

"Wilfred tells me that you have just returned from abroad? That you were educated in Francey. Was it the Sacre Coeur?" I have friends.

"No, it was not the Sacre Coeur." I interrupted lastilly.

"No, it was not the Sacre Coeur," I in-crupted hastily.

Dell Merle looked at me with her bright. nowing eyes. "You and I must speak rench together. I'm afraid though, I'm rather rusty." I said with a little choke of conotion. But it was not of the kind she

"I can't even think of France without "Tean't even think of reasons weepings".

She put her hand in mine and said softly.
"I understand. But I do want you to meet.
Mademoisele Verin. It will mens so much to her. And to you, two," she added.
I sen dessing for dinner. More and more.
I seem to be entangled in the silly He I told so carelessly. I, who have never been abroad. I, who have never been abroad. I, who have never seen the outside of a convent door.

Tomorrow-"tietting in Deeper"

OPPOSE ADS IN SCHOOLS

Request of Women's Publicity Body Against Tobacco Boosters "Filed for Reference"

The request of the Philadelphia Club of Advertising Women that the members be permitted to exhibit in the school rooms pos-ters advertising the need of tobacco, Jam and the like for the sailors and soldlers was not received with cuttualism by mem-bers of the Roard of Education at the meet-ley vestering of the compilers. log yesterday of the committee on elemen

tary schools. One member offered as a reason why the privilege should not be granted that it was hardly consistent to show glaring posters picturing the delights of tobacco before the pupils' eyes and yet expect boys of tender gested by the vivid signs,

Another member said he thought that churches, clubs, store windows and telegraph poles were the proper places for the poto be shown. The letter was filed for future

FORREST NIGHTS AT \$:15 LAST MAT. SATURDAY

LAST 4 TIMES LAST MAT. SATURDAY

80 People A TRAIN OF MIRTH AND MELODY

Nights and Sut. Mat.) Entire (Eu-pp Sat. Evening) Lower Ploor \$1.50 Plenty of Good Scats, 50c and \$1.00.

NEXT WEEK-SEATS TODAY THE MIG DAZZLING DANCING SHOW KLAW & ERLANGER'S IMMENSITY MANDAJOY

BROAD, Last 3 Evgs. LAST MAP BATURDAY CHARLES DILLINGHAM Presents



GARRICK 18 2 WEEKS ONLY Sat. The Matthew Like Like N. Y. Evg. Sun. "IN BLIND YOUTH" By Willard Mack and Lou Tellegen

B. F. KEITH'S THEATRE BLANCHE RING

In a Series of New Song Hits
Little Billy—Maud Earl & Co,
HELEN GLEASON & CO.: KIMBERLY &
ARNOLD, and OTHER STARS. WILL IRWIN New Italian Battle-Front Films ACADEMY OF MUSIC FRIDAY EVENING, MARCH 8, 8:15 The HON, WILLIAM POTTER Will Preside Prices: Reserved Seats, 50c, 41.09, 41.50, imphitments, 25c. No War Tax.

Metropolitan OPERA HOUSE
Metropolitan OPERA HOUSE
Metropolitan Opera Co., N. T.
TUESDAY EVG., RIGOLETTO
AT 8 O'CLOCK
Minee. Harrientos. Braulau, MM. Larare (1st Apparance), De Luw, Mardones, Rossi, Bada. Cond., Mr. Papi. Seats 1108 Chestnut, Wal. 4424. Race of GAYETY PLOBENTA, WIRE NEW BE



Production of Mollere's "La Malado Im-oginaire" by members of the Salon Francais and the Cercie Français, for benefit of war reconstruction work in France; Belli

Dinner, National League of Commission Merchanta, Hotel Adelphia. Members. Smoker, Patrolmen's Benevolent Protoctive Association, 1626 Arch street, Members, Celebration of founder's day by Dropale College, Brond and York streets. Invita-

tion.

Lecture, "Scientific Besearch in the Conning Industry," by Dr. W. D. Bigelow, chief chemist of the National Canners' Association, Franklin Institute, Free.



IN "THE BELOVED TRAFFOR"
NEXT WEEK—MARY PICKFORD IN
"AMARILLY OF CLOTHESLINE ALLEY"

MAEMARSH

CLOSED TODAY

PALACE THEATRE

OWING TO THE DEATH OF STANLET V. MASTRAUM

A R C A D I A

10-15 A. M., 12, 2, 3,45, 5,48, 7,45, 9,30 P. M.

BILLIE BURKE Paramount Pleture
EVE'S DAUGHTER'
NEXT WEEK-GEORGE BEBAN In
ONE MORE AMERICAN'

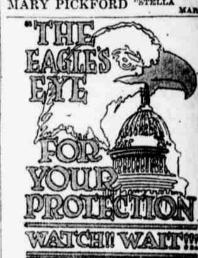
VICTORIA MARKET ABOVE STRALL THIS WEEK THEDA BARA in "DU BARRY" Added-"Son of Democracy" (Id Chapter' Next Week-"TONSTANCE TALMADGE in "THE STUDIO GIRL"

REGENT MARKET ST. Below 17TH Paramount Presents DOROTHY DALTON LETTERS MARKET STREET
AT JUNIPER
VAUDEVILLE
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11 A. M. to 11 P. M.

"THE NEW MODEL"

CROSS KEYS MARKET ST. Below 60TH Daily—Twice Nightly
"THE CORN-COB CUT-UPS" BROADWAY BROAD and SNYDER AVE.
CUNNING "THE MAN
MARY PICKFORD "STELLA"

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Thrilling Drama of How Far a Woman
Will Go for the Man She Loves

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