MISS KATHRYNE LEIDY

daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel N.

Leidy, of Harvey street, German-

town, whose engagement to Mr. Roy N. Springer, of Lenox road, Jenkin-

town, is announced.

Canadian Cavaley, will give a talk this

evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Francis Mclihenny, of Chestnut Hill. Mrs. Mclihenny

vill lead a committee of twenty-five women

in the coming Liberty Lean campaign, and

Mr. and Mrs. Alba Johnson, of Rosemont,

and the Rev. Andrew Mutch, of Bryn Mawr, have left for Augusta, Ga., where they will

Mrs. Thomas Newhall, of Ithan, is spend-ing a few days in Annapolis visiting her son, Midshipman Blackwell Newhall, who is

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel N. Leidy, of Harvey

street, Germantown, announce the engage-ment of their daughter. Miss Kathryne Leidy, to Mr. Roy N. Springer, of Lenex

Gerald. Mr. Sparks is at present attending

Miss Helen W. Haupt, of the Gladstone, accompanied by Mrs. Edward I. Haupt, will

leave this week for the Windsor Hotel, Jack-sonville, Fla, to remain there a few weeks before leaving for St. Augustine.

cal numbers given at the Academy of Music

next Thursday night for the benefit of the House of the Good Shepherd, at Thirty-fifth

John Cavanaugh, of the Notre Dame University, will lecture and a male quartet headed by Mr. David McNichol will sing.

The subject of the lecture will be "And What About Ireland?"

Mr. and Mrs. Robert H. Comey have re-

turned from a trip to Key West, stopping off at Jacksonville, Palm Beach, Miami and a number of other southern resorts.

Germantown Women Plan Large

Card Party at Manheim in

Aid of Army and Navy

The bridge party which Mrs. William Gor-

don Kitchen is planning for the benefit of

the Women's Army and Navy Relief of Ger-

mantown, of which Mrs. Francis Howard

Williams is president, will be held on Wed-

On account of the illness of Mrs. R. S.

Howard-Smith, who had planned to have

Several entertainments of different kinds

will be given in order to raise funds for the

the relief society into different groups, which

their splendid cause. Mrs. Kitchen and Mrs. Howard-Smith have charge of one of these groups, each of which comprises seventy-two

Those who have taken two or more tables

Mrs. William Somerset, of Ridge avenue,

has returned to Roxborough after spending the winter in Florida.

ning at her home on Markle street.

make themselves responsible for an tainment of some kind that will help

Activities of Interest

Greystone, of School House lane,

nesday afternoon.

RELIEF SOCIETY

BRIDGE PARTY FOR

street and Fairmount avenue,

signal officers' training achool at Bosto

spend two weeks.

studying there.

read, Jenkintown.

Mr. McIlhenny has fifty men under him in

Nancy Wynne Talks About a Number of Things That Are Happening in Society-The Wee Bird Has a Rumor to Tell

CERTAINLY the Chestnut Hill branch of the National League for Woman's Service is a live one, isn't it? Do you know what a group of women associated there has decided to do? Well, they have formed a farm unit, and they will on April 1 (but it's not an April Pool story, believe mei leave their knitting and surgical dressings and, shouldering rakes and bees, march forth to make war upon the potato bug and the weed.

Don't think for a minute that the knitting and surgical dressings will be negjected on this account; no, indeed; there are plenty of others who go to the service house to keep that going strong.

This new unit which will do farm work te headed by Mrs. Norton Downs and the women on her committee are Miss Woolston, Miss Ernestine Goodman, Mrs. Jacob Disston, Mrs. Thomas Dixon and Mrs. Marshall Morgan. Recruits are enlisting daily through the Council of National Defense and it is expected that at least fifty women will join in. Mr. Jacob Disston has contributed a large portion of ground for the gardening.

There's a certain good common sense about this work besides the patriotic aspect of it. It's awfully healthy, you know, to work out in the open, and if the uniform chosen is not becoming I'm not a good guesser. I'm only afraid the farmers in nearby lands will forsake their work to watch the farmeresses decked out in brown smocks, brown bloomers, leggings and big shade lats. You know that will be fetch

Great things will be expected from the women's farm unit and Chestnut Hill is loyally supporting the undertaking.

I thing to send to that queer "Gefoojet" at 1024 Chestnut street you have already done so. I wonder who on earth found out that name. Some one who was "highbrow" enough to own a certain dictionary which sounds like a safety rator. That is, the name thereof does.

Anyhow, I hear all the grist that has come to the Gefoojet's mill is not old and worn out, but much of it is new, and so handsome is some that it has been decided to have an auction each day of the three to be given over to selling, namely, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday of this week

And who do you think they have invited to act as auctioneers? None other than members of the "Lord and Lady Algy" company, who are to arrive today, you know. So perhaps the beautiful Maxine Elliott or Irene Fenwick may be auctionecresses, or we may see William Faversham or Maclyn Arbuckle in the role. Who can tell? Anyway, it shows these women who are interested in the sale have good news sense, doesn't it?

I am rather taken up with the things that are to be auctioned, for they include an estrich plume fan, a fur-lined evening wrap with a skunk collar, a set of china and a vase worth \$400. Some donations! Managers of the Visiting Nurse Society will run things on Wednesday, managers of the Franklin Day Nursery will take charge Thursday and on Friday Miss Cole's Bible class members will superintend. I guess I'll stop in and see what bit of old bric-a-brac I can pick up for seventeen

THERE'S very little of personal interest a few parties now and then, but that's about all. And in the meantime many changes are taking place in the camps among the officers, who are being sent to various distant assignments, and naturally the mothers, wives and sisters and sweethearts follow along.

only girl I know of who has gone South to one given spot and stayed there is Jean Bullitt. You see, her brother Dick went down to Georgia with the Troop and then after the Troop was disbanded In four or five months' time Dick went into the officers' camp there, and so Jean and her father, who went to Augusta in October, have remained there ever since, and last month they took a house with lovely grounds around it. Every week-end Dick and any number of his friends go therefor their leave of Saturday night and Sunday. It seems to me that Mr. Bullitt and his daughter are doing a great work making a home for those boys when they can get away for a minute. Dick certainly must appreciate their efforts.

SPEAKING of camps and wives and sweethearts, I wonder if you have heard what the wee bird whispered to me about a-well-a romance in the making?

It concerns quite frequent visits by a very pretty girl of Philadelphia to another very pretty Philadelphia girl of last Year, now a matron. The matron lives near a camp to be near her better half.

Now the romance is this: "Befoah do wah" the matron and the Miss scarcely knew each other, though of course they had met, as they went to the same places. Then came the war and the former marfled the young officer. Well, you see that's all very well and good; and now let me tell you young officer had a brother, also an officer, and at the same camp; and brother, it appears, had been admiring the Miss for quite some little time; so suddenly Miss begins to visit Mrs. and Mrs caks her again and again.

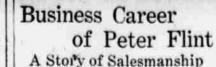
"Gee swiz!" said the little bird. "She's ome winner, too." I wonder when we'll bear about it? NANCY WYNNE.

Social Activities

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel D. Warriner, of 125 South Eighteenth street, have issued invita-tions for a dance to be given on Friday evening, in honor of their daughter, Miss Eloise Warriner, who is at home from West-over School.

The committee in charge of the dance to be given on Saturday, March 23, at the Philadelphia Cricket Club, for the benefit of the French War Orphans, includes Miss Mary Pahnestock, Miss Mildred Longstreth, Miss Emilie Noble, Miss Mabel Reid, Miss Elizabeth Taylor, Miss Eloise Warriner and Miss Pin Widener. The patronesses are Mrs. James F. Pahnestock, Mrs. William W. Longstreth, Mrs. Francis Noble, Mrs. William Ontier, Miss Matilda Potter, Mrs. Henry L. Red, Mrs. Roland L. Taylor, Mrs. Samuel D. Warriner, Mrs. Toseph Wear and Mrs. Joseph D. Widener.

Madame Bruneau, wife of Justice Bruneau, the Supreme Court of Montreal, is the set of Miss Helen Louise Coates, of 100 th Twenty-first street. Madame Bruneau later to to Atlantic City.



by Harold Whitehead

Mr. Whitehead will assure your business questions on buging, selling, advertising and employment. Ask your questions clearly and give all the facts. Your correct name and full address must be signed to all business. Those which are anotherism must be ignored. Assures to technical questions will be sent by mad, Others will be conserved in this entiment. The most interesting problems of inquirers will be income into the story of Peter Film.

WHEN I got to the employment agency yesterday merning the young fellow gave me a card with instructions to go to Brackett's, which is a wholesale paper place. He said he had sent another man, but that if he didn't get the job perhaps I might. On arriving there I found the first man was being interviewed, and from where I was slitting I could not help overlearing all that transpired.

After some preliminaries the manager said: "Have you any references."

"Sure," replied the young fellow, reuting his hand in his packet and bringing out a bunch of letters,

"Are those your references." quietly asked the manager. XXXIII

the manager.
"Yes, str.; twenty-eight of them."
"You have got a lot of references, haven't
you? What period do they cover?"
"Five years, and every one of them speaks
well of me," proudly answered the young
fellow.

well of me," proudly answered the young fellow.

The manager, however, didn't even look at them, but said, "Well, I'm glad you called. If I find we can use you I'll let you know."

"But you haven't looked at my references."

Then't need to," emiled the manager. "A man who can show twenty-eight references for five years work shows his ability without my even reading them."

The young fellow waited irresolutely and then said, "Good day, sir."

After the door was shut behind him the manager turned around to a man sitting at a hearby deak and said, "What do you think of that, Jim."

"What," asked the other, without looking "

that, Jim?" What?" asked the other, without looking

"What?" asked the other, without looking up.

"That smart Alec who just applied for a job—twenty-eight references in five years work—a job for every other month. Beats you and use; don't it, old man."

"He's some speedy little guy that," said the other man. "You didn't give him a chance, did you?"

"Not on your tin type! You always find the fellow with a pecket full of references needs them badly." Then he caught sight of me and said sharply. "What do you want?"

"I've come for a job."

After asking me the same questions he

"I've come for a job."

After asking me the same questions be asked the first follow, he wanted my references. I told him I had none with me.

"Who can you refer me to."

"Well. I only had one job, sir, and I was there about two or three months." As I spoke the thought flashed through my mind that there was a similarity between my two months' job and the other fellow's twenty-eight two months' jobs. I hoped I was not going to carry the similarity any further.

"Where did you work."

"Marsh & Felton's, sir."

"Why did you leave there? Didn't you like the work."

"I suppose I could phone them, couldn't.

I."

"I guess so." I guiped.
"Left of your own accord, I suppose;" he aid casually.
"Yes," and the minute I said that I wished I hadn't. The manager picked up the reselver and asked for Marsh & Felton's num-

Then he asked for Benton and said. "That ou, Frank? This is Henry. Did you have young fellow named Filmt working for up".

You?"

How I wished I could have heard the answer. I saw "Henry's" head nod slowly. After a minute he said "No." After a pairse he said again, "You know I would, old man, but when a fellow starts with a lie heaven knows where he will finish."

Again the voice over the wire said some-hing—what, I don't know—to which "Henry" replied "I knew you would agree with me—it doesn't pay," and with this he hung up the receiver. Wynnewood road, Overbrook, are receiving congratulations upon the birth of a son, Walter R. Sparks, Jr. Mrs. Sparks will be remembered as Miss Kathleen Riter Fitz

to receiver.
"Do you know Mr. Benton?" I blurted out.
"Do you know Mr. Benton?" I blurted out.
"We are very good friends—we often dine
spether at the same club. I am sorry we
an't use you."
"Just because I told you I left of my own

accord."
"That and other untruths."
"What other untruths." I said notly.
"You said you had been there two or three months," he remarked dryly.
"What's it matter what I did there, if I work well for you?
"I don't think you could work well for me. You start in by telling untruths and then lose your temper. Now beat it until you cut your wisdom teeth."

TODAY'S BUSINESS EPIGRAM The fellow with a pocket full of refer-nces needs them badly. What does this mean to YOU?

Business Questions Answered

Your friend is right. For while your actual Your friend is right. For while your actual gross profit is fifteen cents, your expense in selling that article will be twenty or twenty-five cents. Every article you sell has to hear its proportion of the expense, and as your expense will probably be twenty-five cents, it costs you more to sell that article than you make on it. All too many retail stores have failed through ignorance of this simple principle.

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)



MISS DOROTHY MUNDY who will be an aide at the rummage sale to be given Tuesday, Wednes-day and Thursday of next week.

The Yellow Dove A Romance of the Secret Service By GEORGE GIBBS

THE STORY THUS FAR

All Engined is mystified by "The Yellow Dove," a 1000-horsenover alreade that drops phantom bombs over British lines and that makes periodic trips to England. Months of search have falled to locate the hiding place of the great plate, and attacks against it by the defenses have been equally futile. The more terrible he that there is a "beak" in the British War Office, and the "Dove" even British War Office, and the "Dove" first are invariably simultaneous with the movement of troops.

British War Office, and the "Dove's" dights are invariably simultaneous with the movement of troops.

LADY HETTY HEATHOTE: had a reputation for giving the most successful dinners in the restricted circle within which move cabline members and England's most powerful men. On the night the story opens she is the hostess deat movement of the King himself. According extends even to the King himself. According extends even to the King himself. According extends even to the King himself. CIRIL HAMPING of mentions sportsman and man-about-town, sentimens sportsman and man-about-town, sentimens sportsman and man-about-town, sentimens sportsman in England, and CAPTAIN BYFILID, a retired cavairy officer, now on special duty at the War Office. The others complete the circle. During the dinner and even after the denactore of the indies Hammersley is childed for "skeking," but he calmly accents the rebukes directed acainst his conrece and his loyally with an impersonal "Haw!"

The Captain Bifield for some cicarette papers which facts in Bifield for some cicarette papers and tolaria Bifield for some cicarette papers and tolaria. Bifield for some cicarette papers and tolaria Bifield for some cicarette papers which Bifield had passed to him. Hammersley refuses, even after Rizzlo shows credentials from a person named Maxwell. Books enters as Hammersley accepts Rizzlo, threat of exposure.

When Hammersley tikes Duris home their car is of lower by nonline; the fact advantage when he succeeds in effective his filarnce's excess all and the race for the mossession of the cicarette paners when he succeeds in effective his filarnce's excess all and the race for the mossession

to be a say. The next day Captain hybrid in intrested, in the chase, but follows Dorls to Ledy Heatheure's e tate in Scotland, Just as Dorls is about to throw the papers into the fire, following a dramatic scene with the art collector, Hammersley's voice is unexpectedly heard in the hall and be enters the room.

HE LOOKED from one to the other with a quickly appraising eye. The girl was Hope I'm not intrudic'," said Hammers-

"Howe I'm not intrudiu"," said Hammersley, with a laugh.

"Well, hardly. You've come in a hurry."

"Yes," drawled Hammerstay. "I missed
your train, I think. Too had, Jolly slow
work travelin" alone. Stryker picked the
up at Edinburgh and we came on by motor.

He took off his fur coat in leisurely fashion
and crossing to the fireplace took Boris's
proffered hand. "You had my note." he
asked carelessiy.

The girl nodded. "I was glad," she said.

"Well. I'm here. Jolly happy, too. Had
a narrow squeak of it, though. Some baily
idiot stretched rope across the road overby Saitham Rocks, but we saw it in time
and went around. Fired a few shots at us,
too. Must have taken me for Rizzio Smiled
grudgingly.

"You don't nak me to believe that story,
Hammersley," he said dryly.

"You don't hak me to believe that story,
Hammersley," he said dryly.

"You don't hak me to believe that story,
Hammersley," he said dryly.

"You don't hak we fixed on Hammersley a
face. Suddenly she broke in with a voice
of alarm.

"Cyril—voire hurt—and there's blood on

Cyril-you're hurt-and there's blood on your cont.

"Is there" By Jove, so there is—it doesn't matter. I wouldn't mind a peg though—and a cigarette."

Dorls had started for the door in alarm.

"Watt!" Hammersley's voice came sharply. And as she paused, "Ring, Dorls."

She understood and touched the butten like the door.

ilde the door.
"We might as well have an understanding

"We might as well have an understanding before they come, Rizzio." put in Hammers-ley quickly. "Do you prefer to believe my story—or would you like to invent one of your own."

Rizzio shrugged. "As you please," he said. "It seems that I am de trop here." At the door he paused and iffished distinctly. "I hope that your explanations will prove satisfactory."

Doris had helped Cyril off with his coat and, by the time the maid brought Betty Heathcote, had cut away the sleeve of his shirt with Cyril's pocket knife. It was mere-ly a gash across the upper arm, which a bandage and some old-fashloned remedies would set right.

bandage and some old-fashloned remedies would set right.
Lady Heathcote heard the story (from which Hammersley eliminated the rope) with amazement, and was for sending at once for the local constabulary.

"Oh. it's hardly worth while," said the Honorable Cyril, sipping his whisky and water, comfortably, "Poor devils—out of work, I fancy, Wanted my money. If they'd come to Ben-a-Chielt tomorrow I'd give it to 'em. But I wouldn't mind, Betty, if you could put me up for the night. I'm not keen to be dodgin' bullets in the dark."
"Of course," said Lady Heathcote. "How extraordinary! I can't understand—Saltham Bocks—that's on my place. Something must be done, Cyril."

Hammersley yawned. "Oh, tomorrow will do. Couldn't catch the beggars in the dark. Besiden, it's late. Do me a favor, Betty, Don't let those people come in here again. I want a word with Doris."

want a word with Poris."

He had stretched himself out comfortably on the davenport, his eyes on the girl, who still stood uncertainly beside him. Lady Betty shrugged, and taking up her basin and lotion moved toward the door. "It's most mysterious. Are you sure we're quite safe."

"Oute. But I think it might be better if

basin and lotion moved toward the door.

"It's most mysterious. Are you nure we're quite safe."

"Quite. But I think it might be better if I had the room between vours and Doris's."

"I was butting John Rizzio there."

"Well change—there's a dear. And say nothing about it. I—I might need a new dreasing on this thing in the night."

She examined him curiously, but he was looking lazily into the fire, having already taken her acquiescence for granted.

When she went out. Hammers'ey sat up and threw his cigarette into the fire.

"You have it still?" be whispered anxiously, taking Doris by both hands.

She nodded.

"Thank God for that. I seemed to have arrived at the proper moment."

"I was about to burn them."

He drew a long breath of relief.

"You know what they are?"

"Yes. I read them."

"Yes. I read them."

"No." proudly. "Hardly. After what I went through." And with an air of restraint, she told him everything.

He listened, a zerious look in his eyes. "It was my fault. I slould have left them in the machine. I got away mot free."

"Yes, I know. I saw you."

"You poor child." be said softly. "I was desperate. I thought it necessary. How can I ever thank you."

"You poor child." be said softly. "I was desperate. I thought it necessary. How can I ever thank you."

"You can't." The tones of her voice were straine.

"I'd joily well give my life for you. Doris.

"You can't." The tones of her voice were strange.
"I'd joily well give my life for you. Doris.
You know that," he said earnestly,
"It's something less than that I want, and something more—your word of honor."
"My word—?"
"Yes," she went on quietly. "To forswear your German kinship and give me an oath of loyalty to England. Difficult as it is, I'll believe you."
"Sh—" He glanced toward the door.
All the windows of the room were closed. "He toid you that I was a German spy?" he whispered anxiously.

whispered anxiously, "You forget that I had proof of that siready."

He sat up and looked into the fire. "I hoped you wouldn't read 'em. It has done no good."

"I have no regrets. I will not betray England, Cyril, even for you."

He rose and paced the rug in front of her for a moment. Then he spoke incredulously in a whisper.

"You mean that you won't give 'em to me."

"I mean that-precisely."

"I mean that—precisely."

"I mean that—precisely."

"But that is impossible," he went on, with greater signs of excitement than she had ever seen in him. "Don't you realize now that every moment the things are in your possession pou're in danger—great danger? Isn't what you've gone through—isn't this"—and he indicated his arm—"the proof of it?"

"Yes," she said firmly, "But I would rather suffer injury myself than see you share the fate of Captain Byfield."

He started. "Oh, you heard that?"

"Yes, Jack Sandys is here." She put her face in her hands in the throes of her doubts of him and then suddenly thrust out her hands and laced her fingers around his arm. "Oh, give it up, Cyril. for my sake give it all up, Can't you see the terrible position you've placed me in? If I give these papers to Jack Sandys they'll come and take you as they took Captain Byfield. I've kept them for you, because I promised. But I cannot let this information get to Germany. I would die first. What shall I do?" she wailed. "What on earth can I too. His reply made her gasp.

"There's a fire," he said quietly. "Burn her fance want ber corage and her

Her fingers went to her corange and her

eyes gleamed with a new hope. She took the crumpled rice papers out and looked at them. Then in a flash the thought came to her.

"You know the information contained in these papers" she asked in an accent of deprecation.

"No," he replied shortly, "I merely glanced at them."

"You hadn't the chance to study them?"

"No.

Still the hesitated. "But what—what is Hizzio?"

Hizzio?"
He walked to the door of the room, open

ing it suddenly. Then he shut it quietly and coming back to the fire took the poker and made a hole between the gloving coals.

coming back to the live took the poker and made a hole between the glowing coals.

"Burn 'em!" he commanded.

She obeyed him wonderingly and together they watched the package of rice papers flame into a live coal and then turn to ashes. When the last vestige of them had disappeared, they eat together on the davenport.

Cyril thoughtful, the girl bewildered.

"What is Riugio!" she repeated. "He told me that he was an agent of the English Government."

"I can't tell you," he whispered hoarsely. "I can't tell you anything—even you. Don't you understand?"

"No, I don't. It's your word against his, I would rather believe you than him. I want to, Cyril. God knows I want to."

"Didn't I ask you to burn the papers? Didn't he try to prevent it?"

"Yes."

Iden't he try to prevent it?"

"Yea."

"Can't you see? If he were using for England, it wouldn't matter what became of em if they didn't reach Germany."

"Oh, I thought of that—but what you have told me hewilders me. Why should you run away with secrets of England—given you by a trafter who is about to pay the penalty with—with death? What does it mean? Why didn't you take those papers at once to the War Office? Why did Captain Byfield give them to you? He—a traitor—to you—"yril? It is all so borrible. I am frightened your danger—Rizzlo's men, here—tonight—all about us."

"If they were English secret service men."
Cyril put in quietly, "wouldn't they come here to this house and arrest me in the name of the law?"

of the law?

"Yes. There must be other reasons why
they can't. What is the contest between
you and Rizzio? Tell me. Tell me everything? I will believe you. Haven't I kept
your trust? If I could do that—for your
rake—do you not think that I could keep
silent for England's sake?"

Her arms were about his neck, and her ps very close to his, but he turned his and away so that the temptation might at he too strong for him.

of he too strong for him.
"I can't." he muttered, "I cannot speak—
well to you. I am sworn to secrecy."
she drooped upon his arms and then moved
way despatringly. It was the failure of
he appeal of her famininity that condemned

"Oh, you won't let me believe in you. You won't let me. It's too great a test you're asking of me. Everything is against you—but the worst witness is your silence!" He stood by the mantel, his head lowered, "It is hard for you—hard for us both," he said softly, "but I can't tell you anythin!"—anythin." He raised his head and looked at her with pity. She had sunk upon the silvan, her head upon her arms in a despair too deep for tears.

He crossed and laid his hand gently upon You must trust in me if you can. I will



JOHN RIZZIO

try to be worthy of it. That's all I can say."
He paused. "And now you must go to bed.
You're a bit fagged. Perhaps in the mornin'
you'll pull up a bit and see things differently."

ently."

Sie straightened slowly and their eyes met for a moment. His never wavered, and she saw that they were very kind, but she rose silently and without offering him her lips or even her hand, moved slowly toward the

door.

He reached it in a stride before her and put his hand upon the knob.

"There's one thing more I've got to ask." Her look questioned.

"You must sleep in my room tonight, next to Betty's. I shall sleep in yours."

Her wears eyes sought his with an effort.

"You mean you think Rizzio—would stille—""

"You mean you think Rizzio—would still—""

She paused.
"Yes, he thinks you would not give them to me." And then, with a laugh, "You wouldn't, you know."
"And if I tell him I have burned them—"
"He will not believe you."
"He would not believe me," she repeated in a daze.

"He would not believe me, she repeated in a daze.

"You must do what I ask," Cyril went on quietly, "I know what is best, I'll arrange it with Betty." He glanced at his watch, "One o'clock. By Jove! It's time even for auction players."

She promised him at last after a protest on his own account.

on his own account
"Nothin' to worry about," he laughed.
"They may not try anythin', and when they
find I'm there they'll bundle out in a hurry."
Thus reassured she went out to the drawing room where the card players were just
risting. Strzio was nowhere to be seen. Cyril
at once took their hostess aside and told
her that Doris was a little upset by the
shooting, asking if Betty would mind letting
her take the raem next to her own, so that
she could open the door between.
"Don't say anything about it. Bette" he

"Don't say anything about it. Betty," he urged. "Just ask her in, won't you, when you get upstairs."
"And you?"

"And you?"
"I could do a turn on steel spikes," he laughed.
"Your arm?"
"Right as rain. It's nothing at all."
Doris accepted the situation without a word, Indeed she was numbed with the fatigue of strained nerves. The swift rush of incident since Betty's London dinner, with its rapid alternations of hope and fear, had left her bewildered and helpless. But it was the interview with Cyril tonight that had plunged her into the dark abyas of despair. She had tried so hard to believe in him, but he would do nothing to take away the weight that had been dragging her down further and further from the light. A new kind of love had come to her, born of the new Cyril, who had won her over by the sheer force of a personality, the existence of which she had not dreamed. A short time ago she had wanted to see him awake—a firebrand—and she had had her wish, for she bad kindled to his touch like tinder. But tonight, in her utter weariness it seemed as though her spirit was charred, burnt to a cinder, like the package of papers in the grate in the gun room, destroyed, as the secret message had been, in the great game that Cyril was playing.

She undressed slowly, listening for any sounds that might come from the room next door, but the only sign she had of him was

DHILADELPHIA . ORCHESTRA LEGPOLD STOKOWSKI. Conductor.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, MARCH 15, AT 8:00
SATURDAY EVENING, MARCH 16, AT 8:15
Soloist: MME. OLIVE FREMSTAD, Seprano,
ERAIMS Symphony No. 1 in C minor
MENDELSSOHN Aria, "Infelice"
LISZT Aria, "Wanderer's Night Song"
LISZT Aria, "The Three Gypsice"
WAGNER Overture, "Rienal"
Seats Now on Sale at Heppe's, 1119 Chestnut. Trocadero GIRLS FROM Zamura

the familiar smell of his pipe tobacco which came through the cracks and keyhole. A little later Betty Heathcothe came in prepared for what she called a "back hair talk." but found her guest so unresponsive that at last she went into her own room and bed. Poris lay for a while watching the line of light under Cyril's door wondering what he was doing and what the night was to bring forth. One memory persisted in the canos of the night's events. Cyril didn't know the contents of the papers and yet he had commanded her to hurn them. The thought quicked her, and at last she saw the light in his room go out, then, after a time, in spite of her wearlness, she slept.

She awakened, trembling with terror.

She awakened, trembling with terror, iistening for she knew not what. And then ne her wite slowly came to her, she was aware of the sounds which had awakened her. They were suppressed, secret, and strange out none the less terrible, the shuffling of feet, hoarse whispers, and the creaking of straining furniture. She sat upright, slipped to the floor quickly, and, getting into the dressing gown at the foot of the bed, slood for a moment in the inddle of the room, her heart beating wildly. Then with quick resolution she moved swiftly to lietty Heath-cote's room and, after assuring herself that her hostess still slept, closed the door softly and passed the boit.

Again she hesitated. The sounds from Cyril's room continued, the hard breathing of men who seemed with one accord to be trying to keep their strungles silent. Aware of her danger, but considering it less than the physical need for immediate action, with trembling lingers she turned the key and quickly opened the door.

At Brist, silence, utter and profound, but till of a terror which a break might reveal.

"Cyril." What is it?" she managed to wilsper. "She" she heard. And dimity, in the pale

per, "She" she heard And dimir, in the pale moonlight she made out the dark blur of figures upon the floor in the corner of the com. "Cyril" she repeated

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

Hunting a Husband By MARY DOUGLAS

CHAPTER VIII Gaining a Man's Interest

NAPTAIN DONOVAN and I strolled out over the grass. The moon shed a soft secoming light on everything.

We had just left the prettient girl of the course-party standing alone on the veranda. had done it. I gave a little laugh at my asy victory.

"And what is so funny?" asked the Cap-tain, looking down at me.
"Oh, human nature," I answered slowly.
But the captain let it drop there. He spoke casually of his life in camp.
"O, do tell me more about it," I said cag-erly.

"O, do tell me more about it," I said cagerly
The Captain went on and on He spoke
on one theme. It was himself, There I
learned my first lesson. Let a man talk
about himself, if you would interest him.
"But this must bore you," said Captain
Denecan, stopping before some hour glass
chairs, still grouped upon the lawn.
"Oh, no, I love to hear it." And I began
to question him. "What did he hope to

He was launched again, "If all men were as easy as this." I thought triumphantly. Then the Captain's voice interrupted my thoughts.

thoughts.

"You're the most interesting girl I've met here," he said. And I knew he meant it, too. Yet, what had I done? I had lietened for perhaps an hour or so to a man talking about himself.

"Perhaps we should join the others." I said. said

said.
"No, not yet." begged the Captain, catching my hand.
I did not pull it away. What matter? It was all in the way of experience. Next moment he had imprisoned both my hands. He kissed me. But it fell unfortunately on the tip of my nose. I did not pull myself away. I did not even cry out. For the experience was all too new and excling to me. Instead I rose slowly and said in as caim a voice as I could summon. Let us go back to the house."

We did. On the way we talked about the trees—the half-hidden statues — anything that struck our gaze.

We parted casually, too, on the veranda. He joined one of the laughing groups. I watched him. He laughed. He filted.

Then it was that I realized that I had made my first mistake. It came to me suddenly. I had lost this man's interest. He saw me easily gained. Too easily, to be interesting.

nteresting. interesting.

Even the little blue-eyed "Fee" would have known better how to handle the situation. I met her innocent eyes, as I slipped into the drawing room. "You were gone long," she said, "did you enjoy yourself," I knew at once I had lost one maybe-friend. I had made one enemy.

I had made one enemy.

Then I saw Dell Merle, with a gober clad figure beside her. She was coming toward me. I had a moment of panie. It must be Mademoiselle Verin. What should I do? I who knew nothing of France. Yes, it was

Tomorrow-Fate Clears the Way.



AN ARTCRAFT PICTURE

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TUES. EVG. MAR. 12. RIGOLETTO
AT 8 O'CLOCK
Mmrs. Barrientos, Braslau. Mm. Lazaro. (1st
Appearance). De Luca. Mardoges, Rossi Bada.
Cond. Mr. Papi. Seats 1108 Chestnut. Walnut
424. Racs 67.

CASINO MATINEE TODAY



Pennsylvania Misterical Society, most or members, 1300 Locust street, at 8 p. m Meeting of South Oak Lone Improvement m. Admission free.

"Electricity: Its Message to the Home-lecture by Gertrude H. Shearer, Oak Lane Improvement Association, Oak Lane Re-formed Church, Seventh street and Sixty-sixth avenue, at 8 p.m. Free.

Institute of Architects, meeting, 1206

Meeting South Philadelphia Business Mon's Association, Odd Fellows' Hall, Broad and Federal streets. Free.

Lecture on "Geographical Distribution Important Types of Mammals," by Dr. Spencer Trotter, Academy of Natural Sci-ences. Free.



NEXT WEEK-SEATS THURS. THE NEW COMEDY DRAMA

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60 Star Dancers! 20 Prima Donnas! Every One a Principa Spanish Orchestra! LAND GREATEST SINGING &

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Douglas Fairbanks in "HEADIN"

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CHESTNUT OPERA HOUSE STREET Messas, Shubeat Nights \$1.50, \$1, 75c, 50c Matinees, \$1, 75c, 50c EXCEPT SATURDAY TONIGHT AT 8:10 \$1.00 MAT. WEDNESDAY



Orchestra of 24 ADELPHI EVENINGS AT 8:15 POP. MAT. THURSDAY BEST 31

MANY A LAUGH, SOB AND THRILL THE COMMON TO THE PARTY OF THE

ACADEMY OF MUSIC TONIGHT at 8:15

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ORCHEST ACADEMY-WED, EVG., Mar. 1

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