JUST GOSSIP ABOUT PEOPLE

Earnest Workers Enlist as Nurses' Aides-Nancy Wynne Talks About People Away on Visits-Jane Thinks They Must Need Lieutenants

of the season.

the end of October.

Mrs. C. A. Jaycox is spending the summer at Narragansett Pier, R. I., where she will remain until the first week in October.

Mr. and Mrs. William P. Jenks, of Morristown, N. J., have gone to Saunderstown, R. I., to remain throughout the fall and

Mrs. Sidney Brock, of Stanley Farm, Abington, has gone to Stone Haven, Rock-port, Mass., to remain until the end of the menth.

Mrs. Frederick Brown, of 317 South Twen-

r-second street, is spending the summer with er sister-in-law, Mrs. George B. Farnum, t West Cornwall, Conn., and will return

Mrs. Charles Hamilton Elliott, of 2600

North Twelfth street, announces the engage-ment of her daughter, Miss Edna Michener Elliott, to Mr. Durfee Sexton Aldrich, of Palmyra, N. Y.

The marriage has been announced of Miss

Bessie A. Knight, of this city, and Captain Chester Alvis Snyder, U. S. A. constructing

quartermaster at Camp Stuart, Newport

News, Va. The ceremony was performed yes-terday at Newport News by the Rev. E. F. Wellford, paster of the Presbyterian Church.

Announcement is made of the marriage of

Miss Elsie S. Grindrod, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Grindrod, of 2081 East Chelten

avenue, Oak Lane, and Mr. Thomas Talbert on Saturday, August 3, in the Protestant Episcopal Church of St. James the Less, Falls of Schuylkill, by the rector, the Rev. Edward Ritchie. The bride was attended by

bride's parents. Mr. Taibert and his bride left for Newport News, Va. The bridegroom is a construction engineer in the United

is a construction engineer in the United States mays. The bride is a prominent worker in the Red Cross and Emergency Aid and assisted with the drives for the Red Cross and the War Chest.

Miss Charlotte Engel, of Wingohocking street, is visiting friends in Columbus, O.

Miss Florence Kauffmann, of Germantown

avenue, has gone to Wallingford, Conn., for the remainder of the season.

Miss Helene Strauss and Miss Estelle

Strauss, of West Erie avenue, are spending several weeks in Ocean City.

THE DAILY NOVELETTE

"THE TRESPASSER"

By Bertha Wood .

EVERYTHING is just perfect," declared Winifred, with a critical look at the

"I suppose the things will have to do," sighed Aunt Hannah. "I suppose there is enough—such as it is; but I did want a

"I knew you make delicious ones, auntie. I haven't forgotten how they fairly melt in

the mouth. I will pick the berries if you will make one. Only you will have to tell me where to find them," and Winifred reached for her sun-bonnet and pail.

"That's just the trouble. Raspberries are

awfully scarce this year. But there are loads down in Lawyer Peters's field. The hillside is red with them, but his overseer is so strict

that not a soul can come near the place. He

will let the berries rot before he will allow anybody to come and pick them." And Mrs.

"I am sure I can get some without hurting his old grass—and I will," laugher Winifred, a look of daring coming into her dark eyes. "We shall have that shortcake tonight."

Nodding gaily, she started across lots to the Peters farm. She had not far to go, and was soon kneeling down in the grass on the

hillside. She picked desperately, and smiled

as she saw how soon her pail would be full.
"There I haven't tangled his old grass a single bit," she breathed as she arose and

cake, and Mr. Peters will never know I visit-ed his berry field."

brow of the hill. One, clad as a farmer,

she readily recognized as the overseer. The other was a city-clad gentleman, who was a stranger to her, yet she felt certain it was

Slowly they made their way down the hill

over her crimson face, she pretended not to

"There, Mr. Peters, I told you there was some one in the berry field!" cried Jake ex-ultantly. How Winifred's cheeks burned at

begrudge her a few berries, when the hill-

Winifred sprang up and faced them. She saw a way whereby she might escape humili-

"Senor, Senor! No comprendo inglis."
"She is Spanish," exclaimed Lawyer Peters,
answering her as bert he could with his
slight knowledge of the language.

"A prity face will fool man every time," umbled Jake, as he waiked stiffly away.

He will let her trample my grass all down

just on account of her large dark eyes and wavy black hair."

her aunt's door, carrying the pail of stolen

fruit,
"Mr. Peters!" exclaimed that astonished

"Not this time, but I will hold that invita-

tion good," was his laughing reply. "You will see enough of me. And take all the

berries you want from the old hillside."
"Well, if I ever!" ejaculated the puzzled

woman, looking from the pail of luscious berries to Winifred's crimson face. "Tell me just how it happened. How did you know Ralph Peters". I am dreadfully pleased with

"And am I to go again when you want

more?" cried the girl, dimpling with amuse-ment. Then she told the story, and concluded:

"Aunt Hannah, don't you dare forget that am Spanish. Mr. Peters may call again, and

I want you to remember that I can speak nothing but Spanish."

nothing but Spanish."

"Just as you say, child," and the good women indulged in a fit of laughter. "I don't wonder he took you for a foreigner, with your snapping dark eyes and black

The Red Cross supper was a great suc

Ralph Peters became a constant visitor

at the Brown home, never suspecting the deceit, and Winifred welcomed him with an increasing feeling of guilt. As her visit drew to a close he began to realize that he

loved this beautiful Spanish girl and wished her to be his wife. Winifred did not inter-rupt him as he told his love as best he

could in Spanish. Then she burst into tears and told him all.

"Ah my little trespasser! You not only stole my berries, but my heart also. Now

talk English, sweetheart, to make up for

.Tomorrow's Complete Novelette—"LOVE'S.
REUNION."

"Hearts of the World" Opens Garrick

A preliminary season of film plays was inaugurated last evening with the return to the
Garrick Theatre of "Hearts of the World."
D. W. Griffith made the production in France
and America with the Gish sisters, Robert
Harron, George Fawcett, Ben Alexander,
George Siegmann and soldiers of the Allies
in leading parts. It is a story of love and

Aunt Hannah's shortcake received

"Come in and have some dinner

Meanwhile Mr. Peters walked by her side to

no other than Mr. Peters himself.

side is red with them."

see them

curls.

much praise.

At that moment two men came over the

"Auntie will have her short.

Pulling her hat far down

mind, Jake, I am sure we do not

Brown looked very much discouraged.

antry shelves.

raspberry shortcake."

WHENEVER a call comes along for special work of any kind, there are always a lot of girls who respond. Before the war every time you went to a bazaar, a benefit affair of any kind or an amateur vaudeville show you were sure to see Peggy Thayer taking tickets, Charlotte Brown ushering, Ethel Huhn selling programs and Pauline Denckla, Mary Law, Rebecca Thomson and the rest of them selling flowers and cigarettes. Since the war began you have seen them just as often at war relief affairs and besides that, as members of the E. A. A. or motor mes sengers or junior service girls, they have been selling Liberty Bonds, war stamps, taking War Chest subscriptions, packing for the Red Cross, doing canteen work and -oh, I chuld fill a whole column telling you where you could see any one of these girls. Now another call has come and they are "on the job." The student nurse reserve wants recruits, and so these girls have enlisted and will start their courses in training for nurses' aides in the fall. Peggy Thayer begins the first of next month at the Episcopal Hospital, Charlotte Brown has been studying at the University Hospital and Ethel Huhn, who is now Mrs. Joseph Bailey, is going to start at the Episcopal Hospital in September. Pauline Denckla, Mary Law and Rebecca Thomson are also going there. Mrs. Rowland Evans, Jr .- she was Elizabeth Downs, you know-Emma Dorr and Emily Price Welsh have all been studying at the University Hospital. At the end of their course they will be nurses' aides and can be sent to army hospitals at the cantonments. You can always count on them to volunteer, and then after that you can always be sure that they will do the work well. I certainly wish them luck in their new field.

DOESN'T it seem impossible that it's almost the middle of August? And isn't it a relief to think that we've actually finished with that awful hot wave, and no matter what happens now we won't have anything quite like that to go through with? House parties and visits away from home are still going strong and the people who are up North or out West or at the seashore seem to be enjoying every minute of their stay. Mrs. Alba Johnson, Jr., and Margaretta Jeannes and Gwen Martin are together at a house party given by Mrs. Arthur Pew at her ranch near Colorado Springs. The two Brockles, Agnes and Elizabeth, are still at York Harbor, where they are visiting Sidney and Sarah Franklin at their summer home. Agnes certainly does deserve a good holiday, for I never saw sich a tireless worker as she is. Every time a booth was put up last winter in the arcade on Fifteenth street Agnes was there the first morning of whatever drive it was "crying her wares" and attracting everybody who passed. Mr. and Mrs. H. Ashton Little, of Strafford, are expecting to leave on Thursday with Mary and Nancy for Seagate to spend three or four weeks.

Mrs. Ronald Barlow is visiting Mrs. Frederick Stovell at her cottage at Cape May. Mrs. Barlow has been having quite a strenuous week playing in the tournament up at St. Martins. By the way, I hear that June Tilden, of Germantown, has been granted leave of absence from the medical camp where he is stationed to play in the national tennis tournament this week on Long Island. He always plays in the national tournaments, you know, and is most graceful and clever in his playing.

Jane's Cousin Robert has always taken everything, and particularly himself. very seriously, having little or no sense of humor. And, strange to say, the army failed to take it out of him, and when the army fails to take it out of them it's pretty bad, because they will add so much extra "swank" as soon as they get into the wellcut olive drab. Of course, it is stunning. but you know what I mean. Well, anyhow, as soon as Cousin Robert was made a first lieutenant he surprised and shocked the family by announcing that he was coming to spend the week-end with them. Jane was delighted and rather thrilled, for she was long on patriotism and a uniform was a soldier to her. When he first arrived she was awed into admiring silence, while "The Lieutenant" swaggered around in the center of the family's proud glances -you can't help being proud of a lieutenant in the family, even if he is terribly conceited about it. Mother was much relieved at Jane's silence, because Jane is one of your frank, outspoken children.

At luncheon, in the presence of much food, the spell broke and Jane began to revive. Sitting directly opposite Cousin Robert, she couldn't fail to notice every self-satisfied pose and large, patronizing tone. What interested her most of all was the peculiar birdlike way he cocked his head to get a view of his glistening shoulder bars. They seemed to be the pride of his life, and Jane couldn't see why. So she asked, "Cousin Robert, are you a real soldier?" Her pompous cousin replied that he hoped he might be called that, and mother, hastening to smother the confab before it got dangerous, remarked, "Why, Jane, Cousin Robert is a lieutenant." Jane, not at all impressed, wanted to know what showed he was a lieutenant. And when she heard that it was the little sliver bars she laughed as if at a great joke. "Well," she returned, "if that's all, I don't see why he's so awfully proud. They must need lots of lieutenants, because you can buy millions of those little pins at the ten-cent store for ten cents a NANCY WYNNE.

Social Activities

The engagement is announced of Miss Mary Scott Montgomery, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William W. Montgomery, of Lain-shaw, Radnor, and Mr. Edward Biddle Halsey, on the St. James.

The marriage of Miss Katherine A. Pot-er, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jonathan A. browder, of Chestnut Hill, and Ensign Walr Avery, U. S. N. R. F., will take place i Saturday at 4:30 o'clock in the Church i the Advent, Cape May. Mrs. George H. arie, 3d, will be matron of honor, and the edding will be followed by a small recep-

Mrs. A. O. Laurance has gone to Atlantic City, where she will spend several weeks.

Mrs. Trenchard Newbold, of Breezy Brow, rdmote, is spending some time at Watch

a and New York Howard, of C

A MEMBER OF THE YOUNGEST SET



MISS ELIZABETH HARTEL

NEW TALMADGE FILM

AND A GRIFFITH PLAY

Stanley Has "The Safety Curtain,"

and the Arcadia Shows Famous

Director's First Arteraft

STANLEY-"The Safety Curtain," with Norma Talmadge, Directed by S. A. Franklin from the novel by Ethel M. Dell. Select play.

It makes little difference what the story may be, the fact that Norma Talmadge is

enacting a role in it is sufficient to bring our

her many admirers. In this actress there is to be found all of the elements which go to make up a star. She has few equals as an

walf, who later becomes the wife of a Brit-ish officer, although she already has a hus-band, there is found a new note in her work.

Paul West and Director Franklin have made a good adaptation from Miss Dell's book, with the interest of the spectator aroused at the very start with a dramatic thrill in the rescue of vaudeville artists from a burning theatre. Then again comes the moment when the heroine learns of her first bushand and the solution to the problem is

husband and the solution to the problem

brought about by his convenient death. Movie

demises are frequently as opportune as they

Eugene O'Brien not only hooks the par

of the British captain, but he acts well. Anders Randolf is well cast as a vaudeville strong man, while in Gladden James there is

found a good character study of an unprin

ARCADIA—"The Great Love." with an all-star cast of players. Directed by D. W. Griffith and photographed by Billy Bitzer, Art-

"The Great Love" is hardly up to the

standard which has marked the many screen productions of D. W. Griffith. One of its

greatest faults is the inordinate time devoted

to the establishment of the atmosphere. He is prone to do this in his productions, but never has he retarded the action to the ex-

ant that is to be found in this play

tent that is to be found in this play.

Advertised as the successor to "The Birth of a Nation" and "Hearts of the World," it falls very short of these masternleses, but is, however, an addition to the Griffith products

and for that reason will find an eager audi-ence. The expertness in the direction is to be

seen at several places, however, where scenes which were taken in England showing muni-

tion plants. Paris streets and the members of the British royalty have been dovetailed with several made in California. Of the trade-marked animals, without which no Griffith

product would be genuine, there is but one

shown—a sheep. The use of the pedal ex-tremities of Lillian Cish as a means of ex-

pression to her feelings is an added touch in

An air raid on London furnishes the chief

dramatic punch to the story, which also intro-duces the love of a soldier for a girl and the ultimate solution of the problem which pre-

vents their true love running smoothly until they find "the great love."

Much of the success of this play is due to

Much of the sucreaman, Billy Bitzer, who has a veteran camera man, Billy Bitzer, who has utilized several double exposures, toy models and soft-toned photography throughout. The

settings as a whole were of a satisfactory

The women of English society who appear

the here and Lillian Gish has the chief

is the nero and feminine role. George Fawcett, Gloria Hope, Rosemary Theby, Sarah Crowell, Maxfield Stanley and George Seigman are other im-

REGENT—"The Demon," with Edith Storey, Directed by George Baker from the novel by C. N. and A. M. Williamson, Metro play.

"The Demon" is the name given to Edith Storey because she is so wild in this story. The director made the adaptation from the

Williamson novel and he has fitted the lead-ing feminine role around the personality of the star. The director introduced several comedy situations which brought forth de-served laughter, while his ability to supply pleasing settings for the script is already

vell known. Two American men go to a sale of slaves

adventures up to the final happy ending are many and interesting. There is introduced the old standby of movie plots—coincidence

ter advantage than she does in this movie ter advantage than she does in this movie Lew Cody is the rescuing hero and Charles Gerard his friend. Virginia Chester, Mollie McConnell, Frank Deshon and Fred Mala

"To Hell With the Kaiser" holds over for

a second week at the Victoria, while the Palace is offering "The Service Star," with Madge Kennedy as the featured player. The Strand is presenting "Fedora," with Pauline Frederick, while at the Locust there is Ru-

pert Hughes's story, "We Can't Have Every-

Court Room Girls-Cross Keys

testa are in the supportnig roles.

Edith Storey has rarely appeared to bet

novel and he has fitted the lead

manner of the news weekly pictures, except as before noted. Henry B. Walthall is again under Mr. Griffith's direction and he gives a good emotional performance. Robert Harron

unfolding of the story do so in the

ounder. In the photography of the rainstorm the camera man has

are in grand opera.

craft play.

nature

tropical rainstorm the c shown some skillful work.

emotional player and in this character

The little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Hartel, of Merion

SIX FOY YOUNGSTERS

Eddie, the Daddy, Among Those Present-Ames and Winthrop Have Clever Act

ARE HIT AT KEITH'S

The six "younger Foys" and Mr. Eddle Foy, the father, are at Keith's Theater this week. The youngsters are clever-every one of The daddy is the same droll funmaker he has always been, but in this offering he isn't nearly as much a part of the proceedings as are the other members of the family.

Particularly clever are the two girl mem bers of the family-Mary and Madeline Foy. Both sing well and Mary is an unusually graceful dancer. Eddie Foy, Jr., looks the image of his dad and imitates him cleverly. Irving Foy, the "kid" of the family, is a good actor and has an exceptional voice for one his age. He and dad get a lot of fun out of their arguments as to who's who in the act. Charlie, Dick and Bryan Foy make up the remainder of the Young Bryan wrote the songs youngsters were frequently encored and dad, of course, made the customary curtain speech, but the kiddles were the big show Easily the funniest act on the bill is that offered by Florenz Ames and Adelaide Win-throp, in "One Moment, Please." There's real humor in the act, which is high-class in

every sense and something that's really ne and altogether refreshing. Bert Swor is a blackface monologist of un-usual ability—a real comedian. His chat-ter is funny. He can't sing. And he doesn't It's just a bunch of nonsense eleverly

Helen and Josephine Trix-the latter is decidedly pretty-sing songs written by Helen Trix, and they sing well. There is a par-ticularly strong war appeal in their latest hit, "Don't Weaken."

Wroe's Buds are also on the bill this week. They're all kiddles, three whom-the smallest ones-make the offer

ing worth while. There are some good lines in the Quinn and offering, "The Submarine"; Lady as some cleverly trained cats and has some rats; Burns and Klasen sing a few songs; the Parker Brothers balance each other a bit and the Pathe's news has the usual good war

Altogether a fairly interesting show-for

Efficiency-Nixon Grand

One of the cleverest sketches in vaudeville, Efficiency," by Robert Davis and Parley P. heehan, which features Lawrence Grant Frank J. Gregory and Earl McClellan, is the chief offering this week at the Grand. It is full of good epigrams that unravel in a paricularly interesting manner a story of in-The drill team from the Lady Maccabees

presents a novel form of entertainment. The work of these women is perfect; they are ex-ceptionally well drilled and the formations that they compose are highly interesting. Henri Heneive, a pianist, offers a splendid rendition of several classical and popular selections. Al White, Jr., and Ruth Adams and Mullen and Coogan also present pleasing

On the Western Front-Globe

A bit of realism of "over there" is pre-sented by William Shilling and Corporal Edward Bittney and their company in "On the Western Front," a stirring patriotic sketch that is the best of the many good acts on this week's bill at the Globe. A wholesome Alice Greenwood and company also pre-sent an amusing sketch. The Wyoming Trio, in western stunts; Burke and Walsh, Frank Wilson, who performs many daring stunts on a bicycle; Morris and Arline, Clara Keating and "cut-ups," Sam Harris and Bogart and Nelson are among the other pleasing enter-

Carpentier Dancers-Colonial

Many new and pleasing dance steps are inroduced by the Carpentier Artists in a dance ing act that is easily the best on the bill presented this week at the Colonial. Extreme gracefulness characterized all the dances, which are among the most difficult ever attempted on the vaudeville stage.

Bicknell, a modeler, does wonderful work in the short space of time allotted to him. ng act that is easily the best on the bill the Dartos, Grant Gardner and Fox and Intram presented acts that were pleasing to the large audience. The "Claws of the Hun." remarkable photoplay, and "The Crisis," nother interesting picture, concluded the

LIBERTY SING TONIGHT

Patriotic Citizens of Falls of Schuylkill Join in Musical Demonstration

A Liberty Sing will be held tonight at Thirty-fifth street and Allegheny avenue. Falls of Schuylkill, under the direction of Mr. Joseph Smith. Assisting the leader will be Mr. Theodore L. MacKenzie, Mr. James C. Lawler, Mr. Harry Brown, Mr. William Gressens, Mr. George Gotwals, Mr. Thomas Keenan, Mr. Thomas Davis, Mr. Walter Smith, Mr. Herbert Spencer, Mr. John Smith, Mr. John Chidester, Mr. Harold Spencer, Mr. Lloyd Stamm, Mr. Walter Macindee, Mr. James Buckley and Mr. John Tidswell. All patriotic citizens of this section of the Falls have been requested to join in the demonstra-Court Room Girls—Cross Keys

If applause is any criterion in the way of evidence, then the Court Room Girls, which headline the bill this week at the Cross Keys, were found guilty of making a hit.

The bright side of the usual judicial proceedings is given with clever lines and funny situations. There is also an ample supply of up-to-the-minute songs. Raymond Knox. a Philadelphian, kept laughs moving rapidly with lively patter on topics of the day. His stories were to the point and held interest. Good acts were also offered by Meintyre and these. Grace Winters. Grace Sinclair and

"DREAMLAND ADVENTURES"

By DADDY THE SOLDIER BIRDS A complete new adventure each week, hogin-ning Monday and ending Saturday.

CHAPTER II

The Stranger From Overseas (Billy Belgium and Carrie and Homer Pigeon start to recruit a bird messenger corps for the American army in France,

and ask Peggy to help them.)

FAR above the roofs of the neighboring buildings rose the spire of the church. Up and up flew Carrie and Homer Pigeon carrying Peggy and Billy Belgium. Larger and larger grew the steeple as they neared itmuch larger than it had ever looked to Peggs from below.

She peered ahead anxiously to discover the entrance to the home of the Steeple Pigeons but it wasn't until Carrie and Homer Pigeon landed on a flat ledge away up in the air Then she found that there were four hig latticed-windows in the steeple one on each side. The lattices were made of glats, arranged slanting, one above another so that they would keep out the rain and snow. Between the ledge and the lower row slate was room for the pigeons to creep through.

Within the steeple a noisy discussion was

"Coo! Coo! And she said we ought to work for our living," came the angry voice of Airy Pouter. "How shamefully ignorant !" cried another

"Oh, I don't know. It strikes me as a good idea!" drawled a pleasant third voice. "You always did have peculiar notions Bronze Beauty," petulantly exclaimed Airy

"I think we'd better knock" whispered Billy Belgium, and he rapped three times or one of the stats. "Come in," drawled the voice of Bronze

The sight that greeted them was astonish-They found themselves in a large chimber, in the center of which hung a huge bell. Away up above was an immense dome-like metal ceiling. Supporting the bell was a heavy framework, beside which was a onster wheel over which ran the rone that rang the bell. The chamber and the bell were really big, but to the eyes of Peggy and Billy-both of whom were now of doll-size-Seated beneath the bell were rows Pigeons who, instead of being calm and dignified as Pigeons usually are, appeared to be much worked up over something. They

to be much worked up over something. They seemed astonished at the appearance of Peggy and Billy Belgium.

"Who are you?" rooed the drawly-voiced Pigeon whom Airy Fouter had called Bronze Beauty. And he surely was a beauty in his coppery-looking coat of feathers.

"I am Billy Belgium and this is Princess Peggy." Billy Belgium began.

Peggy—" Billy Belgium began.
"That's her. That's the stingy one who
usuited us by saying we ought to go to work," cried Airy Pouter.

"And you should go to work," insisted Peggy, not a bit daunted by the hostile glances now bent upon her. "No one deserves to eat in wartime unless they earn their

A chorus of haughty protests greeted her.
"What impudence! It's preposterous!
How common! I'd never work!" Only Bronze Beauty seemed the least bit

T've thought that myself. We're an idle. useless lot. I'm not very fond of work, but I'd like to do something to earn my keep." "You can do something." spoke up Billy Belgium. "If you don't like work you can fight. That's what we are here for—to recruit fighting Pigeons to act as messengers for the American army in Europe."

"Horrors!" cried all the Steeple Pigeons. except Bronze Beauty, "We are pacifists."
"I think it would be splendid to be a war
messenger," drawled Bronze Beauty. "I'll oin your fighting Pigeons."

"No, no," cried the others. "Don't-dis-grace your band." "He will honor it," declared Billy Belgium. "Aren't there any others of you who leve America enough to fight for it?" "Why should we fight? We're contented

and at peace." "You should fight because America has given you a peaceful and happy home and a good living which you have not deserved." broke in Peggy. "You can't stay contented

and at peace if the Germans come over here."
"We're safe in our steeple—safe except for
the cruel Rats." Airy Pouter booked around

the cruel kats. Any Pouter looked around fearfully as he said this.

"Safe, but for how long unless patriotic fighting Americans protect you—"

"Help!" A voice from outside broke in on Peggy's outburst. All were startled,

nd the place instantly became quiet.
"Help! Help!" came the voice again. rie and Homer Pigeon darted out. moment they were back again, supporting between them an exhausted Pigeon. "Gracious, a tramp!" exclaimed Airy

"Gracious, a
Pouter in disgust,
"I come from Belgium," replied the
stranger, drawing himself up proudly in spite
of his weariness. "I am of the fighting Birds
of his weariness. I bring to the Pigeons of America

(Tomorrow will be told the thrilling story of the Belgian Pigeon.)

OPENING AT THE CASINO

Walnut Street Home of Burlesque Gets Away to Another Winning Season

The Casino, Walnut street's popular ho

of first-class burlesque attractions, got away to a winning opening yesterday, with Fred Irwin's musical mixture, "Let 'Em Off," as the bill. The playhouse has undergone some interior decorating and faces a new rouns of gayety in a pleasing dress. Opening at-tendance was light, but emphasized the fact that the Casino policy of catering to the ladies has succeeded.

The piece is described as a burlesque punch.

with ten ingredients, and these run over the entire menu of music and fun, peppered and seasoned with specialty numbers. It was written and staged by Leo McDonald and is well put on. Costuming, as brilliant and new as the piece, is extravagant in the burlesqu field. The only semblance of a plot races through the staging and opening of a bur-

through the staging and opening of a bur-lesque show in a country town.

Wong and Luiey have some bright, acro-batic comedy, with Ernest Fisher, Rob Lawrence and Harry Conley helping to run the fun-works. The feminine battery of music and mirth is led by Hilda Bertin, Maud Bax and mirth is led by Hibia Bertin, Maud Bax-ter, Virginia Irwin, Marie Lloyd, Bertha Comins and Margaret Shane. Miss Shane has a remarkably good voice and the audience begged encores of her selections:

Watson's Orientals-Gayety Those who attended the Gayety last night

gave little thought to uncomfortable weather. Two good burlettas, "The Joy Line" and "Reilly's Reception," were so full of laughs se present had no time to think of anything else.

There was a dash of patriotism in the show and many novel features.

Mischief-Makers-Trocadero

A score of pretty girls and several clever comedians made the "Mischief Makers" who appeared at the Trocadero a highly enjoyable preduction. The laughs were kept moving in ively fashion by Joe Freed and Chris Bentel Another feature was the "Paprika Chorus, which lived up its title in every way. The costumes and scenery were in keeping with the times. The music of the production was above the average in burlesque.

Birdland-Nixon

There is a plentiful supply of comedy and thrills at the Nixon this week. The show is headed by "Paradise in Birdland," a novel act which is highly entertaining and full of

"The Submarine Attack," presented by Helen Gleason and company, proved to be a big laugh producer and shows what may happen at any time in the best of families. D'lier and Jones also appeared in a pleasing act.

"Uncle Tom's Cabin" was the photoplay attraction.

OH, MONEY! MONEY! By Eleanor H. Porter Author of "Pollyanna"

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THE STORY THUS FAR Stanley G. Fulton, multi-millionaire, masquerading as John Smith, genealogist, is bustly engaged in watching relatives to whom be absoluted in watching relatives to whom be absoluted in watching relatives to whom be absoluted in which was a sufferent effects of the beneficiaries. Mr. Smith goes to board at the home of Miss Magnie Juff, whose father married the mother of the Blaisdells. She is not one of the beneficiaries. ied the mother of the Blaisdells. She is one of the beneficiaries. Smith a boarding with the Duffs. He just told Mrs. Blaisdell that the Duff is a delightful home to live in.

CHAPTER XIII (Continued) TVE NO doubt of it," conceded Mrs. Hattie complacently. "Poor Maggie! She always did contrive to make the most of everything she had. But she's never been mbitious for really nice things, I imagine At least she always seems contented enough with her shabby chairs and carpets. While 1—" She paused, looked about her, then drew a bliesful sigh. "Oh, Mr. Smith, you don't know-you can't know what it is to me to just look around and realize that they are all mine-these beautiful thisgs

"Then you're very happy, Mrs. Blaisdell?"
"Oh, yes. Why, Mr. Smith, there isn't a Oh, yes. Why, Mr. Smith, there isn't a piece of furniture in this room that didn't cost more than the Pennocks'—I know, hecause I've been there. And my curtains are nicer, too, and my pictures, they're so much brighter—some of her oil paintings are ter-ribly duli-looking. And my Bessle—did you notice her dress tonight? But, there! You didn't, of course. And if you had you wouldn't have realized how expensive it was. What do you know about the cost of women's 'ressex?" she laughed archly. "But I don't mind telling you. It was \$150, and it came from New York. I don't believe that white muslin thing of Gussie Pennock's cost \$50;

"Yes, of course you have-with Fred. He used to go with her a lot. He goes with Pearl Gaylord more now. There, you can see them this minute dancing together—the ne in the low-cut blue dress. Pretty, too. isn't she? Her father's worth a million, I suppose. I wonder how 'twould feel to be worth—a million?" She spoke musingly, her eves following the low-cut blue dress. then, maybe I shall know, some time—from Cousin Stanley, I mean," she explained smillingly, in answer to the question she thought she saw behind Mr. Smith's smoked glasses. "Oh, of course, there's nothing sure about it. But he gave us some, and if he's dead, of course, that other letter'll be opened in two years; and I don't see why he wouldn't give us the rest, as long as he's shown he remembered he'd got us. Do you?" "Well-er-as to that—" Mr. Smith hesitated. He had grown strangely red.

"Well, there aren't any other relations so near, anyway, so I can't help thinking about it, and wondering," she interposed, 'twould be millions, not just one million, He's worth ten or twenty, they say. But, then, we shall know in time."

we shall know in time."

"ch, yes, you'll know—in time," agreed
Mr. Smith with a smile, turning away as
another guest came up to his hostess.

Mr. Smith's smile had been rather forced.

and his face was still somewhat red as he picked his way through the crowded rooms to the place where he could see Frank Blaisdeli standing alone, surveying the scene, his hands in his pockets.
"Well, Mr. Smith, this is some show, ain't
it?" greeted the grocer as Mr. Smith ap-

"It certainly is."

"Gee, I should saw so-though I can't say The stuck on the brand myself. But, as for this money business, do you know? I'm as bad as Flo. I can't sense it yet—that it's true. Gosh! Look at Hattle, now. Ain't she swingin' the style tonight?" "She certainly is looking handsome and

very happy." "Well, she she ought to. I believe in lookin' happy. And I believe in takin some comfort as you go along—not that I've taken much, in times past. But I'm goin' to now."

"Good! I'm glad to hear it."
"Well I am. Why, man, I'm just like a potato-top grown in a cellar, and I'm comin' out and get some sunshine. And Meilleent is, too. Poor child! She's been a potato-top in a cellar all right. But now— Have you seen her tought?"

seen her tonight?" "I have-and a very charming sight she

was," smiled Mr. Smith.
"Ain't she, now?" The father beamed proudly. "Well, she's goin' to be that right along now. She's goin' where she wants to go, and do what she wants to do, and she's goin' to have all the fancy flumadiddles to wear she wants.

I'm glad to hear that, too," laughed Mr. Smith

"Well, sile is. This savin' an' savin' is all very well, of course, when you have to. But I've saved ail my life, an' by jingo, I'm goin'

end now! You see if I don't "I hope you will."
"Thank you. I'm glad to have one on my

side, anyhow. I m giad to have one on my side, anyhow. I wish.— You couldn't talk my wife 'round to your way of thinkin', could you?" he shrugged, with a whimsical smile. "My wife's eaten sour cream to save the sweet all her life, an' she hain't learned the sweet all her life, an' she hain't learned yet that if she'd eat the sweet to begin with, she wouldn't have no sour cream—'twouldn't have time to get sour. An' there's apples, too. She eats the specked ones always; so she don't never eat anything but the worst there is. An' she says they're the meanest apples she ever saw. Now I tell her if she'll only pick out the best there is every time, as I do, she'll not only enjoy every apple she only pick out the best there is every time, as I do, she'll not only enjoy every apple she eats, but she'll think they're the nicest apples that ever grew. Funny, ain't it? Here I am havin' to urge my wife to spend money, while my sister-in-law here— Talk about ducks takin' to the water! That ain't no name for the way she rails into Jim's little nile." Mr. Smith laughed.

Mr. Smith laughed.

"By the way, where is Mr. Jim?" he asked.
The other shook his head.
"Hain't seen him—but I can guess where
he is, pretty weil. You so down that hall
and turn to your left. In a little room at
the end you'll find him. That's his den. He the end your the only room in the told Hattle 'twas the only room in the house he'd ask for, but he wanted to fix it up himself. Hattle, she wanted to buy all sorts of truck and fix it up with cushions and curtains and Japanese gimeracks, like she see a den in a book, and make a showplace of it. But Jim held out and had his way. There ain't nothin' in it but books and chairs and a couch and a big table; and they're all old-except the books-so Hattie don't show it much, when she's showin' off the ouse. You'll find him right there, all right You see if you den't. Jim always would ather read than eat, and he hates shindigs of this sort a little more 'n I do All right, I'll look him up." nodded Mr.

Smith as he turned away.
Deliberately, but with apparent carelessness, strolled Mr. Smith through the big drawing rooms and down the hall. Then the left—the directions were not hard to follow—and the door of the room at the end was halfway open, giving a glimpse of James Blaisdell and Benny before the big

fireplace.
With a gentle tap and a cheerful "Do you allow intruders?" Mr. Smith pushed open the James Blaisdell sprang to his feet.

"Er-I-oh, Mr. Smith, come in, come right The frown on his face gave way to smile. I thought. Sit down, won't you?"

Thank you, if you don't mind." Mr. Smith dropped into a chair and looked about him. "Ain't it great?" beamed Benny.

'most as nice as Aunt Maggie's, ain't it? And I can eat all the cookies here I want to, and I can eat all the cookies here I want to, and come in even if my shoes are muddy, and bring the boys in, too."
"It certainly is—great," agreed Mr. Smith, his admiring eyes sweeping the room again.
To Mr. Smith it was like coming into an-

other world. The deep, comfortable chairs, the shaded lights, the leaping fire on the hearth, the book-lined walls—even the rhythmic voices of the distant violins seemed rhythmic voices of the distant violins seemed to sing of peace and quietness and rest;
"Dad's been showin' me the books he used ter like when he was a little boy like me,"
announced Benny. "Hain't he got a lot of 'an

"He certainly has." Mr. James Blaisdell stirred a little in bis

"I suppose I have—crowded them a little," he admitted "But, you see there were so many I'd always wanted, and when the chance came—well, I just bought them; that's all.

"And you have the time now to read them."
"I have, thank—— Well, I suppose I should say, thanks to Mr. Stanley G. Fulton," he laughed, with some embarrasament, "I wis Mr. Fulton could know—how much I of thank him," he finished soberly, his eye caressing the rows of volumes on the shelves "You see, when you've wanted something all your life——" He stopped with an expressive

"You don't care much for-that, then, I You don't care much for—that, then, i take it." inferred Mr. Smith, with a wave of his hand toward the distant violins.

"Dad says there's only one thing worze, than a party, and that's two parties," piped up Benny from his seat on the rug.

Mr. Smith laughed heartily, but the other lacked will meached incompliance. looked still more discomfited.

"Tm afraid Benny is—is telling tales out of school," he murmured.
"Well, 't is out of school, ain't it?" maintained Benny. "Say, Mr. Smith, did yer have ter go ter a private school when you were a little boy? Ma says everybody does who is anybody. But if it's Cousin Stanley's money that's made us somebody, I wished he'd kept it at home—'fore I had ter go ter

that old school." "Oh, come, come, my boy," remonstrated the father, drawing his son into the circle of his arm. "That's neither kind nor gratiful; besides, you don't know what you're talking about. Come, suppose we show Mr. Smith some of the new books." "You must be fond of—books, Mr. Blaisabout.

tell." he said somewhat awkwardly, after a "Ma save dad'd rather read than eat," girgled Henry, 'but na says readin' is eatin'.

But I'd rather have a cookle, wouldn't you, "You wait till you find what there is in these books, my son," smiled his father. "You'll love them as well as I do, some day. And your brother—" He paused, a swift shadow on his face. He turned to Mr. Smith, My boy. Fred, loves books, too, He helped me a lot in my buying. He was in here—a little while ago. But he couldn't stay, of course. He said he had to go and dance

with the girls—his mother expected it."
"Ho! mother! Just as if he didn't want
ter go himself!" grinned Benny, derisively. "You couldnt' hire him ter stay away-'specially if Pearl Gaylord's 'round."

"Oh, well, he's young, and young feet always dance when Pan pipes," explained the father, with a smile that was a bit forced. "But Pan doesn't always pipe, and he's ambitious—Fred is." The man turned easerly to Mr. Shaith again. "He's going to be a lawyer, you see he's roll a chance now." eagerly to Mr. Moith again. "He's going to be a lawyer—you see, he's got a chance now He's a fine student. He led his class in high school and he'll make good in college. I'm sure. He can have the best there is now, too, without killing himself with work to get it. He's got a fine mind and—" The man stopped abruptly, with a shamed laugh, "But-enough of this. You'll forgive 'the fond stopped abruptly, with a shamed laugh father, I know. I always forget myself when I'm talking of that boy-or, rather, perhaps, it's that I'm remembering myself. You see,

I want him to do all that I wanted to do—and couldn't. And—"
"Jim! Jim!" It was Mrs: Hattle in the doorway. "There, I might have known where I'd find you. Come, the guests are going, and are looking for you to say good night. Jim. you'll have to come! Why, what'll people say? They'll think we don't know anything-how to behave, and all that, Mr.

Smith, you'll excuse him, I know."
"Most certainly," declared Mr. Smith. nust be going myself, for that matter," he finished, as he followed his hostess through doorway

(TO BE CONTINUED TOMORROW.)



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